



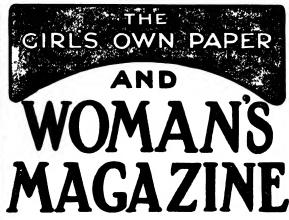


GIRLS OWN ANNUEAL

Plora Klickmana

LONDON
4, BOUVERIE STREET,
FLEET STREET.







Is these days of rush and hurry, one gets accustomed to brief instructions. Every day we we told to 'Keep to the right' Lass along 'Stand clear of the eates or

Hold tight— and we get rather had lened to the educations for oral safety and comfort. In our business hide too short instructions are the order of the day. Even in our games where time is important this same brevity is respited to. But have you ever noticed how according to your mood of the moment in scriptice of this kind may start you on a fresh train of thought. Then it is easily to boun itself into the maind to recur with a maximal totally different from the ever original into all curlett may become—not only for the moment but for our siduly life in suggestion a part of an uplift "Look Up"."

In its ordinary plan sense the note. Look up as merely a chief's instruction to a subordance written on the corner of a letter indicating that further data on the subject has to be

in other words Lool into this matter." But to one who saw the words I ook up just at a crucial moment they seem d to apply themclyes in a second and deeper sense to a personal need. It was a time of anxiety a time of waiting a time of apprehension Wherever one looked fround there seemed to be cause for for And what weak, me ipable beings fear makes of us! But that 'look up wia te-

und a quict strength.
You are tried so despititely tried you do not know how to go on. You are leafened and distressed by the descend around and

minder that there is just

one direction to look where

ter is always dip fled,

and in its placer cilm

The Deeper Message

By MARY E. TONGUE

the strik of tongues. You are puzzled because riight scenistobe dwaystriumphing over right. Look up!

"Stand Away!"

We have all leard thee, pression -seme at us hear

It almost every day of our lives. A norm trian the han ing of carriage doors and experite dobbet the port of a would be passenger the united imperior. Stimple away!—heeded or unheeded as the company has a danger signal!

But Stand away. The words may lave mather significance. To get the true effect of a priving a often his to stand away, and to get a right perspective of our own work we ofter have to stand avay a long view. Here are times with many of a whole the vork we are dome whether that wark a life ordinary trivial round in home or office or valentary standary self-out that wark a life seems so about the poor so little variable in unsuccessful that it seems that tack the interval.

at all. It would sure Lindly matter it well t the lot ' W seer all t' time to be string in a ! never letting there. He it is we ned to still iway W in tood o to see properly and the effect we are getting is a muddled one Stantavay - take a long view Pr sently there is non-to be only one te to lour work not the preatners of the call to tentarl. fulness, it is an how to we have been faulful And the taking to the long vic ow will believe to do work that all better still the test of that time

The Prayer of a Storm-tossed Soul

Dear God, Creator of the silent hills

That stand, strong symbols of Thy Majesty,
Thou madest, too, the restless rushing rills

That never pause or stay, but, hurrying by,
Such fret and tumult all their being fills

They cannot mirror forth Thy tranquil sky.
Oh, God, how like the mountain rills am 1!

I cannot serve Thee as my spirit wills,
Nor show as in a glass Thy glory nigh.

Thine is the Voice that calms, the Hand that stills.
Oh, visit me with Thy tranquillity!

Yet, in Thy patient mercy, Thou dost guide
The troubled waters on their wand'ring way,
Iill, calm thro' level meadows, deep and wide,
Reflecting clear, at length, the light of day,
Into the bosom of the lake they glide,
In whose still deeps no tumults more dismay
Oh, God! for ever by my pathway stay,
With my tempestuous soul do Thou abide.
Let me in waters still, 'ere close of day,
Reflect Thy brightness and be satisfied.

Докотну К. Тул

'Get On!

The world of a Sunday-chool test of pure of your, people playing Musical Chair The

The Deeper Message

tendency on the part of some to sit down and wait for the music to stop, so as to be sure of securing one of the chairs. The half humorous, half serious command of the organiser is "Get on!"

The words have often recurred with useful force. Get on! You come to one of those grey days—or maybe a long stretch of them—when you seem to be in a fog all the time, and there is no sun to be seen, though it is doubtless still there. Or perhaps you have a grievance. You have not been treated fairly, you are not having your rights, people are taking advantage of you. You know the way a grievance of this kind grows as you dwell on it. From being niggling and irritating, it becomes a huge, irremovable mountain. Don't think about it! If you do, it will become so large as almost to overbalance you, and spoil all your work in consequence. Get on!

There's plenty to be done, not particularly interesting, perhaps, but something at hand that needs doing. Get on with that! It's a wonderful help. And presently the sun will shine again and the greyness will be dispersed. And the grievance will become such a tiny thing that you cannot see it. Or perhaps in some beautiful way it will disappear altogether. Meanwhile, get on!

"Hold Tight!"

Another familiar railway station warning; but as the mind dwells on the words they suggest something deeper. There are some things to which we may hold tightly, but in the end they let us down, or we fall down with them. But the promises of God are "Yea," and will never let us down. We can stake our all on them, and whatever our need they are great enough to meet it.

You may be passing through a time of great difficulty and trial. The ground seems to be slipping from beneath your feet. "Underneath are the Everlasting Arms." They will hold you. They are holding you, though you may have forgotten this for the moment.

Perhaps your anxiety is not of the present, but of the future. "He knoweth the way that I take," is enough to meet it.

Sickness, bereavement, loss, temptation. There is something to meet them all. The promises of God are great enough and numerous enough to include every possible requirement, and all we have to do is to hold tightly to them. Sometimes that is just about all we can do, but it is really all we need to do. And as we take our stand, holding on to the things that God Himself has told us, we remember that "Heaven and earth shall pass away, but My Word shall not pass away."

The Sick Child

WHEN Bunty's sick-a-bed, it's queer How everything gets crooked here. The daily routine goes awry; The weekly mending is put by; The very door-knobs seem to wear A spiritless dejected air. The slow hours pass with feet of lead, When our dear Bunty's sick-a-bed.

It takes the longest time to find Pictures and stories to her mind. And Mother is in great demand To hold a little feverish hand Or shake the lumpy pillows; make Quaint fancies up, for Bunty's sake. Devise some plan, some new delight To tempt the fitful appetite. But oh, how tasks accumulate When Bunty's sick, and work must wait!

Yet payment comes. 'Tis oh, so well worth while! There dawns a day when the old roguish smile Peeps out; the well-known look of mischief gleams In the wan eyes again; and then it seems That swiftly, unawares. Toys, crayons, scissors find their way upstairs. What snippets on the floor! With paints and books galore! But no one minds the horrid mess. Nor talks about untidiness: Nor scolds when cherished blankets show Weird crayonings, above, below; And prehistoric creatures tall Adorn the clean distempered wall. Who grieves o'er tea or gravy stain Now Bunty's getting well again?

A Poem for Mothers

By PAY INCEPAWN

And now she's on her feet, The house once more resumes accustomed ways. What sweepings! And what cleanings! Windows wide! From floor to ceiling see the brave mop glide! What crowded washing days! Ah, me! the sunlight hours are all too fleet For those who wage fierce war with dust and grime To make up for lost time. Yet, was it "lost" time, comforting the child? Those wistful eyes that watched you to and fro; Those clinging hands that would not let you stir; The blandishments which passed 'twixt you and her; The stairs, which tired you so. Could time be "lost" so spent? Did you not garner up medicament Against that time, when camphorated oil Will not avail; nor aconite allay The feverish longings of a later day? For, mark you, there are ills Beyond the reach of ointments and of pills. The child must surely grow to womanhood (You would not keep her from it if you could), And growing pains will tear, And weariness will wear, And, ah! a wounded spirit, who can bear? 'Twas such a simple thing To soothe her aches by means of poulticing; Or charm your Bunty's pain By fairy tales repeated yet again. Some day her needs may call for skill above • Apothecaries lore. Then, let God teach you now through mother-love, Equip you more and more. Into your hand He gives the healing mysh,

That you may always be her comforter.

Rosemary

ROSEMALY was born in a white house of a hillside. It was rather a shabby old house, off which the plaster was peeling in big flakes, but the peeling flakes of plaster were covered up by the great wistaria tree that flung its branches all along the house wall, and hung out bunches of lilac blossoms which made the air very sweeton that April morning when Rosemary's eyes first opened to the light. The room in which they opened was big and bare-very clean, very sweetsmelling, because of the lilac wistaria blossoms which tossed their fragrance into it-but bare nevertheless, with white walls and a boarded floor, and scarcely any furniture at all. There was the bed on which Rosemary's mother lay; and a cupboard which looked incapable of holding more than the most limited amount of things; a deal table and two

chairs. That was all! And looking round it after the old French nurse had laid her baby in her arms, Rosemary's mother saw in a queer lightning flash of memory another and a very different room in which Rosemary would certainly have been born—if——

"Il ne faut pas regarder la petite avec les yeux tristes." Old Marie's voice broke in upon her thoughts, and snapped the thread of recollection in two. "Restez sur seulement qu'elle va bien, qu'elle est si gentille, si charmante—en effet tout ce qu'une mère doit désirer dans sa petite."

Grace smiled, and for an instant her white cheek rested against the downy head nestled in the fold of her arm.

"I shall call her Rosemary," she said dreamily, her eyes turning from old Marie's wrinkled face to the window through which she could catch a glimpse of the snowy summits of the Alpes Maritimes, "the woods here are full of it; and over there there are bushes of it by the steps in the lower garden. 'Rosemary for remembrance.'"

Marie did not answer, for one very excellent reason, because she had not the faintest idea what her young mistress was talking about, her knowledge of English being non-existent; and for another, because she thought it best to allow her patients to babble to themselves if it pleased them. It did no harm and kept them amused, she told herself, shaking her head wisely, and looking down at her patient with real affection in her brown eyes. She was an affec-

A Serial Story Chapter L

tionate soul, was Marie Rochefort, and the pretty English
woman with the sad eyes who
had come to the white house
on the hillside four months
before, had made an irresistible appeal to her. But now
the babe who lay clasped close
in the fold of Grace's arm bade
fair to be her mother's dangerous rival in the heart of the
brown-eyed Frenchwoman.

"Truly she was a babe to delight the soul of any mother or any nurse," Marie confided to her special crony, Mère Belluse, who a little later came to the white house bringing the milk herself from her little farm down the hillside; "a babe whose limbs were white as the roses over the pergola in the garden; whose eyes were blue, with lashes which would certainly by-and-by be very long and curling; with a shapely head, upon which the hair was soft and brown and

dark. Oh! the baby of the English lady was all, more than all that heart could wish, and for her part she desired nothing better than to stay for the rest of her life in the service of the baby's mother."

"Hein!" grunted Mère Belluse, who was hard-headed and practical, and did not altogether approve of Marie's sentimental way of looking at life and at things in general, "and no word yet of the father of the baby coming to visit his wife, or to see this child who is so wonderful, so uncommon?"

"No word that madame has told to me," Marie admitted with some hesitation. "But who knows, he may come any day now that his little daughter is born. He will wish so greatly to see her that he will surely come without delay."

"We shall see," Mère Belluse answered drily. "We shall see. It is strange that he was not here with madame through all those four months—strange he was not with her in her trouble. We shall see if he comes now. For me—I have my doubts; but we shall see." And Mère Belluse departed down the gardenpath, and under the pergola over which the white roses climbed, to the farm across the meadow, leaving behind her in Marie's heart a sense of uncertainty and nameless fear.

"Mère Belluse had spoken the truth," she reflected, as she went slowly up the stairs to the bare room where her mistress lay. "It was certainly strange that there were no tidings of madame's husband, that he had left his pretty young

By L. G. MOBERLY

wife to face her time alone. Nevertheless"-all by herself upon the stairs though she was, Marie's shoulders hunched themselves up in the way that was entirely her own-"nevertheless, there might be reasons—one could never tell. With these foreigners you could not know what their habits might be. And, after all, monsieur-Rosemary's fatherwas possibly engaged in business that could not be left; or he was, perhaps, fighting his country's wars-who could tell?" And with another shrug of her shoulders, Marie went back into the bare white room into which the sunshine of the south was pouring with such bountiful radiance.

"I am glad she came in spring-time," Rosemary's mother said in her pretty halting French, drawing the baby's head more closely against her breast, "it is a time of beginning again, and she has all life before her; only life is so hard upon women—so cruel to women," she added with a vehemence which startled the old Frenchwoman who, moreover, had only half understood the whole sentence.

"La! La!" she exclaimed, "you and the little one must sleep now and think no thoughts at all. How will the babe prosper if madame thinks and frets?"

"Poor little woman child!" the woman in the bed murmured, speaking this time in English, and flinging out upon the coverlet her left hand with the gleaming circlet of gold on its third finger. "Poor little girl! Life is hard enough on women, and what is your life going to be?"

Marie's strong brown fingers gently put back the small white hand under the clothes, and her kind eyes grew troubled.

"Madame must talk no more," she said; "the doctor will be very angry if madame talks and hurts herself and the little one. See! the sun draws near his time of setting, and it is time for sleep."

Her patient obediently turned her head to look out of the window, from which she had insisted that the curtains should be drawn back, and the ghost of a smile crept over her tired face. From her bed she could see the western sky golden with the glory of coming sunset, and outlined against it the long line of mountains bathed in a mist of light. The far side of the deep valley that lay between them and the village where the white house stood was thickly wooded, and the manifold greens of the April trees mingled with the heavier colour of the pines. But it was upon the sunlit mountains that Grace Sterndale's eyes were fixed, and with a sudden vehement gesture, which for a moment

Rosemary

made Marie's heart stand still, she drew back the coverings from the sleeping baby, and turned its face also towards the sunset glory. The tiny thing opened its eyes and blinked, as the radiance of light fell upon them, and the small clutching hands went out instinctively towards the brightness.

"Walk as children of light-where does it come about 'children of light '?" Grace murmured, whilst Marie, with many "La! la's!" and strange cluckings, covered up her pair of nestlings again. "O God, grant that she may be a child of light. Make and keep her always a child of light." And with that passionate prayer upon her lips she again drew the dusky head close against her breast, and gathered the small soft fingers into her own hand. But for a long, long time she lay there with open eyes looking out at the sky, which turned from gold to flaming orange, and from flaming orange to dusky luminous gold again, which in its turn faded into a soft opalescent green. The light died away from the mountains leaving them softly blue, shadows crept over the woods beyond the valley, and in the green of the western sky the stars twinkled out one by one. And in the bare white room Marie pottered about doing small necessary duties, crooning some old Provencal ballad under her breath; and Baby Rosemary slept peacefully upon her mother's arm, whilst before her mother's eyes there passed picture after picture which had no connection at all with the bare room, or the sweet southern world outside the windows, or with the dark mountains outlined against the faint green sky. If the pictures had been named in a catalogue the first would perhaps have borne some such name as "When first I saw your face," or "Love in a garden"; and the second "The room where the children are born", and the third-" Good-bye."

Under those mental picset wide to let in the air from the tures of hers Grace hills, its curtains of dimly-coloured oldwrote no name fashioned chintz rustling softly, its low They only ceiling and oak furniture, and the queer flitted uneven boards under the green carpet. be-Beyond the edge of the carpet the boards were visible-boards black with age, as were the deep window-seats in which one could sit and look out over the garden and park to the distant hills. Everything in the room seemed to have been in it from time immemorial: it was filled with a sense of peace,

fore her with curious vividness, a vividness that was almost disconcerting. She shrank from looking at them, and yet, in her present weakness she had no power to put them from her. Each of them in turn faded into the other just beyond it, and then the sequence began once more. They went on over and over again like cinema films; only in the days when Grace Sterndale lay in that bare room of the white house, cinemas were still unknown. She lay there very quietly in the growing dimness of evening, lit now by a rather primitive lamp; and when the sight of those pictures in her mind sent too sharp a stab of pain through her, her arm closed more-tightly round the warm little body it held, and the touch of Rosemary brought comfort.

Love in a garden! That garden had been sweet with the sweetness of June roses, there were white pinks in the beds under the south wall, and the girl who stood in the shade of the deodar upon the lawn wore a white gown, with a red rose at her waist-a rose that made a great splash of colour against the gown's whiteness. The old aunt whose garden it was, loved crimson roses: and their indescribable fragrance, which is not quite like the fragrance of any other rose, was mixed in the girl's mind with all the other happenings of that summer afternoon. June roses, and the songs of the larks over in the meadow, and Geoffrey's first kiss. And the picture had so plainly showed her Geoffrey's face as he had stood beside her in the shadow of the deodar tree, his face shining with love, his eyes alight with it, his hand holding hers closely and drawing her nearer, always nearer to himself. And beyond the shadow of the deodar tree the sun shone with golden steady radiance, and the larks sang-and sang.

That picture melted almost imperceptibly into the next, and she saw a big old-fashioned bed-room, its windows

and the same sense of peace hung over the garden where the flowers of September were in bloom; and through a gap in the shrubberies you could, see the lower garden where the apples were rosy on the trees, and the rosemary grew beside the stone steps at the end of the

"This is the room where all the children are born." To the woman in the bed, as she saw the picture grow and fade, it seemed as though those very words Geoffrey had spoken rang out again in his eager voice, which at that moment had dropped into deep tenderness. "This is the room where all the children are born."

Yes, but Rosemary-her arm tightened round the sleeping child-Rosemary had not been born in that room at all. but out here in a strange land, amongst strangers, under the shadow of those great mountains which cut across the green evening sky. The picture faded like the first. It melted into the third, and as the third picture spread itself out before her eyes, Grace turned her head away from the window and the western sky, and laid it against the baby's head, as though the touch of that downy softness might help to heal the intolerable ache in her heart.

The setting of the picture was just that of an ordinary hotel sitting-room. and the noises of the street outside came drifting into the window, and weaving themselves into the nightmare of pain in which she lived and moved and had her being. At least-was it pain? Or was she too much dazed to feel pain any more? Only she wished somebody would stop that senseless clock upon the mantelpiece—a black marble clock which went on saving "tick-tack! ticktack" with merciless persistence. And she knew vaguely that she would never again, so long as she lived, be able to bear the smell of violets, and a great bunch of autumn violets lay withering upon the table by the window. Somehow it was not possible to believe that was Geoffrey's face looking down at her-Geoffrey's face, white and drawn and changed; Geoffrey's eves full of some new horror and despair which he could not put into words. They just stood there, gazing dumbly at one another, whilst the moments ticked remorselessly by upon that terrible clock. and the violets upon the table by the window filled the whole room with their sweetness.

"You will remember what is arranged? What has been done? Lahall have to go now."

"Yes-I will remember." Was it her own voice that had spoken those words? The rest of the picture was blurred, only there remained that sense of intolerable pain, and the clock went on"

tack! tick-tack! tick-tack!" and the scent of the violets sickened her, and upon her soul there sank a great darkness.

She twined her head and again looked out of the window The green sky was no longer visible, the outside world was dark, all the darker because of the lamp on the table beside which Marie sat, stirring something in a basin The lamplight fell full upon the rugged brown face, with its myriads of fine lines and its kindly humorous expression, it touched the black hair brushed back into abnormal sleekness, it gave a wonderful softness to the brown eyes, which were suddenly lifted to meet Grace's earnest gaze

"Madame is awake?" said Marie's cheery voice "Then she has her supper, and so to sleep again for the night"

"I was not asleep" The Frenchwoman's quick brain noted the tone of weary despair in the voice "I was remembering old days"

"Well, well!" The good soul bustled across the room with the basin of gruel in her hand. Try to think now only of the new days that have begun—the new days in which the little one will play her part"

"And what part will she play " There was a certain excitement in the eyes Grace lifted to Marie's face as she asked the question, an almost feverish anxiety for the answer. In her own mind she knew the desire to be foolish How could an old Frenchwoman, who had lived all her life in this remote hill town on the Riviera, make any prophecy about the future of the English girl baby of a few hours old She knew the question to be childish and yet because she was weak and unbalanced she looked at the old peasant woman with as much eagerness as if all her baby's future lay in the balance

"What part will she play?" Marie answered gravely, and her wrinkled hand turned back the

coverlet, and rested for an instant upon the child's downy head "Ah! who can say None knows but the good Lord, Who knows all. In that small white body so much lies hidden, as much as lies in the brown seed that will presently be a blossoming plant." All the poetry of the Provencal suddenly came to the surface, and Marie's eyes kindidt. "And like a plant she will be



"WE SHALL SEE," MERE BELLUSE ANSWERED. "IT IS STRANGE THAT HE WAS NOT MERE WITH MADAME THROUGH ALL THOSE FOUR MONTHS.

Drawn by Harold Copping.

tended until she, too, blossoms into loveliness Et le Bon Seigneur sera toujours avec elle "

Heredity, environment; the Immanence of God Neither the Provence peasant woman, nor the woman who lay in the bed, realised that her words meant just those three component parts which go to make up every human personality. Heredity, environment, the Immanence of God The baby who lay folded in her mother's arms slept on in blissful ignorance of her great inheritance, in blissful ignorance of the strange conversation taking place above that dusky head of hers, in blissful ignorance that her small feet had already splashed into the waves of this troublesome world, into a sea that might be crystal smooth and sunshiny as a

Rosemary

silver shield, or tossed by storms into billows mountains high. Who could say? Rosemary slept on peacefully, knowing nothing of all that lay around her but the softness of her mother's breast, the all-enfolding tenderness of her mother's arms.

Chapter II. Her Godfather.

"WHAT will your people say when they know you have been here?"

"I don't know, and, to be perfectly frank, I don't very much care." The speaker thrust out a pair of very long legs which seemed to overflow in every direction the rather frail deck-chair from which they protruded. "I shall tell them I've been; I shall explain to them why I came; and if they disapprove, well, we shall have to agree to differ, as does sometimes happen even in the best regulated families."

As he spoke his mouth set itself into a straight and very firm line, and Grace Sterndale, seated beside him in another and not less fragile-looking deck-chair. reflected that if David Merraby set himself to achieve something, the probabilities were very decidedly in favour of its eventual achievement, It was a pleasure to her to lean back against the cushions old Marie had rather awkwardly piled behind her, and to look into the wholesome English face of this boy who seemed to have brought with him a breath of the air of English downs and meadows. His blue eyes met hers so frankly, nothing in his glance or manner made her feel sore or ashamed, even though the very sight of him awakened a long train of remembrance, and brought back the past with a vividness that made her mentally gasp for breath. She was still not very strong, for the babe, who slept in the bare white room under whose window Grace sat, was barely a month old; and she herself had made a recovery which the local medical man found bewilderingly slow, and unlike those to which he was accustomed amongst the robust peasants of Dragnon and its neghbourhood. The woman with the white face and sad eyes and the perplexingly fragile constitution, was a being from another sphere outside his calculations. The boy sitting beside her now, young though he was, seemed all at once to be struck too by her appearance of fragility. He bent forward a little and touched her hand, which hung listlessly over the arm of her chair.

"I say, you know," he said with a certain boyish shyness, "you've got to get all right and strong for the kid's sake. It's all been rotten luck; but you must keep strong."

"Rotten luck!" she repeated after him with a bitter little laugh. The bitterness in her tone seemed to hurt the boy who listened; there was a troubled look in his grey eyes; he frowned, as though he were trying to think out some problem and express himself about its solution.

"I don't want to bring unpleasant things back; and poor old Geof is paying the piper with a vengeance. I hate to think of anybody else at the Manor."

"Oh, don't-don't!" There was a sort of weary impatience in Grace's voice, her eyes left the boy's face and looked down the sloping garden and across the pergola of white banksia roses, to the valley where in these past weeks the woodlands had grown vividly green. "I just try to forget the Manor and the past. Baby and I are going to be buried away here now for years and years and years. But I am not sure that you ought to have come." She drew herself into a more upright position, her eyes were full of anxiety, and a little flush stained the whiteness of her face. "We are mixed up with-

"Nonsense!" he interrupted firmly.
"I ought to have come, and I am glad I did come. I am not an infant in arms. Why, you seem to forget"—he spoke playfully, with the express intention of making her smile—"that I am a full-blown officer in His Majesty's Service. I shall be going out to India in a few months. I'm not in leading strings any more."

"No—but David—all the same"
—Grace spoke very earnestly—" your
mother will not like it if she knows you
have been here. She—does not wish to
have anything more to do with me."
There was a quiver in the girlish voice.
"When I was at Camelines, before I
came up here, I passed her one day as
she came out of her villa, and she looked
through me as though I hadn't been
there. I am Geoffrey's wife, and therefore I must share all that has come upon
him."

"I don't care a brass farthing what anybody else may think or do," David said stubbornly. "At least, I don't quite mean that-I do care what they think or do, because it seems to me a rotten shame that you should be hurt. But what the rest of the people choose to think or do doesn't make a ha'porth of difference to the line I choose to take. And I mean to be your friend—yours and the kid's. I mean to be your friend, whether you accept my friendship or not. I'm a distant cousin of Geoff's"—he paused her a second before that name—" and if I choose to be your friend, it's my own look-out and nobody else's."

Grace's eyes grew misty, and two great tears rolled down her checks and splashed on her hand.

"As long as friendship with you doesn't hurt you, or make any difficulty

for you with your own people, how can I refuse it?" she cried passionately. "I can't afford to do without a friend like you. I want every friend I can get." And she laughed, a small pitiful laugh that ended in a sob. But the sob was instantly choked back, and she brushed away the tears with a hurried gesture. "It's so Dickensy to cry," she said; "all the people in Dickens melt into tears with such painful ease, and I'm not going to let myself do that. Butthank you for coming. I don't seem able to put into words all I feel about it. I can only just say thank you! Rosemary and I-are grateful to you."

"Is that what you call the baby?" A quizzical look flashed into David's eyes. "It seems a lot of name for such a tiny person."

"She isn't always going to be a tiny person," the baby's mother responded quickly, with a little ruffling of her motherly feathers. "Some day she will be a grown-up young lady. Oh! David, what a funny impossible sort of thing to imagine. Some day that tiny baby will be a woman like me; and what will life bring to her?"

"Time will show," David said lightly.
"Probably I shall marry her when she is eighteen! I shall then be an aged veteran of thirty-nine or so. Educate her to marry me—and—I've got an idea. Let me be her godfather."

The colour flamed again over Grace's face, she put out her hand towards the boy, and drew it back as though she dreaded any show of emotionalism.

"What a dear thought," she said, and how like you to have thought it."

"I should be a jolly good godfather for Rosemary if that is how her 'N. or M., as the case may be,' is to be construed. Do let me promise and vow in her same. When is she to be christened?"

"I must take her down to Camelines to the English church there. Your people have gone on, you say?"

"To Grandet, yes—staying with the Tremaynes. Look here, Grace, I know the padre at the English church, and I could fix up the christening for you, and come up here in a carriage and take you and my god-daughter down. That would save you any more bother."

Grace smiled rather tremulously.

"I can't imagine why you are so good to me," she said.

"You were jolly good to me when I was at Grenlake," David answered, "and I should like to do what I can now. It's all such beastly hard luck."

Grace had winced at the sound of the familiar name, but the end of the sentence made her smile again.

"If you really can arrange with the chaplain, I could go into Camelines any day that suited you and han. I shall have to be baby's godmother—there is



"IS THAT WHAT YOU CALL THE BARY? IT SEEMS A LOT OF NAME FOR SUCH A TINY PERSON."

Drawn by

nobody I can ask. You see, I have no people of my own now Aunt Elizabeth is dead; and I have no friends."

"Haven't you run away from all the people who might, perhaps, have been friends?" the boyish voice asked.

"I wanted to run to the uttermost ends of the earth," she exclaimed vehemently. "This place is just what I wanted—all shut away from the world, from inquisitive eyes and malicious tongues. Do you think I wanted people to draw aside and say, 'There is Geoffrey Sterndale's wife'? Rosemary and I are better here, buried out of sight and forgotten. But I am glad you did not forget me. I am glad you will be my baby's godfather. I believe I would rather have had you than anybody else in the world."

Interest, largely tinged with curiosity, simmered in the brain of Mr. Vincent, the English chaplain in the Riviera town of Camelines when, a week later, he surveyed the small group standing round the font in the little church. The tall young soldier with the blue eyes who

had arranged with him the day and time of the christening, the fragile-looking woman whose face seemed to him one of the sweetest and most pathetic he had ever seen; and the old French peasant woman who held the baby in her strong motherly arms—these three awoke many questions in John Vincent's mind, and during the service he found his thoughts wandering more than once, as he strove to find some reply to those puzzling and apparently unanswerable questions.

The church door was open, the balmy air of early May drifted in, bringing with it the scent of the red roses that luxuriated over the wall of the little churchyard, and of the myriad flowers that starred the grass. A palm tree stood just outside the door, its fanshaped leaves outlined against the unspeakable blueness of the sky; and as the wind blew softly, the leaves rustled with that crisp dry sound which belongs exclusively to palms. In the after days Rosemary's christening was always inextricably mingled in her mother's

mind with the waving heads of the palms against a sky of translucent blue; with the rustling crispness of the breeze amongst the leaves, and the warm sweetness of the roses.

"We receive this child into the congregation of Christ's church, and do sign her with the sign of the Cross, in token that hereafter she shall not be ashamed to confess the Faith of Christ crucified, and manfully to fight under His banner against sin, the world, and the devil, and to continue Christ's faithful soldier and servant unto her life's end."

It was upon the young soldier that John Vincent's glance most often rested. His boyish face was so earnest; there was such steadfast purpose in the blue eyes he lifted to the clergyman's face as he took the vows in the small Rosemary's name; there was grave determination in the set of his mouth and chin.

"He means every word he is saying," the thought flashed through Vincent's mind. "He is not just standing there taking part in a ceremony, he means it (Continued on page 10.)

Looking After the Child at the Critical Age

THE Editor has kindly given me permission to place before the readers of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER AND WOMAN'S MAGAZINE an account of the work of the School Care Committees which have been established in London. Mrs. Lily Watson, writing in a recent issue, suggested that there were many opportunities, in connection with elementary State education, for the educated woman of leisure to take an interest in the activities of the local authorities for the promotion of child welfare, and I feel sure that the work of these School Care Committees would be found congenial to many readers of this paper who are anxious to do something.

The work of the London School Care Committees is both interesting and important; it deals directly with the welfare of children, touching their lives at many points—it is concerned with their health, their boot clubs and their savings-banks, their recreation outside school hours, and with finding suitable employment for them when they pass from school to work.

In 1909 the Council decided that a separate Care Committee should be appointed for each public elementary school, and nearly a thousand Care Committees are now in existence in the London schools, with a total membership of about 5,000. The opportunities that these Committees have for doing useful work may be judged from the fact that over 60,000 children leave the London elementary schools every year, and if the money spent on elementary education is to yield a suitable return to the community, it is important that these children should not be left to their own resources just at an age when they are developing into young men and women, and when the fruits of their elementary education may be brought to maturity by sympathetic



Mow the L.C.C. is Dealing with the Problem

By MENRY C. GOOCE (Chairman of the Education Committee)

Each Care Committee serves as a clearing-house for referring parents to the agencies best suited to deal with the children's needs. The workers make acquaintance, therefore, with the numerous organisations occupied with the well-being of the people resident within the area served by the school, such as religious bodies, philanthropic societies, local health authorities, and boards of guardians, with all of whom friendly relations are maintained. In fact, a school should not be considered apart from the life around it; it should be studied in connection with the district in which it stands, and in which are situated the homes of the children and the workshops where their parents are employed. Such activities are obviously among those for which women are eminently suited.

One of the most frequent causes of the troubles of school children lies in their homes, and it must be dealt with there through the parents. This, perhaps, is the most important duty of the School Care Committee, and the success of this duty depends largely upon the personality of the workers. A tactful worker who has some knowledge of social conditions and who is sympathetically acquainted with the difficulties of the poor is always persona grata with the parents of the school children.

Parents' Meetings.

In order to interest parents in the care-work which is now being done for school children, certain Care Committees organise meetings for parents, at which addresses are given by competent speakers on such subjects as medical inspection and treatment, or the work of a juvenile labour exchange. The parents meet during the evening in one of the large school halls, quite as many fathers attending as mothers. The addresses last altogether about forty minutes, and are followed by questions. It has been found that many of the parents stay behind after the meeting to discuss the questions that have been raised in reference to the after-careers of their children, and there is no doubt that much value has been derived from the co-operation which has thus been established between the Care Committee workers and the parents.

The Care Committee is usually also an integral part of the neighbourhood, having amongst its members those who are living, or already doing social work, there. Friendly relations with the families of the children are thus often established. But workers from outside are also valuable, because they bring in fresh ideas, and they can soon get local colour by interesting themselves in "open days" when the parents come to the school to see their children's work, by attending prizegivings, getting up holiday rambles, parents' meetings, etc. There is great value in meeting the parents and children in general social intercourse, and there are signs that Care Committees are developing on this yery pleasant and important side.

Employment of Children on Leaving School.

The Board of Trade have established special advisory committees for juvenile employment. These configitees consist of persons possessing experience or knowledge

of education, or of other conditions affecting young persons, and also of persons representing employers and work-people. These special advisory committees may take steps either by themselves or in co-operation with any other body or persons to give information, advice, and assistance to boys and girls and their parents with respect to the choice of employment and other matters affecting the future welfare of children after they leave the school to enter employment. The School Care Committees work in close co-operation with these advisory committees, and endeavours are made to place the child in the most suitable employment, and to obtain periodical reports from the employer about the child's progress.

As soon as the child is placed, the Care Committee is informed of the place found, and this information is handed on by the Care Committee to the person who has undertaken friendly oversight, if such has been considered necessary.

Until the juvenile is seventeen, this "supervisor" makes reports to the Care Committee concerned every six months on progress from the "home" point of view, i.e., as differing from the "trade" progress reported by the employer, and on attendance at special classes.

A proportion of children go into satisfactory occupations found for them by their parents, but there are many whom the juvenile advisory committees and the Care Committees will be required to help. The form this assistance may take is briefly as follows:—

- (a) To see that the children on leaving school enter, as far as possible, the trades and occupations for which they are best suited. This involves a knowledge of the child's educational qualifications, physical conditions, and his own and his parents' wishes as to employment.
- (b) To see that children who enter "blind alley" employment qualify themselves, when possible, to undertake other work.
- (c) To provide for each child who is in need of advice and guidance, a friend who will endeavour to keep the child in touch with healthy ideals and pursuits, and watch over his industrial progress.

As this system is perfected, the parents of all children will have the opportunity of obtaining expert advice upon suitable openings, while the future of every child will become a matter of active concern to those who have been interested in his education.

Industrial Problems

Industrially, the problem before the child is very complex. It is not a question of "finding a job," but of finding the job ideally suitable, the job which, as far as possible, allows for continual growth. At this turning-point of life a conference is held at the school, members of the Care Committee, parents and teachers, and the secretary of the local juvenile employment exchange—all those best qualified to give advice—are present, and their united thoughts are turned on the problem how best to promote the welfare of the children leaving school, and to make them a credit to the community. The school career, the home surroundings, inclinations no less than health, and even stature, have to be considered in relation to the future, and the real responsibility of the choice is put before both pupils and parents

In some schools an old scholars' association has been formed. The associations usually have a committee of old scholars, helped by one or more members of the

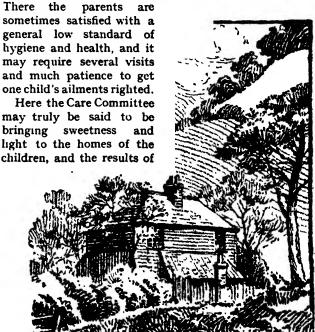
teaching staff or of the Care Committee. The old scholars themselves generally arrange the programme of the session—games, debates, acting, concerts, lectures, visits to places of interest. With many counter attractions, the association as a rule meets periodically only. Every school should have one, for it creates a corporate feeling among the old scholars, and fosters a loyalty to the old school which makes it imperative to keep the flag flying. It has a reflex value for the school itself, too, for the daily round of school life is revivified for the teacher, who sees what his work is leading to; and the children under his care respond to the added intensity and meaning of his teaching.

Medical Treatment.

School Care Committees also deal with necessitous children and children who are in need of medical treatment. The doctors tell us malnutrition may be due, among other things, to unsuitable food, bad digestion, want of sleep, want of air, adenoids, bad teeth, overfatigue, disease, and want of food. Want of food, then, is one among many causes. Want of food, again, may be caused by illness of the breadwinner, widowhood, dislocation of trade, seasonal unemployment, laziness, drink, gambling, neglect.

It is folly to deal with all these causes according to any set formula. The conditions of each child must be handled with care, thought, sympathy, and fearlessness, and the Care Committee must wage perpetual war on vice, ignorance, neglect, and all things affecting child life which are least estimable in the national character, while exercising a resourceful and energising helpfulness in genuine trouble.

A large percentage of the children medically examined are found to be defective in some way, the most frequent troubles being those connected with eyes, ears, throat, and teeth. Even in the better-class schools the parents frequently do not see the necessity of taking any notice of information advising treatment for their children; in the poorer schools the difficulties are increased.



The Child at the Critical Age

their educative influence are now being reaped in an increased alertness and responsiveness on the part of the children and an increased interest on the part of the parents. In fact, the opposition to medical inspection and treatment may be said now to have been disarmed.

Only a few of the activities of the Care Committees have been touched upon in this brief sketch. Their interests are in ever-widening circles—first the child, then the home he lives in, then the streets around him, the borough in which these are set, and the great Metropolis of which that child should become a worthy citizen. Sidè by side with this is an ever-widening circle of acquaintanceship with those who are also working for the improvement of the conditions around them and an interchange of information and ideas with them.

Education and Social

"It is not enough to instil precepts and to impart knowledge," runs the annual report of the London County Council for 1910, "but it is our task to see that the child is capable of assimilating the knowledge, and that his environment is such that it will not entirely undo the effect of school training. The teaching of biological science and psychology have laid stress on

the need for treating each child as a distinct individual, with capacities and idiosyncrasies of its own, and have shown how closely related are the physical, mental, and moral aspects of child life. These two causes combined have led to a widening and deepening of the purpose of education, and have placed on those who administer the education system the duty of watching over the physical well-being and general welfare of the children committed to their care."

I shall be very happy to arrange for full particulars of the work of the School Care Committees to be sent to any readers of The Girl's Own Paper and Woman's Magazine who would care to write to the Education Officer of the London County Council, Education Offices, Victoria Embankment, W.C. 2. If such inquirers will kindly state for what particular districts they are prepared to volunteer their services, arrangements can be made for them to be put in touch with the District Organiser and for information concerning this district to be supplied to them. Women have, instinctively, the habit of social service, and any, therefore, who have leisure are invited to devote a few hours each week to the service of the children.

Rosemary

Continued from page 7

all. The little girl has got a godfather worth having "

Baby Rosemary smiled up into his face when he marked the cross upon her forehead; but she showed a very human tendency to disapprove of being preached to, roaring lustily when her godparents were enjoined to bring her to church to hear sermons, roaring so lustily, indeed, that old Marie carried her out into the sunshine, and soothed her to sleep again under the rustling palms.

"I'll see that the fillings in of the certificate are correct," David Merraby whispered to Grace when John Vincent asked them to follow him into the vestry. "You go out in the sunshine with the babe. I know what is wanted—merely formal facts. Rosemary was born on April 4th? All right." And with this hurried whisper he persuaded the white-faced woman to follow Marie out into the sunshine, whilst he himself went into the vestry with the chaplain.

Grace was grateful for the way in which he took everything into his hands to save her. The boy's strong personality mastered her, and she was thankful to have someone strong to order her about again. She was grateful to David for saving her from the exertion of any thought. She vaguely wondered why the two men seemed to be such a very long time

getting through the signing of so simple a matter as a baptismal certificate; but she had not yet regained enough strength to think of any one thing consecutively for more than a few minutes at a time; and she felt incapable of puzzling out the reason of that long session in the vestry. So she merely sat on the seat in the sunshine, looking out across the flower-starred grass to the wall on which the red roses grew in such profusion; and whilst Marie prattled about "Ce beau monsieur-quel parrain pour la petite!" little drifting memories came and went in her mind. Memories of the garden that was spread out under the windows of that room at Grenlake, where Rosemary might have been born; of the red roses that in June nodded their heads against the diamond-paned windows; and of those other red roses beside the sundial in the lower garden, close to the steps where the grey blue rosemary flowers grew, where she and Geoffrey had sat so often.

"Are you tired of waiting?" David's cheery voice broke in upon her memories. "That young goddaughter of mine seems to have quieted down, anyhow. She is a rampant young woman, not likely to stand much instruction from me, seeing the fuss she kicked up about sermons," he went on, speaking

lightly because of the strained look he had seen in Grace's eyes. "The carriage is at the gate, and I'll get you back-to Dragnon as fast as possible. Then you can have a good rest. She's a bit tired, sir," he added, as John Vincent came out of the church and joined the group. His face was grave, the expression in his eyes was one of profound pity. Grace felt a sense of comfort in the pressure of his hand as he bade her goodbye, and into the desolation of her heart there came a little sense of peace when, at the churchyard gate, he said gently—

"God bless and keep you."

"You told him?" She spoke with nervous haste to David as they drove swiftly along the dusty road.

"Yes. He noticed the name. I thought it was better to tell the truth."

"Yes, much better. I hate all lying and deceit." She sat very upright in the carriage, a flush of colour on her face, her eyes bright with tears she could not shed. She looked drearily at David, and then away from him to the hedges that were white with dust, and pink with

roses. "But Rosemary's surname only matters in this stupid censorious world. It does not prevent her from being a child of God, and an inheritor of the Kingdom of Heaven!"

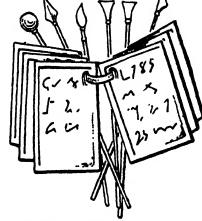
To be continued.

Just Published: A New Volume of Poems by Fay Inchfawn "VERSES OF A HOUSE MOTHER"

The Question has often been discussed as to how far the Words of our Lord were taken down verbatim at the time of utterance. The following article throws interesting light on the use of shorthand for reporting speeches at that period.

When Cicero, the greatest of Roman orators and statesmen, in 63 B.C., rang for a stenographer, no dainty damsel came tripping to his desk evidence of the use of shorthand is

with note-book and pencil, ready to perpetuate the thoughts of the man whose every word was pondered by the intellectuals of that day. Instead, we can imagine a dignified and scholarly man, sandalled, tunicated, and togaed, coming forward with waxen tablets and styli, the writing implements of the time. and sitting at his



WAX TABLETS AND TOOLS USED BY ROMAN STENOGRAPHAN

feet to take dictation. But the result was the same. The living words were transfixed for future generations to read and study.

Those who have struggled with the translation of Cæsar's Commentaries of Cicero's orations on the conspiracy of Catiline, now that they know the means by which this form of intellectual inquisition was made possible, will a thousand times wish that shorthand had never been invented.

Startling as it may seem, shorthand was widely used in the time of the Cæsars. Its beginning is a matter of conjecture: its evolution has extended over several centuries.

The first mention of an abbreviated system is in connection with the Roman poet Quintus Ennius, 200 B C., who used a scheme of eleven hundred

signs that he devised for the purpose of writing more swiftly than was possible by the ordinary alphabet. Doubtless some method of abbreviating words was used by the Hebrews, and also by the Persians, several hundred vears before Christ, though there is no evidence that shorthand characters or other special symbols were employed.

Shorthand was Certainly in Use Sixty-three Years Before Christ.

The first definite and indisputable

recorded by Plutarch, who mentions that in the debate on the Catilinian conspiracy in the Roman Senate in 63 B.C. the famous oration of Cicero was reported in shorthand.

The method of shorthand used was invented by Tiro, who was a freedman of Marcus Tullius Cicero. Like many of the slaves of that time, captives of

other nations, he was highly educated, and on receiving his freedom from Cicero he adopted two-thirds of his master's name, and became Marcus Tullius Tiro. He then became Cicero's secretary and con-

When one remembers that the shorthand-writers of those days were without paper, pen, pencil, or ink, and possessed only a crude method of shorthand-writing, it is almost incredible that they could report any-The writing was done on thing. tablets that were covered with a layer of wax. The edges of the wax tablets were raised in order to allow their being closed without injury to the writing. These tablets were fastened together at the corners by wire, thus forming a kind of book. As many as twenty tablets could be so fastened.

When the book consisted of two tablets only it was called a diploma, and the official appointments conferring public office were in that form; hence our word "diploma."

The instrument used for writing was a stylus, which was about the size of an ordinary pencil, the point being of ivory or steel, with the other end flattened for the purpose of smoothing the wax after a record had been made, in order that the tablet could be used again. It was with such instruments that Cæsar was stabbed to death.

Tiro must have possessed unusual skill as a shorthand-writer, for Cicero. in writing to a friend when Tiro was absent, complained that his work was delayed because, while he could dictate to Tiro in "periods," he had to dictate to others in "syllables." Cicero himself was a shorthandwriter, but evidently not a skilful one, as he writes to Atticus: "You did not understand what I wrote you concerning the ten deputies, I suppose, because I wrote you in shorthand."

In reporting the Roman Senate, it is said that Tiro stationed about forty shorthand-writers in different parts of the Curia, who wrote down on their tablets what they could. The transcripts were afterwards pieced together into connected discourse. Even to-day, in reporting great speeches or debates, a somewhat similar method is used, except that the writers take notes in relays. It is stated that some of the Roman stenographers were trained to take down the first parts of sentences and others the closing words.

The world is indebted to Tiro and his followers for the transmission to

posterity of some of the finest bits of literature and some of the most effective orations of Roman civilisation. By the grace of shorthand we possess the opinions on the immortality of the soul of two of the famous men who lived before the Christian era. When we remember that in the days of Cicero and Cæsar the sayings of the famous intellectuals were

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PORTION OF A SPEECH BY CICERO IN SHORTHAND,

Did the Disciples Know Shorthand?

same manner, the part that short- into seven districts, and appointed a famous Homilies, mentions that he

hand played in the preservation of thought was enormous.

Julius Cosar was a Shorthand-writer.

A knowledge of the Tironian notes became a much-prized possession in the early days of the Christian era. Emperors, statesmen, orators, poets, and philosophers were among itsdevotees. References to shorthand are to be

found in the works of Cicero, Horace, Livy, Ovid, Martial, Pliny, Tacitus, and Suetonius. Julius Cæsar was a writer of shorthand, and the poet Ovid, in speaking of this, records, "By these marks secrets were borne over land and sea."

Titus Vespasian, the eleventh of the twelve Cæsars, was so proud of his skill as a shorthand-writer that he took part in contests for wagers, and personally taught the art to his stepson.

And Two of the Months were Named after Emperors who wrote Shorthand.

Augustus Octavianus, the first of the Roman Emperors, was an expert writer of shorthand. During his reign he appointed three classes of stenographers for the Imperial Government. It is recorded that he taught shorthand to his grandchildren, which indicates the esteem in which he held it. By decree the Senate named the month of August after him. It will thus be seen that two of the months were named after men who wrote shorthand, the other being July, after Julius Cæsar, it being his birth-month.

The great orator and philosopher Seneca, the friend of Cicero, became so interested in shorthand that he used his ingenuity in improving the system originated by Tiro. He extended the Tironian notes by several thousand abbreviations of his own invention. When he returned to his native city, Cordova, he encouraged. the teaching of the art.

New Abbreviations were Devised for the Phrases of the Early Christians.

With the rise of the early Christian Church and a demand for a record of the exact words of the religious leaders of the day, the teaching and practice of the shorthand of

passed on almost entirely by word of Tiro received a new impetus. Pope mouth, and were handed down in the Clement, in A.D. 196, divided Rome

shorthand-writer for each. Cyprian, the famous bishop of Carthage, devoted much of his time to the elaboration of several thousand abbreviations to supplement the Tironian notes. These abbreviations were devoted for the main part to scriptural and proper names and to current phrases peculiar to the early Christians, thereby rendering the work "much more useful to the faithful," as he expressed it, but at the same time making the learning of shorthand much more difficult.

Certain recent historians have produced a good deal of evidence to show that the Sermon on the Mount was reported in shorthand by St. Luke. They base their assumption on the fact that shorthand was then a very fashionable and highly-prized art, and it is reasonable to suppose that St Luke mastered it. There is little doubt that St. Paul dictated to stenographers his epistles to the Colossians.

The famous preacher Origen (A.D. 185-2531 has left on record the statement that he prepared his addresses in shorthand. He did not, however, permit the addresses to be reported until after he was sixty years of age. when he had acquired such skill as an orator that he could be certain that his orations were given in the form he wished St. Augustine employed ten stenographers. Basil the Great (A.D. 329-379) wrote :-

"Words have wings, therefore we use signs so that we can attain in writing the swiftness of speech. But you, O Youth, must make the signs very carefully, and pay attention to an accurate arrangement of them. as through a little mistake a long speech will be disfigured, while by the care of the writer a speech may be correctly repeated."

Pope Gregory the Great (A.D. 590-604), in the dedication to his

> had revised them from the stenographic reports. St. Jerome had ten stenographers, four of whom took down his dictation, while six were transcribers who wrote out what the others had taken from dictation. This fact is an illustration of how "efficiency" was highly regarded even at that early time, and that shorthand had reached a commendable

degree of accuracy. How many stenographers to-day can read one another's notes?

Difficulties of the Shorthand Students of Ancient Times.

Bearing in mind the fact that the Tironian notes consisted of thousands of arbitrary signs for words and phrases, that the famous orator Seneca developed the Tironian notes by five thousand additional signs of his own invention, and that Bishop Cyprian added many thousands of abbreviations for scriptural terms, one may have some idea of the difficulties with which the students of shorthand in ancient times had to contend. Perhaps these long lists of arbitraries were responsible for the sad fate of Cassianus when teaching shorthand. Cassianus had been a bishop of Brescia, and when he was expelled from his see he established an academy at Imola, in the Province of Bologna, in which he taught shorthand. It is recorded that his exasperated pupils suddenly surrounded him and stabbed him to death with their styli. There is no explanation as to what they were exasperated about, but I conjecture that he had assigned them a lesson of a thousand extra arbitraries of his own invention. Fortunate indeed is the teacher of modern shorthand whose students are armed only with harmless pencils.

Marcus Aurelius Prudentius, who, in the third century, was the most famous of the Roman Christian poets, expresses regret at the unhappy fate of a shorthand-writer who was reporting a trial in court. The centurion Metellus, having been converted to Christianity, refused to remain a soldier. He was what we should now term "a conscientions objector." When the judge decided

the case against him and condemned him to death, the shorthand-writer who had been employed by Metellus flung his tablets at the head of the judge. By order of the judge he was promptly torn to pieces. It was decreed that stenographers who copied the writings of the teachers of heretical doctrines should have their hands "hewn off."

Then there is the sad case of the stenographer to a great ecclesiastic who, finding his stenographer dozing when he should have been transcribing his notes, dealt him such a vigorous blow on the ear that the stenographer died from the effects of it, and the churchman had to leave the city in order to avoid trial for manslaughter.

With the crude form of shorthand that then prevailed, shorthand-writers had enough to worry about; but we find that the Emperor Severus, in the third century, decreed that a shorthand-writer who made a mistake in reporting a case should be banished and have the nerves of his fingers cut so that he could never write again.

A Contract for Teaching Shorthand, Dated A.D. 137.

In 1903 archæologists discovered, one hundred miles south of Cairo, a great many ancient documents on papyri. Among them was a contract with a shorthand-writer, dated A.D. 137, whereby a boy was to be taught shorthand for the sum of 120 drachmæ (about £5); 40 drachmæ to be paid in advance, 40 drachmæ on satisfactory evidence of the progress of the boy in the acquirement of the art, and a final 40 drachmæ when he had become a proficient writer. Remember that this was 137 years after the birth of Christ.

To Prevent Profiteering among Shorthand Teachers!

Shorthand was so much in demand in those days that there may have been some profiteering among the

teachers of it, because we find that in A.D. 301 the Emperor Diocletian issued an edict fixing tuition fees at seventy-five denares per month for each pupil—about ax shillings a month. Evidently the high cost of liging did not vex teachers in those days.

The Reman Stenographers Want on Strike !

St. Augustine records the fact that the stenogradhers of Rome went or strike on one occasion, and succeeded in securing their demands. Just imagine for a moment what would happen if all the stenographers of today went on strike. The whole world of commerce, our whole political and social life, would be disorganised.

Peocopius, who was a stenographer to the Emperor Constantine II., became a count. He attempted to seize Julius's crown, but, vacillating at the critical moment, was betrayed by his generals and put to death. A teacher of oratory, Fabius Quintilian (A.D. 35-95), in publishing his Guide to the Art of Oratory, complained that his lectures, published by others under his name, had injured him, because they had been reported by greedy shorthand-writers, who had taken them down and circulated them." It is stated that the early Christians bribed the judicial shorthand-writers to take down the sayings of the Christians on trial. These were preserved in the archives, and read at the martyrs' anniversaries in order to encourage the faithful.

When Shorthand went out of Fashion.

With the decline and dissolution of the Roman Empire, shorthand, like all other arts, lost favour. It was no longer regarded as a great fashionable art. The Emperor Justinian, in the sixth century, forbade his records being kept by the "catches and shortcut riddles of signs." Later, Frederick II. ordered the destruction of all shorthand-characters as being "necromantic and diabolical." As the Holy Roman Empire then covered almost the entire known world, the edict of Frederick II. rendered shorthand one of the lost arts. Then came the Dark Ages, and for nearly a thousand years the arts and sciences, among them shorthand, were banished from the world.

With the decline of the Church and

the decay of empires and feudal powers there came a revival of learning and the birth of new ideals of human life and culture. There came freedom of speech, as manifested in the Renaissance in Italy and in the Reformation in Germany and England. The peoples of the earth awoke from the long lethargy of the Middle Ages. Columbus sailed the seas and discovered a new world, Copernicus became the father of modern astronomy, and Galileo of modern science. It was a great age. Shakespeare wrote, Gutenberg in-

vented movable type, and Caxton

A Pathetic Reporter!

the printing-press.

The first evidence of the revival of shorthand that we have in the Renaissance is the fact that the orations of the reformer Savonarola (1452-1498) were reported in some form of abbreviated writing by Lorenzo di Jacopo Viola. There are many omissions or incomplete sentences in these reports, and in parenthesis there is this quaint explanation by the reporter: "Here I was unable to proceed because of the weeping." Was the reporter merely camouflaging his own inability to keep pace with the fiery tongue of the orator? Yet historians say that Savonarola's orations were so eloquent that they strung the Florentines to heights of spiritual emotion which they had never before or since attained. Let us, then, be charitable to Lorenzo Viola, who had to report when such waves of emotional frenzy were sweeping over the audience surrounding him.

The First Modern System.

The first system of shorthand published in modern times was that of Dr. Timothy Bright, whose system of "characterie" was published in

London in 1588. Dr. Bright, in the introduction to this book, said that he was inspired to devise his system through reading Plutarch's reference to the reporting of the Catilinian conspiracy.

The full title of Dr. Bright's book was, Characterie. An Arte of Shorte, Swifte and Secrete Writing by Character. The system was dedicated to Queen Elizabeth, and letters patent were issued

Did the Disciples Know Shorthand?

to the author by the Crown, dated July 13th, 1588, giving him the exclusive right to the publication and use of shorthand.

An Epitaph in Westminster Abbey to a Shorthand-writer.

The art of shorthand has been known by many titles. "Characterie" did not meet with favour, and it was superseded by branchygraphy, tachygraphy, stenography, and many other names. It is a curious thing that the first mention of the word "shorthand," by which the art is now generally known, is in an epitaph which is still to be seen in the cloisters of Westminster Abbey. It is to William Laurence, who died December 28th, 1661, and reads:—

"Shorthand he wrot, his flowre in prime did fade,

And hasty death shorthand of him hath made."

Dr. Bright was a man of rare attainments. He was a distinguished physician, and an author of several books of importance. In 1586 one of his books was called A Treatise on Melancholy, and it is believed that it suggested to Shakespeare many of the pranks of mad people as set forth in his plays, and especially, "Hamlet." Shakespeare was twenty-four years of age when Bright's book was published, and no doubt he was famihar with it, as it created a stir at the time; indeed, the word "characterie" is used in two of his plays. Bright's Treatise on Melancholy was

published in 1586, and therefore long preceded "Hamlet." Recent investigators have found that several expressions in "Hamlet," which were heretofore believed to have been original with Shakespeare, are to be found in Bright's book; such as "discourse to reason."

Bright's system was arbitrary, and had not an alphabet that could be connected; it was simply a list of signs to be used for words. The first system with an alphabet was that of John Willis, published in 1602, and from that time on there was a steady stream of systems or modifications of systems. In the next century and a half more than two hundred systems were published.

The Wesleys were Shorthand-writers.

There was great interest in short-hand at this time. The people were eagerly desirous of preserving in permanent form the utterances of their beloved religious leaders. All text-books of that time reflect this, because they are full of abbreviations for biblical phrases. John and Charles Wesley, the founders of the Methodist Church, were shorthand-writers. The Wesleys used the celebrated system of Dr. John Byrom.

Dr Philip Doddridge, in his famous theological college, insisted that all students preparing for the ministry should learn shorthand first in order that they might easily take down his lectures. In 1628 Bishop Earle denounced certain "graceless" persons who did not scruple to report sermons in stenography and then palm them off later as their own.

But shorthand was used for other purposes. The most famous diary ever published was that of Samuel Pepys. which was written in the Shelton system. In this diary Pepys gives a vivid account of the Great Plague and the Great Fire of London, with many intimate accounts of the Court of King Charles II. Pepys was an expert shorthand-writer, because he mentions in his diary that in April, 1680, he attended the King, by command, at Newmarket, and there "took down in shorthand from his own mouth the narrative of his escape from the battle of Worcester."

In 1837 Isaac Pitman published a system called "Stenographic Sound-Hand," which was revived in 1840 and published as "Phonography." So great was the interest displayed in the study of the art that enormous classes were organised, and in order to avail themselves of the teaching of Pitman many of these met at six o'clock in the morning, and others continued their work until ten in the evening.

Despite this, however, the use of shorthand did not become general.

It was not until the invention of a simpler shorthand that there came the present growing interest in it as an art that should be mastered by everybody whether they wish to make use of it professionally or otherwise.



Ir I had not "arrived" and become fairly well settled in my particular niche in the world representing business success, I should hardly dare breathe this story. For it is a story of being whipped, licked to a frazzle; and I was the person licked. More than that, I was beaten by another woman. It happened less than five years ago. To make a confession like this isn't easy, but when you have ceased to be sore, when the whipping actually does you good, like those our mothers gave us when we were children, then it becomes a virtue to point out the path to some one who may avoid the beating. Even if it did me good, I can't regard it as a pleasant process!

To begin with, we will have to delve back into my past over ten years back, when I was not a business woman. At that time I was awell, a kind of pseudo-society woman, I suppose it might be called. I belonged to a decidedly fine familythe family never had a doubt as to its fineness-who moved among the upper ten in the rather large town in which I lived. I never had "worked." Of course, I had done numerous things about the place, especially at house-cleaning times, but that was not work, as I recognise it now. When I was twenty-two, I married; when I was twenty-eight, my husband died, and I went back to my father's house. When he died, two years later, I was face to face with my first real problem in life: how to support myself. Neither my husband nor my father had left much money. and I realised I would have to keep that for an emergency.. It did not occur to me at that time that it was sufficient capital to start a small business, because I knew nothing of business. As I think back, I knew very little of anything. 'I had taken life as it came, and had taken it easily. Even my marriage, the greatest event in my life, had been, I think, a matter of doing what everyone else was doing, rather than any decided step on my own account.

When I got my affairs straightened out, I went to the city and started learning shorthand and typewriting. I finished the course, and found these positions open to me. Two were in offices, the third in a house which imported textiles. There didn't seem to be any choice among them, and I tossed pennies until they decided on the textile house for me.

In a few weeks I knew I was going to like my work. My work, did I say? No. not the letters Mr. L. dictated and which I pounded out, but the big rooms beyond, where the goods lay piece upon piece, soft, shimmering, beautiful fabrics. At noon and between busy times I would slip through the office door and wander out among them. No one was about at noon as a rule, but one day, while I was reverently fingering a piece of wonderful peacock blue velvet, the manager of the department suddenly appeared before me.

"What on earth are you doing?" he asked bluntly. "I've watched you for several weeks now, and I'm stumped. At first I thought—well, never mind; but what on earth do you want?"

I saw well enough what he had thought—and perhaps still thought. I held on to my velvet.

"I've lived in a small provincial town," I said, "where I never even dreamed of such things as you have here. It's a joy just to be with them."

His face cleared at once.

"I wondered if that was it, after a while," he admitted. "Well, if you like good materials, you're in the right business. Come here."

He led me to some cases where white goods, and goods too dainty to be kept out even in a room where no dust was allowed, were stocked.

"Know anything about silks?" he asked. I shook my head. He began talking about them.

"This piece came from Japan," he said, pulling out an ivory silk,



" WHAT ON EARTH ARE YOU DOING?" HE ASKED BLUNTLY. "I'VE WATCHED YOU FOR SEVERAL WEEKS."

Drawn by Dorothy Furniss.

odd in texture, a soft clinging thing, yet heavy. "Wonderful people, those Japanese—can't beat them in this kind of thing. This piece is from France—" He stopped. Mr. L., the owner of the business, had come over to us and was looking at us in some wonder.

The manager smiled.

"You know I told you about Mrs. Watson rambling about," he said. Mr. L. nodded. "Well, I've found out it's because she is just crazy about fine materials, and I'm showing her some."

"Oh," said Mr. L. "Do you know anything about dress goods, Mrs. Watson?"

"No," I said suddenly, "but I'm going to learn."

For the first time in my life I was

Why I Failed

deeply interested in something. After that no one bothered me, and I stayed with the goods all I pleased. Mr. L. had a shelf of books about cloth and weaving, and I read those. I badgered the manager of that department as much as I dared, and altogether I learned so much that I occasionally substituted for some one in that department who was ill, when a customer came in.

At the end of two years I was doing a combination job of secretary and saleswoman, and I had found out that I much preferred fabrics to typewriting. One day, as I stood with Mr. B., the manager, watching some new silks come in, the bell rang for me.

"Oh, dear," I said, "I wish I never had to take another letter." Mr. B. gave me a sharp look.

"Well, if you don't like it, why do you?" he growled. "You know enough to go into a small place and manage, if you have the nerve."

That was almost my last letter. What Mr. B. said prompted me to examine the advertisements, and I applied for several posts. One of them I got, and left clerical work for ever.

My wanderings for the next five years have nothing to do with this story. I held four jobs with different firms, advancing each

time. The thing that is of moment is that my ambitions advanced rapidly, more rapidly than I did. For the frst time I realised what a place women had in wholesale business, how many of them there were, and how responsible their work was. In the millinery lines, particularly, houses were often owned by women, successful business women with nothing spectacular about their business or their success, so that magazines and newspapers seldom mentioned them. It seemed nothing was impossible, but I was impatient. I wanted success quickly. And then came what I thought was my big chance.

I was offered a position with one of the biggest houses in the country, a firm which dealt in many lines. I was to be manager for three lines,



silks, feathers, and flowers. It was a better post than any I had thus far held. When I arrived on my first morning, the head of the firm met me in the office.

"Mrs. Watson?" he said. "Sorry I cannot show you round, but I'm just off to Paris. Mrs. Trask has charge, you know; she is ill, but will be in to-morrow."

Mrs. Trask did not return on the morrow. She was very ill, and she remained away from the house week after week, while I mastered the details of my new work. One day I met Mr. Peterson, the manager for the bronze, china, and pottery department. This firm was, as I said, a big one, and it handled many lines.

"How" Is Mrs. Trask?" I asked. Mr. Peterson shook his head gravely. "She is pretty bad," he replied. "Sometimes I wonder whether she will ever get back. And the house needs her. She used to have the departments you have, Mrs. Watson, before the boss put her in charge of the whole thing. For the past six months she has hardly been able to get about here, but she stuck to it until she was down and out. A fine woman."

He went on, quite unaware that he had planted an idea in my mind, an idea which grew quickly and flourished. Mrs. Trask, apparently, had been promoted from my department to hers. There was a great likelihood of her not coming back. Why should not I prepare myself for her place? I pitched in and worked as I did not know I could work, making myself familiar with my own departments first, and then with the entire house. I have always been able to please people easily, and I studied with might and main the way to please the people working in the building, for I knew that popularity with them might carry me a long way. For six weeks I had undisturbed opportunity at my ambition, and then one day, just by chance as I was passing through the corridor on the feather floor, a voice called me.

"Mrs. Watson!" I turned and saw a small slight woman, very thin and pale, dressed quietly in dark clothes. She came towards me with a smile.

"I am Mrs. Trask," she said. "I have heard of the fine work you are doing." She swayed as she spoke, and almost fell.

I put an arm about her hastily and drew her into a room, calling at the same time to one of the men.' It was time; she had fainted.

They took her home in a cab, and she had a serious relapse. Mr. Osborne returned from abroad the next day, and went at once to see her. He came back quite disturbed, and called a meeting of all heads of departments.

"It may be a long time before Mrs. Trask is able to get back," he said. "Meanwhile, if you keep on as well as you have been doing."

He paused and his eve fell on me.

"How is the new work?" he asked abruptly.

Mr. Peterson answered quickly— "Mrs. Watson is making a record, Mr. Osborne."

Mr. Osborne regarded me with a speculative eye.

"Glad to hear it," he commented. After the meeting was over, he detained me a little.

"I looked over some of your reports," he said. "The department has always been a good one; Mrs. Trask organised it. But you have made a remarkable showing."

By this time my ambition was overweening. I had no regard for Mrs. Trask, no sympathy for her illness. To me she was simply a woman who had failed at her game, and it was for me to take advantage of it. Now, up to this time I had played fairly enough, for getting a knowledge of the goods and making friends were all within my province as head of my own department. But Mr. Osborne's return put a new face on matters. I had to win Mr. Osborne. and with him two other men who controlled the house. These two men were seldom in the place; their interest in the business was only semi-active. I went for Mr Osborne The next morning after his return I took care that he should find me studying goods in Peterson's department.

He seemed rather surprised; but Peterson, who was my good friend as well I knew, backed me up by telling Mr. Osborne how much I knew about the house in general. A few days later I sent a note to Mr. Osborne, asking if he would give me a few minutes. When I was in his office, I began on some suggestions for the remedying of conditions for the girls in the house, little matters, about which no one had concerned herself.

He was much impressed.

"These things shall certainly be done," he said warmly.

I felt as if I were on my way, when, to my consternation, Mrs. Trask returned the next week. She was far from well, but much better than on her former attempt. I felt myself how the house met her and changed under her, how it reached out at once to bigger things. But I had by this time developed a dislike for the woman; she was an obstacle in my way, and my one thought was to get her place. I reasoned it out one night, sitting in my luxurious rooms, for my salary was now a considerable one.

Mrs. Trask was still ill, might collapse at any time. Even if she did not collapse, she probably would be less useful than before. And the house needed a well woman. It was on the point of expanding in several directions; only a well woman could

meet the demands upon her. Mrs. Trask was popular with the employees, but I had taken pains with my own popularity. Her job depended in the last analysis on Mr. Osborne. He would never actually discharge her; but he was a nervous fidgety type of man, afraid for his business. If I could show him effectually how her absences and illness were affecting the house, I might be able to get him to ask her to resign. And one look at Mrs. Trask's blue eves had made me pretty certain no one would have to ask her twice.

Well, I went to work. Little by little I undermined Mr. Osborne's faith in Mrs. Trask. I went to him whenever possible, kept myself in his sight, and used my personality to its utmost. He was a man easy to appeal to, because lie liked women with brains, and it was quite possible to flatter him subtly in many ways. Mrs. Trask continued to come to the house fairly irregularly, and on the days she was away I lost no time. As far as I could see, things were going beautifully, and I expected soon to secure what I craved.

Then came the struggle in which I was beaten. I came out of Mr. Osborne's office one afternoon after a most successful interview. I had been able to hint broadly as never before that Mrs. Trask's condition

(Concluded on page 23.)



SHE MURLED AT ME IN STACCATO TONES HALF-A-ROSEN QUESTIONS CONCERNING MATTERS PERTAINING TO THE MOUSE.

Drawn by Derathy Furnist.

Chapter L.

Life's Golden Dream.

Ir would be possible to interview many house-agents, and travel over

a good deal of England, before finding a house as delightful as Crossways. It was, in the language of the agents, "just what everyone is looking for." It was a long low stone building, of two storeys only, not actually in the street of the delightful village of Righton, but standing a little way back from it, with a high

yew hedge between it and the road, and one of those "crazy" stone-work pavements fringed with rock flowers, which have come so much into fashion again lately. Only in this case the stones were genuinely old. The house was covered with masses of rose bushes, bearing those sweetsmelling small crimson flowers which have been displaced by ramblers, beautiful to look at, but scentless. The substantial front door opened into a passage, which ran straight through to a door leading to the garden at the back, so standing by it, if both were open, you caught a glimpse of piled-up herbaceous borders and high trees beyond.

The rooms were well proportioned and spacious, with a certain air of solidity due to oak panelling and low window seats. The lawn behind was of that velvety turf that takes centuries in the making, and backing up its glorious flowering borders was another yew hedge shutting off the orchard, with its low-growing apple trees which formed natural armchairs.

Swinging on one of these, her wellshod feet with the little square-toed low-heeled shoes much in evidence. sat a girl, who fitted into the picture as if it had been made as a background for her. There was nothing very remarkable about her, certainly, but she had the clear fresh skin, the bright eyes, and abundance of fair hair that are the natural attributes of hundreds of happy English girls. Evie Glennan had lived in this beautiful place almost all her life. She had had childish troubles and girlish sorrows, but she had been guarded and cared for in what might be termed rather an old-fashioned

way, and had a serene belief in the faith of men and women, and the happiness of being alive. As she sat there, swinging back, not altogether unaware of the becoming background

the apple trees made, she was, though she knew it not, on the threshold of the real life that was to begin so abruptly for her, that before she was twenty-four hours older the whole world would have changed. Very few, seeing her that day, would have been able to say what she would make of the fate that was advanc-

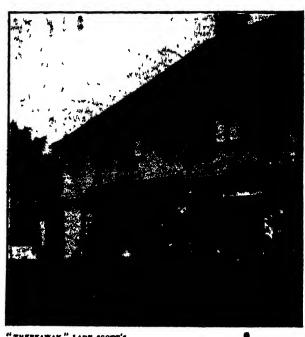
ing swiftly and surely towards her. Would she rise to meet it, courage in her heart, and firmness of character to support her and carry her safely through? Or would she simply succumb, and let herself drift, losing all self-respect in the process?

Evie lived at Crossways with her cousin, Violet Cornford, in the charge of Miss Georgina Travers, the sister of the family solicitor. Violet was two months older than Evie, but both had been school-girls, going every day to the High School in the county town of Chesley, during the war They had been too young to take any personal part in war-work, beyond the knitting and other things which could be done at home, in which all girls proudly shared.

Violet was to come of age next day, and for weeks beforehand preparations had been made for what was considered a great festival in their country life, where small personal joys were the chief events. There had been hurried and secret consultations between Evie and Miss Travers. dropped with startling suddenness when Violet appeared, carrying herself with a lofty unconsciousness that anything was going on. But now that the eve of the great day was here.

Evie had almost forgotten about it, in view of a much more engrossing affair.

Violet had two brothers; the elder, Guy, was in a cavalry regiment in the army; him they seldom saw, though the house actually belonged to him, and he received rent for it on behalf of his sister and cousin through the family solicitor. The younger one, Dick, was much more of a home-boy. He had gone into the navy; been through the war as a middy, had had some hair-breadth escapes, and was now a full-blown lieutenant. Whenever he could get leave he made a bee-line for Crossways. He had always shared in the girls' games and interests, remembered their birthdays, and was as intimate with them as if he had been a brother of both. But during this very last leave something new and wonderful had dawned between him and Evie. They had lost the boy and girl frankness, and been shy with each other. They both felt this, but it might have remained without developing a while longer, had not Dick that morning received a sudden jar. The call to rejoin his ship immediately had come sooner than he had anticipated. His good-humoured face had turned a shade paler under the tan as he read the unexpected summons at breakfast, and he announced it with a gruffness that hid



"THEREAWAY," LADY SCOTT'S HOUSE, NEAR : ETWORTH.



SHE LOCKED AWAY AND RAISED HER HAND TO BREAK OFF A SPRAY OF SLOSOM.

Drawn by P. B. Hickling.

his dismay. Afterwards he caught his cousin hastily—

"Eve, I say, look here," he began nervously. "Vi says she'll take me to the station, but I have something I want to say to you. Will you be in the orchard? I'll just have to speak to Mother Georgy about my baggage and then I'll come."

Evie had agreed, well knowing what it was he meant to say. To her, with her simple view of life, it seemed quite natural that she and Dick should love each other, and that the way should run smoothly before them. It would be dreadful to say good-bye to him now, but it was not as if it were still war-time. He would come back safely Of course, they would have to wait; but there was plenty of time, she was still twenty, and he twenty-three They would have the delicious joy of writing lovers' letters, and then—

However, her heart was beating hard when she heard Dick's step on the gravel beyond the yew hedge, and under her cyclashes she caught

a glimpse of him stand ing for an instant in the dark arch, before he saw her and came forward Then she looked away, and raised her hand to break off a spray of blossom, but even before he reached her she knew that something had happened since she had seen him an hour ago His movements had lost buoyancy, and as she glanced up at him the mischief died out of her face, for his seemed to have lengthened and was so very serious, that she hardly recognised this new Dick. She would have sprung up with a question, but in the strange relation that had grown up between them was something of embarrassment, and she checked herself and looked away again.

"Good-bye, Eve," Dick said, standing straight up and down as if the band were playing "God save the King." It was only he who called her "Eve," and she, startled immeasurably by his

gravity, forgot her self-consciousness and looked full at him. He could not meet her eyes; he turned away. "I'll soon be back," he said, with an attempt at cheeriness. "They'll have to make up for this beastly cut. You'll write as usual won't you, and tell me everything—everything mind; your letters are jolly good, Eve."

"Of course I'll write," Evie heard herself saying. That Dick should ask such an obvious thing! The world had suddenly become colourless, the dappled shade beneath the trees, swinging so prettily a minute before. seemed now like little blobs of lead. A supreme self-contempt whirled in her She had been so conceited: she had taken it for granted that her cousin meant to propose! She had probably shown him she thought so by her manner of accepting the appointment he had made to say good-bye, and he had come in this way to show her she was mistaken. Her girlish pride was lashing her. She jumped off her bough, caught

recklessly at the blossom, sending it down in showers about her, and thrust a handful of the flowers at him laughting....

"Silly boy! You look as if you were going to be hanged! And yet you love your old Resolute, don't you? Decorate her with these from me." Talking all the nonsense of which she was capable, she ran back to the house, and straight through the passage to the front. where she found Violet standing by a little twoseater car ready to take her brother to the station. His kit bag was already in, and the next minute Evie was left alone on the roadway with nothing but a whirl of dust from round the corner to show where the

car had deftly wheeled.

Dick had not even looked back!

Violet Cornford was strikingly handsome, and as unlike Evie as it was possible for a girl to be. Evie was a type of fresh charming girlhood, but as yet there was little to show what she would develop into. Violet's character was already formed. Her clear-cut proud face bespeke birth and breeding. Her eyes were deep and dark, and it was not always easy to see into them. She carried herself royally, and the village folk, who told all their family woes to Evie, rarely troubled her with them, though in a way they thought more of her, because she held them at a distance.

Directly the car got clear of the wandering ducks and plgs on the road that bordered the common, Dick began—

"I say, Vi, Mother Georgy's just told me a most startling story."

" Well ? "

"I'm absolutely sick at not being able to stay over your birthday to-morrow, old girl, and more than ever now, for old Travers is going to declare you formally of age, and make a ceremony of it—there's something more than that——"

Violet gave a slight start; her teeth gleamed for an instant between the curves of her perfect mouth.

"So there is something! I knew there was!" she cried triumphantly. "But they've kept it very dark. Quick, tell me."

"I don't know very much, but as I was going away Georgy gave me a tip. It's the most astounding thing. It seems, that one of you girls, Evie or you, comes into all Aunt Mary's money. You remember she died ages ago, when we were all kiddies. I only just remember her, as I am a couple of years older than you. A funny old soul with a cap and bobcurls on each side—"

He stopped, for his sister—still steering with hier right hand on the wheel—clutched him with the left.

"But which, Dick? Which of us?"

"That's just it I don't know.

Neither does Georgy. I spent a heap
of time wheedling her, until I found
she really did not. Old Travers
hasn't trusted her so far; he's as
close as an oyster."

"Tell me exactly what she said."

"It's just as I say. One of you, Evie or you, comes into Aunt Mary's money. It's a fair sum by this time, because it's been piling up for ages; you'll be an heiress—the lucky one, I mean!"

Violet began to think hard, drawing down the wonderful pencilled eyebrows which gave so much character to her face.





"HOW MUCH DOES IT MEAN!"

Drawn by
P. R. Hichling.

"There were only the three," she said at last. "Mother, Aunt Mary, and Evie's father, Uncle Jack; so we are exactly the same relation to Aunt Mary that Evie is. Would it be more likely she would leave her money to her brother's daughter, or her sister's daughter?"

"She was always devoted to Uncle Jack " said Dick hastily, " until he married, and then she quarrelled with him." Violet's lips parted in a slight smile. "Oh, but you know she made it up after his wife died," Dick went on remorselessly, "and she might have made her will as an atonement. Also, you see, Uncle Jack lost all his own money soon after, through no fault of his, whereas father was decently well off, and there were us two boys as well as you. If she'd been going to leave it to our family I don't see why she should have missed us out. It seems to me I spot Evie as the winner."

"Do you want her to have it?" Violet demanded angrily, almost pulling up in her excitement.

"No ves if I were really unselfish, I'd say yes, I suppose," commented Dick. " But just at present it's a bit of a knock-out. If Evic is going to besuch a whopping heirest it wouldn't be fair to get her to bind herself to marry a plain lieutenant before she's seen anyone else." He broke off and hummed a tune unconcernedly.

Violet hardly heeded him, she was entirely engrossed with her own

"Evie is she exclaimed hastily. still only twenty."

" Maybe it's then Old Travers has to tell you both," replied Dick ruthlessly. "That's not to say he's going to hand over."

"It's abominable—unfair," Violet began, and then a radiant smile woke her eyes to a sparkle. "Oh, Dickie, think—think. If I had £10,000 a year what a glorious time I could have!"

Chapter IL Heiress or Pauper.

THE dining-room windows at Crossways were barred by the yew hedge which cut off the road. The long low cedar-panelled room was always rather dark; it looked cool on the glorious summer day, June 21st, when Violet came of age. Violet herself, slim and neat, in a beautiful embroidered white frock, sat very

still in one of the tall oak-backed chairs. She was always white; her hair and brows and eyes stood out effectively in contrast with her clear skin. Evie, generally so freshly pink in colouring, looked rather washedout to-day; her colour had faded, her blue eyes were rather watery, "But it's I who come of age," and even her hair was a little limp. She had no notion of the revelation to come. Violet had not confided in her, and Dick's change of manner remained a mystery. She could only conjecture that she had totally mistaken his meaning, and that he had never looked upon her as other than a younger sister.

> Mr. Travers had strangely cold blue eyes, and his hair and beard were quite white, though he was not really an old man. He was as cold of temperament as he appeared, and no one had ever been known to confide in him except as a matter of business.

> "The story I have to tell you two young ladies to-day is a strange one," he began. "You will hardly remember your Aunt Mary Fairfax, who died when the two of you were about three years old. She had lived a lonely life since her widowhood, and as she got on in years she feit

The Lost MS.

it keenly. Her sympathies were all with women rather than men, and she particularly pitied any woman who was not financially independent. This, I think, was what led to her omitting all reference to her nephews when she came to me about the framing of her will. This was some three years before her death. At that time you, Violet, were an infant, and Evie had not been born."

Something suddenly seemed to give way in Violet. It was all right, then! Evie had not even been born! Of course, Aunt Mary had left it all to her, the only living niece at the time Poor Evie! She felt quite softened towards her now, whereas only a moment before an agony of rivalry had had her in its grip. But Mr Travers was still speaking.

"She therefore asked me to frame that will entirely in the interests of you, Violet, at that time her only living niece. She was, of course, well aware that there might be others, for though your mother had died at your birth, Evie's father was married—had, in fact, married recently."

He paused, cleared his throat, and went on—

"It is always painful to refer to family discords, especially when they should long have been forgotten, but I must mention to you that your Aunt Mary, Mrs Fairfax, was very angry about that marriage She was devoted to her only brother, and had regarded him as a confirmed bachelor. and when he suddenly brought home a wife without any warning, it had made her furious You know, Evie, that, charming as she was, your mother was of what would be called a lower rank in the social scale than your father himself, and your aunt was very punctilious in these matters '

Would the old babbler never end? Why could he not state definitely that she, Violet, was actually the heress? Until that was said—wills could be altered. Violet gripped the knobs at the ends of her chair-arms until her knuckles stood out white in her slim sun-browned hands.

Evie, meantime, seated by the side of the table opposite, listened vaguely to this family history. She had no idea, of course, of the vast issues that hung upon it. Money had never meant much to her, things—not only necessary things, but pretty dainty accessories—had always been hers for the asking. Of course, there

would always be enough money for her and Vi; why should it stop? Far more important was the question as to why Dick—— She seemed to see his face, very red, rather grim; he had one of those square faces that could shut itself up like a box occasionally. Then she was recalled again, and tried to listen.

"Well, well, the most charming—never mind that now." It seemed probable that Evie's mother was the only woman who had ever penetrated the formal crust which enclosed Mr. Travers. "Anyway, Mrs. Fairfax asked me, as I said, to make a will leaving all the money to you, Violet, then her only living niece. She went abroad immediately after, before Evie came into the world, and there she remained until the death of Evie's mother, nearly a year later. When she returned home and found

her brother brokenhearted at his loss, she effected a full reconciliation with him He never recovered the blow, and about six months after followed his wife to the grave. Mr. Cornford then took the baby to live with his own motherless child, and treated you both in all ways exactly alike It was at this time that Mrs Fairfax came to me and asked me to alter her

It had come! Something like a tight hard ball rose in Violet's throat and choked her. She had felt all the time it was too good to be true! She looked at Evie, and swords were Then she in her eyes sat straight up in her chair facing Mr. Travers with an eager question in her expression But she was unable to ask the vital question: Was that other will ever made?

As Mr. Travers glanced up suddenly he met her look, and it gave him a shock, so compelling was it, so ruthless. He resumed hastily—

"Of course, I did as your aunt requested, but a few days necessarily elapsed, and on the very day that I was going to take the will round to her to execute, I got a wire to say she had had a stroke; from that stroke she never recovered." He looked straight at the quivering girl before him, with something of reproach in his look and tone. "Yes, Violet," he said, "that first will stands. I congratulate you on coming into a comfortable inheritance...."

Violet gasped; her self-control had broken under the strain; decency was thrust aside.

"How much does it mean?" she cried.

"Somewhere about ten thousand a year," he answered. "Sufficient to make you very comfortable."

"Oh, Vi! How lovely! I am so glad!" Evic cried, suddenly springing to her feet.

"I haven't quite finished yet,

young ladies," Mr. Travers went on quickly, as if anxious to get an unpleasant job finished "There are a few points to explain. First, it was your aunt's final intention to divide the inheritance between you I have here the draft of the second will—the will that was never signedto prove it. In that will she leaves all she possessed to be equally divided between you on your coming of age When I told Mr. Cornford this he was greatly distressed. He discussed the matter at great length with me. knew that you, Evie, had inherited nothing from your parents, and at his own death would be penniless, so he remade his own will. He directed that the income from the estate-apart from the land itself, and a certain portion of the money, which went to Mr. Guy as the eldest son-should be used for the upbringing of the three of you-counting Dick-with myself as trustee. That is the money on which you have been living since his death. One curious proviso in Mrs Fairfax's



irst will is that the money was to occumulate until the legatee was of ige, and that she was to be told nothing whatever about it until then. Thus Mr. Cornford was unable to liscuss the matter with you, Violet, but he had formed a high idea of your character and strength of purpose; he was very proud of you. He said to me finally, 'Leave it, then, until Vi comes of age, and we will tell them both the truth, and let them read both wills. I have complete confidence in my daughter; she will, of course, carry out her aunt's intentions and divide the inheritance with her cousin.' Acting on that assumption. he arranged that, if he himself were not alive when you came of age, and the inheritance became yours, the remainder of his own money should pass entirely to Dick. As you know, you were both fourteen when he died."

Without a word Violet advanced, held out her hand for the second will, and began reading it. Evie, by this time slightly troubled, turned to the solicitor.

"And what have I?" she asked in a low tone. "What have I, Mr. Travers, of my very own?"

He answered in the same low tones, so as not to disturb the reader.

"I am afraid, my dear, that what you have will depend on your cousin."

"But have I nothing—really nothing of my own?"

And when his lips silently framed the word "Nothing," she covered her face with her hands and remained very still. A great bumble-bee sailed in through the window, fussed for a moment over a straggling bunch of flowers in a vase, turned from them disdainfully; shone, all powdered, for a moment in the long "Jacob's ladder" made by the sunlight aslant, and vanished.

Violet finished her reading and looked up; her manner was hard and cold, but there was a tinge of triumph manifest.

"The other will?" she asked abruptly.

Mr. Travers gave it to her.

Again that stillness, so tense with

the destiny of the two girls, not only for the Here, but for the Hereafter, little as either of them were thinking of that.

When Violet once again ceased reading, she did not look at Evie.

"Thank you, Mr. Travers," she said proudly. "I suppose you will be able to arrange a time to come round and go into details with me?"

"Certainly. Meantime—it is irregular, but it would be more satisfactory——"—he glanced towards Evie. "Would it not be well," he tried again, "to let your cousin know that you intend to abide by the spirit and not the letter of your aunt's wishes?"

"Why, yes, of course," returned Violet instantly. "But Evie needs no assurance of that sort from me. She knows without any words that wherever I am there will always be a home for her, as long as she likes to stay; and, in addition, I shall

certainly settle something upon her, so that she need not have to ask even for clothes. What do you say to a hundred a year, Evie?"

Te be contin-

Why I Failed

Concluded from page 17

was hurting the house, and he had actually agreed. I came out radiant—to face Mrs. Trask. She was standing in the outer office, apparently waiting to succeed me in seeing Mr. Osborne. She came towards me affably and said—

"Mrs. Watson, will you come to my office at closing time? There are some things I want to discuss with you."

At five o'clock I went into Mrs. Trask's office, prepared for a chat concerning goods or the house. Hardly had I seated myself, when she said coldly—

"Mrs. Watson, I sent for you to have a personal conversation. You are trying to get my place here." She paused a moment, but I let her go on. "We will forget." she said smoothly, "that you might have had some compunction about taking the exact course you have taken towards a sick woman. You might have done it without that. However, the matter is this: Which is the better woman? I am, and I am going to prove it to you."

She hurled at me in staccato tones half-a-dozen questions concerning matters pertaining to the house, matters with which I was unfamiliar, although they embraced information a head ought to have.

"Half baked," she said with quiet irony. "You have intelligence to see that a person occupying my place would have to know these things. The second count against you is this: You have played your personality and yourself too hard. The proof?" She handed out to me three letters, at which I gazed fascinated. They were unsigned copies, but they were plainly from three persons of importance in the house, and all three warned her in no very uncertain terms of me.

"I suppose my cue is to give you my resignation," I said bitterly, and then paused again, for her face was lighted up with a genuine dismay.

"On no account," she said sharply.
"Why, you are a most valuable person! The house needs you. The question is: Have I done anything? Are you convinced that I am a bigger

woman than you are, better fitted for this place than you now are, and that sick or well I had better occupy it, for a time at least?" She stopped and waited. I faced her squarely The blue eyes looked steadily into mine, and mine dropped

"Yes," I gulped, like a small child before her schoolmistress.

"Well," she said abruptly, "shake hands on it."

I put out a hand rather white and trembling, and she patted it as it lay in hers.

When I think over the many things Mrs. Trask might have done to me when she found me out—discharged me, humiliated me publicly—and think of what she did do, I appreciate the wisdom that made her an executive. As for myself, I have learned my lesson, two lessons—no, three. The first is to be worth the things you are working for; the second, to play square; and the third, which cost me most, is to take your whipping, when it is coming to you, without faltering, and without resentment turn it to account.

Fragments of Every Day

All the Difference

Did you ever notice how our moods affect our outlook on things? I mean this way. Mrs. Keephouse starts off for the village feeling at peace with the world. She hears butter is "down" and eggs plentiful. It being a bright morning, she wears a clean cotton voile frock and carries a cretonne sunshade which she bought yesterday at a sale. She rather hopes she'll meet Mrs. Dressem, who gave two shillings more for her cretonne sunshade. (This, not in a "catty" spirit—but just—well—weak-womanish!)

Mrs. Keephouse carries her new shopping basket painted with poppies and cornflowers, and al-

together is "bucked with life," as the boys put it. She admires the gardens, and tells Mr. Ranium how to keep away slugs from asters (she doesn't know, really-still she tells him; people do!) and cries, "How sweet!" when Miss Plain shows her what a useful jumper she has made out of an old bedspread. On catching a glimpse of the little Chatters—darling children-she runs after them and asks them to go for a country walk and back to tea with her that very afternoon; and promises to read for an hour later in the day to old Grannie Brown, who is rather deaf.

By this time Mrs. Keephouse, still brimming with cheeriness and brightness, has reached the shops. They are very full—she has forgotten it is market-day. And people knock her about a little and someone treads on her toe—and best shoe! (Ought never to have worn it on morning shopping, of course, but there!)

All the butter is gone. Cheaper than ever, it found a ready sale. The shopman says he can give her margarine or lard. The former looks a hot greasy mess; the latter has the air of a Stoic which does not tempt one to lay it on scones. The eggs have gone up a penny and the bacon is distinctly flabby. There isn't any fruit—"that went first thing," the fruiterer says. He has a couple of green bananas—they'll ripen if Mrs. Keephouse puts them in the sun for a couple of days.

The cheeriness begins to ebb. Then

LILLIAN GARD

a water-cart ambles along the dusty street and sprinkles Mrs. Keephouse—cotton voile, cretonne sunshade, basket, and all. Sickening, isn't it?

In the Kitchen-Garden

The mint was rude to the rosebud red, And called it "A useless thing!" There came a laugh from the pareley-bed Down there by the old rope-swing.

The thyme conceitedly cried, "Hear! hear!"
And so did the clumps of sage!
Radishes, onions, started to jeer!
The rose flushed deep in its rage:

Then cook came hurriedly, smiling, by, And, treading the herbs about, She cut the rosa, with its fiery eye, To wear on her "evening-out"!

The brightness ebbs, too. Then dear old Billy, the Brown's spaniel, sees her. And he loves Mrs. Keephouse, and shows it by springing up at her from the wet road, knocking her basket out of her hand, and leaving two paw-marks on the front of her gown.

Mrs. Keephouse turns and goes home She sees Mrs. Dressem, so creeps up a back lane and avoids her. "Conceited creature" is Mrs. Dressem. And "fancy wearing a yellow sports coat with her complexion!"

The poppies and cornflowers are not "fast" colours, and they've soaked through the basket on to the

penny buns bought for the darling Chatters. But they're not darlings now, and "why she invited those little nuisances to spend a long afternoon with her," Mrs. Keephouse owns to herself, is a puzzle. Too impulsive, that's what she was half-an-hour ago.

Mr. Ranium nods to her and says he shall try her slug-cure that very evening, but the lady is past slug-cures and snaps at him. He mustn't rely on the slugs being banished; she never knew the cure to work properly in her life. Mr. Ranium looks at the sloppy paw-stained

frock and, having a wife, understands. He hopes Mr. Keephouse is lunching in town, for Mr. Keephouse's sake! And then the poor creature, who

> loved all the world such a short time since, finds the cretonne coming off in patches of blue and red and "helio" on to her sleeve—she had caught the sunshade up in her arm, forgetting its bath.

Now, I ask you, is it any wonder that she feels a lack of charity to everyone and everything?

And she still has to read that improving little book, Rays of Sunny Souls, to poor old Mrs. Brown!

The Boon of the Flowers

It is a very trite saying, "What should we do without the flowers?" And, we own, the world wouldn't be half so beautiful without them. But do any of us realise just how much we should miss?

We will begin with Baby Twoyear-old who is plumped down in a buttercup field and simply sparkles with the delight of her golden largesse. The Bit-olders are making daisy and buttercup chains, and the school-children are bunching theirs to take home. Through the same fields, at twilight time, the lads and lasses stroll out and try to find fourleaved clovers and honeysuckles in

the hedges later in the year.

At home, Jim Smith is tidying up the little slip of garden where the roses grow; while Laura Smith sits close to the musk-bed and sews a new collar on to an old shirt.

Upstairs Gran sighs and smiles over the bunch of mignonette and stocks a neighbour has brought her; and out on the cliff-path Gran'fer smells the bit of meadow-sweet in his buttonhole and "'llows it 'minds 'en b' th' pasture-land where 'e played as a chield."

As for Mrs. Jones up at the Big House, her



daughter is to be married to-morrow, and as she looks at the masses of hot-house blooms stacked in every

available vase and pot, she feels she shall always associate the scent of carnations, geraniums, be gonias, and heliotrope with Olivia's leaving home for India. To



Olivia, the breath of the flowers named means the dream of a girl's heart fulfilled. While Mr. Jones fusses in and out the greenhouses and harries the gardener, and, later, blends rose-perfume and the said gardener's notice to leave in a bitter-sweet memory.

If there were no flowers, there would be no white heather and orange blossom, and Olivia would have no scattered petals on which to tread her bridal way.

And away in the slums it would matter quite a lot if the three pink daisies, begrimed but brave, didn't show in the three jam-pots ranged along the window-ledge. While the crippled child in the back-yard would look in vain for the smutty sprays of lilac which proclaim every spring that flowers bring a bit of hope, and live even slumwards.

And Evangelina Villadom wouldn't get expensive out-of-season sprays to wear at the fortnightly dances to which Bertram Muchcash takes her. And Jane Mainstreet wouldn't "walk out" with a maiden-hair-and-two roses buttonhole, Thomas Cornershop admiring her the while.

There would be no birthdaybunches of lavender and sweet peas, and so on, left for old Aunt Gettingon And Uncle Sixtyodd would miss the all-the-yearround jugful of old-fashioned fragrances he keeps on the mantelpiece close to a very faded photograph.

No—there would be none of these things. And when the day shortens in for tired-out folks, and they lie waiting for "one clear call" home, there would be a bareness about the softly-lighted room and a greyness about the twilight-time which flower-chums would never allow—never! And the barren coaches would enter a barren hush-plot where only cold stones marked the beds of

weary sleepers! What a dreary colourless ending to a working-day! But the flowers are here, and violets and gay marigolds and homely London pride solace or jest

with folks up to the end, and then swing their censers of loving breathbalm as they lullaby the cares of life to rest among the quiet

mounds.

Thank God, He made the flowers!

Run-away Tongues

HAVE you ever let your tongue run away with you? You get into a throng of appreciative listeners, and they listen while you talk. You say all kinds of amusing things—some true and some verging on fiction. People laugh; and you talk on. You tell scraps of gossip—bits of semi-confidential

news. Still they listen; and you talk. You go a step farther and pour out your ideas on things—ideas you haven't thought out one iota. But you know you're being entertaining. And still you talk, the others listen.

You're a bit excited by this time. Such an audience seldom comes your way, and you say a caustic phrase or two and jeer at things you really reverence. The others smile—and listen. Still you talk.

And half-an-hour later you go

At the End of a Burdensome Day

God took my hand and led me away At end of a burdensome weary day When all the bits of commonplace care Were dimming the hope-rays everywhere.

He led me out to His Nature-rest; The sun was blinking to aloop in the west; The trees and blossems at vespers were— The scent of their praying was aweet in the air.

home. What a silly little ignoramus you've been. The very geese in the farmyard cackle at you. "Lost her head, poor thing! Let her tongue get out of hand."

It's worse than that, really. It's just love of "taking the stage," as it were. And what a lot of unmeant, cruel, uncharitable, foolish, ignorant things you've said because you lacked a bit of commonsense. And, remember, the others listened.

The Healing of Hush

Do you ever feel that you need to run away from the crowded streets, the hoots of the motors, the crash of the tram-cars as they rush along

A Prayer for "Daily Bread"

"Give us this day our daily bread"! The fare, Simple or rich, Thou choosest for our share; Castle or cottage—make us there content With what Thou givest for life's nourishment! Few friends or many—let such come our way As shall be trusty, whatsoe'er the day! And, more than all, we ask a daily meed Of what, in Thy clear sight, our souls may need, And, at day-end, wipe out the daily stain And make us clean for Thy fresh day again!

the road? Does it seem as if you'll never be rested until your ears are calmed and your eyes refreshed by just Nature sounds and Nature sights? Perhaps we don't realise how the rush frets us until we get into a quiet bit of by-way where there's only the swish of a river and the song of a bird to listen to, and where our eyes see green mosses and blue skies and filmy clouds.

We walk along for a while and we feel a freshening creep over us. The

bits of worry we had sitting in our pockets as we left the house have fallen out and are left behind. And we wonder why we fussed so over the breaking of a best teacup, or the sweeping of the drawing-room with the kitchen broom. Vexations things, very. But, after all, trifles compared with sorrows, illness and misfortunes.

The scent of honeysuckle comes down to us from a hedge, and the sun sets behind a glory-ridge. There is only a twitter of a sparrow and the buzzing of a homing bee to break the silence. It is the healing of hush.

lemon
takes the
place of a sauce
calling for long and
troublesome preparation.
The lamb or veal or chicken
is cooked in a casserole along with
vegetables—again disposing of separate
dishes of potatoes or peas, or whatever is



table and are slacker over things that once were rigidly held principles of society's creed People scrape acquaintance with all and sundry in hotel lounges, at bridge tournaments, and at charity fêtes—these last the big wide doors through which many hope to squeeze themselves into ranks more exclusive than those in which they have hitherto been recognised.

And if these climbers have money they are generally received and tolerated. The law of a former generation in the matter of hospitality was that of "cutlet for cutlet." This is no longer maintained. The aspiring plutocrat may regale those whom he thinks it desirable to know at the costliest of restaurants, giving them every out-of-season luxury; and the recipients are calculating to a threepenny-bit what it will cost to invite him to tea when they want to show him (with a view to sale) the pictures in their own houses.

Domestic entertaining in these days has, of course, declined enormously. Only at a few of the greatest houses is the ceremonious dinner, or the ball with its floral decorations and elaborate supper now given. It is only fair to take this fact into account when we discuss the changes that have gradually come about in regard to meals and hospitality.

Lengthy Meals are too Tedious for Modern Minds.

The much greater simplicity of dinners and luncheons at home are partly due to the dislike of anything long and tedious, and partly also to the difficulty of obtaining adequate service. These meals, even within the domestic circle, have unconsciously remodelled themselves on the lines of the restaurant. It is less trouble to put some radishes, sardines, and sliced Bologna sausage on fancy dishes on the table, allowing the guests to help themselves, than it is to serve soup, which would probably demand accompaniments of fried bread or toast.

We get our fish filleted from the shop, and a slice of

chosen to go with it. And the favourite sweet is fruit salad, which can be bought in tins or bottles ready to turn out, while a little custard or some fresh cream is all that is further needed. With just such slight variations as the season may impose, that is the composition of the present-day lunch on "smart" lines. A dinner now rarely exceeds five courses. If it is prefaced by hors d'œuvres probably there will be no savoury, but soup, fish, one meat course, and a sweet is

as much as is looked for even at a restaurant.

The Return of the Supper.

Another point which underlies some of the changes of the times, is the assertiveness of youth and its claims to consideration. A generation ago the father and mother held complete sway in their particular orbit, and those of mid-Victorian upbringing regarded a dinner-party as the crown and climax of all social pleasure. They went from one house to another in a well-recognised order, and they knew that each house had its own special dishes or distinctions. The meal itself was often extremely pretentious and most terribly tedious, though it would have been something like heresy to have said so.

But the younger folk have grown up without any reverence for the dinner-party. In their vernacular it would be a "stuffy affair." They have learned to live much more out of doors, and, in the summer lawntennis and boating, in the winter football for the boys and hockey for the girls are the absorbing interests. Daylight saving has given them a longer time for such pleasures, and has knocked another nail into the coffin of the formal dinner.

The Simplicity of the Supper Dishes.

Supper, therefore, has assumed a new importance in the pleasant well-ordered middle-class and upper-middle-class home. To the housekeeper it is a most welcome innovation, for of all meals it can be upon the most "go-as-you-please" lines. The fish salad looms large in it. If the markets are favourable, and a nice piece of salmon or lobsters are available, the dish appears in its "de luxe" guise. If not, any white fish—turbot, halibut, hake, even cod—can be served in this way, and we are learning that lettuces are not the only vegetable that can enter into a salad. Any cold peas, French beans, carrots, and turnips—these latter cut into neat dice—may be added to it.

We are only just beginning to appreciate the potato salad. Some of the large shops now sell this ready to serve by the pound (incidentally, at a price that alarms the thrifty buyer), but given fairly firm potatoes and a good dressing, this can be made with a minimum of trouble.

The meat may be just as simple or as elaborate as circumstances dictate for a supper of this kind. Just because this is a matter on which each householder decides what she can do best, there is no need to make any suggestions.

It is the same with the sweets; what is convenient is put on the table, and waiting and changes of plates are obviated, as plenty of these latter will be on the sideboard. Formality has gone out of these occasions, and it may be whispered that the elder members of the company enjoy themselves on these gatherings vastly more than they were wont to do when there were even considerations of precedence whether the doctor's wife as the latest bride, or the widow of the lawyer as sister of a lately-made Knight-Commander British Empire ought to be sent down first.

It falls to my lot to see and to share in meals of many types, from the substantial breakfast that is provided on an Atlantic liner to the airy nothingnesses of an inexpensively conducted the dansant at a pretentious boarding-house. Among them all there is a movement not only towards greater simplicity, but, as far as the private house is concerned, in favour of items that give little trouble in the matter of preparation. Those finicky accompaniments, such as fried breadcrumbs with game, or grated parmesan cheese with certain soups must have occupied much time on the part of the cook or kitchenmaid, and are now dispensed with.

More Care is being Taken in Cooking Vegetables.

On the other hand, perhaps there is more care in the cooking of vegetables. At quite a simple lunch the cauliflower will come up with a little sauce over it, and having been just browned in the oven. Artichokes mashed and similarly heated, or green peas just tossed in a little butter are more attractive than if transferred direct from the saucepan to the vegetable-dish.

Another habit that has grown up very much in recent years is that of serving coffee after lunch. It should be well made, hot and strong, and milk should be offered with it for those who have not acquired the continental taste for café noir.

For the Fashionable Table.

The fashionable lunch or dinner-table should be provided with olives and salted almonds. Any dainty little silver or china receptacles may be used for them, and it is better to have half-a-dozen tiny bowls or dishes at near intervals rather than larger ones at greater distances, as the guests often like to take one or other of these between courses. Indeed, they are useful sometimes in helping to fill moments when plates are being changed.

Nuts and Chocolates Superseding Fruit for Dessert.

Good fruit has come to be such a costly luxury that dessert is not often given. In the country the possessor of a

nice garden may be able to put on the strawberries or the plums in season, but the mere town-dweller, wishing to keep her friends at the table after the sweet course—be this a pudding, fruit salad, or something in the form of pastry—will often have a dish of mixed nuts, now procurable all the year round, some chocolates, or perhaps a few prunes or dates put out. Such things can be kept in the store-cupboard and brought out as occasion may demand. Preserved ginger is popular and is now coming down in price from the prohibitive rates that prevailed for a time.

The Increasing Use of Egg Dishes.

And lastly, the modern restaurant, which sets the fashions that the private house will sooner or later adopt, makes constantly a much greater use of eggs, especially in the luncheon menu. Indeed, the country hostess, who used to lament that fish was an unobtainable rarity, can regale her friends with a meal on the very latest lines by some dainty dish of eggs as substitute for a fish course. The omelette is an extremely favoured form for this egg course, and its variations are endless. With mushrooms, green peas, or sauté kidneys as accompaniment anyone might win for herself a reputation for knowing the latest of culinary novelties. Moreover, as an "emergency dish" an omelette is simply unrivalled, for it can always (provided the eggs, the butter, and some accessory as chopped bacon or thyme and parsley is at hand) be added to a meal literally in five minutes.

As to cold dishes of eggs, let that master authority M. Escoffier, of the Carlton Hotel, speak: "The preparation of cold eggs is not limited by classical rules, it rests with the skill and imagination of the operator; and since fancifulness and originality are always closely allied to artistic imagination, it follows that the varieties evolved may be infinite."

With some savoury aspic jelly as may be bought in bottle, a few trifles as finely-sliced ham or tongue, a few sprigs of parsley or tarragon, a spoonful of any nice cold vegetable as peas or asparagus-tips, the clever housekeeper may thus evolve wonders; while, equally, eggs sur le plat—which is kitchen-French for small fireproof earthenware dishes—can be served either plainly or with any kind of accessory, as sliced kidneys or chicken's liver.

Poster Work as an **Opening for Artists**

To the Amateur it Looks "so very Simple"; the Professional Knows that it is just the Reverse

Our streets and thoroughtares are undergoing so much change at the present moment, owing to rebuilding long-delayed, that there are an unusual number of spaces encompassed by temporary hoardings; these have become of late years the veritable picture gallery of the streets. Many of us remember the gaudy, common and inartistic posters of the past, and are consequently able to enjoy the interesting products of presentday advertisements, vving with each other in originality of composition, design and colour Nearly all are arresting on account of their own pictorial merit, before one becomes aware of their real purpose as advertisements. At least, this is certainly the case with the onlooker who is interested in art

Poster designing up to a few years ago was almost exclusively done in the draughtsman's room of all large hthographic works, and seldom, if ever, undertaken by an accomplished artist; also they never bore a signature Now all this has changed; railways and omnibus companies willingly pay good prices for designs by well-known artists to draw public attention to the beauty spots to be visited on their routes. Theatrical posters, and those recommending various food and raiment, are always providing us with something fresh to look at, especially in the tube, where one is debarred from contemplating anything except these things-and one's fellow-

It occurs to many art students and others who can " draw a bit ' that they would like to "take up poster-work, they hear continually of large prices paid for these successful designs, and they appear in fact "nothing in them but what Unfortunately for the amateur, but satisfactorily for the artist, it is not so simple as it as to size, dimensions, drawing to

No one can be successful at poster-

designing unless they have been through a thorough course of training in an Art School. This branch is now so widely recognised as affording remunerative scope for the best talent, that classes specially for poster-designing exist in most schools, so that it is possible to realise on the spot the difficulties that will be encountered, at least in the design. Insight

into other difficulties of printingcolour work, and other things, can only be obtained elsewhere.



Suppose the aspiring artist who has not yet struck her particular line of success wishes to turn her attention to poster-work, there are many anxious to make some money as a result of their training. Do not forget, first of all, that the training must be there. If you can take a course at

> your Art-school, so much the better, but if this is not convenient there are some excellent correspondence-classes through whom you will learn most of the technicalities that are indispensable to success.

You will be put through a course of alphabetical lettering, which is very difficult and tiresome to accomplish correctly. Then there are the enforced restrictions

scale, enlarging, reducing, etc., also to scale; in fact, a hundred and one

> things that never hampered you when doing a good chalk or pencil drawing or painting a picture when you only had yourself to please.



All work of this kind that is fundamentally commercial means that the art employed must conform to the commercial side, otherwise it would not exist; it is Pegasus in harness.



Originality of Idea is a great Asset. Drawn by P. Clarke.

At the same time there is a certain pleasure to be obtained from overcoming these limitations, and utilising them deftly to enhance your work.

Originality of Idea is a Great Asset.

Originality of idea is, of course, really born in you, or is not--emphatically not-but there is a charm of design and placing, much of which can be acquired by teaching and that power of observation and assimilation of knowledge which is such an invaluable quality to the artist all the world over. Anyone endowed with this power will observe that posters are never odd or fancy shapes, they can all be classified into certain sizes; all this is determined by the size of paper on which they are to be printed, and the carrying capacity of the printing-machines themselves.

The uninformed are quite unaware that these things are most important factors, and that they govern the size of spaces on hoardings and walls where posters are displayed.

The Designer should Understand Methods of Production.

It must be understood that these pictorial advertisements are placed before the public in enormous numbers running into millions, otherwise they are useless; they are

creatures. It all Looks so Very Simple.

to be "so simple." a child could do."



Also Power of Observation and Assimilation of Knowledge. Drawn by P. Clarke.

Poster Work as an Opening for Artists

produced by the labour of large numbers of industrial workers, all of whom require a high wage at the present time; the artist, although essential, is only one of those employed. The printer's work is the dominating factor to which the artist must be subordinate. Consequently it would be well for the artist to put herself into communication with some large colour works, and endeavour to see the printing of posters in process. It is almost impossible to assimilate the whole thing in one visit. There are various processes employed - lithography, what is known as the "three-colour process," and "zinco-photography." One firm does not usually combine all three, but should such an opportunity occur of visiting such extensive premises, full advantage should be taken of it, as the various methods are of the utmost importance to the designer, who can then see the reason for all the restrictions involved.

Special colours are employed for posters, they are matt-surface water-colours, and are supplied in bottles; they are of great brilliance, and dry into perfectly flat washes. It is not desirable to mix them, so that the tone and colour must be selected with great care; if used without adulteration, it is possible to rely on repeating the tone, but once mixed, it is practically hopeless to match it again.

The Importance of Placing and Spacing.

Placing and spacing are the artistic qualities essential to this work, and demand great care and thought. This is so important that some draughtsmen, after making a rough design, draw and even colour their figures quite separately, and having cut them out, move them about on a flat background, until they get them successfully placed in conjunction with the lettering and other things included in the design.

Your Work must be Surveyed from a Distance.

It is best to work on a matchboard wall if possible, as things can be pinned on so easily, and it is so desirable to be able to walk back and see your work from a distance. Otherwise very large boards are required, placed on easels.

This work cannot be done in a satisfactory manner seated at a

desk or table, although it may be necessary to lay a large flat wash with the work in a horizontal position at times. The special colours obviate this to a great extent as they have more body than water-colours, and do not run so much. Should it be difficult to get a good walk back, a mirror placed on the opposite wall of the room is a great help; it is wellknown that if a drawing looks right in a mirror—that is "reversed"there is nothing the matter with it; also the extra space reflected in the glass gives more distance to the design, and enables one to judge of the effect as it would appear in a railway station or out-of-doors.

Many people think that you have only to design an effective poster and send it to the proprietors of the commodity you have selected to advertise in order to sell it; no doubt this has frequently occurred and eventually secured great success. On the other hand all large printing and colour works have a staff of artists whom they employ in a studio on the premises, and others to whom they give commissions to be executed in their Every firm of this own homes. standing sends out travellers who interview the publicity managers of

commercial enterprises; these men have folios of excellent drawings and specimens with them, and of course their object is to secure a large and profitable order for the firm that employs them. There are so many printing firms competing with each other nowadays, that it is almost impossible for a private individual to compete with them. Poster work does not pay anyone if merely an occasional design is sold, it is only the steady stream of work that is really remunerative. Therefore, when the technicalities are thoroughly understood and mastered, the best plan is to get into touch with an important printing firm and work for them only. It is to their advantage to procure an order on your work, as they will get the huge order for reproduction. Their travellers can push one's design with that object in view far more forcibly than one can do oneself. These men are trained to talk and persuade, they are business men dealing with business people, and out for a business proposition; if your work is effective they will be very glad to utilise it, but it is quite useless to think that any individual artist can compete with such a body of men against him.

Therefore, it should be one's endeavour to work with them as harmoniously as possible.

It is always rather hard for an artist to work within limits and conditions that are foreign to his Art, but no one goes into commercial work except with the idea of making money. It does not follow that you must necessarily do bad work in order to benefit by it. A very high standard exists to-day in all work of this kind, and the fact that such distinguished names are seen in the signatures on posters shows in itself that the best people are pleased to do them. The student, therefore, must realise that to produce really good work demands a high degree of artistic capacity and execution, however simple the result may appear to the uninitiated mind.

To those who are ready to move with the times and can perceive how many crudities that annoy one in some of the pictures of the modern school, can be, and are, used with great effect in this class of work, there is a new and most enticing field of novelty to explore.



29

We have cured our

Nursemaids, for the

most part, of the

habit of telling

bogey stories to our

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menced to dissuade

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room details in their

presence.

The latest theories in relation to disease give it a mental basis, asserting that the metaphysical rather than the physical side of existence governs both sickness and its

cure. Indeed, the physicians of the day are turning more and more to the mental state as a means of prevention and of alleviation of illness, looking to the mens sana in corpore sano of the ancients as a direct means of restoring health and frustrating the onslaughts of its negation. Concentration of thought on that which is healthy, sane, and whole, in contradistinction to that which is unhealthy, inharmonious, and diseased, plays a most important part in the development of that state of consciousness which should form the antidote to sickness.

This being so, is it not something more than foolhardy to indulge in the discussion of illness, operations, "cases," and the like in the manner habitual to a very common type of conversationalist? I have assisted at more than one gathering of my sex at which the participants seemed positively to vie, the one with the other, in the horrors to which they were able to lay claim in the course of their various ailments. I was especially struck on one occasion with a couple of matrons who appeared to be of the opinion that there was no credit in being the mother of a family unless in the process one had been despaired of by at least a surgeon or two! The obstetric details proffered on either side positively made one's blood

run cold. If, as is commonly credited nowadays, fear plays a large part in the development of disease, these good ladies must surely have had more than one sick-bed laid at their door. Their audience were potential wives and mothers; what vistas of suffering were opened out for their delectation!

But ill-advised as this dwelling on the sickly side of life may be when grown-ups alone compose the party, how much more so when children are of the company! On the assumption that the young things are "too small to take it in," conversationalists of this type recognise no necessity for abating their enthusiasm for the bloodcurdling. Or perhaps it is that the scared expressions plainly writ on the countenances of the juveniles give positive zest to the recital! However this may be, it is noticeable that comparatively few such raconteuses acknowledge any necessity for discretion when children are of the company. Now, the mind of the child is distinctly more impressionable than that of the adult, having fewer mental pictures in reserve, and being ready to add to its stock any provided with sufficient distinctness. In support of this, note the far more actual and terrifying effect made by a ghost-story on the immature mentality of a child than that made on the matured brain of the grown-up. We have cured our nursemaids, for the most part, of the habit of telling bogey stories to our offspring, but we have not commenced to dissuade our friends from gloating over sick-room details in their presence. Who knows what seeds of future trouble, mental and physical, they may not be sowing by mere thoughtlessness?

If there were no articles furnished in our daily press as to illnesses and infections, both new and old, and no theories published as to their prevention and cure, says one of our medical authorities, there would be not one-half the cases of disease that occur to-day. It is sufficient for a brand-new ailment to be discovered for a number of fresh instances of it to crop up. No sooner does one individual lose his memory, than lost memories become as common as measles; no sooner is one patient convicted of an abnormal blood-pressure, than straightway abnormal blood pressures became more fashionable than appendicitis. By accustoming our offspring to the idea of illness, are we not making it doubly easy for the seeds of disease to take root in their consciousness?

But quite apart from the physiological effects of such topics of talk upon the child mind, is it kind or sympathetic to indulge in such conversation in the presence of the inexperienced? The little pitchers with the long ears are apt to brood over the details that they but partially assimilate, working them up into veritable terrors, far crueller than the ogre of the fairy-tale, who, after all, usually turned out to be of a stupidity that could be circumvented. But if such

horrors as those of disease and operations are to be circumvented, why do the grown-ups suffer from them? Ergo, they cannot, in all probability, be avoided—so reasons the vouthful brain. Those who would hesitate to tell a child a ghost-story often recount in their presence hospital tales far more alarming and upsetting to nerves and imagination

Perhaps the war, to whose account so much that is undesirable is apt to be laid, is responsible for this cruel carelessness. Having supped full of horrors at the time, maybe these have somewhat lost their poignancy. However this may be, true it is that during those four years many a story of wounds, suffering, and death was told to ears too immature to cope with it. Assimilated by older folk such tales might awaken emotions that tend ultimately to remedy and rectify the burden of endurance imposed upon mankind; but what such object can be achieved in the case of mere children? One might as well patronise the Grand Guignol on the plea that performances of this nature belong to the realm of art. Horror qua horror is indefensible, as it only stirs up emotional depths to no purpose, and produces a brutalised perception that later on must militate against the finer deeper experience.

"Thoughts are things," says the philosophy of to-day. Wherefore it behoves us to guard against the entry of any that be not lovely and of good report. Life will all too soon bring its own knowledge of pain and agliness.

MISS ANGELINA shook the small table-bell for the third time.

"Where can the child be?" she exclaimed, a touch of impatience in her voice. "I do wish she would lay the meals better. She has been here a fortnight——"

"Excuse me, miss," called a laughing voice from the passage. There were bounding footsteps, the door was pushed open, and the Misses Pettmans' young maid stood revealed.

A long scratch decorated her rosy cheek; a bruise her rounded arm; and her should-have-been white apron was powdered with ash.

"Have I forgotten something again?" she asked. "I didn't want to keep you waiting, but——-"

"Goodness me, child! what have you done?" Miss Angelina and Miss Ida stared in dismay.

"Oh, nothing to worry about. Only, you see, I heard you ringing, and I was in such a hurry I fell in the dust-bin."

"You what " Miss Angelina's tone was horrified.

There was amusement in Miss Ida's quiet grey eyes as she studied the girl's dishevelled appearance.

"You see, it was like this. Mr. and Mrs. Whiteman have gone out and shut Bobbie in the back garden. He was whining enough to make your heart bleed; so I climbed on to the dust-bin (turned the lid upside down to stand on), and just then you rang and the lid tipped. I fell in—good job it was nearly empty, wasn't it?"

"Miriam, you must not do things like that. What were you doing with Bobbie?"

"Fetching him over. He fell in too." The girl dimpled with amusement.

"Well, you must not do things like that. And you never even asked permission to have him over."

permission to have him over."

Miriam's large eyes opened wide.

"Of course I never. 'Twasn't necessary. Bobbie was unhappy and I wanted to fetch him over and comfort him. I wouldn't let him farther than my kitchen."

"Well, don't let him in here; and don't leave food about. I don't know whether he is honest."

"Ohahe is!" Miriam cried indig-

nantly. "Mrs. Whiteman said so. But what did you ring for this time? Seems as though I never get things right." She sighed.

"No; it's a pity you don't," said



her mistress coldly. "The water and the salt-spoon."

"Oh, I meant to bring the water; the salt spoon is just behind you on the sideboard, Miss Ida."

"Please put it on the table for us," said Miss Angelina, flushing.

"Sorry!" said the girl. "I'm always forgetting you don't like getting the things yourselves."

"She is absolutely untrainable," murmured the elder sister, as they heard the girl bounding back along the passage

The two sisters had just lost their old servant who had been with the family over twenty years. She had become, as the years went by, an increasingly firm "mistress." So when she left, to look after her aged father, they decided to have a young girl whom they could train and manage in their own way.

Miriam lived in the same village as old Sarah. And Sarah had sent her along as "quite respectable, but will take a deal of training."

The village girl found the London suburb strange, and her mistresses stranger. In Gladesvale she knew everyone; her mistresses did not speak even to their neighbours. Miriam's motto was "Lend a hand," and she lived up to it to the best of her power. Her mistresses lived almost completely to themselves.

It was the next afternoon. The sisters, in trim grey gowns that exactly matched, were sitting embroidering tray cloths.

Miriam's curly head popped and

denly round the door, and she announced in a shrill whisper—

"Here's the old dear from next door called."

Evidently the fact highly pleased the girl.

"Goodness me!" ejaculated Miss Angelina, patting her very smooth hair.

"Gracious! we don't know her," Miss Ida demurred, shy alarm in her eyes as she rose to look in the sideboard mirror.

But Miriam had already brought in Mrs. Whiteman, and now turned her attention to the grate.

"What a poor fire!" she exclaimed, stamping it down with a plimsolled foot. So vigorous was she that half the deadened fire fell through on to the tiled

hearth in large cinders. She stooped to pick them up and throw them back into the grate; the second proved too hot, and with a shrill "Ugh!" she dropped it. Then, with a beaming smile for the visitor, she pushed clumsily by Miss Ida's chair (knocking her carefully-arranged hair) with an airy, "Excuse me, miss," and banged the door behind her.

The sisters watched with distressed eyes. But the old lady murmured--

"Such a very nice young girl." Aloud she said, "I want to thank you for being so kind to Bobbie."

"Indeed!" said Miss Angelina uneasily. "We have done nothing."

The old lady put a small hand on her arm.

"It's very sweet of you to say that; but I can't allow the truth of your words. Still it has made an opportunity for me to come and see you. I've known you both by sight for a long time; now I hope to know you personally. May I look at your work? I'm so interested in fancywork of all kinds." She turned abruptly to Miss Ida, who sat with bent head taking no part in the conversation.

There came sounds of falling teaspoons on the hall floor, and Miriam, a tiny muslin apron over her grubby frock, bustled in with a tray. The sisters exchanged vaguely disapproving glances as the young maid proceeded to set tea, beaming frequently at the guest. Angelina looked at the marble clock on the

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mantelpiece. Ten minutes to four. Their tea-hour was four-thirty.

"Is that everything, please, miss?" inquired the girl eagerly.

"I think so," stammered her mistress.

Miriam had laid the very best table-cloth, silver, and china; all the Sunday cakes and biscuits which were never allowed other days; jams, marmalade (allowed only on the breakfast-table); even the dish of dessert fruit that ornamented the sideboard—everything was set out.

"It is very kind of you to give me tea," smiled the old lady; "very kind"

She stayed about an hour, and took with her a promise from the sisters that they would go to tea with her the next Wednesday.

"What a dear old lady!" cried Ida, looking with surprise at the reflection of her bright face in the side-board mirror. Instantly the brightness faded. Uneasi-

ness took its place. Was she forgetting?

"Didn't she make a good tea?" Angelina's voice was gratified. She laughed at the remembrance as she put back in their tins Sunday's cakes and biscuits. Suddenly her face clouded, and she sat down by the untidy hearth.

"But really, Miriam mustn't do such things I never asked Mrs. Whiteman to tea. That girl takes too much upon herself."

Miriam burst in at that moment stroking down her fancy apron.

"I wish I had been dressed in my black when she called; I look nice in that, don't I?"

"Miriam," began Miss Angelina severely, "you mustn't bring in tea unless I ask you to."

Miriam pouted

I thought you'd want it. 'Tisn't nice to wait till you're asked, I don't think,' she objected.

"And what have you been doing for Bobbie? We have done nothing; and Mrs. Whiteman called to thank us for our kindness to him."

Miriam clattered the tea things in little piles as she answered crossly-

"Nothing! He has all the bones and pieces; and you know I fetch him over if they go out. Oh, I've taken him out in my off-times now and again. That's all!"

"If you please, miss, here's Miss Deacon at the door, and she's got her hat on wrong way round." Miriam came bounding into the kitchen with

the news. The sisters, in dark blue overalls, were stoning raisins with pearl-handled fruit-knives.

"Miss Deacon?" repeated Miss Angelina in an annoyed tone. "Who is she, and what does she want, pray?"

"I don't know her from Eve," said Miss Ida.

"Oh, you do," contradicted Miriam. "She's the little lady that keeps house for the three school-teachers over the way."

"Well, I suppose I must see her," remarked the elder sister, removing her overall.

Half-an-hour later she returned, smiling.

"She had got her hat on back to front, hadn't she?" questioned Miriam. She was seated on a chair in the back kitchen vigorously polishing two pairs of walking-shoes exactly alike.

"Oh, I'm sure I don't know, Miriam. She came to thank us for letting you clean their front steps while their maid was away. I did not know you had."

Miriam stooped and gathered up the polished shoes in her apron. Her face was red.

"I did them in the morning before you were down," she confessed shamefacedly, as she carried away the shoes.

"Miss Deacon seems quite nice; she told me a lot about those three girls who teach. She wants us to go over and meet them. But really Miriam takes too much upon herself."

"She does," sighed Miss Ida. Then added, "But I do like her."

"Oh, so do I," agreed the sister.

A week later it was Miss Angelina's

birthday. They decided to celebrate it by going to a matinie. They called Miriam into the hall to tell her they were going. The girl frowned as she looked at them. Both wore pale grey costumes with mauve blouses, grey hats with wide brims, grey shoes and stockings. Each carried a grey suede bag that matched their gloves, an umbrella with duck-head handle, and

a biscuit-coloured rain-coat over her left arm.

The girl shut the door noisily behind them, then ran and peeped over the white muslin curtains in the dining-room. Her usually bright face was clouded.

"Ridic'lous, ridic'lous! I call it. Always dressing alike as though they only had one bee in their bonnets between them. I don't like my ladies making sillies of themselves. Only this morning the butcher said to me, 'How's the twins to-day?' I know folk make fun of them. I shall talk to Miss Ida about it."

When they returned, they heard a child laughing in the kitchen. They both hastened out.

Miriam was seated in front of a bright fire toasting bread. A little boy of about four was seated on the hearthrug by her side cuddling Bobbie. On the table tea was set tor two.

The sisters knew the child quite well by sight. He lived three doors away. His mother seemed delicate, but both parents looked very lover-like and happy.

"Miriam, what does this mean?" asked Miss Angelina.

"I knew you wouldn't mind, miss. Mrs. Sefton's maid came along with Bernard just after you'd gone. Mrs. Sefton has a collapsed throat, and Bernard was crying and fretting."

Miss Ida stooped and touched the child's fair hair. Bobbie gave a protesting growl.

"Bobbie, behave yourself," scolded Miriam. The dog turned grave eyes in her direction, and flourished a long tail against the little boy's face, much to his enjoyment.

"Bobbie's people are all out, so we fetched him over too," explained Miriam.

"What about your work? I left you silver to clean," stated Miss Angelina.

"I'll do that to-night. You wanted me to lend a hand, didn't you?"

"I suppose so," replied her mistress with heightened colour, then departed.

Miss Ida stayed behind. She was still fondling the child's hair with thin shaking fingers. Bernard put up a hand; it held a large apple.

Miriam turned red.

"Excuse me, miss. Miss Angie said I was to have



Where the grace of God has worn a channel in a man's heart, many stoop to

E. GIBSON.

an apple for my supper, so I took it now."

Miss Ida nodded, and went slowly and silently up the shallow whitepainted stairs to her bed-room. She shut her door, and for once locked it. Laying all her things down upon the snow-white cover of her bed, she crossed the room to the mantelpiece, and took from it a framed photograph. She stood with it in her hands and gazed long at it Her face was very sad. It was a man's face that looked out from the frame-a strong contented face with happy eyes. The photograph was signed in the lefthand corner, "Yours ever, Matthew Bernard." Then the handle of the door was turned.

"Do you want me, Angelina? I'll be down in a minute." Even as she spoke in her quiet even voice she was replacing the picture with trembling hands. Two slow tears gently rolled down her cheeks; before they reached her neck she wiped them off with her muslin handkerchief.

"It doesn't matter," replied an oftended voice. Angelina's firm footsteps were heard descending the staurs.

Just three minutes later Ida followed. She was the placid younger sister again, who for the last few years had let the elder manage her life for her. She went into the kitchen, for the child fascinated her. She felt as though he ought to be her little boy. It might have been if things had gone right. She talked to him for a few minutes, and then Miriam announced-

"Tea's ready, Miss."

She got up and walked away, but came back in a minute to say gently-

"Miriam, I think the teapot must be a little too full, you have spilt tea all along the passage."

"Have I, miss? I'll wipe it up."

The next minute she popped her curly head round the dining-

room door.

"Thank you, Miss Ida; it's a good job you noticed. Why, it's in here too." She bent with her floor-cloth and rubbed up the carpet, banged to the door, opened it, and said, "Sorry it banged," then banged it louder than before. They heard her high voice trilling, "There's a long, long trail awinding-"as she mopped

up the hall floor, growing fainter as she neared the kitchen, then that door slammed, and silence followed.

"She's impossible," asserted Miss Angelina; "we shall never train her."

Miss Ida bent over her plate.

"Shall we?" queried her sister irritably.

Ida shook her head. "I'm afraid not. But I do like her."

'Well, shouldn't we like her just as well and even better if she was trained?"

Ida wasn't sure. fancied she would not.

Miss Ida was ironing blouses - two white, two blue, two spotted ones. She had a cold, so her sister had gone shopping alone.

Miriam was cleaning silver at a side table.

"Excuse me, miss," she burst forth, "but why do you and Miss Angie always wear things alike?"

" Miriam" — Miss Ida's face went very red-" you must not say 'Miss Angie'; give her her full name, please."

"Sorry! But it's such a long one, Mayn't I say 'Angel'? Oh, miss, your face is red; do leave the ironing for me."

"And don't make personal re-

Miriam tossed her head and clattered the spoons and forks.

'Seems as though I can't say anything right. I only want to know why you always dress alike. 'Isn't meant for rudeness. I was only going to advise you. What suits Miss Angel doesn't suit you always. Now you-

Ida opened her mouth, then closed it without speaking. She decided the girl should say what was on her mind.

"Now you are pale, you'd look lovely in pink. Miss Angel looks lovely in mauve; you don't, you look sad and lonely in it."

Her mistress bent over the ironing. She made no remark.

Miriam sighed loudly.

"Now you're cross. I didn't mean to offend you."

Still Miss Ida's iron glided smoothly over the board.

"Miss," persisted Miriam

reproachfully, "I'm awfully sorry, but you are my ladies now, and I don't like the butcher calling you 'twins'! But there, it's your affair.

I suppose I needn't put your worries in my basket."

Miss Ida put back her flat-iron on the stove, and hung a blue blouse over the wooden horse. Then she looked full at Miriam and said quietly—

"I've never thought anything about it. Once I had a lover, Miriam, and he died suddenly. I have never got over it. What does dress or anything matter? My sister manages everything for me -it's easier to keep on so. But I'm not offended, child. I'll think over it. Here comes Miss Angelina; you need not let her know that I have told you."

Ida kept Miriam's advice to herself, but she followed

When the autumn days froze into winter ones,

Miriam had the satisfaction of seeing Miss Angelina in a soft grey coat, and Miss Ida in a dark navv.

"One up the pole for ine," she chuckled to herself.

The sisters about this time began to be very busy. Mrs. Whiteman had a bad attack of bronchitis, and Miriam spent half her time working there. It seemed impossible to stand aside and let the girl do everything, so Miss Angelina took over the cooking for the old couple, and Miss Ida helped at home with the kitchen work

One day Miriam exclaimed-

"You clean the silver nearly as bright as I do now; but you couldn't do without me, could you, miss?"

Then Bernard's frail little mother didn't get out much these days, so Ida, who had taken a great liking to her as well as to her small son, spent much time sitting and sewing with her, while Miriam took Bernard out,

Bernard and Bobbie shared the house freely now. Bobbie lay with his front paws boldly resting on the brass curb in the dining-room; and no one rebuked him, "'Cos his mistress is ill." lisped Bernard.

He kept a bib on the kitchen dresser, marbles in an empty flowerpot, and his baby books tucked away



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in the rack among Miss Ida's neverplayed music.

Christmas drew near, and the sisters found that Miriam had great expectations of the testive time. Her home was fifty miles away, so she was not thinking of spending it there. No, she talked constantly of the good time Bernard and Bobbie and she would have.

"It's a real responsibility to have to provide Christmas for them," smiled Miss Angelina one evening. "What can we do?"

Miss Ida looked up from the white jumper she was knitting for Bernard.

"Couldn't we have a Christmastree?" Her soft eyes had a new light, a new hopefulness in them.

Miss Angelina dropped the long woollen scarf she was working for old Mr. Whiteman into her lap.

"That is a good idea," she said dreamily. "I almost forget what you put on them. Dolls and candles——"

Her sister followed on eagerly-

"Oh, tinsel stars, tiny tin candlesticks all lighted up with coloured candles, and birds with feathery tails, and sticky little bags of sweets, and—"

"Coloured balls that dance on elastic, and two fairies on top."

Then they both laughed quietly.

"For two little girls of long ago," sighed the elder sister; "let's be practical."

"We could put a drum and a trumpet on for Bernard."

"To be kept here," added Angelina quickly; "and sweets and chocolates for them both. Handkerchiefs for Miriam, and a ball for Bobbie. And oh, it must be a great secret. We will have them all in the dining-room to tea on the day, and put the lighted tree in the centre of the table, and I will make an iced cake."

On Christmas morning Miss Ida came down with shadows round her soft eyes but a brave smile on her lips.

She was drawing up the diningroom blinds when Bernard's father came running up the garden path. Bernard was in his arms, enveloped in a grey army blanket. He was cuddling a Teddy bear, had a box of chocolates in one hand and a spray of mimosa in the other. As soon as he caught sight of Miss Ida he began calling ut. She ran to open the door.

"Oh, what do you fink Santa Claus has brought us?" he lisped excitedly. "Oh, such a funny, funny little baby. Dad says may I stay with you all day, 'cos the tiny baby doesn't like any noise—'cept it's own crying, I fink?" he finished, laughing at his own joke.

Then father had his say and explained matters.

"Isn't it lovely that Bernard can come all day?" cried the delighted Miriam. "May he have breakfast with me, Miss Angie? I've bought him a cup and saucer and plate for his present."

But when Miss Ida went out to fetch a jug of hot water she found Miriam and Bernard eating chocolates. Questioning them, she was told they had already had porridge, pork pie, buttered toast, marmalade, and apples. So Bernard had a much

supervised dinner in the dining-room, and trouble was averted.

Miriam had an exciting day. Mr. Whiteman came in with a silk blouse "for that very good girl who has been such a friend to us." Miss Deacon brought a pair of gloves and a book from each of the school-teachers. Someone farther down the road sent a purse with half-a-crown in it.

"You are quite a public character," said Miss Angelina, smiling as she examined the various gifts.

"I do know a good many people," she replied happily.

Her mistress knew each gift was a small recognition of service done by the good-hearted girl.

But the crowning success of the day for her was the tea-party and the tree. Old Mr. and Mrs. Whiteman came, followed by Bobbie walking sedately, with a book for Miriam held tightly



MIRIAM WAS SPATED BY THE FIRE TOASTING BREAD.

Drawn os P. Clarke

part with until bribed with sweet her brain. She shivered again. But biscuits. Just as they sat round the man was laughing uneasily.

the lighted tree Mr. Sefton arrived and completed Bernard's happiness. They were a very merry party.

"Last year," said Mr. Whiteman in his shaky voice, "I spent my Christmas in bed. We were all alone, so we had tea in my room."

"And we never knew." There was self-reproach in Miss Angelina's voice. "Sarah was here then, and I remember she was very cross. She sat in the kitchen and sulked all the evening, and Ida and I played halma till we were so bored we went to bed early."

"Come and sit down a few minutes, won't you? My sister and Bernard are finishing the puzzle they began before tea."

Mr Sefton took the large armchair Miss Ida pulled near to the fire for him. The old couple had gone home, and Miriam was busy in the kitchen.

"How is your wife this evening, and the tiny daughter?" asked Miss Ida, as she drew a chair near to his.

"Doing well," he replied contentedly. "Do let me thank you for

being so good to her, and also for having young Matthew Bernard all day."

" Matthew Bernard?" Her voice was startled, there was pain in the soft eyes, she shivered. "I think this room is cold." She slipped on to her knees and stirred the bright fire. Then repeated, "Matthew Bernard, did you say?"

"Yes; we named him after his godfather." He sighed. "He died; he was such a splendid chap; it seemed so sad."

The woman's face beside him was sad too. Throughout the day she had been struggling bravely to keep away the thought of a man's deathher man's death. And now, after all her efforts, this man, almost a stranger, was talking of death. Like

in his mouth. This he refused to a flood sad memories surged through

Little Girl Red

When the lamps were lit in the dim blue sky, And the daisies had gone to bed, The fairies would come from the By-and-by To play with my Little Girl Red. She could hear them making a merry din From her nesting-place at my feet, So she'd creep through the kitchen to let them in Out of the windy street.

"Come in, dear fairies, and don't be afraid, Old Trixie is taking a doze. Just look what a beautiful dress I've made-It's shocking the way Dolly grows! S'morning Kadoodle laid such a fine egg-I had it with muffins for tea: And poor Uncle John's got a bone in his leg-

That's what my daddy told me!"

Ah! ever so oft, and many a mile, They came to see Little Gul Red-Came just to look in her eyes and to smile At the wonderful things she said. They dressed her in tints from the rainbow's arc, And out of the azure deep; They stole her a song from the soul of a lark To lullaby her to sleep.

But now when the lamps are lit in the night, And the daisies are bed-a-bye, And the moon comes out like a flower of light

Set deep in the shadowy sky,

And they come to see him instead.

The kitchen is hushed as the fairies come through With a magical tip-toe tread, For Little Girl Red nurses Little Boy Blue,

CHRIS MASSIE.

feel compelled to tell you, although it's Christmas day. May I?"

Miss Ida put a hand to her side. The man noticed she looked white, but she was often pale. She nodded

" I want to keep my memory of my friend green. So I often think and talk of him. He was my best friend. He was in the same office-Brewster's, of Bankford. He was much higher than I, and a good many years older. I was engaged to be married then, but we quarrelled, and I, in anger, broke things off He was peacemaker. But for him I should have missed all the great happiness that has since come to me. He was best-man at my wedding. Soon after, Brewsters moved me to their branch

here. Twelve months later he died of that cruel influenza, quite suddenly. But he was the best friend

> we younger chaps had. I owe him-well, I can't tell you what."

> He stopped and sighed deeply. They could hear Bernard's babbling voice as he crossed the hall to the kitchen

> Again Miss Ida knelt and needlessly stirred the coals. Then she turned her face to her companion. Now there was a delicate pink in her cheeks, a glowing light in her serene eves.

"His name was Matthew Bernard Brownlow," she said quietly.

"Why, yes," he replied in surprise.

Miss Ida twisted the gold ring with its one diamond round the third finger of her left

"He gave me this." Then she laid her slender hand lightly on his arm. "And you have given me another beautiful memory to cherish- and inspiration, too. You have made me so happy---"

Bernard burst in on them, trailing the grey army blanket.

"Oh, dads, I've had a perfec' day. I'm going home now, and Miriam is going to bring some of my parcels. I've got

"It's very strange," he said, "but I a ball and rattle for the funny baby.

> Miriam came to the dining-room door, a lighted candle in her hand.

> "Good-night, Miss Angel! Goodnight, Miss Ida! I hope everybody's had as happy a Christmas as me. You've been awfully good to me," she cried as she departed.

> "Well," said Miss Ida in a satisfied voice, "we've had a real good Christmas, haven't we? And most of it is owing to Miriam. She has roused us up. We have got so many friends since she came.'

> "And interests. Ida, I'm so glad we chose a young girl we could 'manage.' Sarah was a clumsy manager, but Miriam is a born reformer."

The Life Beyond Life

Part I.—The Spiritual Needs of the Girl of To-day

By LILY WATSON

As I was pondering over the subject upon which I am about to write,

a dream came to me a waking dream, which has its significance.

I seemed to see two pilgrims traversing a road. They were women, and were not walking together. The first attracted my attention by her radiant look. and the way in which she stepped blithely along Although mists appeared to cling about the borders of the road. she glanced from side to side with an expression of delight, as if she were beholding what

was beautiful, or hearing sweet music. There was no suggestion of fatigue in her gait, and I wondered if she were able to discern what was hidden from me, so evident was it that she was absorbed in joyful contemplation

The pilgrim who lagged behind was of an altogether different type. She was not looking anywhere but at the road beneath her feet. Now and again she would stoop and pick up a pebble, which she dropped into a sack she carried.

"That must be heavy," I thought; and, indeed, she seemed burdened. There was no air of cheerful alacrity about her progress; she walked rather as one under compulsion

While I was studying these two pilgrims and wondering about them, it seemed to me that I was able to join the second of the two, and walk by her side. I was glad to accost her, in order to find out why her aspect was so different from that of her predecessor.

"Yes, I am tired," she said in answer to my question; "but one has just got to go on and on. I don't know why, and I don't know whither." She sighed, but suddenly bent down and picked up another pebble "Isn't this pretty?" she said to me before she dropped it into her sack. "I am collecting them"

I did not see anything particularly lovely about the pebble, marked as it was in a very ordinary manner, and I inquired if the sack were not heavy.

"Rather," she admitted. "But one must do something, you know.

And these are really fine." She took a few stones out of the sack and showed them to me in the palm of her hand. "It is quite worth while to bear their weight."

I could not agree, and was wondering if I dared say so, when, with the inconsistency of a dream, I found myself walking beside the other pilgrim. She turned a gaze upon me that was full of brightness, and I stammered out some commonplace

remark as to her apparent pleasure in her pilgrimage

"But of course I am happy," she answered, "walking up this wonderful valley, with the birds singing all the way. Don't you hear them? Perhaps it is difficult. Their music mingles with the sound of the waterfalls."

And, as she spoke, the mists on either side seemed to disperse. I saw what she was seeing. We were indeed in a beautiful region. On our right hand green pastures sloped upwards to the foot of a mountain range, with snowy peaks gleaming in the sunshine. Many trees, laden with fruit, grew in the meadows, which were gay with flowers, musical with the song of birds. On our left hand lav a wooded ravine, down which a torrent rushed far below us; and mountains rose beyond it. forming the other rampart of the The road ascended, and in the distance it seemed cleft by a stream that leapt from the heights upon our right hand. I saw this made a deep gulf across the way.

"It is all wonderful," I cried.
"But—up yonder—your path seems to dive into a dark ravine. What of that? Are you not afraid to cross it?"

"No," she replied; "every now and then I have a difficult place like this to go through, but the road leads right on,"

"Whither?" I asked. Ahead of us, up the vale, there was a great mass of clouds. All at once, as the

pilgrim turned her face thitherward, they seemed to part; and lo, from among them, there flashed the pinnacles of a City, gleaming white and wonderful. Then the vapours closed again, but as I looked at the face of my companion, and saw her clasped hands, I beheld the rapture in her eyes.

"That is the city whither I am bound," she said. "Sometimes I see it, but not always. Still, when I have once caught the vision, no mist and gloom can drive it from my memory."

I glanced back at the other pilgrim. She was seeing nothing of the wonders of the way, nothing of the city in the distance. But I saw her looking with discomfiture at the dark ravine ahead, and I seemed to hear her fretfully muttering: "How shall I cross it?"

Then the vision faded away from me, and I beheld the pilgrims no more. I feared for the second one, that she would never reach the shining goal her companion saw. The heavy burden she carried would surely weigh her down; she would sink with despair in the darkness of the chasm she had to cross.

No parable can be perfect in its application. But these pilgrims typify, one who possesses the spiritual life, and one who lives for this world alone. She who lags behind does not look forward to any shining goal of her pilgrimage. She busies herself in the pleasures of this world, the things of the way, which attract by their appearance, but which are useless, and only serve to weigh down her feet. She has no "vision" to help her on her journey, and does not understand the meaning and the beauty of the life that lies around her. Great and immeasurable is her loss.

The other pilgrim looks forward to "the city that hath foundations whose builder and maker is God."

Cheered by this vision she can press along her way. And more, her eyes are open to beauty all about her. She can realise the true meaning of life. If trial and sorrow come (typified by the dark ravine), she is not afraid to encounter them. Her pilgrimage is a happy journey through the "things temporal" to the "things eternal."

Probably we can all remember some one we have known-some saintly person who has exemplified in her life the inner meaning of this allegory; who has manifested the happiness and charm of her religion, carrying it into every detail of conduct, till those who see her serene and beautiful face realise how lovely a thing it is to "be a Christian." We envy such an one, perhaps, but think regretfully her attainment is altogether beyond us. So we become like the second pilgrim, toiling along without end or aim, and treasuring and labouring for that which is "not worth while."

This is unspeakably sad, and it is well to pause a little and look at the whole matter together.

Perhaps no subject is so injured by its terminology, if we may so speak, as the greatest subject of allreligion. There is a sacred vagueness about the terms employed. They don't carry conviction to the listener. One can imagine girls, in earnest, and yet not assured of what they really need and how they shall best attain it, asking: "What is this 'spiritual life'?" The world is very real, and presses upon them; perhaps the needs of daily work are exacting; it all tends to obscure the fact that there is, indeed, "a life beyond life," and that it is important to realise it, even for the right appreciation of the every-day task and its due execution.

Let us try, in this series of papers,

to be very simple, and to see where the difficulties lie.

Observation has led me to think that while the nation as a whole is ready to acknowledge the hand of God, and to join in such acts of reverent devotion as we observed after the war, there is yet a falling away from Christianity in many intelligent young people, even if they have been nurtured in religious homes. Why is this?

I think there are three causes which may account for it.

First of all, there is a prevailing impression that it is rather a fine thing, and shows superiority, to disdain the faith of one's fathers. This is part of the "Revolt of Youth" which we have noticed before. There is in it a desire for sincerity, which, in itself, is not to be blamed. But it is fatally, pitifully sad to see, at the behest of some magazine article, a girl tossing aside her former faith, and regarding Christianity as an outworn superstition. It is true that she cannot have held the faith with much conviction to begin with; but temptations abound, to take up the superficial scoffing tone, and thus she may become one

"Like the base Indian, threw away a pearl

Richer than all her tribe."

Another cause of defection is an exaggerated love of pleasure-concern with the things of the world. How wonderful is the Parable of the Sower in its description of the seed choked by the up-growing thorns! An overpowering devotion to things of sense cannot exist side by side with the spiritual life.

The "standard of values" gets wrong. A little religion may be all right, but money, enjoyment, comfort, a rich marriage, success in the eyes of the world, must come first. This is fatal to spirituality.

A third cause--and this is operative among those who may have grown up among a certain type of religious surroundings-is Conventionality. A girl from early childhood has gone regularly to church or chapel, and been bored by it, as a necessary tedious duty, till she suddenly begins to ask herself: "What does all this mean? The people around me don't half believe what they say, or regulate their lives by it in the least. I shall just break away from the whole thing."

If any one of my readers should recognise herself in these types, let her pause a little while, and think. Youth is the time of such vast opportunities, such momentous decisions! It is terrible to see a mistake made m this question of all others. Let us, month by month, look together into the subject, with- To out any theological disquisi- be tion, without any attempt at sermonising, but in a spirit of ued. affectionate sympathy.

con-

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My Friend James Bowden

Two letters reach me by the early post this July morning, one addressed by hand, the other with the address typed. I read the former first, because I recognised the writing as that of an old friend, the Editor of this magazine. It told me that my one-time "Chief," Mr. James Bowden, Lay Secretary and Managing Director of the R.T.S., was resigning the position he has for twenty-two years so ably filled. The second letter, with the typed address, was from Mr. Bowden himself. His resignation was, I understand, only at the time of writing tendered, but lest I should be alarmed for his health, or perhaps be hurt to hear the news at second-hand, he had sat down, overdone as he no doubt was by correspondence and work, to send word himself.

Both letters are so characteristic of the writers that I wish I might quote them here. Mr. Bowden and I are upon terms of affectionate friendship, and the news which he conveyed—gently, unemotionably, and, so far from complainingly, expressing only his gratitude to God that he had been able to continue at work so long—of failing health and strength, deeply touched me.

To Miss Klickmann, as to me, Mr. Bowden has come to be an Institution—a tower of strength on which we have securely leaned, under which in time of storm we have safely sheltered. He has come to be part of the fixed order of things, like (my similes are, I know, mixed) the returning daylight, or the reigning dynasty, or the postman's knock, or *Punch*—all of which we should find it difficult to imagine ourselves as being without.

I count myself honoured by Miss Klickmann's wish,

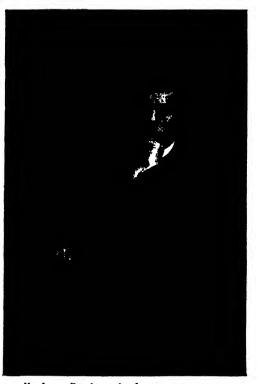
that she and I-old friends, and, when she was Co-Editor of the Windsor Magazine, long-time colleagues—should be associated in this tribute to Mr. Bowden. Nor shall I disclaim, as is often done by those who stand up to speak at a public presentation or sit down in private to write an appreciation, my own unfitness for the task. If any man alive can bear witness to the great heart, the generosity, the sterling integrity, and to the unselfishness and nobility of the life of James Bowden, that man is myself. Mr. Bowden is my literary godfather, to whom I owe more than to anyone alive. As far back as the 'eighties of last century, when I was young and all unknown to the literary world, and Mr. Bowden still comparatively young, the first book I had written came, fortunately for me, to his friendly cye. In Mr. Bowden both caution and courage are singularly combined, hence, perhaps, his success in everything he

undertakes. Genial and courteous to all, he is never gushing or effusive. He commits himself to nothing without full consideration. But once he has made up his mind, he never "looks back." He not only accepted my book on the most generous terms, but, knowing that before an author's name is established, literature is not a profession by which it is easy to live, he offered me the junior editorship to the great firm of Ward Lock and Bowden, of which he was then the head. If my book had any success, the success was due much more to the publisher than to the author. That may seem a strange thing for a professional writer to say, but I believe it to be true. As I thereafter became chief general editor to the same firm, and, later, literary adviser to Mr. Bowden when he went into business for himself, I may be said to combine, in my literary experiences, those of an author as well as of a publisher's reader. Speaking in that dual and somewhat unusual rôle. I am of opinion that a second-rate book in the hands of an energetic publisher has a better chance of success than a first-rate book in the hands of an indifferent publisher.

Even in those days Mr. Bowden once confided to me that he had a horror of fogeydom—of getting into a groove, jolting along in a well-worn rut, or falling into stereotyped ways. For him fogeydom has never come. He is retiring while his "ideas," his initiative, and his enterprise are as fresh as ever, even though health and strength begin to fail. But again I say that if my first book, and those by which it was followed, found a public—to the publisher, much more than to the author, that fact was due. And I would add that I take pleasure as

well as pride in remembering that my very last book to see the light, as was the case with my very first, owes its publication to him. My associations with James Bowden, whether as his reader or as one of his authors, have been, for me at least, of the happiest.

Thus the worst that can be said of him as a publisher is what was once said of myself as his reader. Here is the story: Charles Garvice and H. B. Irving were dining together at the Authors' Club, and Garvice told Irving that Mr. Bowden was the first publisher in England to publish a book of his. "In America a firm called George Munroe sold my novels by thousands," said Garvice, "but no publisher in England—I tried one after another-would touch them. Then I got an introduction, through Max Pemberton, to Mr. Bowden's reader. He said frankly that my stuff was not literature, but it was wholesome and clean and that I was a born



Mr. James Bowden: who, for twenty-two years, has been Lay Secretary and Managing Director of the Religious Tract Society.

story-teller, for whom he was sure there would be a vast public, with the result that Mr. Bowden had the courage to give me my chance. He accepted and issued Just a Girl, the very first novel of mine to see the light in England, and now in its umpteenth edition."

Telling the story to a friend, Harry Irving said, "Kernahan and I are staunch friends, but he has one crime on his conscience which I can never forgive him—as literary adviser to Mr. James Bowden he let loose Charles Garvice's novels—which I couldn't read if I were paid—upon a suffering world."

If a similar charge—that Mr. Bowden let loose my humble self as an author, be brought against him, the reader must, in extenuation, remember that it was

Mr. Bowden also who first published that great book, Principal Griffith-Jones's *The Ascent through Christ*, and that, after the author had frankly said that it had been refused by two great houses.

I conclude with a tribute to Mr. Bowden as a publisher, and from a distinguished author. Into particulars I need not go, except to say that Mr. Bowden had reasons for thinking that a payment, over and above that arranged, was honourably due to Mr. Barry Pain for a contribution to the Windsor Magazine. Knowing Mr. Pain to be a friend of mine, Mr. Bowden asked me to send a few explanatory words to accompany the cheque. I feel sure that Mr. Pain will forgive me for quoting his reply:—

"MY DEAR KERNAHAN,—Get to yourself a cunning workman, and let the name of JAMES BOWDEN be written in letters of gold, sixty feet high, and planted on the top of St. Paul's, in open defiance of the County Council's regulations in regard to sky signs, and in token of his rare excellence, and super-eminent integrity.

"If he had not written to me, through you, the chances are a hundred to one against my ever having heard of the matter. On my soul, if all publishers were thus, there would have to be a new Society of Authors for the purpose of protecting publishers from the effect of their reckless conscientiousness.

"Yours ever,
"BARRY PAIN."

That incident of long ago is typical of Mr. Bowden's whole business and private life. Not only high integrity, but what some so-called business men would count, and Mr. Barry Pain calls, "super-eminent integrity" and conscientiousness, characterise every action of his. "A battalion," said a great soldier, Sir John Luther Vaughan, K.C.B., brother of Dean Vaughan of the Temple Church, to me once, "is what its commanding officer makes it." As commanding officer of three publishing houses, as Mr. Bowden has been, he set a standard of energy, thoroughness, enterprise, hard work, but, most of all, of scrupulous honour and integrity, which is, and will continue to be, an example and an inspiration to all who served under his command.



Mr. Bowden's house at New Barnet, where many famous authors have been entertained.

His happiest thought in his retirement will, I believe, be that he has been associated all his life with the publication of books and periodicals—less merely as a means of making a livelihood, for his abilities are so unusual, that he would have succeeded equally in any business or profession to which he devoted himself—than because he saw therein what seemed to him the best means of serving God and benefiting his fellows. All his life he has been a reader; and of the influence of literature for good or ill he is profoundly convinced. Merely "to rail at the wrong "avails little. To create, and to form a taste for literature, as literature, which shall be at one and the same time attractive, wholesome, and pure, without being what is called "goody-goody," seemed to him the surest way to prevent readers, especially young readers, from coming under the influence of unwholesome reading.

Not to live luxuriously, for his life is the simplest; not to acquire riches, for his means are modest; nor even to make a "name," and perhaps "play up" for the knighthood which he richly deserves, has James Bowden lived and toiled, but that he might be the means, under God, of serving his fellows by the production and the circulation of the literature which makes—

"For all things clean, for all things brave, For peace, for spiritual light; To keep love's body whole, to save The hills of intellectual sight."

In this connection his long association with the Religious Tract Society has been singularly felicitous. Here were not only the ideal conditions, but also conditions which called for a man with ideals. And here, too, was not only the ideal man, but the man of all others best qualified for the work. Two preeminent factors there are in human happiness—to be happily married to a good and noble woman who shares one's ideals, and to have as one's life work, the work one most loves. Both factors played no small part in the life of James Bowden. He and Mrs. Bowden carry with them into retirement the love and honour of their friends. That God may spare both many years of quiet happiness in which to do further work for Him is the prayer of us all.

Children of Well-known People



FIRE FARL OF MACDUFF THE SON OF TRIB PRINCE Photo by AND PRINCESS ARTHUR OF CONNAUGHT Alexander Corbett



On the left is the only child of Prince and Princess Arthur of Connaught He is also Queen Alexandra's great grandson



HRH THE PRINCESS ILLIANA OF HOLLAND

Photo by H Deutman



MARY AGED 8, THE DAUGHTER OF ' FAY INCHPAWN

Photo by Haulton Bros



BRIAN, AGED 9, THE SON OF MRS. GORDON-STABLES.

Photo by Adelphi Studios, Ltd.

THE EDITOR Writes:

On Mr. James Bowden es I Know Him

Our magazine is sustaining a great loss in the resignation, through ill-health, of Mr. James Bowden, who for twenty-two years has been the Lay Secretary and General Manager of the Religious Tract Society, the proprietors of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER AND WO-MAN'S MAGAZINE. often happens, in the case of great men who are doing really big work, that the outside public hears all too little of their names; they are too busy to have time for self-advertisement. And although Mr. Bowden is regarded in the world of books as one of the most experienced of living publishers, he has so avoided publicity that even his name does not appear on any of the legion of publications for which he is Yet no responsible. man living to-day has been associated with so wide a variety of literature, nor better

helped the world, through the medium of that literature, to cultivate the "best things"

It is impossible to tell even a fraction of Mr Bowden's achievements. Since he first entered the firm of S. O. Beeton, fifty-seven years ago, as a lad of sixteen, he has held many influential positions. He has been one of the partners in the firm of Ward, Lock and Bowden; he has also had a publishing business entirely his own, which he gave up in order to devote his whole energies to the work of the R.T.S.—work which, I fancy, has interested him as much as anything he has ever done. For to him it has been something more than mere business (keen as he is in business), it is the embodiment of a great ideal, the same ideal that has actuated the whole of his career as a publisher, viz., the production of books that will make for the betterment of the race. I do not mean that every book Mr. Bowden has ever published could be labelled a religious book; certainly not. But his aim has always been to avoid everything that might tend to lower the spiritual and moral standard, or taint with unhealthiness the mind of the general reader. And from this aim he has never swerved, neither for monetary gain nor for notoriety.

Among the many publications for which Mr. Bowden has been responsible, none has been more useful than the splendid series of Bible Pictures by Harold



MRS. JAMES BOWDEN.

Photo by Olive Edis.

Copping, which are now known all over the world.

THE WINDSOR MAGAZINE he planned and designed, down to the last little detail, launching it into fame with the very first number.

Other notable publications include Ascent Through Christ, by Dr. Griffiths Jones; God's Gentleman and In Relief of Doubt, by the Rev. R. E. Welsh; Maude, by Christina Rossetti. But it would take a huge catalogue to mention all the books by well-known authors that Mr. Bowden has published. Of the "Bouverie Series" of stories, which he initiated, over three million copies have been sold!

In this article I make no attempt to give even the outlines of Mr. Bowden's biography—he has done far too much to make it possible to do him justice in a few pages. Moreover, it is earnestly hoped that he will write his own recol-

lections, now that he will have more leisure, for his experiences have been of unusual interest, and cover years that have seen wonderful changes in everything appertaining to Fleet Street; and he has made useful and practical experiments with Art and picture reproduction, colour printing, and such side issues as paper patterns, in addition to the publication of books and magazines.

It was shortly after I left school that I had the unusual good fortune to be offered the post of sub-editor on the new magazine that was about to be published, called the Windsor Magazine. I knew nothing of journalism, had never been in Fleet Street, but I had written some articles which Mr. Bowden thought promising, and on the strength of these he suggested that I might be useful on the new magazine.

I did not realise it at the time, but I know now that it was an inestimable advantage to me to receive my initiation into business life in a house where the head had the same code of rules for week-days as for Sundays. Though intensely shrewd as a business man, and always on the alert to get the best that was possible for his firm, I am certain Mr. Bowden has never knowingly driven an unfair bargain, nor tried to get an unjust advantage.

I recall a newly-promoted editor, only just beginning

The Editor's Page

to feel his feet, who was rather pleased with a contract an unknown but promising author had signed, whereby he had handed over (probably in ignorance) the entire copyright of his work to the magazine for a sum that had been offered for single use only. The editor showed this to the head of the firm, and pointed out the advantage thus gained. But after looking at the document, Mr. Bowden said quietly, "I think this is a case where we should ask ourselves: How would we like to be treated in similar circumstances? It seems to me only fair to ask him if he intended to part with the whole copyright, and if not, I should tear this up."

Another marked characteristic of Mr. Bowden's business life was his habit of explaining carefully, but in a few words, any matter connected with one's work of which one was ignorant. The gain this has been to me personally 1 can never express; and equally it must have assisted many others to fit themselves for responsible positions.

In my early days as a sub-editor, I was unexpectedly left in sole charge of the Windsor Magazine for a short time, owing to the editor's illness. As a safeguard against my inexperience, I was told to submit proofs of each sixty-four pages to Mr. Bowden before finally passing for press. On scrutinising these, he came on an opening with nothing but text that was monotonously solid and dull looking. He pointed out to me its uninteresting look. I agreed; but added that as all the other pages were bright in appearance, I thought two dull ones would not matter. "But the public are not paying us for any dull pages," he replied, "therefore it is not right that even two should be foisted on them; and, in any case, each individual page should have some definite point of interest, otherwise it is a lost opportunity."

I have always remembered this; and though it is a counsel of perfection often difficult of attainment, it has saved our readers a good many dull pages. And even now, when I come upon page proofs that are unduly colourless, I find myself saying to a sub-editor, "The public are not paying us for dull pages!"

I know one famous magazine proprietor who, when an editor brings him a scheme for a new magazine that has been drawn up at his request, makes it his churlish habit to glance casually at the matter, then, tearing it up, he drops it into the w.p.b. with these ungracious words, "Don't like it. Let me see something else."

I have schemed out various magazines for Mr. Bowden's approval, and I have been present when other editors have submitted schemes, but I have never known him to cancel or dismiss a single item without giving his reasons for so doing; and invariably I have realised in the end that he was right. Always, if he has adversely criticised any one's work, he has done his utmost to make that person understand why he did not care for any particular item, and how he thought it might be improved upon.

The very first time I was called upon to express an opinion in his presence was a day or two after I had entered upon my duties, when all the editors were summoned to his room, to pronounce on the respective merits of various colour-schemes that were submitted for the cover of the then forthcoming Windsor Magazine.

The original cover design was a beautiful sketch of Windsor Castle by the late Herbert Railton. This had been reproduced in every possible combination of colours, and the specimens lined the walls. Each editor named his favourite.

When it came to my turn, I was so bewildered by the mixture, that my eye clung with positive relief to the original black-and-white sketch that was likewise on the wall, and I nervously said I liked that best. Whereupon Mr. Bowden explained—

"If I were selecting something to hang on my own wall at home, I should certainly decide on the black-and-white; but we are now looking for something to go on a bookstall already crowded with other papers, and we must get something that will stand out from all the rest; whereas the black-and-white would be lost among all the other newspapers and black-and-white covers." He then got each editor to discuss his own choice, and I had my first lesson on that most important subject "Colour in connection with display."

Nothing ever seemed too trivial for his attention, if he could help one of his staff to do his work more intelligently. I once heard him ask a clerk how many words were in a certain MS. The youth was new to the work, and started laboriously to count every word. Mr. Bowden took up the MS., saying, "This is the way to do it," and in a few seconds he had shown how to assess the number of words per line, then count the lines per page, and multiply by the number of pages. And it was all done in the moment of passing the lad's desk, so to speak.

During what must have been the very busiest period of his life—when he not only had his own publishing business on his hands, but was also Managing Director of Messrs. Geo. Routledge's affairs, at that period sadly needing straightening out; and at the same time was appointed Secretary of the R.T.S, with its multitude of publications needing a thorough overhauling—he gave up an hour of his time to explain to a perplexed editor the methods employed in the then newly-introduced three-colour process, showing him how it could be adapted to his magazine covers, and how to save cost by working the covers in conjunction with other coloured plates.

Of course, all this sounds very rudimentary to the experienced editor, but to the junior or the inexperienced such advice and information was of the greatest benefit; for, after all, where can the beginner get training in the multitude of diversities that belong to the business of editor, unless those in authority hand on a little of their knowledge?

I once remarked that it seemed a pity for his time to be wasted over such elementary instruction; but he replied, "I hope it isn't wasted! Someone has to explain things to a junior for the first time; and I was very thankful if people explained things to me when I was a young fellow just starting in business."

It may be argued that every "head" has not the time to bestow such attention on his subordinates. Yet Mr. Bowden was one of the busiest men in the publishing world, only he regarded it as part of his business to help those around him when opportunity crossed his path. Further, he always worked very calmey and quietly, never dissipating time and energy on fussiness. Also he has an illimitable fund of patience that is positively remarkable. I have never known him lose his temper; I have never heard him say a harsh or hasty word; I have never seen him angry—though I have seen him suffering from the stupidity of many people, including my own. His bearing is always exceedingly quiet; but it is the quiet of a strong well-disciplined mind, that never works at random nor allows itself to get flustered, but studies the matter on hand from a sane logical point of view—tempered by the Golden Rule. And here I would add that Mr. Bowden has been singularly fortunate in his home life, Mrs. Bowden being a charming woman, who has devoted her life to her husband and his interests.

But though Mr. Bowden is quiet, nothing escapes him. He sees more in one walk round the house than others would see in a month of journeys. Indeed, one gay youth, with marked leanings towards ca' canny, once remarked that he was certain Mr. Bowden was the item mentioned in Revelations, that had eyes behind and before, because he missed nothing!

Be that as it may! If he noted deficiencies he might, or might not, mention them; but when he noted painstaking work, or an effort to excel, no one could be more generous than he in thanking the worker, for no one knew better than he how approval helps the work.

While he always sifted an error in minutest detail, till he got to the very bottom of it, with a quiet pertinacity that was exceedingly disturbing to the perpetrator, he was invariably lenient with the culprit; a man had to be rotten to the core before Mr Bowden would refuse to give him another chance.

Going out of his way, unexpectedly, to visit one of his staff who was ill, Mr. Bowden was surprised to find the man's little drawing-room hung with valuable originals that had been annexed from the office. He made no reference to this till the man was quite well and at work again, when he called him into his room and said, "I think you borrowed some of the firm's original sketches a little while back; they ought to be returned fairly soon, as we shall be stock-taking." That was all.

Of his generosity in helping lame dogs over stiles it is not possible to speak without betraying other people's secrets; but no man in Fleet Street has gone more often out of his way to give a helping hand to those who were "down and out."

Though calm and impassive in manner, he is always healthily optimistic. Not only does he believe that there is as much good in the future as ever was in the past, but he is perfectly sure that "the best is yet to be." During the war, no one could have done more than he did to keep hope alive in the hearts of all around him.

Only once do I recollect his being unable to find a bright lining to a cloud. It was when paper was at its very scarcest, and there was every prospect of our various magazines coming to a standstill for want of it. No mill anywhere seemed to have any paper to spare, and if there had been any, no railway would touch it, as the Government needed all the goods trains available. Then one morning Mr. Bowden came to me in a very cheerful mood. A certain Scotch mill had at last agreed to let us have a big consignment of paper; moreover, as a cargo boat was leaving for London at the moment with room to carry it, it had been put on

board and had sailed the previous day. Thus the situation was saved. And I went home early on the strength of it! Later in the day Mr. Bowden rang me up on the 'phone at home.

"About that paper I told you left Scotland last night," he began.

"Yes?" I replied.

"Well, the boat was torpedoed, and it's all gone to the bottom. That's all! Good-bye!" And he rang off.

When Mr. Bowden undertook the management of the Religious Tract Society's publications, it was inevitable that he should find much needing to be brought up-to-date, since the Society was a century old and strongly conservative in its outlook. But he brought a master-mind to bear on the work, and from cellar to garret he overhauled everything, reorganising in all directions, even to the extent of moving the whole of the publishing to entirely new premises.

No one who has not been called upon to carry out such a task can form any idea of its manifold difficulties. Yet such was Mr. Bowden's tactfulness (coupled with his habit of always trying to put himself in the other man's place, and endeavouring to look at matters from the other man's point of view), that he managed to reconstruct the whole of the publishing side of the R.T.S. and earn the gratitude of the staff in the process. Indeed, those who originally most resented any suggestion of alteration, are now among those who mourn most sincerely the departure of one who has become the friend of each and all.

Mr. Bowden has left conspicuous mark upon the publishing world in various directions, and he is able to look back and see the road he has traversed dotted with monuments to his credit. But I think nothing speaks more forcefully of his success as a business Head, than the fact that during all the troublous times of recent years, when the business world has been teeming with labour unrest and frequent friction between employer and employee, no trade union official has ever attempted to interfere either with, or on behalf of, the staff of the R.T.S., nor has ever sought to dictate to the general manager. No "father of the chapel" has ever been needed to represent the workers; for in every difficulty the members of the staff—no matter what their age or standing-have gone straight to their Chief, who has never been too busy to listen to them, never too preoccupied to attend to their affairs. And they have always found him anxious so to adjust matters that they should go away feeling that they had been dealt with fairly.

I know I am voicing the sentiments of practically all who have worked under Mr. Bowden, when I say no one could have been more just or more sympathetic towards his staff, whom he treated as fellow-workers rather than employees. No one could have set a more helpful example to those under him, in all things appertaining to conduct and purpose; and no one could have striven more earnestly to put the very best of himself into whatever work he undertook to do.

It is a great pleasure to know that in the years yet to come he may be able to watch his life-efforts bearing still more rruit, and see the Society, with which he has been so closely identified, continuing to prosper and carry on its great ideals, largely as the result of the sound brilliant work he himself put into it for nearly a quarter of a century.

Inside the Home

New Ideas for Furnishing and Renovating

By Mrs. GORDON-STABLES

On Beaverboard.

I have for some considerable time had a theoretical acquaintance with Beaverboard, and recognised its merits as a means of securing pleasant panelled effects and of providing a smooth firm surface for treatment by means of enamel paints and distemper, but it is not until comparatively recently that its virtues in the regeneration of a rather dilapidated dwelling have been adequately brought home to me. Lured by the charms of a picturesque but somewhat tumbledown house on the outskirts of London, some friends lately possessed themselves of its lease only to discover to their cost that their pocketmoney was being steadily absorbed by a "weeping" wall that refused to dry its tears, and that their sitting-room declined to do justice to any paper conferred on it by reason of the bumpiness and irregularity that had overtaken its plaster. Since then the house has been almost entirely remodelled with Beaverboard panelling, the damp wall has become a dry one, a waterproofing solution having been applied directly to the porous brickwork and the panelling then affixed above it, and the sitting-rooms have been most decoratively treated with deep friezes of the board, arranged above a series of oblong panels, divided by means of wooden strips which cover the intersections. Furthermore, the Beaverboard, covered with a creamy rough-cast distemper, which gives the effect of a mellow natural stone, has been employed for what was formerly an extremely unsightly scullery, a dado of the same being conferred both on the bath-room and the kitchen, the upper portions of which have been treated with the board, painted respectively in china blue and moss green. The admirable results have quite revolutionised my views on Beaverboarding, which were formerly confined for the most part to its value in connection with new bungalows and cottages, where the ease with which it can be nailed directly on to the framework seemed to render it particularly desirable. In future I shall be alive to its merits when shabbiness needs to be transformed, and am already contemplating the adaptation of an unpromising attic into a small study for a schoolboy by its means. The standard panels are made in widths of three and four feet respectively, while in length they vary from six to sixteen feet. Composed of the wood fibre of spruce-logs (it is of Canadian extraction) the board neither cracks nor chips, the extreme pressure to which it is subjected in

the process of manufacture giving absolute compactness.

For Autolycus.

Among the minor deprivations to which we were subjected during the years following 1914, was to be reckoned (for those of us who are of Autolycus' taste) the temporary extinction of opportunities for "picking-up." No more for us was the joy of roaming the bye-ways rather than the highways in search of bargains wherewith to make beautiful our homes, no more the satisfaction of acquiring for the proverbial song a bit of Sheffield plate or a Chippendale chair. Every article of furniture, every bit of china within the dealer's shop (the rubbish included) immediately assumed a famine price, and, for all the economy one might achieve, one did as well to shop in Bond Street as in Battersea, in Knightsbridge as in Kingsland. But now a very different complexion has come over things, and once again that grand game of "picking-up" may be indulged in with every hope of triumph. One can barter and one can haggle, one can depreciate and decry, one can run the whole gamut of finesse and cajolery known to those who are born of the Autolycus spirit, and yet run no risk, as formerly, of being firmly but politely shown the door. Those who are pickers-up by nature will realise what this means in added joy of life.

Once again one can assert with confidence that it is more economical to invest in old furniture rather than in modern, not alone from the point of view of mere expenditure, but also from that of durability. But I would add that it is expedient to take advantage, without delay, of the opportunities that are at present offering themselves. Most of the antique dealers have extensive shipping contracts with the Colonies and America, and export even more than they sell in this country. Every year will see the acquisition of antique furniture, china, glass, and silver becoming

more and more the prerogative of the rich, because every year will see the demand increase while the supply decreases. By "picking-up" now, we shall probably be able to hand down to our children treasures that in later years they may not be in a position to buy for themselves. An old table or an antique chest that is

calculated to appreciate in value is a better legacy than stocks and shares that have depreciated after the manner of the inappropriately named Consolidated Stock.

A New Floor Treatment.

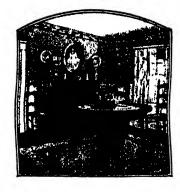
Now that carpets of reliable quality represent so large an outlay, I am frequently asked for information as to the most satisfactory manner of treating a worn uneven floor in such a way that it may become a suitable surface for the display of a few sparse rugs. The staining and painting of which one entertains such high hopes yield but indifferent results unless the floor be perfectly even and uniform, but planing by hand is a remarkably fatiguing process, which still fails satisfactorily to cope with the difficulties of knots and varying degrees of hardness in the planks.

The new system, known as the "Simplex," provides a machine which will visit your house for one day and leave its old worn floors, which you may have contemplated having replaced by expensive parquet, planed to an absolute smoothness, whether they be of deal, oak, birch or any hard wood. Needless to say, its shaft, with its 5,000 revolutions per minute, is rotated by electricity, and its plane-knives of steel are so delicately adjusted that it achieves absolute level true uniformity in a way impossible to hand-power. It shows, likewise, its consideration for the housewife by consuming its own dust and shavings, or, rather, by absorbing them by suction into a neat sack.

Floors that have been smoothly planed do not always retain their perfection, since wood, especially of certain qualities, will shrink, warp, and develop all manner of unexpected irregularities. So the machinery goes still farther in its mission and fills up every conceivable crevice with a preparation which dries to a perfect hardness so that no unevenness can result, an achievement which.

I may point out, moreover effectually discourages the harbouring of dust and germs.

Then comes the heavy polishing brush which applies a water-proofing liquid, and later a dressing and polishing which produce the smooth and brilliant surface that, displaying the grain of the boards to advantage, renders the



addition of any covering almost a superfluity. A floor once polished in this way will relieve you practically indefinitely of the necessity for further outlay on its behalf.

Furnishing Fashions in France.

It may be of interest to those concerned in furnishing fashions to hear something of the new ideas in interior decoration that are being introduced in Paris by the more modern designers among whom Erté is one of the leading spirits. This artist, whose ideas in matters of furnishing approximate more closely to those of frocks and frills than would probably find favour on this side of the Channel, makes liberal use of coloured and checked taffetas for his curtains and draperies, the silk being naturally of a more compact and firmer weave than that used for dresses. Handmade flowers and fruit made of brilliant scraps of silk and velvet give jewel-like touches of colour to his arrangements, tie-backs to curtains and the borders to the curtains themselves being frequently in this form. Window-blinds are a feature of the room's trappings on which Monsieur Erté confers especial attention, these being arranged in such a way that even during the day-time they are permitted to display a certain length of their loveliness to view (they don't indulge in open windows to the same extent in the Paris apartement as we in our London flats!). A window-blind of shot blue-and-pink taffetas, for instance, is weighted at the bottom with a closely-sewn row of silken roses and their leaves, a full foot of the fabric being allowed to unfurl itself during the daylight hours.

But far more ambitious are his handpainted blinds that disclose their greatest attractions when lights are lit and the passer-by can behold their fantastic beauty from the street. A blind of white silk across which are painted in black the leafless branches of a tree in winter and another of faintest sky-blue with a flight of birds winging their way to the south, suggest at once further ideas for the embellishment of this hitherto neglected accessory in decoration. Checkered blinds in white-and-black silk, blue-and-white, brown-and-orange, likewise open up possibilities whereby the blind may be induced to co-operate

more closely with the remainder of the interior than has yet been accomplished.

These ideas from across the Channel are admittedly inclined somewhat to the outre, and I do not offer them as models for close adherence on the part of those who prefer to resist the claims of the artificial. But it is useful to follow the various movements in design, since one may often evolve for oneself from a model that errs on the side of the bizarre, something that will suit quite admirably one's individual tastes. The French artist-designer, who has been busy of late developing wall-papers illustrative of patriotic themes, and displaying red caps of Liberty disposed among implements of warfare proper to successive epochs (the whole striped with a patterning formed of the dates of French victories arranged so as to form an acceptable species of ornament). may not be one from whom one would feel inclined to order an entire range of papers for one's week-end cottage, but he certainly opens up vistas of new possibilities within the province of the paper-hanger. I merely give you the facts for what they are worth.

In my Walks Abroad

It was surely a man and not a woman who invented the flat-iron, else would it have been provided with a handle that suited itself more accommodatingly to the grip than the straight hard bar that we women have put up with for so long. A nickel-plate electric iron, priced at £1 2s. 6d., boasts the distinction of being the first iron to be fitted with a handle that is properly shaped so as to fit the natural grip of the fingers in such a way that fatigue is climinated in its use. One can iron for an hour at a time with this appliance and feel not the slightest hint of cramp or tiredness in the hand. In time, no doubt, the ordinary flat-iron will follow suit.

A Weather Roof Garden Seat.

This is the time of year when, granted the necessary accommodation,

one takes one's garden seats indoors, or, failing that accommodation, bewails the damage that will inevitably accrue in leaving them to face the wind and weather ahead. Extremely desirable in the latter contingency is the Ariadne Garden Seat, fashioned from the wood of dismantled battleships, and thereby able to stand any

amount of buffeting in winter rains without any loss of beauty. This seat, which is priced at £0 17s. 6d. in the five-foot length, costs an extra two guineas when it is carved with the following attractive motto:—

"The kiss of the sun for pardon,
The song of the birds for mirth,
One is nearer God's heart in a garden
Than anywhere else on earth."

As a rule I regard mottoes as dangerous things to have constantly before one's eyes, and rigidly exclude them from the decoration of furniture and friezes. But I am inclined to think that in this particular case I should be tempted to the expenditure of the extra two guineas.

Jacobean Jute.

Designers have given us in the past many skilful reproductions of sixteenth

century stitch-work, but up to the present little or no attempt has been made to revive in this connection the coarse canvas-like fabric on to which seamstresses under the Jameses worked their coloured wools. Those who have furnished their rooms in Jacobean style will be interested to learn that there is now obtainable

a most excellent curtaining material, woven of jute, and printed with a faithful copy of Jacobean wool-work. This exactly gives the heaviness and thickness characteristic of the originals, and forms an ideal fabric for autumn use.

New Ideas in Linen Baskets,

The soiled linen basket is, I fear, apt to prove one of those necessary but uninteresting adjuncts to a bed-room on which insufficient attention is usually bestowed. I notice in various directions. however, that attempts are being made to lift it into more decorative realms. A linen-basket of gilt wicker, treated much on the lines of the gilt wastepaper basket, and embellished with bunches of purple grapes in padded velvet, seems to me-to represent a step in the right direction; while others, formed apparently of very stout cardboard and covered in flowered cretonnes, are distinctly more covetable objects than the linen - basket of convention. This, however, may boast the practical advantage of being washable, a feature which, I confess, commends itself to me in this connection. I am at present engaged in the endeavour to provide the ordinary wicker basket of triangular form with a presentable cover that will take off for laundry purposes. If any of my readers happen already to have solved the problem, I should be glad to learn from them details as to their achievements so that others may profit later.



October Menus

Dishes that will Make Variety

By SALLY ISLER

I ALWAYS find that October is one of the easiest months in which to cater for the family meals. Somehow or other, there always seems to be a good variety of meat and vegetables to be had, and a plentiful supply as well. Of course, I think that the main reason is the fact that during the cold months appetites are keener and tastes more easily satisfied in consequence; but whatever the cause may be I, personally, never find October as difficult as many of the other months of the year.

Here are a week's dinners which are quite within the reach of a moderate household and an average cook, and the variety, I hope, will prove a source of good appetite to many.

Sunday.

Queen Soup. Turbot Olives. Shrimp Sauce. Oxford Veal.

Stuffed Potatoes. Choufleur au Gratin.
Italian Pudding.

Oneen Soun

One small rabbit, I onion, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup boiled rice, lemon peel, cloves, salt and pepper to taste, a small piece of butter, I pt. each milk and water.

Wash the rabbit thoroughly in well-salted water and cut into small pieces.

Dry, and dip in flour. Fry for 5 min. in 1 tablespn. salad oil, together with the chopped onion. Put into a saucepan with 1 pt. cold water, pouring in the oil from the frying-pan as well. Simmer gently about 2 hours until the meat can be easily removed from the bones.

Remove the bones from the soup, and pass the liquor and rabbit meat through a fine sieve. Return to the fire, and add the rice, lemon peel, a few cloves, and the milk. Boil gently until reduced to about 11 pt. Add butter, pepper and salt, and a little thickening, if desired. Personally, I think that a little flour added, to make a nice thickness, is a great improvement, but I know that many people dislike thickening of any sort in soups.

Turbot Olives.

Allow I small fillet of turbot and I olive to each person, I hard-boiled egg, brown bread and butter, lemon, † pt. milk, I tablespn. flour, seasoning, † pt. shrimps

Wash the fillets carefully, and dry in a clean cloth. Spread a little butter on the inside of the fillets, a few drops of lemon juice, salt, pepper, and a sprinkling of flour. Stone the olives, and wrap one in each fillet of fish. Tie with a string, and steam in a pie-dish with the milk for I hour in the oven. Have ready sufficient rounds of brown bread and butter, about 1 in. in thickness. Dip into boiling milk, drain, and set 1 olive turbot on each. Mix the flour with a little cold milk to a smooth paste, and stir into the milk in which the fish has been baked When thick and smooth add a lump of butter and 1 pt. shelled shrimps. Pour over the fish, and serve immediately garnished with I hardboiled egg put through a fine sieve.

Oxford Veal.

2 lb. veal fillet, I oz. butter, I oz. flour, ½ lb. small mushrooms or ½ tin champignons, lemon, salt and pepper to taste, a little mace, I pt. water, and I tablespn. barley.

Beat the veal well with a cutlet bat, and spread with the butter. Wash the mushrooms thoroughly and roll in flour. Chop half the quantity and sprinkle on the meat. Roll up tightly and tie with a piece of string. Melt a little dripping in a pan and lay the meat in. Fry

quickly until the outside of the veal is a brown colour. Add the water and barley, rind of the lemon, and salt and pepper, also the mushrooms. Cover, and cook gently for 1½ hours. Melt a piece of butter, about the size of a walnut, in a stew-pan. Add I tablespn. flour. Stir it, while cooking gently, until it is nicely browned. Stir in also the strained liquor in which the veal has been cooked, I teaspn. lemon juice, and pepper and salt to taste. Remove the string from the meat, lay on a plate, and cover with the sauce. If liked, small forcemeat balls may be added.

Stuffed Potatoes.

Choose large firm potatoes for these, and scrub them well.

Soak for 24 hours \(\frac{1}{8}\) lb. haricot beans, and cook gently on the back of the stove until quite tender. Scrub the potatoes, and boil for 15 min. Remove and drain, and from the centre of each cut a hole about the size of a five-shilling piece. With a small spoon scoop out a little of the potato, and mix it with the beans. Pass through a fine sieve and mix with a little butter, pepper and salt, and I teaspn. milk. Line the hole in the potato with a thin slice of bacon. Fill in with the bean purée, and bake in a good oven for 35 min.

Italian Pudding.

½ oz. cakecrumbs, 1 dry sponge cake, 4 macaroons, ½ oz. candied peel, ½ oz. raisins, 1 oz. sweet almonds, 2 eggs, 1 tablespn. cooking sherry.

Crumble the cake, and mix with the crumbs. Pound the macaroons, shred the almonds. raisins, and candied peel, and mix all together. Beat the yolks and whites of the eggs separately, and add to the dry ingredients. Lastly, add the sherry, or, if preferred, I teaspn. vanilla. Pour into a well-buttered mould, and steam or bake for 11 hours. In the case of baking, 40 min. should be sufficient. Serve with a custard sauce flavoured with a few drops of almond essence.



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Monday.

Oyster Faille.

Mutton Dumplings.

Carrot Rings. Potato Squares.

Buckingham Tarts.

Cheese Nuggets.

October Menus

Oyster Faille.

1 pt. milk, 12 oysters, 4 oz. flour, 2 oz. butter, onion, seasoning, a little cayenne.

Set the milk on the stove to heat gently. Drop in the onion whole. Take 3 oz. flour and rub into it half the butter. Mix with a little cold milk, to make a stiff dough. Roll out on a well-floured board, 1 in. in thickness. Cut into small circles, and lay one oyster in each circle. Sprinkle with a little cayenne,

salt, and flour. Roll up neatly, and pinch the ends firmly. Do this until all the oysters are used up When nearly boiling, drop these into

the milk, and cook for 15 min. Mix the remainder of the flour into a thin paste, and stir into the soup. When nicely thickened, add the butter and seasoning to taste. Pour

Mutton Dumplings.

diately.

1 lb. lean mutton, 5 peppercorns, 1 dessertspn. chutney, 1 onion, 1 oz. breadcrumbs, 1 egg. For pastry: $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. flour, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. potatoes, 2 oz. dripping, 1 egg, heaped teaspn. baking-powder, salt, and a little warm milk.

into a deep tureen and serve imme-

Cut the mutton into squares about 1 in. in size, and stew until tender with the peppercorns and onion. Pass through the mincing-machine. with the breadcrumbs, pepper and salt, and the chutney. Bind with a little yolk of egg, and form into balls about the size of a pigeon's egg. Mash the potatoes smoothly until there is not a sign of a lump to be seen. Rub the fat into the flour, add the potato, baking-powder, and salt. Stir in the remainder of the egg, and mix with a little warm milk to form a stiff paste. Roll out and cut into squares. In the centre of each square set a ball of mutton. Gather the corners into your fingers and twist to resemble a knotted handkerchief. Bake in the oven for 25 min. Serve with a sweet gravy. As I have given the recipe for sweet gravy in a previous month's menus, I will not add it here.

Carrot Rings.

2 lb. large carrots, a few sticks of spaghetti.

Soak the spaghetti in warm water until soft enough to tie, but not so soft that it will break. Scrape the carrots, and with a circular cutter cut into rings of different sizes. String 8 or 9 rings

on a piece of macaroni or spaghetti. and tie into a knot. Boil in milk for 15 min., and serve with a little melted butter. These rings make a



very pretty dish, and are decorative as well as appetising.

Potato Squares.

These are merely large potatoes cut into squares and fried in oil. Be careful to drain well before serving, and to sprinkle liberally with salt.

Buckingham Tarts.

4 oz. butter, 2 oz. caster sugar, 4 oz. cakecrumbs, 2 apples, 2 oz. raisins, 2 oz. sultanas, 1 lemon, 2 eggs, a little short paste.

Cream the butter and sugar. Whip the eggs, yolks and whites separately, and add to the butter. Peel and core the apples and pass through a mincingmachine, or chop finely by hand, also the raisins and sultanas. Grate the lemon peel, and mix all together with the cakecrumbs. Add to the butter, sugar, and eggs, and beat well. Line a shallow dish

"A chicken am a useful beast," A little darkie said,

"'Cause folks can eat him 'fore he's born-And after he am dead."

with some short pastry, and fill in the centre with the above mixture. Bake in a quick oven for 25 min. Can be eaten either hot or cold.

Cheese Nuggets

2 oz. checse, 1 cup sweet milk, a little butter, cayenne, salt, and I mustardspn. made mustard, 2 slices of fresh white bread I in. in thickness.

Put the milk on the fire to warm. Grate the cheese, and add together with the seasoning of pepper, salt, mustard, and a small piece of butter. Cook until the whole 15 thick and rather "tacky." Break the bread into pieces the size of walnuts, but roughly shaped. Dip

into the cheese mixture, and when thoroughly coated withdraw with a fork and drop into a saucepan of deep fat-which should be waiting near at hand, boiling. Fry to a golden brown, and drain well before serving. Heap in a silver dish, and hand cayenne pepper with them.

Tuesday.

Cocoanut Soup. Croûtons. Baked Cod Veal au Gratin. Creamed Vegetables. Potato Mount. Peach Pudding.

Cocoanut Soup.

1 pt. milk, 1 pt. stock, 3 oz. grated cocoanut, I oz. rice flour, I teaspn. butter, salt, pepper, nutmeg, and a dusting of mace.

Soak the cocoanut for 3 hours in 1 pt. milk. Boil the stock, add the cocoanut and milk, also the nutmeg, butter, pepper and salt. Cook gently for 40 min. Mix the flour to a smooth cream with a little cold milk. Stir into the soup, and cook until thickened. Sprinkle with a little mace, and serve. With this purée should be handed sippets of toasted bread or fried croutons.

Baked Cod.

I slice cod for each person to be catered for, I small onion to each slice, breadcrumbs, a little butter, and seasoning,

Remove the bone from the centre of each slice of fish and insert a small peeled onion. Spread with butter, and cover thickly with breadcrumbs. Sprinkle with salt and pepper. a shallow baking-dish with about 1 in. melted dripping in the bottom. Bake for 1 hour in a good oven, basting occasionally. Do not let the fish brown too

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quickly, otherwise it will become hard. It is advisable to cover for about 10 min., when you first put it into the oven, with a piece of greased paper. This

keeps down the steam, as it were, and helps to cook the fish more readily, without browning. Serve on a folded napkin, decorated with parsley.

Veal au Gratin.

½ lb. cold cooked veal, I oz. butter, I oz. flour, juice of ½ lemon, I onion, ½ pt. milk, salt and pepper, breadcrumbs,

Chop the veal finely together with the onion, and grate the lemon rind. Mix with the

butter and flour, salt and pepper, and, lastly, the milk. Set on the fire and cook gently. When thickened, pour into scallop shells previously well-buttered, and cover thickly with breadcrumbs. Drop small pieces of butter on, and then bake in a moderately hot oven until nicely browned. This will take about 15 min., or a little longer. Should the scallops be found to be a little dry, serve some good brown gravy with them, or a little white sauce flavoured with lemon and a dash of nutmeg.

Creamed Vegetables.

Any cold vegetables, the greater variety the better, ½ lb. cold potatoes, 2 oz. flour, 1 oz. butter, 2 eggs, pepper and salt to taste.

Chop the cold vegetables finely and mash the potatoes. Mix the flour with the salt and pepper and rub in the butter. Beat the eggs well, and mix all together. Stir in the vegetables, and should the mixture be a little too thick, add about top milk, or less. Pour into a wellgreased mould and steam for 11 hours. Turn out into a deep dish, and cover with a drawn butter sauce, and sprinkle with chopped parsley. Quite apart from its suitability as a vegetable, this creamed mould makes a very delicious entrée. In the latter case, the mixture should be poured into a mould having a hole in the centre, which should be filled with carefully cooked green peas, either fresh or bottled.

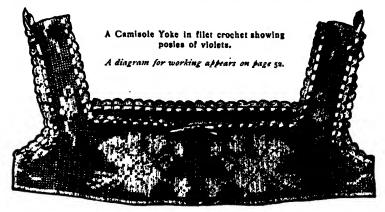
Potato Mount.

This is simply 2 or 3 large boiled potatoes set in a ring in the bottom of a deep dish. On the top of these should be set several more, and so on until the top is finished off with 1 potato. This should form a pyramid. Next, take 2 or 3 boiled potatoes and put them into a ricer. Cover the top of the pyramid with the riced potato and serve

Peach Pudding.

½ tin peaches, I tablespn. sugar, 3 eggs, I cup cream.

Put the peaches into a deep saucepan



with I tablespn. white sugar. Simmer gently until the sugar has completely dissolved. Set aside to cool. Beat the yolks of eggs stiffly, also the whites, and stir into the peaches. Whip the cream with I teaspn. caster sugar and add last of all. Pour into a mould, and bake in the oven until set. This is exceptionally delicious when eaten cold and served with fingers of hot puff-paste slightly sweetened.

Wednesday.

Turnip Soup with Boiled Rice, Savoury Cloches Stuffed Cauliflower. Mashed Potato. Duchess Pudding. Cheese Soundings.

Turnip Soup with Boiled Rice.

½ pt. water, ½ pt. milk, 2 large turnips, 2 oz. butter, 1 oz. flour, pepper and salt, a little nutmeg, a pinch of sugar.

Peel the turnips and cut them into thin slices. Melt the butter in a saucepan and drop the turnips in. Cook slowly for 20 min., or until fairly tender. Then add the milk and water, and cook until quite tender. Pass through a hair-sieve. and return them to the saucepan. Mix the flour with a little milk until it is of the consistency of thick cream, then add to the soup. Stir until all is nicely thickened. Add a large lump of butter, a pinch of sugar, a little nutmeg, pepper and salt to taste. Bring gently to the boil, and serve. With this turnip soup boiled rice, very dry and slightly sweetened should be handed.

Savoury Cloches

I large potato for each person to be served, ½ lb. sheep's liver, I sheep's tongue, I onion, parsley, I teaspn. capers, I egg, pepper and salt, a pinch of curry powder.

Par-boil the potatoes, which should be very large firm ones. Cut them in halves, and scoop out the centres to represent bells. Cut a piece off each end so as to enable them to stand. The potato left should be only a very thin

> shell. Put these into a frying-basket with a good quantity of deep frying-fat, and allow to become a golden brown, but not getting too crisp. Boil the liver, and skin and boil the tongue. Put the liver, tongue, onion, capers, and parsley all through the mincing-machine. Then pound in a mortar until smooth and soft. Add the salt and pepper, curry powder, and I egg well beaten. Put into a saucepan, and let it become very hot.

taking care that it does not stick to the pan. Remove the cloches from the frying-basket, drain, and fill with the savoury liver. Mash a large well-boiled potato with a little milk and butter. Grate a little nutmeg over it, and colour green with a little spinach colouring. Put this mixture into a forcing-bag, and cover each of the cloches with a green potato rose. Top off with a chilly pepper, and serve immediately. These cloches should be served on a bed of watercress. Failing that, set them in perpetual spinach, or even cabbage, well coloured with spinach colouring.

Stuffed Cauliflower.

I large cauliflower, I lb. potatocs, I oz. butter, I small onion, I oz. cheese, pepper and salt to taste, a little milk.

Wash and trim the cauliflower, and remove the flower from the centre, taking care not to cut the green, or in any way break it. Boil the flower, and Ilb. potatoes, with I small onion. When cooked, drain and pass through a fine sieve. Grate the cheese, and mix with the flower and potatoes. Add pepper and salt to taste, and I oz. butter and I teaspn. milk. Roll into a ball the size of the flower when removed from the stalk. If not dry enough to form a ball, add a few breadcrumbs and I oz. flour. Have ready a clean pudding-cloth. Now run a skewer up the centre of the cauliflower stalk, and set the "ball" on top, taking care, when pushing into position, not to break it. A short skewer only should be used, as it must not protrude above the completed cauliflower. Tie the leaves firmly into place round the ball, and tie all in the pudding-cloth. Set in a steamer, and cook gently for I hour. Remove the cloth, and set the cauliflower in a tightly-fitting dish, so that when the string is cut the sides of the dish will support the whole thing. Pour over a drawn butter sauce flavoured

with a sprinkling of parmesan cheese. This is truly a delicious dish, and one which is very seldom met with in this country.

Duchess Pudding.

I or 2 large baked mashed potatoes, 3 eggs, I oz. white sugar, I oz. ground almonds, I oz. whole sweet almonds, I teaspn. vanilla essence, a little cream.

Bake the potatoes, remove from their skins, and pass through a hair-sieve. Beat the yolks of the eggs and mix with the sugar and ground almonds. Blanch and chop the sweet almonds, and also add. Turn in the potato, and stir well, and flavour with the vanilla essence. Lastly, add the well-whisked whites of the eggs, and pour into a well-greased mould. Steam for 1½ hours, and serve with whipped cream flavoured with a few drops of essence of almonds and slightly sweetened. This pudding is equally good hot or cold.

Cheese Soundings.

I cream cheese, 6 unsweetened cream crackers, three hard-boiled eggs, I teaspn. oil and vinegar mixed, a pinch of sugar, a little butter, cochineal.

Beat the cream cheese together with yolks of the hard-boiled eggs, oil, vinegar, and pinch of sugar. Spread the biscuits with butter, and grate a little plain cheese over them to hide the butter. Set 1 egg on each, and fill the cups with the cream cheese mixture. With what remains, use up in the following manner. Add 2 or 3 drops of cochineal until a nice bright pink is arrived at. Put into a forcing-syringe, and decorate the edges of the biscuits so as to set the egg-cup in the centre. Finish off the top of the eggs themselves with a rose made from the mixture. Serve on a bed of green salad, or mustard and cress, or any green food that is available at the time of year.

Thursday.

Beef Broté.
Raised Plaice.
Braised Sheep's Tongues.
Cabbage. Stewed Potatoes.
Zucchiro Brucato.

Beef Brote.

I lb. beef steak, I pt. stock, a bouquet garni, I tablespn. semolina.

Cut the steak into 3-in. squares or rounds. Pound well, and dip in flour. Fry in butter for 5 min. Heat the stock with the bouquet garni, pepper and salt to taste, and the semolina. When hot, drop the pieces of steak in, and cook until tender. Serve in small French individual pot-au-jeu dishes with a piece of beef in the bottom of each. These small casseroles should be set in the centre of each soup-plate, and collected by the maid when the soup is poured out.

Raised Plaice.

I large plaice, 4 hard-boiled eggs, I oz. breadcrumbs, I oz. butter, a little chopped parsley, pepper and salt to taste, ½ pt. milk.

Steam the plaice in 1 pt. milk in a shallow pan. Before putting in the oven cut a'deep incision from head to tail of the fish, and across from fin to fin. Insert the knife and gently lift, or rather loosen, the flesh from the bone. Then put in the oven for 10 min. Have ready 2 hard-boiled eggs, which cut in halves lengthways. With a spatula lift the flesh of the fish, and lay the eggs under the flaps, cut side down. Sprinkle with the breadcrumbs and chopped parsley. Cut the butter into small pieces and cover the fish with it. Drain off the milk, and return to the oven to finish cooking. Sprinkle with a little flour 2 or 3 min, before removing from the oven, and allow to brown. Meantime, with the milk drained from the fish make a little sauce in the usual way, adding a few drops of Burgess's anchovy essence for flavouring and colour. Serve in a sauce-boat—not over the fish.

Braised Sheep's Tongues.

3 sheep's tongues, ½ pt. brown gravy, 1 oz. butter, 1 shee bacon, 1 onion, ½ carrot, 1 strip celery, a little parsley, thyme, and 1 bay leaf, 1 teaspn. peppercorns, 1 large breakfastcup stock.

Soak the tongues in salt and water for 1 hour or more. Dry them, and put into a saucepan of scalding water. Remove after a few minutes, and skin. Slice the vegetables finely and put into a saucepan with the herbs, butter, and peppercorns. Split the tongues and lay on the top of the vegetables. Cover the saucepan closely, and cook very slowly for 15 min. Pour in the stock, and add the slice of bacon. Cover down again and cook gently for 2 hours. Remove the tongues, and pass what vegetables remain through a hair-sieve. Mix with a nice lot of mashed potatoes, and lay the tongues on top. Heat the brown gravy and pour round the tongues. Serve while very hot, else they are not at all appetising.

Stewed Potatoes.

Take 6 or 7 large potatoes and cut into dice.

Boil for 10 min., remove, and drain. Pour ½ pt. milk into a saucepan and add a good-sized lump of butter, 1 oz. grated cheese, pepper and salt, and a pinch of raw mustard. Heat gently. Add I tablespn. flour mixed with a little cold milk, and, lastly, the potatoes. Simmer gently in this mixture until soft, but not broken. Remove from the fire, pour into a shallow china dish, and set in the oven to brown. Before sending to table drop a few pieces of butter here and there over the top.

Zucchiro Brucato.

2 tablespn. cold water, 2 oz. loaf sugar, ½ pt. milk, 4 eggs, 1 tablespn. caster sugar, vanilla flavouring.

Boil the sugar and cold water together until it becomes dark brown in colour. Pour into a square mould and turn round and round until, as the mixture cools, it coats the mould all over. Beat the eggs, yolks and whites separately, and add the sugar. Add the milk and the flavouring, and stir until the sugar is quite dissolved. Pour into the mould. Set the mould in a pan of cold water which comes only about two-thirds of the way up the sides of the mould. Cover with a greaseproof paper and set in a slow oven for about 11 hours, or longer. Turn out carefully, taking care not to break the pudding. If this does happen, however, break into small pieces and serve in warmed custard-glasses. No other sauce is necessary with this pudding but that which covers it when it is turned out. A little whipped cream may be added, if liked, and is certainly a great improvement where a rich pudding is wanted.

Friday.

Hotch Potch Soup.

Eggs au Deux.

Savoury Liver.

Braised Onions. Parisian Potatoes.

Apple Shortcake.

Cheese Trellis.

Hotch Potch

½ tin tomatoes, I cabbage, I lettuce,
½ lb. potatoes, 2 onions, 2 carrots,
I turnip, I pt. water, 6 small kidneys,
seasoning to taste.

Put the tomatoes into a saucepan with the kidneys, and allow to simmer gently for 15 min. Meanwhile, cut the vegetables into small pieces and put into 1 pt. cold water well salted. Cook until tender. Add a large lump of butter, the tomatoes and kidneys, and a good seasoning of pepper and salt. Bring to the boil, and serve with large pieces of toasted bread floating in it. This is the most wholesome of soups, and a very good stand-by in the winter. It is almost a meal in itself, and with a little supplementing would make a good lunch for the hungry children.

Eggs au Deux.

4 eggs, 3 oz. bacon, 1 teaspn. dripping, 1 tablespn. milk, a little chopped parsley, cayenne, salt and pepper, 4 small rounds of buttered toast.

Chop the bacon and parsley finely, and mix well together. Grease 4 rame-kin-cases well with butter, and cover thickly with the bacon and chopped parsley. Break I egg into each, taking great care not to break the yolks. Sprinkle with pepper and salt, and add I teaspn. milk and a small piece of

October Menus

butter. Set in a bain marie, and cook until the whites are nicely set—about 10 min. or less. Turn out on the rounds of toast, and sprinkle with a little hardboiled yolk of egg passed through a sieve.

Savoury Liver.

½ lb. pig's liver, ½ lb. potatoes, 2 onions, a pinch of sage, the same of mixed herbs, I teaspn. salt and pepper mixed, I gill water, a little apple sauce.

Grease a pic-dish with a plentiful supply of fat. Slice the potatoes, and put a layer in the bottom of the dish. Next slice the liver and onions, and put a layer of this on the one of potatoes. Sprinkle with salt and pepper and sage. Continue so doing until all the potatoes, liver, and onions are used up. Pour the water over it, and cover with a paper. Bake in a good oven for 2 hours. About 15 min before serving remove the paper and allow the top to become browned. Serve with sweetened apple sauce.

Apple Shortcake.

I lb. apples, I tablespn. syrup, I teaspn. cinnamon, I cups flour, a pinch of salt, 3 tablespn. baking-powder, 3 dessertspn. sugar, 2 tablespn. butter, I egg, ½ cup milk.

Peel and core the apples, and stew until tender in ½ pt. water, I tablespn. syrup, and the spice. Set aside to cool. Cream the butter and sugar, and add the well-beaten yolk of I egg. Sift the flour, baking-powder, and salt together, and add, little by little, to the butter and sugar and egg. Add the milk last, and beat all together before putting in the white of egg. This should be of the consistency of a soft dough. Grease a shallow cake-tin, and pour the mixture in. Smooth over with a knife. Bake in a good quick oven for 25 min. While still hot, split and butter, and spread

with the apple mixture. Put a layer of apple on the top, and cover with cream beaten with a white of egg and sweetened. Cover with a sprinkling of pink sugar, and serve hot or cold.

Cheese Trellises.

Take 2 oz. flour, 1 oz. rice-flour, 2 oz. butter, 1 oz. cheese, pepper and salt, cayenne, and a little milk.

Sift the flours and salt together. Grate the cheese and add. Rub in the butter and sufficient milk to make a good paste. Roll out on a well-floured board to ½ in. in thickness. Sprinkle with cayenne, and cut into long narrow strips. Bake on a baking-sheet for 5 min. in a very quick oven. When done pile up in a trellis on a silver dish and serve cold. It will be found that when cold the trellis has stuck together, and if liked the centre may be filled with small fancy cheese-biscuits.

Saturday.

Parsnip Soup.
Scalloped Haddock.
Jugged Hare.
Creamed Cabbage. Dutch Potatoes.
Apple Charlotte.
Cheese Olives.

Parenip Soup.

I pt. water, ½ pt. milk, 2 good-sized parsnips, I onion, I strip celery, I oz. butter, juice of ½ lemon, I teaspn. flour, salt and pepper to taste.

Slice the vegetables and fry them in the butter without browning for a few minutes. Add the water, and cook until the parsnips are tender, then rub through a fine sieve. Return to the saucepan, and add the milk, salt and pepper, and allow to just come to the boil. Mix the flour to a thin cream with a little cold milk, and add to the boiling soup. Stir and cook gently for 5 min. more.

Lastly, add the lemon juice, and serve. Here again croûtons should be served, as this is a purée rather than a soup.

Scalloped Haddock.

I good-sized dried haddock, I tablespn. breadcrumbs, \(\frac{1}{2}\) small onion, I cup milk, pepper and salt, and a little chopped parsley.

Boil the haddock in the usual way in a little milk and water. Drain, and remove the bones and skin. Flake into small pieces, and mix with the breadcrumbs, chopped onion, and parsley, also the seasoning. Put into a saucepan with the milk, and simmer gently for 20 min. Remove from the stove, and beat with a silver fork. Fill well-buttered scallopshells with the mixture, sprinkle a few breadcrumbs over the top, and put into the oven to brown. Before serving pour I teaspn. melted butter over each shell, and allow it to soak in. Any fish may be treated this way, and it is an excellent way of using up odd pieces.

Dutch Potatoes.

6 large potatoes, 1½ oz. butter, 3 dessertspn. flour, the same quantity of vinegar, ½ pt. good stock.

Peel the potatoes, and slice them very thinly. Put the butter into a saucepan, and, when melted, stir in the flour; cook until lightly browned, then stir in the vinegar and the stock. Allow to boil, then add the pepper and salt, and, lastly, the potatoes. Simmer very gently for 30 min., or until the potatoes are quite tender.

Cheese Olives.

Allow 1 olive and a 1-in. square piece of cheese to each person. Cut a ring in the centre of each piece of cheese and push in an olive. Fry in a little boiling salad oil for 5 min. Drain well, roll in browned breadcrumbs, and serve at once.

OUR NEW LETTER COMPETITION is entitled "The Career I Most Desire"

MANY girls and women feel that they are not in their right niche in life—that they are not doing the work for which they are most fitted, or the work they would really like to be doing. Most of us have secret longings after some other daily routine than the one which has fallen to our lot. By this, I do not mean that we are discontented; it merely means that most of us have more than one interest in life, and are capable of doing more than one thing. And our only regret is that we cannot do two things at once.

Now what is the career you would have chosen for yourself if you had been free to map out your own life? Perhaps you are among the fortunate ones who are able to do the work you love best of all. Many who are mothers find in this the career they most desire; others long to throw off the exacting ties of home life and try their wings in other directions.

Write a letter, not exceeding 300 words, naming the career you would choose for yourself, and your reasons for the choice.

The following prizes are offered: A First Prize of £2 2s.; Three Prizes of £1 1s. each; Four Prizes of 1os. 6d. each; and Four Prizes of 5s. each. And payment will be made for any letters we may publish that have not been awarded a prize.

Each letter must bear the name and address of the sender at the top of the first sheet, though no names will be attached to any letters we may publish.

The Editor reserves the right to withhold either prize should the adjudicators decide that no letter comes up to the recognised standard for that prize.

Competition letters must reach the Editor between November 1st and November 15th. A Coupon from the current number must be enclosed.

Beauty and the Bed-sitting-room

The First of some Articles for the Girl who is about to Furnish

By Mrs. GORDON-STABLES

I AM convinced that half the anticipated iovs of economic independence, like those of impending matrimony, centre round the prospect of possessing an abiding-place of one's own, some spot, however small, that one shall have planned and perfected oneself, according to one's individual views of what such a place should be, a sort of self-expression possible in no milieu of another's choosing.

If matrimony be not yet for us, it

may well be that our first excursion into furnishing on our own may take the form of nothing more ambitious than the bed-sitting-room of the girl fulfilling, for the first time in her career, a post away from home. The room must be planned somewhat on the principle of the "quick-change turn," for it must turn a reception-room face to chance visitors, and yet provide real comfort in its capacity of bed-room. A little finesse should secure the combination.

The Bed will be the First Necessity.

Say that the family's contribution to the bachelor domicile has consisted of a few windsor chairs, considered by the more conservative members of the household to be suited only for kitchen use, but coveted by the departing heroine because she has always been "queer" about old-fashioned odds and ends. There has been method in her madness, for she has probably seen delightful single bedsteads with top and foot fashioned to accord with the rounded wheelbacks, and lending themselves by their picturesqueness to the vôle of day bed. By making the bed, sans pillows, in the day-time, using a spread of orange Government silk and fashioning daycovers of the same material for the pillows, she can use the bed as couch during the waking hours. If she has the forethought to have the legs cut down to couch height (it is the excessive height that gives the bed away when used in a dual capacity) no one need be the wiser.

The bed that is used as a couch must be placed as a settee is ordinarily placed, not at right-angles to a wall, but either against it or parallel to it. It is neglect of details of this kind that spoils the



effect of a room that has a double duty to perform.

Half the joy of a room of one's own consists of the happiness of ministering gradually to its needs, and thinking out ideas for its decorative betterment. Wherefore the wise girl will begin with the minimum of furnishings and proceed with care.

The Value of a

A comprehensive screen is, in a room of this description, indispensable, whether she decides to instal a washstand in it or perform her ablutions in the bath-room, for there may be chance visitors whom one may prefer not to initiate into such intimate details even as the perching of one's hat or the changing of one's shoes. Screens are things that are best bought secondhand by the thrifty, for, if of good quality (and the cheap screen is a shifty unsteady abomination) it is an expensive luxury and likely to cripple expenditure in other directions. For the covering of the secondhand screen I would counsel a chintzy wall-paper that will tone in with the orange bedspread, and match the paper which I am going to advise you elsewhere to use in a rather novel manner. For I would advocate for the bed-sitting-room walls of plain orange distemper, surmounted by a deep frieze of the chintzy paper, which, again, will cover the ceiling. Rather an inversion of the ordinary, this patterned ceiling and plain wall But when you have tried it, I am convinced you will like it, for it gives a more restful effect than the opposite disposition of plain and patterned, and has the merit of novelty without the demerit of additional expense.

Then there is you Washetand

If a washstand has to be included in your scheme of things, it is a good plan to pick up cheaply some little old table of suitable size (the ordinary deal kitchen table will answer excellently if you stain or paint its legs) and confer upon it a cover of linen to match the Government silk and a set of cottage earthenware. This will have a less bedroomy effect than a washstand proper equipped with ordin-

ary toilet ware, and will lend itself to use in other ways should you wish to alter your arrangements later.

And your Looking-

In the bed-sitting-room a toilet mirror has no place. Better to compromise on a generous oblong mirror in an oaken moulding above the mantelpiece or a long rectangle of looking-glass screwed to the wall. Shops that specialise in show-room fittings are the best places in which to discover such a mirror at a reasonable price, and if its frame does not coincide with your decorative ideas, you can camouflage its plainness with little painted flowers. Or why not conventionalised oranges and green leaves for your orange room?

You will probably not care to incur the cost of a wardrobe early in the proceedings, but will "make do" with a corner hanging cupboard for your clothes during the first year. The moulding that holds and hides the curtain rod will be stained, of course, to match your chairs, and its curtain of the orange silk will possibly be stencilled with a border of green leaves. A shelf fitted so that its weight rests upon the skirting-board, will conceal from sight your boots and shoes, the curtain reaching well to the ground so that superfluous pairs may be put behind it on the floor.

When you have acquired a chest of drawers to hold your smaller personal effects, you will not, I imagine, care to proceed much farther until more money has flowed into the exchequer. But if you can afford a roomy bureau in place of the chest of drawers, so much the better, for you can use its upper portion as a dressing-table, shutting down its lid to hide its toilet paraphernalia.

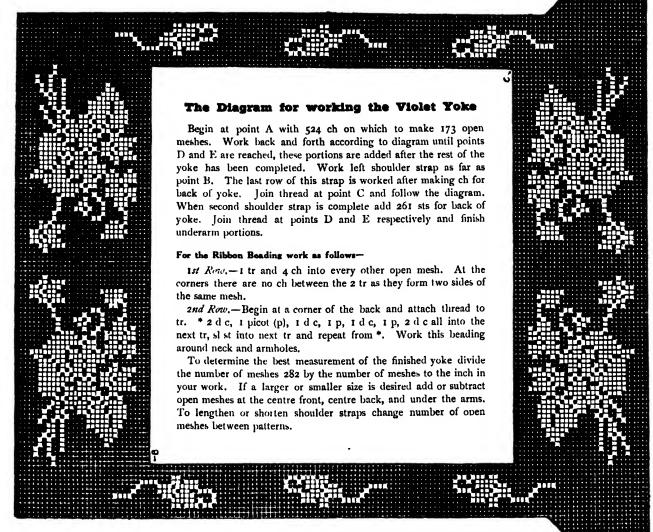
A Violet Yoke in Filet Crochet

THE worker who can do filet crochet evenly and firmly can accomplish something that will be of lasting beauty. The possibilities of filet crochet are almost limitless. The work is suitable in coarse effect for bedspreads, cushion-covers, chair-backs, etc., while, worked in fine thread, it makes a very delightful trimming for underwear.

The wearing qualities of filet crochet are so well known that it is hardly necessary to that it will launder excellently, and in these days, when the question of laundering presents so much difficulty in various ways, that is a point that one cannot afford to overlook.

Although the actual work is very simple, filet crochet requires a good deal of practice before perfection can be reached. But given the time and patience, anyone can become an expert worker.

This violet spray could be used in other ways than that illustrated here. Little inlets could delightfully decorate nightgown, camisole or chemise—and inlets are a most effective form of embellishment. Then in a



refer to them. In this respect it is unlike many forms of work, which are exquisite when new, but a small amount of wear and tear works havoc with them. But when you have worked a nightdress or camisole yoke in filet crochet, you have made something that will, in all probability, outlast the material to which it is ap_t-lied. It can then be taken off and used again.

Another point in its favour is the fact

The design here illustrated is rather unusual in shape, but quite simple to work from the directions given.

The little violet spray can be followed from the diagram, bearing in mind the fact that the white squares indicate solid mesh, and the black squares open mesh. Each solid mesh is made by working 3 tr over 3 ch, and each open mesh by working 2 ch 1 tr over 3 ch. Use Peri-Lusta "Crochet" No. 70.

"violet" room, the spray could figure on the bedspread, curtains, tablecloth; or if the spray repeated represented too much work, the little bud would make a charming decoration. An illustration of the finished yoke is shown on page 48.

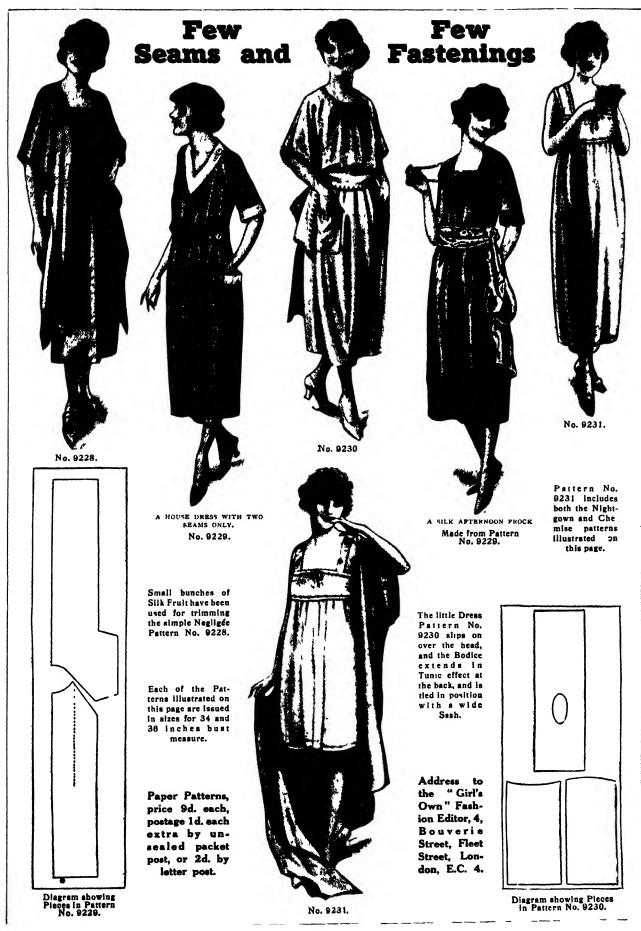
The Ninth Volume of our Popular Needlework Quarterly Supplement STITCHERY is now ready. This contains Nos. 33, 34, 35 and 36, and is attractively bound in Paper Boards. Price 2s. 6d. net; by post 2s. 11d.

Pretty Indoor Frocks and Blouses



Play Garments for Tiny Tots





A Knitted Sports Cape

KNITTED capes have a very smart appearance, and the quick even knitter who feels capable of attempting so

large a piece of work would find this a very easy design to make.

The cape itself is worked in two pieces, which are joined with a seam at the centre back, and then gathered at the top into the long folded collar.

The collar extends into long scarf ends, that can either be allowed to hang down over the back of the cape, or the cape can be worn open at front, and the scarf ends crossed over the chest and taken round under the arms beneath the cape and fastened together at the back.

For the skirt of the cape use Messrs. Baldwin and Walker's "Ladyship" five-ply Scotch Fingering, and for the collar the same makers' "Thistledown" wool; about 2 lb. of the former and 11 lb. of the latter will be required. Use No. 9 bone or celluloid needles throughout.

To obtain a soft fluffy surface on the collar the "Thistledown" wool must be brushed with a special wire brush. These brushes can now be obtained at any good-class art needlework shop.

Abbreviations Used.

K = knit; p = purl; st = stitch or stitches.

The Cape.

This is worked in single rib of k 1, p 1, throughout.

Cast on 200 st. Work in rib of k 1, p 1, for 38 inches.

Then cast off 5 st from one end of the needle every other row until only 30 st are left. Cast off.

Work the second half in the same way, and seam together the cast-on edges.

The Collar.

This is worked in plain garter-stitch, two rows forming a ridge.

Cast on 10 st.

K plain, increasing two st at each end in the first two ridges; these increasings should be made in the 3rd and 4th st from

the end of the row.

Then increase 1 st at each end of every other ridge

5 ridges; every second ridge for 20 ridges; every third ridge for 24 ridges; every fourth ridge for 60 ridges.

Continue without increasing until your work measures 43 inches (this will be the centre of the collar), and work the second half, decreasing at each side to correspond with the increasings on the first half.

Pressing and Making Up.

Much of the successful appearance of a garment of this character will depend on all parts being carefully pressed before making up.

To do this, place the work on a thickly-padded ironing-board, lay a well dampened cloth over it, and press firmly with a moderately hot iron.

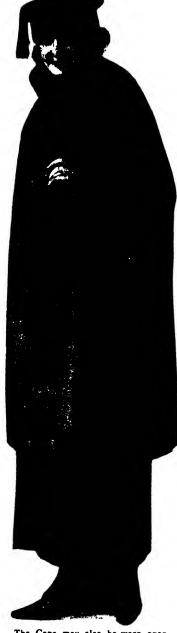
This process pulls the stitches together, and gives the garment a more professional appearance; and it is a point that amateur knitters often overlook altogether. But once a worker realises the difference it makes, she will no more neglect this part of the work than she will neglect the casting-off process, so obvious is the difference between a pressed garment and one that has not been so treated.

Before joining the collar to the cape brush the surface of the collar well with the wire brush. It sometimes takes a good deal of brushing to get the wool to proper fluffiness, so if the effect at first does not quite come up to your expectations, persevere with firm brisk brushings until you have achieved the desired result.

To make up, gather the neck edge of the cape until it is 37 inches in length, and seam to the centre of one edge of the collar strip, with the fluffy side inwards, and matching the centreback seam of cape to the centre of collar.

Fold the collar over through the centre lengthwise. This brings half the soft fluffy surface on to the right side of the cape, and the other half makes a comfortable finish round the inside of the neck.

No fastenings but the scarf ends are really necessary, but one crochet loop and button to correspond may be added just below the collar, if desired.



The Cape may also be worn open at the Front with the long Scarf ends crossed over the Chest and fastened under the Cape at the Back.

"STITCHERY" No. 37

"STITCHERY" No. 37 is a "Winter Woolly" Number, and contains some delightful garments for children and adults, including Sports Coats, Jackets, Caps, a Jumper, and a Scarf. Everyone who is interested in either knitting or crochet should secure a copy. Price 6d. net. By post 7d.





Chapter III.

The Letter.

ROSLMARY herself could not remember the coming of the letter. She was still too small to remember anything consciously, however much her subconscious self may have been registering impressions and filing them upon the shelves of memory for At the time the letter future use came her life was merely a well-ordered sequence of food and sleep, with intervals of sitting upon her mother's knec, or upon old Marie's more capacious lap, or of rolling about on a strip of carpet laid over the giass in the garden, and clawing with small dimpled hands at the green leaves or big daisies which swung so temptingly in front of her eyes She had not learnt to say more than a few very baby words, nor had the moment yet come when a pair of very wobbly legs carried her across a corner of the bare room upstairs from her mother's to Marie's outstretched arms, when the letter was put into her mother's hand It was given to her by Léon (ochot, the sturdy old postman who trudged over the countryside for miles with his postbox slung round his neck, and a word of good cheer and of current gossip for everyone to whom he delivered letters When Leon came round the bend of the road Grace was standing at the door of the little white house shading her eyes from the level rays of the sun, and watching anxiously for Mère Belluse, who was late with the milk Leon whistled as he came, she could hear his queer muffled whistling before he himself came in sight, and she smiled involuntarily at the remarkable variations of keys he introduced into a very simple air.

"Bon jour, madame," he called out gaily, as he rounded the bend of the road and saw her standing there, framed in the doorway. "Bon jour, et voici une

Rosemary A Serial Story By L. G. MOBERLY

lettre pour vous C'est une lettre des Indies-bien sur " The old postman took the most profound interest in the correspondence of all his clients, and the fewness of letters received by the lady of the white house formed an inexhaustible topic of conversation between him and his wife Here was a lady—undoubtedly a lady and an English lady, too, and as a rule they wrote myriads of letters, as he could testify, having carried letters to the little hotel in the mountains which the Inglish frequented-yet here was this English lady who week in week out, hardly ever received any letters at all It was most surprising most unusual And Léon generally ended the conversation by shaking his head sagely and surmising that the pretty madame up there must have quarrelled with her relations She was a widow no doubt she was a widow, and that she did not wear black was merely another instance of the strange ways of her nation And very likely I con assured his wife very likely her husband's family had not been It was often thus with young widows in a land like England And Léon's wife listened and nodded not being greatly concerned as to where her good man got his fantastic ideas of the country of fog and mist, and believing as much or as little of what he told her as seemed good in her eyes For Léon's wife held philosophical and possibly heterodox views about the lords of creation, regarding them, or, at least, the one she herself had married, as boys

to be humoured and kept quiet and amused, their statements to be accepted with many grains of salt. Not that she would have put her philosophy into these words, or that she even thought it in this phraseology. But nevertheless it formed the kernel of her philosophy about the stronger sex.

'A letter for me, Monsieur Léon?
What an event!" Grace exclaimed,
as she took the letter the old man held
out to her "And from such a long way
off, too She scrutinised the envelope
whilst the postman scrutinised her "It
is from the godfather of my little girl
He is a soldier, you know, and in
India"

Leon knew the young man was a soldier. David Merraby's visit to Dragnon had given him and his neighbours plenty of food for talk, but that David had gone to India was news to him and he lingered for several minutes at Grace's side talking to her of those Lastern lands of which he had a conception even weirder than his conception of England

Fh bien! he said with a sigh, when Grace made a determined movement towards the interior of the house "Eh! bien il faut continuer ma promenade Tout le monde mattend avec impatience!" And picking up his box, which he had temporarily slid from his neck to the ground, he pursued his way along the winding road to the steep village street beyond, and Grace went into the garden where Rosemary sprawled and cooed at Marie's feet

The letter was thick Grace wondered why David was writing her such volumes, for, beyond a very occasional note, he did not correspond with her, and the closely written sheets she drew from their thin envelope considerably roused her curiosity. The sheets that were covered with David's clear firm handwriting were wrapped round by a half

Rosemary

sheet of paper, and on this a few words only were inscribed.

"DEAR GRACE,—You probably know, or perhaps you don't, that we are having a bit of a scrap here on the frontier, and it is, I daresay, described in the Press as 'restlessness amongst the tribes.' We are calming the restlessness. It is a tougher job than people realise, and some of us won't get out of it alive. Please give the enclosed to my goddaughter when she can understand it. I hope I shall see her grow up to do you credit. If I don't—my letter to her discharges some of my godfatherly duties.

"Yours ever,

"DAVID MERRABY."

With fingers that shook a little Grace unfolded the closely-written sheets, and when she laid them down, her eyes were so misty with tears that the trees across the valley ran together in a great blur of green, and she could scarcely see Rosemary's face She stooped and picked up the child and held her close in a little paroxysm of tenderness.

"Oh! Baby mine," she whispered, whilst Rosemary's hands clutched at her hair, "you are lucky to have such a godfather. And he can't be killed, oh! he can't be killed," she went on vehemently; "he must came back and help you by-and-by, when you will need his help so much"

The baby laughed and chuckled, and grabbed her mother's hair more firmly. "Mummy," she said firmly; and her mother held her more closely still and pressed a kiss on the small soft face against her own.

"But he can't be killed," she repeated;
"he can't be killed. David was so alive
—so strong He must came back."

Baby Rosemary chuckled again, and

her mother carried her indoors to the small sittingroom where she kept such books and other treasures as she possessed—amongst them a dispatch-case in dark green leather which stood always upon her table. Sitting down beside the table, and holding the child upon her knee, Grace unlocked the box and laid David Merraby's closelywritten sheets upon a pile of letters which already lay there.

"That is your letter, Rosemary, my sweet," she said, taking the child's wee hands and touching with them the letter she had just put away.

"Baby!" the small girl replied with a nod of her head. "Baby!" And she made a clutch at the sheets beneath her fingers.

"Not now," her mother said gently. "Baby can't have the letter now. When she is big she shall have it for her very own, to read, and to keep, and to treasure. Oh! but—David will come back. He can't be killed. He was so alive!"

Something in the impassioned utterance of the words seemed to strike the brain of the laughing baby on her knee, and the small hands that had been tugging at the letter in the box all at once went up to Grace's cheek and patted it softly.

"Poo' mummy!" she said, "poo' mummy!" And then again Grace gathered the child closely to her and rained kisses on her face.

"But he can't be dead!" she kept on repeating to herself during the days that followed, until there came a morning in the following week when Léon Cochot once more brought a letter to the door.

"Pas encore des Indies," he said, with his cheery smile, "mais c'est de l'Angleterre. Peut être c'est une lettre d'un des parents de madame?"

"Peut-être," she answered vaguely, not thinking at all of what she said, only thinking of the name printed on the flap of the envelope—the name that sent a little chill to her heart.

"Messrs. Villaton and Villaton." She was less talkative than usual to Léon, and the old postman trudged away feeling disappointed and resentful. He even shrugged his shoulders as he breasted the hill to the village, and under his breath he muttered—

"Eh! bien, c'est une Anglaise. Que veux tu?" And the tunes he whistled were more out of tune than was their wont, which to those who knew Léon Cochet and his whistling is saying a great deal. But Léon and his funny unmusical tunes had gone out of Grace's head before she had reached the sitting-room, too many thoughts rioted there, thoughts brought by the sight of those printed words on the flap of the envelope—" Messrs. Villaton and Villaton."

What did the solicitors want with her now? What could they want? She sat down beside the table, exactly where she had sat a week ago when she was putting away David's letter to Rosemary, and for many minutes she did . not attempt to open the communication from the firm of Villaton. The chilly sensation about her heart made her feel as if she did not dare to read its contents, she felt such a ghastly conviction that they might mean a re-opening of all the old story, the old pain. She fingered the envelope irresolutely, and opened it at last to read the following words :--

" 100, Essex Street, Strand.

" May 14th.

"Dear Madam,—We are directed to inform you that by the death of Mr. David Merraby, killed in action on March 18th last, your daughter Rosemary becomes his sole legatee. The money, amounting roughly to about £10,000, is left in trust for the young lady in question, you yourself being appointed one of the trustees, in conjunction with Mr. Harold Merraby, Mr. David Merraby's uncle, and Mr. Tomlinson of our firm. We should be glad to know if you could make it convenient to come to England to discuss the above with us. Your travelling expenses will be defrayed.

" Yours faithfully,

"VILLATON AND VILLATON."

After the perusal of the letter Grace sat looking straight before her, her eyes

fixed upon the white wall opposite, her thoughts in a chaos. David had been better than his word, that was one of her thoughts; he was setting his goddaughter above the possibility of poverty. Rosemary-a smile trembled on her mother's lips-Rosemary would be a lady of means. Not that she would ever have been in danger of actual poverty, but David's gift would set her above all difficulty. She could hear her baby's laughter out there in the garden, and Marie's voice talking to the child; and from Mère Belluse's farm in the valley there floated up to her the cheery sounds of clucking hens and the



ONE OF THE OLDEST BELDGES IN ENGLAND.

Sketched by Maude Angell.

mooing of the cows in the pasture From the houses along the road she could hear the women chattering gaily together, and from the valley came the rhythmical noise of wood-In the trees sawing across the valley the pigeons cooed softly. All these sounds made part of her quiet monotonous life at Dragnon, the life into which a certain sort of peace was just beginning to come And now this letter summoned her back into another life, another world She laid it on the table with a sudden sensation of distaste She was glad-oh! yes, she was glad that Rosemary would have money of her own-money that would make her independent of everything that could savour of charity or that might be paid from a sense of duty or necessity She was grateful to David Merraby for the thought which had prompted the gift she shrank from all that was proposed in Messrs Villaton's letter Once in the year that had elapsed since Rosemary's christening she had paid a brief, a very brief, visit to I'ngland, so brief that old Marie had marvelled

how it could have been worth while to take so long a journey for so short a time But beyond that one short absence she had never left the little village and its environs She had not even visited Camelines only s x miles away, and the world beyond had begun to look dreamlike and terrifying. She had become so accustomed to a life of solitude, to an existence apart from her own race and class, that she dreaded returning to the outside world, much as an inexperienced traveller dreads a long and dangerous journey And her first instinct was to refuse the solicitors' request, to beg that necessary papers might be sent to her, to ask that all the business should be arranged without her actual presence But second thoughts showed her that she must not act upon this first impulse In any case it was nearly time for her to pay another visit to England, and Messrs Villaton's letter made it abundantly clear that she was needed in person now, and her other visit she could combine with the visit to the solicitors Underneath all the shrinking diffidence



OH, BUT-DAVID WILL C ME BACK HE CAN'T BE KILLED

Drawn by Harold Copping

with which nature and circumstances had endowed her, there was also in Grace a certain dogged faculty for doing a duty however unpleasant and although she possessed no particular strength of character she had a vivid consciousness that for the sake of right she must do right when the right course lay clearly ahead of her And it seemed to lie clearly ahead of her now

She folded away the letter and without allowing herself further time for thought, drew paper and pen towards her, and then and there wrote her answer, saying that she should be in England for three days upon a given date, and that she would then arrange to call at their office And having made her decision, she locked away Messrs Villaton's communication in her drawer, and went down to the garden to Rosemary and Marie She did not want to look forward She tried to the days ahead of her to put out of her mind all thoughts of England and what might lie before her

During the weeks that followed, she

lived from hour to hour, absorbing herself in the child, listening to Marie's prattle about the village and its concerns, trying not to allow her mind to dwell either upon the past or the future, centring every thought on the present And on a day just a fortnight later than the arrival of the first letter, there came a second from Messrs Villaton begging her to be in their office at a specified time on Thursday of the following week, and enclosing a cheque for her expenses As she laid down the letter she drew a long breath and shivered, feeling in intensified form what a wimmer feels before he plunges into the ice cold waters of a turbulent winter sea

Chapter IV.In Mesers, Villatons' Office

WHEN Rosemary's mother came into the big square room in Essex Street, she had a bewildered consciousness of a number of people who rose to their feet and stared at her She could not at first separate them in her own mind,

Rosemary

or distinguish one face from another. She only knew that as the clerk from the downstairs office opened the senior

partner's door and announced her name, a great clattering of voices going on inside the room stopped suddenly, and that she was confronted by a confusing crowd of silent men and women who stared at her with cold eyes. Mr. Villaton, brisk and business-like, with a smooth manner and rather piercing eyes, came forward at once and shook her hand.

"I am very glad you have been able to come," he said. "Matters will be a great deal simplified by having you here. Please sit down. I"—he hesitated and coughed, a queer little cough which held in it a note of apology—"I think everyone here is known to you excepting my partner, Mr. Tomlinson, your cotrustee under Mr. Merraby's

will." His long and rather slowly-spoken speech had allowed Grace time to recover some of her equilibrium; the mist cleared from her eyes; she saw that the crowd that had at first seemed to rise before her dissolved itself into Mr. and Mrs. Merraby, David's father and mother, his uncle, Mr. Horace Merraby, and a tall fair woman at sight of whom the colour left her face, and she gripped the arm of her chair as though she were seized with faintness. Indeed, for a moment the room did rock most uncomfortably, and once more all the people in it ran together into a dreadful indistinguishable mass; and then as Mr. Villaton spoke again the mass slowly disintegrated itself into separate men and women, and she gripped the chair more tightly, feeling that in this way she could maintain her self-control and keep the deadly faintness at bay.

"I hope your journey was not a difficult one?" Mr. Villaton was saying in easy conversational tones. "I am sorry we were obliged to ask you to take it."

"It didn't matter, I was coming to England anyhow this week," she answered dully, bending her head in acknowledgment of the stiff bows bestowed upon her by the rest of the company—by all, that is to say, excepting the tall fair woman, who looked rigidly in front of her, making no sign. And yet it was towards her that Grace every now and then directed glances that seemed to express something of wistfulness, something of appeal. But no reassuring glance came in return. The fair woman's face was singularly devoid

of expression; it could scarcely be called cold, it was almost too indifferent even for coldness; and her eyes were

fixed upon a desk on the solid table in front of her as though it were an object of the most absorbing interest. Grace's glance left the tall woman and wandered round the rest of the people who had now seated themselves in a semicircle facing Mr. Villaton.

"You understand exactly what my letter to you—er—implied," the lawyer said quietly. "It was quite clear to you that Mr. David Merraby has left ten thousand pounds in trust for your daughter." The very faintest, most tremulous smile crossed Grace's face—the word daughter was such a solemn and dignified word to apply to the laughing baby she had left behind at Dragnon.

"Yes, I understood," she answered. "It was very kind of him."

Mrs. Merraby, David's mother, who sat upon the lawyer's right hand, drew herself up and flashed a contemptuous look at the speaker.

"We should naturally like to know——" she began, when her husband, a thin anxious-faced man sitting next her, touched her hand.

"Wait a moment, my dear; let us hear what Mr. Villaton has to say before we say anything."

Mrs. Merraby shrugged her shoulders, the very crape on her dress looked aggressive as she pulled her hand sharply away from her husband, and he looked across at Grace with a certain deprecation in his glance. It was the first human touch that she had felt during the interview, and there was gratitude in her eyes as they met his. But Mr. Villaton's voice went on again as impassively as though this little interlude had not taken place.

"The money has been left in trust," he said: "and, as I mentioned in my letter to you, the trustees appointed by Mr. Merraby are yourself"-he bowed slightly towards Grace-" Mr. Horace Merraby "-here his glance turned towards the square-set man sitting on his left hand—" and my partner, Mr. Tomlinson. The money remains in trust until your daughter attains the age of twenty-five," Again before Grace's eyes there floated a vision of the laughing cooing baby grabbing at the flowers amongst the grass at Dragnon, and the mental effort of reconstructing the laughing babe into a grown-up woman of twenty-five was beyond her powers. She only bent her

head in token that she followed Mr. Villaton's words.

"During your daughter's minority her money is to be spent upon her upbringing and education; but beyond stating that he wishes her to have the very best education possible, Mr. Merraby lays down no restrictions. He leaves all decisions entirely to you and to your co-trustees."

"It was very kind of him," Grace repeated, realising dully that she had made the same remark before, but that she was incapable of varying it.

"We should naturally like to know," Mrs. Merraby said again, and this time her husband allowed her to speak without interruption. "We should naturally like to know how you propose to carry out dear David's wishes." And again she looked across at Grace with a glance that seemed oddly compounded of resentment and contempt.

"I don't quite know yet," poor Grace faltered, "it has all come as such a surprise—such a complete surprise." Her eyes wandered round the circle of not too friendly faces until they once more encountered Mr. Merraby's glance. "Rosemary is only a year old now. When the time for her education comes, of course—"

"Of course, you will consult others," Mrs. Merraby put in sharply. "Dear David's generous action is naturally of great interest to us. We should feel that our experience might be of help to you."

"Yes," Grace said faintly, feeling a little like a trapped animal, hemmed in and oppressed by hostile forces of which it has only a half knowledge.

"There will be a good many papers to sign," Mr. Villaton's clear and decided tones struck in again. "It will, I hope, be convenient for you to stay a day or two in town." He was still looking at Grace, and she pulled herself together with a nervous gesture, saving—

"I must be out of town all to-morrow." The colour flooded Grace's face, she spoke fast and nervously, "After that I can be in London, if you wish. But I would like to get away as soon as you can spare me. I——" She had been about to add, "I am very lonely here," but the expression upon the faces round her did not encourage this, or indeed any confidences, and she sat silently waiting for further instructions and information, a slight forlorn figure seeming oddly out of place in this company.

"Why did they all come?" The question reiterated itself in her brain. "Why did they all come?" And whilst Mr. Villaton's voice continued enunciating details of David's will, and of the way in which the money was invested, Grace's eyes again travelled wistfully round the group, resting

finally, as before, upon the fair woman whose glance was so rigidly turned away from her

"Why did she come?" The question changed its form "Surely Geoffrey-But she did not dare allow that thought to go on to its end, she did not dare risk losing her self-control, and she needed every ounce she possessed to sit there quietly without breaking down despite herself, that question recurred at intervals, "Why did she come?" And her eyes were constantly drawn as if by a magnet to the fair woman's face She had almost forgotten to listen to the string of investments which Mr Villaton was reading to her in his most impressive tones, but she was brought sharply back to the exigencies of the moment by the cessation of his voice. and she was aware that he was looking at her in the evident expectation that she must have some remark to make

"I haven't quite taken it all in," she faltered, not daring to own that she had taken in nothing at all of all he had read, 'but I think it was very good of —David, very kind of him It will make all the difference to Rosemary'

And then, as if by a magnet again, her eyes were drawn towards the fair woman whose eyes for the flash of a second met hers fully, then turned away But not before Grace had read in them—was it surprise, interest, or animosity?

Mr Merraby proposes, as you have heard," Mr Villaton continued, and Grace realised guiltily that she had not heard 'Mr Merraby proposes' the lawyer repeated, 'that you should be the guardian of your child, with the help and advice of the other two trustees For the present, whilst she is in infancy, you will have sole charge of her and I have no doubt you will agree with Mr Horace Merraby and Mr Tomlinson that an income for her maintenance should be paid regularly to you, at such times as you and they shall decide'

"I am sure that will be quite right," Grace said nervously 'I shall agree to whatever you decide is best I only want to do what is wise for my little girl' Her voice quivered over the last words. Some pent up passion within her seemed to make an effort to escape but the effort was abortive.

made her little speech, she sat very upright and clasped her hands tightly together, winking back the tears which all at once made the room and its occupants waver mistily before her eyes She was conscious that Mr Villaton was giving her more details, more information, but her brain refused to grasp anything further, and when presently the lawyer pushed back his chair and said stiffly, "Then I think we need not detain you any longer today,' she felt as though a prison door had been set open to allow her to escape She rose and looked round at the other occupants of the room

Good bye! 'she said in a small flustered voice, including them all in the one word 'I shall try—I mean I hope Rosemary will be worthy of all that is being done for her"

I hope so 'Mrs Merraby's voice was the only one raised in reply. "Time alone will show" And having given utterance to this trite remark her mouth shut again into a hard straight line Mr Marraby held out his hand and shook Grace's hand, and a grateful look flashed over her face. Then the lawyer moved



"I AM VERY GLAD YOU HAVE

Drawn by Harold Copping.

Rosemary

to the door and opened it for her, and she was passing out when the tall fair woman made a quick step forward and reached Grace just as she had crossed the threshold, and was standing in the passage.

"Why did you come?" The words broke from Grace in a little breathless outburst. "Why did you come?"

"Mr. Merraby asked me to come. And, after all, Rosemary, as you call her, is my niece."

Mr. Villaton had shut the door behind them, the two women stood alone in the passage, and Grace leant back against the wall feeling suddenly very tired.

"Yes—she is your niece, of course. But you never liked me, Bertha; you always resented Geoffrey's having married me. I believe you almost hate me."

"Certainly not." Something contemptuous rang in the other's tones, a frozen smile crossed her lips. "You exaggerate, Grace. I did not think the marriage very suitable; but it doesn't much matter now." She shrugged her shoulders. "After all, as Geoffrey's sister I can't say much, can I?" "You are not to say a word against him—not a word." Grace stood upright, her face flaming, her eyes alight with passionate indignation. "It is because you are his sister that you ought to know—you ought to know—"

She broke off her sentence as though nearly choked by emotion, and the woman called Bertha again shrugged her shoulders.

"My dear Grace, I can't work myself up as you do—I never could; and I can't manage to make Geoffrey into a saint and a martyr, even though he is my brother. The whole thing has been disastrous. You can't deny that it is a big tragedy in a family like ours."

Grace laughed—a faint bitter little laugh—and the blaze in her eyes died down. Again she looked utterly worn out

"I believe you only think of how it affects your family, not of Geoffrey's misery or mine. What does your family matter as against all that it has meant to the two people most closely concerned?"

"I daresay family honour means nothing to you," came the scathing rejoinder; and Grace's face grew white and red by turns.

"Perhaps my family isn't as great or important as yours," she said dully. "You always hated me because I was a nobody; but my people were honest and true and honourable, even if they were not in the peerage or the landed gentry." There was faint sarcasm in her gentle voice. "And it isn't fair of you to talk to me like this now! After all, I am Geoffrey's wife—I am the mother of Geoffrey's daughter. His pain is my pain, and——"

"His disgrace your disgrace, yes—that is obvious," the other woman broke in impatiently. "I came to-day because Mrs. Merraby wanted me to come, and I didn't want the Merrabys to suppose I was not on speak-

ing terms with Geoffrey's wife. But I think you are extremely wise to have settled out of England. It would be very unpleasant for you here."

To be continued.

The Gardening Fork

"Grandmother has gone Home, and grandfather has sent her little gardening fork for Bunty."—Extract from a Letter.

By FAY INCHFAWN

She was so fond of flitting in and out
To the japonica, which grew about
The old grey wall, and made a living flame
That touched her gown, and almost called her name.
Her patient fingers coaxed frail honied blooms
Until their wandering fragrance filled the rooms.
Tall ox-eyed daisies, purple scented stocks,
Luxuriated by her waving phlox.
She looked at flowers as tender mothers look
At little ones; as bookworms at a book;
Or, as a lapidary at a gem;
And, thus, she seemed a part of all of them.

II.

So, to our finite hearts, it seems
That in the Heaven of our dreams
There must be sheltered garden-places
Where she can watch the flower faces;
Some little wayside garden, set
With lupins and with mignonette.
And there (or so we dream) she lingers,
The scent of wild thyme on her fingers.

There, she who loved the flowers so well is tying up the asphodel.

The myrtle bush she held so dear,
Which never blossomed for her here—
Who knows but she may find it there,
Perfuming all the holy air?

Yes, far from sound of fret or strife, With happy mouth a-quiver.

She tends the spreading Tree of Life That grows beside the river, Just murmuring low with absent smile, Or humming little songs the while.

III.

But there were other flowers she tended, Which thrived for her. Rare blossoms these: Exotic blooms one seldom sees; White-petalled Peace; Long-suffering, With many another lovesome thing; Kind Thought, and Patient Care, expended On careless folk, who never guessed How she was giving of her best

IV.

The friendly lips are silent now;
The kindly hand so still is.
She, who was homelier than her flowers,
More gracious than her lilies,
Has left her four-pronged gardening fork
(Poor relic of her skill!)
For our dear Bunty's sunburnt grasp,
To do our Bunty's will.

O little, gay, impulsive child,
Turning the fragrant sod;
With eager fingers, wrestling wild
With weed and sun-baked clod,
Heaven grant that with as meek a heart
You, too, may learn to do your part;
That so, with spirit undefiled,
You, too, may flower to God.

THE most widely recognised trouble with the intensely intellectual woman is that her housekeeping arrangements are apt to be a trifle loose. Look at George Sand, for example, and-well, the other names escape me just now, and I have so little time for looking things up, what with doing over the living-room, and getting the winter coats out of camphor, and interviewing potential cooks; so look at George Sand, anyway. There she was, staying up writing and keeping the lights burning all hours of the night, and doubtless getting scraps of paper and her nasty cigar-ashes all over the floor. and running off to Italy at a moment's notice, in the most irresponsible way. It is safe to say, although I have never gone very deeply into her life, that she lost all track of how many pounds of flour they had on hand in the kitchen. and that she never was quite assured in her mind as to whether Tuesday was silver-cleaning day and Wednesday set apart for brass-polishing, or whether it was just the other way round.

And it is the same way with many women who, although not so prominent, aspire to be equally alert mentally. The thing is perfectly understandable; it is no easy matter to keep up with all the cultural topics of the day, and at the same time to stay abreast of the activities of the laundry, the price of

sugar, and the vagaries of the kitchen sink. The higher the brow, the fewer the domestic instincts, as a rule. Seldom does one find an intellectual who can state with equal glibness the fundamentals of Relativity and the best way to remove pear-juice stains from servicttes. She is indeed a gifted woman who houses a rarefied mind in a domesticated body.

Now, that is the unique thing about the members of our Brambledale Social Club. We often comment pleasantly on it at the meetings. Here we are, what you might truly call an aggregation of advance agents for all the more intricate cultural developments,

and yet there is not one of us who couldn't, at a moment's notice, give you the current price of loin chops, tell you how much laundry soap her washerwoman is in the habit of taking home as a souvenir, or recite for you the unabridged list of articles scheduled for her next Sunday's dinner. Such mental feats are practically nothing to us. So often do we perform them that they occasion not the slightest remark—save when, as in the present instance, we sit down and really think about them.

We have never let ourselves become Our study of mentally lopsided. economic conditions in the broad sense has not taken our attention from those economic conditions which prevail in our own little country town: each one of us has at her tongue's tip the vital statistics on the monthly wages received by the servants of every family in town, the amount of money represented by the new winter hat of every other member of the Club, or the estimated percentage of his salary which that young man in Leeds spends on telephone trunk calls to Miss Emma Olive.

We have devoted ourselves to the study of civic welfare, in the abstract, but that has not kept us from being actively interested in our own civic betterment. It was our Social Club which presented the framed picture of

Mrs. Hemans to the local library, raised funds for the erection of a decorative gilt fowl on the top of the post-office flag-pole, and subscribed the money for the purchase of those white stones that form B-r-a-m-b-l-e-d-a-l-e on the grass bank beside the platform at the railway station.

In the same way, our dauntless pursuit of the beautiful has not dulled our eyes to the shrewd perception of the commonplace. We consider ourselves—and for innumerable reasons—connoisseurs of painting and music; but our appreciation of "The Soul's Awakening" and the "Venetian Love Song" makes us none the less competent judges of linoleum and jelly-glasses. We have always gone in for all that is highest and best in literature; but our absorption in the best of modern writers has not prevented our keeping a watchful eye on the grocer's book and the milkman's bill

Our intellectual versatility may be readily ascribed to its proper cause. It is not that we are really so very different from other women; it is simply that we have subjected our minds to a course of intensive training, and have kept our temperaments where they belong. Intellectuals though we acknowledgedly are, our domestic affairs are managed with care and assurance. In so many

words—twenty-three to be exact—our household duties are conducted with the same efficiency which has always marked our study of each successive phase of the higher intellectuality.

THE HIGHER THE BROW,
THE FEWER THE DOMESTIC
INSTINCTS -AS A RULE.

It has always seemed so strange to us that efficiency is regarded as such a wonderful acquirement. To us it is merely taken for granted, as much a part of every really serious-thinking woman's make-up as is her camisole. Yet such an amount of demonstration is aroused by it, so entirely disproportionate a measure of praise is awarded it, and people are paid what our Social Club agrees are perfectly exorbitant sums of money,

The Efficiency of Brambledale



MARIE IS A WONDERFUL COOK AND A TALENTED PERFORMER ON THE ACCORDION

Drawn by Dorothy Furniss

simply for being efficient! There is the case of Mrs Massey's unmarried sisterin law, for instance—a case, I may as well say frankly, which has long been, and is still, a source of logical irritation to the entire personnel of the Club

Mrs Massey s sister in law is a business woman-there is really nothing else that you can call her In fact, she herself makes no attempt to disguise it, and even goes so far as to make jokeswhich we have always felt to be in rather questionable taste-about working for her living Of course, such progressive minds as ours long ago grasped the fact that women are crashing in on the world of trade, and-especially since so many of the smartest women are going in for lampshade-designing, or freeverse writing, or even refined vamping in the movies-we have come out definitely as sponsors of the movement, and have let it be known round Brambledale that we are heartily in favour of woman's taking her place in nondomestic affairs But even so, there is always such a contingency as carrying a thing too far, and while it is all very

well for a woman to go in for a career if she is sufficiently talented and comes from a good enough family—and we would be the last ones to stop her—still, we cannot help but feel that it is unnecessary for a girl to go about saying that she has to work for her living

For it isn't as if Mrs Massey's sister-in-law really did have to work for her living She has no one to blame but herself, if she will insist on doing it When it was found that her inherited income had faded almost imperceptibly away, Mrs Massey came right forward and offered her a place at Gurridge Gables, the Massey home. which is one of Brambledale's show places (The name is a pretty bit of feeling for tradition, we have often thought, Mrs Massey, you see, was a Miss Gurridge-' nee Gurridge," she is always spoken of in the Brambledale Inquirer) Mrs Massev's sister in law would have had nothing to do there but to keep an eye on the children, plan the meals, help a little now and then in the intervals between maids, and see that things ransmoothly at home whenever Mr and Mrs Massey

wanted to go away for a few days' visit She would not have been expected to stay caged up in the house there would have been plenty of opportunity for her to take fresh air and exercise when she went down every morning to the market -which is just a pleasant walk from Gurridge Gables There would have been innumerable chances for her to keep familiar with what was going on in the world when she went into the town to shop for Mrs Massey, and she would have enjoyed far more stimulating society than most young women of her age have the privilege of mingling with, for when the Social Club met at Gurridge Gables, Mrs Massey would have gladly let her sister-in-law come in and serve tea

And what would mean even more to any really high-souled person, there would never have been any question of wages—no monthly dole, or any such sordid details. Besides all this, she would not have had to worry about clothes, for Mrs. Massey said before at least ten witnesses that she would willingly have passed on her own things

to her sister-in-law when she had done with them. One does not grasp the true value of this statement unless one knows how easy, how tender, almost, Mrs. Massey is on her garments. They would be practically as good as new when she felt justified in giving them away. As we often remark at the Social Club. her ability to prolong the life of her clothes into a ripe old age really amounts to a gift True, after their initial five or six seasons they are a bit out of touch with the current styles, but that is regarded as no drawback Mrs Massey's social position is a dizzily high one, on account, as she frequently reminds us, of her Gurridge forbears And this lofty aloofness evidently renders her immune from such trifling matters as changing fashions. Indeed, there is always a faint suggestion of period costuming about her, and people meeting her for the first time are a little apt to gather the impression that she is all ready to set out for a fancy-dress party in the character of "A lady of the nineteenth century"

Well, anyway, Mrs Massey made what all the members of the Club, Mrs Massey inclusive, considered a very noble offer to her sister-in-law. And it was, naturally, a sharp blow when her sister-in law, with her characteristic cheerfulness which we have decided is a sign of obstinacy, persisted in going into an office. It was extremely rough on Mrs Massey's sensibilities, as she said, such a thing had never been known to happen in the Gurridge family. We all sympathised with her deeply, as was no more than right

We did more than sympathise, appreciated though even that was. Our Club has long been noted for its generosity of deeds and its paucity of mere talk. As Mrs. Wrench, our intellectual leader, so trenchantly puts it. "Actions speak louder than words." I know that there are many who maintain that this slogan is not original with her, but there is no earthly reason why it should not have been. She is always thinking up bright sayings like that

At any rate, when it was established that there was no hope of dissuading Mrs Massey's sister-in-law from her headstrong course, several club-members went to her, and right out of the goodness of their hearts and the resourcefulness of their heads, suggested to her various careers which she could follow with pleasure and benefit, yet without fear of any taint of commercialism For example, there was Mrs. Skeen, who is the most proficient of us all in the line of art and decoration, as may be easily proven by a glance at her costumes, her curtains, or her sofa-cushions, all of which are of her own design. It was Mrs. Skeen's idea-and a very pretty fancy, too, I'm sure—that Mrs. Massey's



MICHAELMAS DAISIES.

From the Punting by MAUDE ANGELL

sister-in-law should take up book-plate designing, or, if she would rather consecrate herself to a less highly specialised branch of art, that she should think up new decorative patterns for those clever and appetising luncheon sets which are so ingeniously made from linoleum.

Mrs. Skeen went even farther with

Mrs. Skeen went even farther with her presentation of ideas, and suggested, in turn, the making of hand-decorated individual drinking-cups, which would deftly combine the sanitary with the beautiful; the designing of soap-dishes which would fill a crying need by

MRS. NRGLEY HAS A WHIMSICAL WAY OF TURNING IN HER TORS, AND PUTTING HER FINGER IN HER MOUTH.

Drawn by Dorothy Furniss.

expressing their users' personalities; and the devising of novelties in the way of crêpe-paper decorations for children's parties, which last profession should prove to be particularly remunerative round the holidays.

That Mrs. Massey's sister-in-law had never manifested any special aptitude for such work would have been no drawback; Mrs. Skeen volunteered to give her a lesson or so, just to start her in the right direction, after which everything would be easy. We all considered that Mrs. Skeen was not exaggerating in the least when she said that any one of such occupations would be light clean work, not at all degrading, and not too strenu-

ous—each one, in short, a career which a woman could follow and still remain true to her higher nature.

The same was true of the numerous other ideas advanced by the club-members. Among the many congenial and refined professions suggested to Mrs. Massey's sister-in-law were: Giving recitations of a humorous yet irreproachable nature at teas and receptions; gathering the nicer class of Brambledale children together for an hour once a week, and instructing them how to model in clay; composing appropriate little verses

for holiday greeting cards; making knitting bags to order; chaperoning schoolgirls to matinies; acting as companion to some rich and affectionate old lady with a shaky constitution and no relatives; monograming linen; and matching silk, ribbon, buttons, and braid for those ladies of Brambledale who could not always find it convenient to go up to London. We would have been decidedly approachable, had Mrs. Massey's sister-in-law wished us to permit the use of our names as her patronesses in any of these ventures. As we all said, there was not one of these suggested professions which we would have been above following ourselves, if circumstances had rendered it necessary for us to do so.

But Mrs. Massey's sisterin-law, though I must admit
that she seemed grateful to
us for our interest and cooperation—and why, indeed, shouldn't she?—
made the same answer to
us all. Each suggestion,
even the one about being
companion to the old lady,
she dismissed with the ob-

jection that she was afraid there was not enough money in it. So, though a bit grudgingly, we gave up further attempts at counselling her, and left her to her own devices. It is, as Mrs. Skeen avers, the only way to deal with the hopelessly commercial-minded.

It was really no surprise to us when Mrs. Massey's sister-in-law took a position with an advertising agency. We were quite steeled for some such materialistic action on her part. If a life so wholly devoid of poetry can be truthfully called successful—the Sccial Club has unanimously voted no on this question—she has made a great success in this work. She is now receiving a salary

which seems to us utterly preposterous for a young unmarried woman to be paid; it must put all sorts of extravagant notions into her head. I do not know just what her duties are—I have no head for such things myself—but it seems that most of her success has been due to what is called her remarkable efficiency.

She is, curiously enough, much admired by many of the Brambledale men. We have been extremely patient about explaining to them that her lack of soul must ever keep her from being truly attractive, in the highest sense of the word; but men have such notoriously odd taste in such matters. They all seem much impressed by her business success, and often speak in what I really must say is a decidedly fulsome manner of her extraordinary efficiency.

For as we were saying at the Club only the other day, there is nothing for people to run a temperature about if someone happens to get along reasonably well in business. Why, any one of us could go right into some sort of work to-morrow, provided we could reconcile it with our artistic consciences, and make a really sensational success of it, if we set our minds on it!

We even got to talking about what we would wear, if we were business women-just simple little frocks and hats, we decided, but really good models, for though they may be more expensive, they are so well worth it in the end; and we all agreed that we should be scrupulously careful to keep our hair always perfectly dressed and to wear clean white gloves every day. Those little things must mean so much to the men around an office, Miss Emma Olive said. We all announced that we should make a point of keeping a vase of fresh flowers and a reproduction of some really good picture, such as that one of Cecilia at the organ, which is my own especial favourite, on our desks, to elevate our thoughts; and Mrs. Skeen even vowed that she would insist upon having a hammered brass desk set, and a purple quill pen in a little purple inkpot full of purple ink. Then we followed the idea much farther, and told how, if we were business women, we should be unfailingly bright and smiling at our work, with a cheerful word for everybody-particularly everybody of importance, of course—and no disagreeable impression of hurry and strain about us. That is the sort of spirit which we would call the truly efficient one.

After all, you know yourself that there is no reason why a business woman should not be always gay and smiling. Goodness knows, her life is an easy one, freed from all worry and care, and leaving nothing on her mind. All she has to

The Efficiency of Brambledale

do is to go to her office in the morning, do her work, as she calls it, and then come home in the evening just as good as new. Her existence is simplified to the point that there is practically nothing in it. Now, for real nervous strain, for concentrated brain-work, for unflagging effort, we must refer you to the highly complicated lives so masterfully led by the members of the Brambledale Social Club.

The business woman is never called upon to struggle against the myriad difficulties which we meet and gloriously conquer every day. While she sits restfully in some quiet peaceful office, amid the drowsy droning of typewriters and telephones, we must rush about from luncheon to tea, from bazaar to committee meeting, until we are ready to drop from exhaustion; I wonder, indeed, that we don't do more dropping. The worries that undermine our nervous systems are entirely eliminated from her sheltered life. She does not have to spend racking hours straining to invent novel sandwiches to serve at the next club meeting. She escapes anxious lines between her eyes, etched deeply there by agonies of concentration on whether a black hat or a hennacoloured one would be more appropriate to wear to a lecture on "The Holiday Diversions of the Women of the Argentine " She never tosses feverishly through the sleepless hours of the night, trying to decide on something striking yet conservative for the new upholstery of her car. She is spared the ceaseless toil of striving to keep the cook, the nursemaid, the housemaid, and the washerwoman in a state of reasonably good humour, both individually and as a group. In short, her life combines the peace of the closster with the freedom of the Turkish bath.

And as for efficiency—well, if you want to see something really spectacular in the line of efficiency, go to your nearest railway station and buy a ticket for the first train that stops at Brambledale; you probably won't have to wait more than forty or fifty minutes for one. Simply visit any one of the houses which will be readily pointed out to you by the nearest inhabitant as belonging to the members of our Club; the merest dropping-in for a moment will leave you dazed at the really death-defying feats of efficiency that are there performed before your very eyes.

There is little need to cite any specific instances. It is enough to call your attention not only to the taste and originality of the decorations, which are only to be expected, but to those significant details which speak so deafeningly of impeccable housekeeping—the meticulous arrangement of even the darkest shelf of the most obscure cup-

board, the classically chaste order of each chest of drawers, the tenderly fostered spirit of camaraderie prevailing in the kitchen, the loving care with which it is foreseen that Sunday's roast shall figure prominently, albeit in various disguises, in at least six succeeding repasts.

While you were observing these things, we should ask you to bear in mind, if your dazzled brain could stand it, that all the while we are reigning so competently over our little kingdoms—such a pretty simile, I always think!—we are keeping

ourselves thoroughly conversant with such subjects as the home life of the remaining royalties, the consequences of the late world war as shown in the military tendencies of the new fashions, the representative folk-dances, of the Czecho-Slavs; and the lyrics of the French troubadours.

All this, I repeat, should be, and doubtless will be, enough. But since there are those who behave with such undignified enthusiasm over a commonplace display of what passes for efficiency in some unexacting business office, it might not be out of place to quote a few instances in which we really outdid ourselves, just to give some idea of what the word efficient really may be made to mean.

There is, for example, Mrs. Rarey's memorable endeavour to put her housekeeping on a business basis. To this end she made daily trips to her husband's office—Mr. Rarey is that kind of a husband—and studied efficiency on what is popularly supposed to be its native heath. The first thing to do, she found,

was to install an assortment of those clever little labour-saving devices upon which all the efficiency experts are so dependent. She thought fondly of having a time-clock put just beside the kitchen door, so that the maids might punch it on their way to and from jaunts to the cinema, or informal visits to the domestic staff next door. Indeed, only the cost of putting in the time-clock, and the feeling of the maids, who considered the proposed plan an encroachment on their personal liberty, prevented her carrying out the idea to what would

have been a triumphant end, I have no doubt.

Balked in this, our dauntless Mrs. Rarey went in for card-indexing as an invaluable aid to the efficiency of her cook. With her own mother-of-pearl handled pen she indexed in its correct alphabetical place every one of the kitchen supplies, with appropriate remarks as to the quantity of it then on hand. The idea was, of course, that when the cook wished to ascertain if it were necessary to order butter, for instance, she need not go to the pantry to see, but instead



could go to the card index—which was kept in the upper right-hand drawer of the desk in Mrs. Rarey's sitting-room—and looking up the B's, could find right there, written down in black-and-white, how much butter had been provided at the last ordering. Then she had but to subtract the amount which she reckoned had been since used, and she would know almost immediately what answer to give to the waiting groceryman.

Unfortunately, the card-index system did not work out with the smoothness

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which had been so confidently expected of it. The hitch was, I understand, lack of co-operation on the part of the cook, who left the very next morning. Mrs. Rarey has disposed of the cards themselves, and has covered the little box that contained them with rose-coloured brocade bound with gilt braid, in which form it makes a very charming container for assorted hairpins. This practical use of the abandoned cardindex is rightly considered a striking bit of efficiency by Mrs. Rarey and the other members of the Club.

Perhaps it was this example which inspired Mrs. Homans to her great work After reading a magazine article devoted to the topic of efficiency in the home, she became fired with the idea of composing a daily schedule, to be followed, word for word, by her cook. The schedule, the magazine article urged, should be written out, and pinned where the maid would have it ever before her eyes, so that, as she pursued the task of shelling peas from 10.27 to 10.42, she might look ahead and become accustomed to the idea that from 10.42 until 11 3 she was scheduled to prepare the luncheon salad. Mrs. Homans, in her enthusiasm. went one better than the article, and decided that, to look as efficient as it was, the schedule should be typewritten. She even took up typewriting for the express purpose of being able to carry out this idea, and spent hours clicking doggedly away on an exhortation to all good men to come to the aid of the party.

Unhappily the schedules, though exquisitely typed, with restful spacing, glowing red lines beneath the important words, and a lavish use of capital letters, proved to be a total loss to Marie, Mrs Homan's French cook. Marie is a very unusual girl, a wonderful cook, and a talented performer on the accordion in her hours of ease, though she runs to somewhat sad selections. But she has been in this country only a few years, and though she does well with the spoken language, she frankly makes no attempt to do any reading in English.

However, Mrs. Homans, through her spurt of efficiency, learned the use of the typewriter, and, as she says, it may be of great assistance to her some day. You never can tell when you are going to be called on to sit down at the typewriter and dash off: "Now is the time for all good men to come to the aid of the party."

Even our Mrs. Negley performed an amazing stroke of efficiency. I use the word even not in any disparagement, but because Mrs. Negley is the last person you would think of as being efficient, if you met her casually. She was, it is evident, a remarkably vivacious and charming girl, although there are no eye-witnesses to confirm this, and she has retained many of her pretty little girlhood mannerisms to the present day, although she is pronouncedly matronly of build, and is forced by Nature's shortcomings to wear eyeglasses. She converses almost entirely in baby talk. referring to herself never by a pronoun, but always by her first name, which is Effie. She has also a marked timidity of manner, particularly if there are men present, and requires much assistance. She is bubbling over with quaint tricks, such as putting her hands over unsuspecting people's eyes and making them guess who she is, and she has a whimsical way of turning in her toes and putting her finger in her mouth when she has said something especially naive. We often say that we don't know how we should ever get along without her quaint ways and high spirits at the

She did look so child-like when she acquired one of those great account-books, in which to set down her house-hold expenses, and sat poring over it one forefinger between her pouting lips. She was striving to keep house by the budget system, and one of those books is an essential part of that scheme. You divide your housekeeping money into parts, you see, and then you put down in the book just how it has been spent; by doing this, so all the advertisements of

the system say, you are in some unexplained way able to keep down expenses—nip them in the budget, as you might say. After you have put down all the things you can think of, you make it come out right by putting the unaccountable amount that you have spent under the head of sundries, and then you begin over again on a new page.

I hope you will not misjudge me when I say that, much as I admire efficiency, I became just a little over-accustomed to Mrs. Negley's budget system and the big account-book. She brought it to all the social functions at which male guests were also present, and in child-like accents begged their aid in adding up the figures, pleading that "Effie nebber tan det nassy numbers right." It is a curious thing that, when adding scores at Bridge Mrs. Negley has never been known to make an arithmetical error; but the moment a man comes near, she seems wholly unable to make nine and five equal anything but thirteen.

However, Mrs. Negley has evidently got satisfactory returns from the budget system, for she seems to be still faithful to it. Only last night she brought her big book round to the Massey's dinnerparty, and after dinner begged Mr. Massey to help her with her accounts, wistfully lisping that she couldn't make it come out right, though she just knew that six and seven were twelve. She's been using the same page in the book for the last four months, I can remember perfectly. Well, after all, there are ways and ways of being efficient.

Of course, these feats are not the real proofs of our efficiency; they are mere flashes, dazzling but transitory. Our daily lives are the true test of that. We have never found there was anything particularly remarkable in it; perhaps it is just that it comes easier to women of high intelligence than it does to some of those who make so much fuss about it. I don't like to say that it does; but then, again, I don't like to give you an unfair impression of us by telling you that it doesn't.

Just Published: Another Book of Cheerfulness

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This is a Companion Volume to "The Flower-Patch among the Hills" (now in its 19th edition), and it includes "Enlightening the Village," which has been amplified

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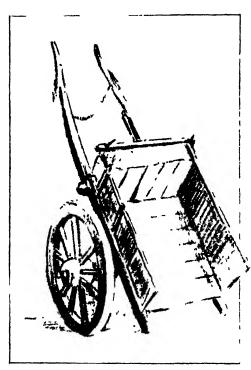
With a Pencil and Scraps of Paper Written and Illustrated by C. J. VINE

It is a fine day, let us go out and sketch something!

Do you know what a heap of fun and interest can be got out of a stick of pencil and a few scraps of paper?

Do you realise what a fascinating collection of picturesque trifles you can gather together if you jot down the many pretty "bits" you encounter during your walks abroad? it unless you tell them. Pencil-jotting you will find much more interesting than keeping a diary, and when you show your jottings to a

You needn't spoil the fun of the



The Shabby Old Farm Cart provided a Sketch.

thing by taking yourself too seriously. Treat your pencil-jotting as a jolly pastime, and just jot down anything and everything that tickles your fancy or catches your eye. Even sketch the bramble that catches your skirt, or the bit of gorse that pricks your finger.

No doubt you will begin many and finish some—we all begin more than we finish.

You'll probably be disappointed with your poor efforts—everyone is. You cannot get your jottings to look sufficiently like your objects—nor can I.

Well, what matter, so that you get some fun out of it. If you are disappointed with your effort begin

another, and another. Scribble, scribble away; put the date in the corner, and carefully omit your name. No one will know who did it unless you tell them. Pencil-jotting you will find much more interesting than keeping a diary, and when you show your jottings to a friend and turn over page

after page you find yourself living again the charmed moments (or hours) when the sketches were made.

Unless you have a genius for sketching things in motion, choose inanimate objects for your early efforts. They are the best "sitters" for slow pencillers.

I have known a battered old tub or barrow to be turned into a perfect little gem of a study; and why shouldn't we idealise the water-butt?

Indeed, the little things we rather despise and neglect rise up frequently and confound us with their beauty; and even an ugly thing may be turned into a thing of beauty. The



Sketch the Bramble that Catches your Skirt.

old farm cart yonder is a woebegone specimen and uncompromisingly shabby (and a little malodorous, truth to tell), but he yields a strong crisp little study, gives us one more lesson in "jotting," and a little more knowledge of light and shade, lines and curves.

Begin your Jottings with

Begin your "jotting" by putting



Even where the Woodman has been, you may Collect a Sketch from the Chippings.



One Meadow will provide Useful Studies for a Week



A Pretty Old timbered House should never be passed by.



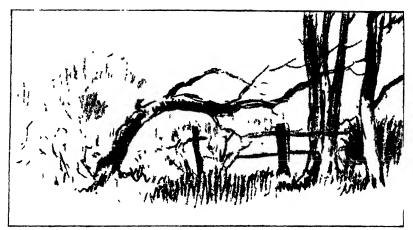
You might do worse than Sketch the same Tree from several different positions.



The Older the Pollard, the better the Pencil Sketch

in a few faint "guide" lines to feel your way; these will be hidden by the heavier final strokes that follow. Even if they do show at the finish, it doesn't matter.

Perhaps, like me, you will have a fancy to make your own "sketch-book." Fold and re-fold one large sheet of roughish thick cartridge paper till you get it to the desired handy size (sav about 7 inches by 5 inches), put a pin through the middle fold, then cut the other folds with a penknife and—there you are! A "book" of this makeshut description



Pencil in the odd little Tree Cluster



A little Cluster of Houses always comes in handy.

has this very great advantag.—you can cut out the good sketches for fixing into your jotting-book, and discard the hopelessly bad or indifferent.

Don't waste a single minute or a particle of energy looking for imposing or elaborate subjects. Sketch any old thing—cottage, gable, barn, barrow, or water-barrel, tree, thatch, or twig. Take the first thing that comes, for it is good to ennoble a mean insignificant object, if it can be done.

If you are shy (as I am), choose a quiet spot off the beaten track, just away from the path, so that no one can pass at the *rear* of you. Few people take any notice of the penciljotter, and those who do probably think you are writing a letter (or a sonnet), or calculating how you can get through the rest of the month on next to nothing.

Study how to Sketch the Foreground.

Acquire the useful habit of jotting down foregrounds and the details of wild flowers and Get very grasses. close to the ground for these -- in fact, on the ground, so as to sketch them in all their ravishing beauty and profusion as they grow. Such jottings require patience in plenty; but they are wondrous rich in reward.

Yet they are always hopelessly disappointing to the jotter—the sketch is so full of imperfections, looks so little like the real flower or foliage, is such a poor travesty of its delicate beauty.

But when you get it home you decide it is "not so bad," and you may even find it wonderfully useful some day.

So sketch the bluebell a-growing, the nettle, dock, foxglove, clover—anything and everything around you Sketch the wild fern and the bracken; and when you arrive home go to your library and look up the name of him and learn that,



Jot down a Corner of the Old Shanty.

although a fern be few in inches. the name thereof may be measured by the yard! I once spent (or misspent) best part of an afternoon searching for the Latin name of the brake or bracken—at least, I started out with that idea, but I never found it. Within ten minutes I had forgotten the very existence of bracken. I was a-browsing and a-wandering 'mid a maze of weird and wonderful fern names - Gymnogramma leptophylla, Botrychium lunaria, Polypodium phegopteris; it is no laughing matter to be called by names like those!

The Interest of Old Cottages,

Cottages and old houses are things to be jotted down, and even "bits" of them. Little clusters of cottages are extremely interesting and useful. Old gables, quaint windows or porches will provide endless useful jottings.

Wherever possible also draw (if only roughly) the entire house or cottage, as this will enable you to "place" it accurately in one of those wonderfully important pictures you intend to paint later on.

To seeing eyes, too, one single meadow will provide sketches for a week, or even more. Sketch the old pollard from three or four different aspects—it is well worth while. Separately jot down the detail of his foliage. Sketch any odd little tree cluster. Sketch anything and everything, as

I have already said. Even where the woodman has refused to "spare that tree" you can pick up a few useful jottings among the hewn stumps and the chippings.

Sketch every pergola or arbour you meet with; even sketch bits of them. I recollect sketching one above which o'erspread a magnificent apple tree. Apples were on the seat beneath, and there were apples galore in the grass. I am partial to apples (even windfalls). It seemed a sore pity to leave them there to rot, and I presently found myself gathering up the sound ones until I had collected a dozen or so upon the seat.

They were good to look upon—beautiful little apples in crimson jackets—and clamouring to be eaten! I looked round for the lady of the house or the maid, but found no sign of life anywhere; so I stole back and went on diligently with my jotting. A glint of sunlight was on those apples now, and they looked lovelier and more tempting than ever.

I stood firm for some time, then selected one of the finest and peeled it. I could explain to the lady of the house later. Feeling like a guilty schoolboy, I put core and peel into my pocket, so as not to litter the garden, I told myself.

Ah, well! it was a delicious apple, thought I, as I resumed my sketching. Anyway, I had eaten only one, when I might just as easily have had two or three. And what was one apple out of so many? It seemed such a shame to leave them to spoil, so rosy and altogether lovely were they. Look at that one, for instance! What beautiful colouring, how juicily tempting! Yes, I'd better try another. I could as easily explain two apples as one.

The core and peel of that one was following the first into my pocket, when, to my horror, I found a quizzical smiling face with a pair of deliciously bright twinkling eyes bent upon me.

"Mamma says we shouldn't eat bruised apples," she said demurely. "We have better ones in the house."

I remember reddening fiercely and murmuring something about not liking to see them wasted, don't you know. I wondered which appeared most probable—that I had intended filling my pockets with the remainder, or eating them all!

However, when the little lady was graciously pleased to accept my sketch, I felt easier in conscience.

And now, if you will overlook my theft of the apples, I will give you a little tip. Pencil drawings are very apt to rub, and you can prevent this almost entirely by simply immersing them for a few seconds in milk-andwater, one part milk and eight of water, afterwards draining off the surplus liquid and letting them dry in the air.

Just Little Things

Don't be Too Hard on your Brain.

The average housewise of the middle classes is often very hard on her brain in expecting it to remember everything, and then she wonders why she is a nervous wreck!

No good business woman trusts a host of small details to her memory. She keeps a memo-book, and jots them down as they come to the surface of her mind, crossing them off when done with. But the mistress of a household often loads her brain with a host of small matters that are exceedingly difficult to keep in mind till needed. Whereas a slate hung up in the kitchen and a memo-pad upstairs in the bed room, with another downstairs in the living-room, would reduce her mental work in a surprising manner.

It is not reasonable for a woman who has to attend to practically all the organisation of her household herself, to expect her brain to bear in mind the shopping items to be ordered, the letters to be written, the birthday present to be bought, etc. These will seem very trivial things to some women, but the mother of a family, who has to economise both on time and material, will find that they save her nerves as well as fier time when she is in a hurry.

Two Useful System Hints.

Keep a little memo-book in your work-basket, or attached to the inside of your knitting-bag, and enter in this any data you need to keep about your knitting or needlework. You will find it simplifies your work and saves your brain if you enter up notes such as this:—

John's stockings.—Cast on 100, narrow to 78.

Add length, and anything else that will save your having to hunt up a stocking for measurement at some future date.

And here is another small brain-saving hint: Very often there are small pieces of material over, after you have finished making a garment. You look at them, and some use for them suggests itself to you, only you have not time to carry it out at the moment. Don't let the good idea be lost. Write it down on a scrap of paper, attach it to the material, and put it in your work-drawer till you have a chance to carry it out. Sometimes there is only a small piece of material, enough for half of a child's knickers or nightie. Label it accordingly, the chances are that you will soon have another half-size piece to add to it. Many shillings can be saved this way.

Chapter III. The New Typist.

The neighbourhood of Covent Garden has been favoured by publishing firms since the days when the wits congregated in the coffee-houses there to discuss the latest lampoon, or "subscribed work," of authors who were frequently regarded merely as hangers-on to some great lord. Lords were great in those days. Many a publishing firm still adorns with its name the streets around the market, and the incongruous mixture of market-gardeners and men of letters has become so familiar that few ask themselves how it began.

In one of the modern streets is a large establishment with the names Watson and Hawke all across the front. Watson and Hawke were known to the initiated as a very reputable firm, with good traditions of decent conduct to keep them just in their dealings with authors.

It was the end of July. According to the society papers there was "no one" in London, though the streets looked about as full as usual. It was a dull day with lowering clouds, and there had been a good deal of rain in the night. At about ten minutes to nine in the morning Evie Glennan, feeling more nervous than she had ever felt in her life before, passed in through the swing doors of the publishing house, and stood before a much worn and hacked counter. There was no one to be seen but a tall old man, bent by age and rheumatism. clothed in a long black apron and holding a duster in one hand and a mighty glass bottle of ink in the other. They eyed each other doubtfully.

"Did you want something, miss?" he asked at last.

"I'm the new typist," said Evie, catching her breath a little. "I am to begin to-day. I was told to be here at nine o'clock."

"Go through that door at the back, straight down the passage, miss. This is the trade department; what you want is the counting-house."

She did as she was told, and entered a big light room with sloping desks one behind the other, arranged as in a bank, just as the clock pointed to eight minutes to nine. She had been so anxious not to be a second late on this, her first morning of work, that she had overdone it.

Someone was before her, though.

A neat little man, with the manners of a duke, came forward at once. Evie recognised him, for it was he who had engaged her when she had passed through the terrible ordeal of applying for the position. She had imagined then that his thick chestnut hair, which waved in perfectly even ripples, must be a wig, it was altogether too regular and wonderful for a natural human head, but she soon discovered that it was quite genuine. It was possibly owing to the strain of having to live up to it that Mr. Bretherton had developed his perfect manners. The first time Evie had seen him she had thought he must be the senior partner, but even in her inexperience she knew that the senior partner would hardly come forward to greet the new typist, and she soon discovered that he was the chief clerk.

"Miss Glennan?" he said, with a slight note of interrogation. "We were expecting you. Would you like to take your things off? The young ladies' room is upstairs. Stay, here is Miss Nesbit. Miss Nesbit, this is the latest lady recruit to join our staff. Will you kindly show Miss Glennan the way?"

A pretty girl, of the commonplace type seen by the dozen among cinema "stars," had just come in. Her very short skirts, her high-heeled shoes, silk stockings, and low open neck amazed Evie, who had taken care to choose her neatest and plainest clothes.

Hetty Nesbit led the way, chatting affably. They went upstairs, and passed through a huge space made by several rooms having been knocked together. Evie stood still and caught her breath in surprise, for here she saw the material for books in the raw. Like so many who have only handled the finished article, she had never conceived the processes through which it had to go before it appeared as a complete work bound and decorated. Here were piled mountains of brown paper parcels marked "Sheets of -One or two were open, and she could see the sheets of the books, unfolded. lying like newspapers on one another. The whole side of the wall was cut up into pigeon-holes, and these were labelled "Blocks belonging to ---," or "Illustrations for ---," or "Stereos of ---."

Seeing her interest, Hetty stopped.

"It is queer, isn't it?" she said.

"I felt like that too when I came; but of course we don't have much to do with the literary part—except Miss Jones; she's the one who helps in the trade department and has to hand the books out to the booksellers' touts."

When they reached the dressingroom they found a scramble going on among more than half-a-dozen girls, which made Evie feel as if it were her first day at school again.

"These are the pegs," said Hetty Nesbit. "You'd better take No. 12. No one's got twelve."

A roly-poly lump of a girl with a very plain face came up with a kindly smile.

"Are you Miss Glennan?" she asked. "I'm Elsie Walker. You're to sit at my desk. Come along, if you're ready."

When they went down into the counting-house again Evie found herself installed on one side of a double table, where two typewriters stood back to back. It was set up against the big plate-glass window, which looked out at the rear of the building over the green grass of a disused City churchyard where demure sparrows pecked and hopped. It was all'so very strange!

Evie felt as if she had been taken up and shaken out of the only life she had ever known as one might shake a cat out of a bag after a train journey during which it had seen nothing. Miraculous to say she had landed on her feet, but it was in a new world.

The instant her cousin Violet had pronounced the words, "What do you say to a hundred a year, Evie?" after she had herself come by accident into the whole of the inheritance of £10,000 a year, which should have been theirs equally, a new spirit had entered into Evie. She had leaped from a girl into a woman. Violet, Violet ! who had been as her own sister, should refuse to carry out the intentions of the second will, which Aunt Mary had died just before signing, was a thing so monstrous, so inconceivable, that it altered all the values of life!

To take a dole from Violet, offered as one might offer a sweet to a crying child—something in Evie rose up strong and hard and forbade that utterly. But she gave no sign. Those who had known her from .childhood could see that she was unusually grave and quiet, but they had no notion of the resolution that lay beneath her girlish exterior. Evie had always been credited with a good head; in some subjects at school she had completely outstripped the more brilliant Violet, and yet no one had ever asked her advice as they asked her cousin's, because she had never seemed so sure of herself. Sympathy, yes; they all turned to her for that, but not for judgment.

In the weeks that came between the revelation and her own twentyfirst birthday, no one had known what Evie was Violet, iniplanning. mersed in the grand schemes of what she meant to do, had hardly heeded her, and whether she felt compunction or not, had at least had the grace to avoid her as much as possible, and certainly would have been the last to discuss the matter with her.

The old solicitor, Mr. Travers, had been greatly distressed at the way things had turned out. Yet he would not let his sister express her indignation with Violet in his presence.

"She is entirely within her legal rights," he said judicially, when Georgina burst had set her heart upon. The journey out—

was tiring, and they had to spend

"I never was more shocked in my life! I could not have believed it of Violet! If it had been the other way, Evie would instantly have taken steps to divide the money equally."

Violet herself only once mentioned the subject openly to her cousin.

"Well, Evie, I can't pretend, of course, that I'm sorry. I never was a hypocrite. But it's hard luck on you."

. Then one day Violet and Miss Travers had gone off to London to buy some of the clothes the heiress



"I AM THE NEW TYPIST," SAID FVIE, CATCHING HER BREATH A LITTLE, "I AM TO BEGIN TO-DAY."

Drawn by P. B. Hickling.

had set her heart upon. The journey was tiring, and they had to spend the night in town. When they got back the next day Evie had disappeared. She had left a note saying she had no appetite for doles. That she was quite well able to support herself, and that for the present she begged them not to take any steps to find her. She would let them know of her welfare from time to time.

Of the two girls, Evie was more fitted than Violet to earn her living, for she knew how to type-write. She had that almost universal belief of girlhood that she could write something which, if it were only published, would be a brilliant success. She was something of a dreamer, and, swinging on the apple trees in the orchard, it had been for several years past her greatest joy to invent beautiful stories, and then type them out herself on the machine which Mr. Travers had bought for her. As to her capability for writing what the world would pay to read, that was to be proved, but at any rate she had learnt to type rapidly and well, and that was something towards earning her bread and butter. When she left



A CLEAR, COLD WINTER DAY.

Photo by M. M. Chappell.

Crossways so abruptly, she took with her her few belongings, including the typewriter, and, as she was now of age and had recently been presented with a cheque-book, she was able to draw on the small capital of less .than £200 in the bank, which was all she had of "her very own." She was more fortunate than many girls in having so much.

As she was of age she could do as she pleased. She wrote after a week or two saying she was perfectly well, and except for some wails from Miss Travers, whose favourite she had ever been, the matter was not mentioned again at Crossways.

Evie had, as all girls instructively do, gravitated to London. She went to a boarding-house where she had once spent a week when up in town with Miss Travers. Though the terms here were moderate, she knew that her capital would not last long at that rate, and it was necessary to find work soon. So she studied the advertisements in the papers for something which would be possible.

One evening, one of the other boarders happened to read out what struck him as a quaint advertisement:—

"A married couple, having a house too large for them, would be glad to let one room unfurnished (gas-ring), no attendance, for five shillings a week."

The others laughed; the paper was thrown aside. But Evie at once saw how much more cheaply she could live in this way by herself; she got hold of the paper, noted the address, and first thing next morning went to call there. She was quite unconscious that in so doing she was using one of her very best qualities. business In spite of her easy untroubled home life, it was born in her to do things promptly, to make decisions swiftly and to act on them.

She interviewed the very unprepossessing woman who had made the

offer, and saw the room. It looked out on a dingy back street, but it had a good window, and was of a fair size. Beside a fixed cupboard, it possessed a large recess, which, with a curtain over it, could be made to contain both a bed and small washing-stand. The gas was on the shilling-in-the slot system. Evie looked all round.

"I'll let you know this afternoon," she said. Then something, her inward guide, or possibly instinct, prompted her. "I'll take it," she added with swift change of purpose. "Here is the first week's rent."

The woman consented, and asked a reference, which was supplied by the mistress of the boarding-house.

When Evie returned next day to make arrangements and take measurements for the furniture she intended to get, her landlady met her with what can only be described as an untidy smile.

"Well for you you said you'd have the room," she said; "there's been three after it since you."

Thus the first point in the game of life was scored.

It had taken some time and trouble to buy the few necessaries—a rug for the middle of the floor, a camp-bed and bedding, a canvas deck-chair, a rubber bath, some crockery, and

knives and forks and spoons; a frying-pan, boiling-pan, dusters, etc. Also a very tiny tripod wash-stand with a basin and can, and what cost as much as any other single thing, a really good thick artistic tapestry curtain to cover the recess. Evie was horrified to find how much these things were; she had not much left out of fifty pounds when she had finished, including her journeys to and from Tottenham Court Road to choose the likeliest articles. Directly she was installed she set about looking for work with ardour. She could not bring herself to go and stand by the advertisement sheets pasted outside the Free Library, so she bought a daily paper and diligently searched the columns.

Here she was distinctly fortunate, for she had only looked for a week or so when an advertisement, put in by Watson and Hawke, asking for a typist with a liking for literary work, though without their name, had caught her eye, and anything to do with books or writing attracted her at once. The address was only a box number, but she wrote directly, and was given an interview. Her good handwriting and educated way of expressing herself stood out among some extraordinarily illiterate, badlyphrased applications. So she received a reply and an appointment.

When Mr. Bretherton saw her he singled her out. He had a great idea of giving the right tone to the office, and whatever this young lady might lack in qualifications, she was undoubtedly desirable on account of her personality; so, though the could do no shorthand, he engaged her—shorthand not being absolutely essential.

Thus it came about that Evie sat in Watson and Hawke's office on one of the last days of July, which happened to be a Monday. She felt unutterably raw and ignorant, and despaired of ever being at home here. Presently Mr. Bretherton brought her some pages pinned together; they consisted of scraps of print pasted on, and bits of writing between. He explained that this was to be "An Autumn List," and that she was to make a fair copy in type-writing of the whole, having particular regard to the capitals and spacing.

"If you think of any way to make the names of the books stand out better, by the arrangement of the matter, you can do so," • he said graciously.

This happened to be rather a strong point of Evie's; she had often amused herself on her own machine by making strange patterns for the covers of her stories, none of which had ever seen print. If she had been working at home she could have made a good job of such a thing, but when she started off on the office machine she found little differences in it which caused her to make blunders. Thrice, before she got half-way down the first page, she had to take the paper out and begin again, and she felt nervously the whole staff was looking at her in derision, though, as a matter of fact, they were far too much occupied with their own work to pay any such minute attention to her. What bothered her most was the hurricane of mixed sound around. Elsie Walker was hard at it, and the close rattle was most distracting. Bretherton was dictating a letter to a girl near at hand. Just beyond, two men were holding a conversation; and all the time boys came and went, and the swing doors swung incessantly to and fro.

Determined to concentrate, Evie set her teeth, banished from her mind all thought of her surroundings, and succeeded in getting to the bottom of the first page without mishap. She was really interested in her job. The matter consisted of notices of forthcoming books, with the titles and prices set out, followed by a short descriptive note, and, in the case of those with illustrations, some account of them. Watson and Hawke were celebrated for the beauty of their book illustrations.

As she finished the page, Evie drew the paper out and looked at it eagerly, for the writing was not visible while she was typing; then, to her horror, she saw that she had struck the two last lines one over the other.

At her exclamation of annoyance Elsie looked up.

"Cut it off," she suggested, when she glanced over the top of her machine at the sheet.

"But it will make it a different size from all the other pages."

" What matter ? "

"Oh, it does matter; one must do it right," said Evic under her breath, and doggedly started again. This time she saw her way to several small improvements in the spacing; these were easier to do from having seen the matter in type already. When she had at last finished without mis-

hap she was horrified to see it was almost lunch time.

Hetty Neshit came over to speak to Elsie, and tittered when she saw Evie's output. Evie had often read the word "tittered," but she had never heard any sound which could be so described before. She looked up and made a mental note of it with amusement.

Mr. Bretherton, who seemed to have eyes on both sides of his head as well as at the back, came up at the moment. Crimson dyed Evie's cheeks as she handed him her single sheet and knotted her fingers nervously together beneath the table awaiting his verdict.

He scanned the page very deliberately, and noticed the three previous attempts lying beside the machine. He was a long time before he spoke, and the two other girls were silently waiting.

"I've never seen a more correct or better handled bit of typing," he said at last. "It is quite worth while spending time on it, as the printer will know exactly what to do, and his time is more valuable than yours." With this rather back-handed compliment he turned away.

Elsic nodded her head on her fat neck complacently as if to say—

"You've passed with honours."

Evie looked at her with a smile of relief.

At that moment a man, who had not before appeared, passed them on his way to Bretherton's desk. He was of about medium height, rather lean in figure, and not what would be called good-looking, with a rather rough complexion and irregular features, but he was distinctly a man who would attract attention in a crowd. Something in his movements, the way he carried himself, his odd vitality, were arresting. As he passed his eyes lighted for an instant on the new girl typist, and it was exactly the instant when Evie had lifted her head and smiled her charming smile to Elsie. He fixed her for a moment with his glance, as she instinctively, turned to him, and then he went on.

Hetty Nesbit said under her breath—

"That's Mr. Hawke, the junior partner. He will be going for his holiday soon; he usually goes to Scotland for the twelfth. Shooting begins then, you know."

She evidently expected some response, and Evie, not thinking much, but merely by way of rejoinder said

idly, "Is he married?" The instant she had said it she knew she had made a mistake; this was a strange new world, and remarks were significant here that would not have been noticed at home. Hetty tittered again meaningly, making the blood flood Evie's cheeks.

"No, not yet," she said maliciously, just as if she had said, "There's still a chance for you," and slipped away again.

The incident was annoying. Evie had never learnt to look on every man she met as a possible lover. She had seen few, indeed, and there was one and one only who filled the whole of her heart-Dick, with his ugly red face. She could see it always, the abnormally long upper lip, the short nose, the keen lightblue eves with that "sailor" contraction that made them look as if they could see through a brick wall. Dick, who was undeveloped, boyish, yet every inch a man, one who would never let you down! She had lashed herself with whips of scorn many a time since that last interview. How had she ever imagined, because her eyes had been opened and she saw in him no longer a brother but a man to be loved, that a similar miracle must necessarily have happened to him? She had tried to recall over and over again that last day they had seen each other. That moment when he stood in the wide passage-hall, stone-flagged and worn with the coming and going of generations of feet, as he had asked her to wait for him. She had shown him frankly and freely that she understood what he meant to say. She had not said much, but her look, her tone, her manner had all been revealing. She had never dreamed of concealing that she knew, or thought she knew, what he intended to say. But it had all been a mistake! She could see it so clearly now. He must have been dismayed at what he read in her face. knowing that he had no such feeling towards her. Perhaps he had purposely delayed a long, long time with Georgy in order to cut the interview in the orchard short, and he had come up with all his armour on to show her he had meant nothing of the sort that she had imagined! Dear Dick. He was still a friend, a loving brother, but he most obviously did not wish to change into something nearer. Besides, now he was well off, and she, Evie, was penniless. She must, she felt, be careful, when

The Lost MS.

they met again, not to let him feel in any way that he ought to marry her now that Fortune's wheel had so turned

Chapter IV. The House Party.

"I WONDER you don't go for this new Cornford girl they're all talking about, Hawke."

"Cornford? I know a Cornford—Guy Cornford in the Guards. Is she any relation of his?"

"Sister, I think. Anyway, she's come into a tremendous lot of money quite unexpectedly, by the will of an aunt; she's always lived buried in some little country hole, and now she's come out and is going to make a sensation."

Leslie Hawke was seated at lunch in his club, the Middle United, in St. James's Street; his companion was a man whom he had known in a club-intimacy for years.

"What's she like to look at?" he

"That I can't tell you, but heiresses are mostly ugly. Can't have it all ways, you know. Only you've always said you must marry an heiress or not at all, and so I thought I'd give you the tip to get in first before the crowd get wind of it."

"It's true enough. The firm's sound, and we can worry along as well as the next man. But with the enormous outgoings for material and labour now, there's not much in it. We're not splashy people, and don't run to circulations of a hundred million as the younger sort do, according to their own advertisements. If I ever married I shouldn't be able to support a wife on what only just manages to pay my way as a bachelor."

He thought seriously of the matter, and that evening, after dinner, went to another club to which he belonged. where he had sometimes seen Guy Cornford. He was in luck, for Guy was there, and easily caught in an apparently haphazard way. He stood for a few minutes talking to Hawke, whom most of his acquaintances knew as " a jolly good sort, not the least what you'd expect of a publisher, you know." Though what one would expect of a publisher that was opposed to his being "a jolly good sort," was left undefined. After a little leading, Guy gave the information that he and his sister were going to stay at Drumdochtie, just over the border, for the shooting this season.

"That's the Eliots' place, isn't it?" Hawke said casually. "The Jamieson Eliots, I mean, for they're all Eliots up there. Yes, he was with me at Oxford. I seem to have lost sight of him lately; I wish he'd remember me sometimes. I was going to stay with a pal in Yorkshire, but his children have got scarlet fever and thrown my plans out. It's a bit too late to make others now, most people have their guns made up."

He left it at that, never being inclined to overdo a thing, and he was not altogether surprised to receive a note from Jamieson Eliot about four days later, saving that though they had lost sight of each other for some years, he had heard of him lately through a common friend, and wondered if he would care to come up for a fortnight's shooting; it was only rough shooting, nothing very scientific or precise, as was the present fashion, but good sport. He ended up by saving he remembered what an excellent shot Hawke was, and rather naïvely added that he had hoped to have Tremain, who was a first-class man, this year, but he had had to cry off on account of the death of his wife.

This seemed like fate. Leslie Hawke was over forty, he was a domestically-inclined man, in the way that he never contemplated remaining a bachelor all his life, but meantime he was not at all inclined to take life dolefully. He had what he himself phrased as "a rare good time," one way and another, and had spent a great deal more money than he liked to reflect on. He had run through all he had begun life with, except what was invested in the business; he spent every penny of what he received from that, and he had begun to feel he should like to retire to a country life some day, and not keep grinding on until it was too late. He by no means wished to give up his freedom yet, but he had the sense to see that his only chance of bringing off a financial success in matrimony lay in his appearance and manners, which would not improve with keeping. "Cornford is a decent sort," he told himself. "His sister can't be old; and judging by him she ought to be quite presentable. If I get first innings, I might be able to bring it off. Anyhow, I'll go for it all out."

Thus it was he found himself at the small out-of-the way station of Rubers, amid the great rounded backs of the Cheviots, on the 11th of August.

He had been told he would be met here, and apparently he was the only guest to arrive from this direction, which entailed changing at a junction and having a long wait. A small working car, adapted for rough work over the mountain roads, presently appeared, and he just fitted in with all his traps.

The chauffeur was a little too communicative.

"There's a large party come by the express to Hawick," he said presently as they ran along, scattering the black-faced mountain sheep up the unfenced sides of the road "The two big cars are off there. Sometimes they'll ask a single gentleman to come to this station, as it's only two miles. When I've put you down I've got to go on and fetch the bread from Sandbridge."

"It's a large party, then?"

"Some twelve gentlemen; I don't know about the ladies. The keeper was saying there's twelve guns, that's all I know."

They apparently arrived after the main party, for when Hawke reached the large red sandstone house, and came into the vast hall which ran right along through the building, panelled with pitch-pine, and galleried on the upper storey, he found a noisy party having a late tea. His host, a kindly bearded man, looking, Hawke thought, unnecessarily old for a contemporary, piloted him to his hostess, whom he had not seen before.

She did not look old, except in the loss of colouring matter in her blonde hair, and rather prominent light eyes. She was dressed in very youthful fashion, and, in her manner and voice. made it known she intended to remain youthful. She had done good work in the war in connection with Red Cross with the Italian Armv. having joined that Ally, as her decisive ways scandalised the British authorities, who would not sufficiently give her her head. She shook hands with Hawke, gave him tea, and made him sit beside her, while she enlightened him as to some of the guests. He listened mechanically, until his ear was caught by the name of Miss Cornford, when he looked interestedly enough in the direction indicated. Two women were standing together, a little apart from the rest; one was distinctly of Guy's colouring, fair

and long-limbed, but with a very prominent thin nose, and that angularity of person which had always been Hawke's peculiar antipathy. Inwardly he gave a sigh of resignation.

"Beastly bad luck," he thought. "Just the style I dislike most. However, it's true, one can't have everything, and it's got to this, I mean to do it."

At that minute Guy Cornford came up behind him.

"Hullo, Hawke! Good job you were able to come. Eliot. didn't know you were available."

"Very good of you to have mentioned me," said Hawke, standing up, as his hostess had turned away.

"By the way," said Guy, " I want to introduce you to my sister. Come along."

He led the way to the little group in the middle of the great hall. Hawke prepared himself to make a good first impression. drew up in anticipation, as Guy touched the second girl, who had been almost hidden by the other, on the arm.

"Violet;" he said, "this is Mr. Hawke, who was at Oxford with Eliot."

The girl turned, and in the light that fell from the great dome above Hawke saw a beautifully - cut face,

as delicate and well-defined as a man of the world, who fumbled, a princess accustomed to statuette by Cellini. He was so dumbfounded at this astonishing



"VIOLET," HE SAID, "THIS IS MR. HAWKE, WHO WAS AT OXFORD WITH BLIOT."

Drawn by P. B. Hickling:

proudly set on a slight slim figure, piece of luck, that it was he, the tion as if she had been and was unable to say a word, while receiving homage all her Violet acknowledged his introduc- life.

"THE HOUSE OF GLADNESS"

By EMMA S. ALLEN

Published at our Offices

Price 7s

A bright, wholesome Love Story, full of life and movement, and embodying the Highest Ideals

LAST month I tried to exhibit, by means of a parable, two opposite types of those who journey through this, world. Of course, these may be sub-divided into many classes of which my allegory could take no account, but, roughly and broadly speaking, there are: Those who possess and cherish the spiritual life—who walk by Faith; and those who live only for the present.

In my school days the old-fashioned nomenclature was applied. A girl was "A Christian" or "Not a Christian." One of the principals at my boarding-school, herself a saintly woman, was wont to say she could tell by the way in which a girl took up a pencil whether she were, or were not "A Christian."

This limited application of the word "Christian" has almost disappeared, and in any case the statement may sound wildly exaggerated to modern ears. Yet there was some meaning in it. Even the smallest actions of life are influenced by the indwelling Spirit.

What, then, is the first condition of this Spiritual Life?

It cannot, of course, exist without a belief in God.

I am told there is a Bolshevist catechism to be found in England now which states at the outset, there is no God.

Probably few, if any, of those for whom I write are without faith in a Supreme Being. But as I wish to take nothing for granted, let me assume that there may be misgivings, from one cause or another, in the mind of some reader; misgivings that possibly she may not dare to acknowledge even to her closest friend. And, again, there may be those who would be horrorstruck at the suggestion of disbelief in God, who nevertheless act in their daily life as if there were no Supreme Power above and beyond them, encompassing them always. If they do believe in a God, they vaguely imagine Him as having gone away into some remote celestial region, concerning Himself not a whit with His creatures. This amounts to practical disbelief.

It is, of course, impossible, within the limits of an article like this, to deal with the whole subject. But there are a few thoughts I should like to commend to my readers, that may form the basis of future study. After all, our work must lie largely in "suggesting" clues to be followed up.

What is the Beginning of a Knowledge of God?

Have you ever thought how the possibility of knowing God comes to each one of us?

The infant, at first, is aware only of the physical side of things. The needs of his tiny frame are all that But when he first concern him. welcomes his mother's smile, and responds to it, he is beginning to understand that there is another world than the material world—the spiritual. For he is catching his first glimpse of Love; which, in itself, cannot be seen with the outward eves. tasted, or handled, but is of the spirit, yet the most real of all real things. This first awakens the spiritual consciousness.

Then he finds out that his own inclinations are not the sole guide even for his tiny existence. Law

joins itself to, and grows out of Love. The really contented babe is one whose little life is tenderly guided, before he can speak, by these two forces, Love and Law. That is the unconscious beginning of the possibility of knowing God. And surely the thought of God is congenial to the child heart? Our Lord knew this, and expressed it in His wonderful words about the little ones who came to His knee.

But, possibly, all that does not bring much help to my reader who has left childhood behind and asks for a more definite answer as to the knowledge of God. Perhaps I may be allowed to give a personal illustration here.

Early in my childhood I became conscious of an awed and intense delight in the beauty of Nature.

This was not only admiration of the spring woods, carpeted with anemones, then with blue hyacinths, among which my happy lot was cast, or pleasure in playing beside the running waters of the brook. When I was able to travel farther afield, among the hills—

"The sounding cataract
Haunted me like a passion."

To be alone beside a leaping stream,

or on a mountain side; to stand in later years beside an Alpine glacier with the sound of breaking ice, the roar of the torrent in my ears, the snowy peaks above, has given me an unutterable sense of joy. There is far more than admiration and wonder in this. It is the consciousness of another and a greater Being in which my own is merged.

"What does it mean?
The passionate pleasure

1

Tinged by a yearning no lot fulfils,

That floods the young heart without stint or measure

Afar on the great lone hills?"

It means—God.

But, someone may impatiently say, we cannot

The Hem of His Garment

Lord, we have left unlatched a little gate
To give Thee entrance to our working day.
We need Thee now. It is too long to wait
Till night to kneel and pray.

Our brain is pressed by problems, but our lips May murmur for a moment Thy dear name. Our hands are busy, but our finger-tips May touch Thy garment's hem.

Forgive us, Lord, our lack of tenderness;
Forgive us, Lord, the quick impatient frown,
And cool our fevered souls, as we caress
The fringe upon Thy gown.

Just for a moment—just a stolen hush
In home and office, mill and market-place
We close our eyes, and feel Thy garments brush
Gently across our face,

And we are healed—and Thou art gone away.

We feel Thee pass and latch the little door,

Leaving Thy sandal print upon our day,

Thy rose upon the floor.

DORIS CANHAM.

On the Possibility of Approaching God

visit such scenes; and how unreasonable to connect the knowledge of God with what is not accessible to everyone!

It is only a personal illustration of my own experience; but you all can look up into the starry heavens, or note the coming of the spring. Or you may know what it is to be enthralled by music. You cannot in the least understand or put into words what you feel on hearing the really good and beautiful work of some great composer. You are thrilled with ecstasy. Where did they come from, those sublime harmonies?

They came from God.

And so, in all noble art — of painting, of literature, in everything that moves the human heart with a rapture not of this world at all—you should realise that God is behind it.

In the quest of the Ideal—whatever it be—remember that—

"The passion for the Ideal is the passion for perfection, which is the passion for God."

You may not have thought of it, and may have had a confused idea that all this sort of emotion has nothing to do with God. But it is dishonouring to Him, "in Whom we live and move and have our being," not to realise that He is the source of such pure delight.

"That is not Christianity!" someone may exclaim. Certainly it is not. And before I go farther I should like to point out, what you must remember, that a longing for God is intuitive in man.

Long, long before the dawn of Christianity, apart from any direct revelation, men were feeling after God, if haply they might find Him. From the Egyptian Book of the Dead, two thousand years before Christ, wonderful aspirations have been gleaned, such as this—

"With what reverence

To Thee, O Father, shall Thy creature come?

How shall I love Thee? Not as though from self

My being sprung, as though I were mine own,

But rather as Thine own, and only Thine."

Again, in the hymn of Cleanthes, a Greek Stoic philosopher, of about 300 B.C., we read—

"Thee it is lawful for all mortals to address. For we are Thy off-spring."

The prayer that follows is majestic.

I might quote similar aspirations from many a philosopher, ignorantly termed "heathen," but I should weary you. What I want you to understand is that there is an eternal craving for God in the human heart: La nostalgie de Dieu (home-sickness for God), as I saw it styled by a French writer. And such mighty souls have known this, that it is nothing short of impertinence for an ignorant would-be critic of the present day to boast of scepticism.

In the world of Art, Music, Literature, in every new scientific discovery, in the splendour and majesty of the universe, God is ever revealing Himself to the seeking heart. But this revelation is partial. It is not enough

"Surely my heart cannot truly rest, nor be entirely contented, unless it rest in Thee, and rise above all gifts and all creatures whatsoever."

So said a great Christian writer, Thomas à-Kempis. The hunger of the Imman heart for God is not fully satisfied until the revelation of Himself comes in Jesus Christ.

What do we mean when we speak of the Gospel—the Good News? We mean the knowledge of God as given us through His Son. We need, above and beyond the splendours of the universe, above and beyond the dazzling bewildering marvels disclosed by astronomy, a more intimate knowledge. To read of the wonders of the heavens baffles the intellect; although that very intellect shows its Divine origin by following the track of the Eternal Mind.

"Space and Time, O Lord, that show Thee

Oft in Power veiling good,
Are too vast for us to know Thee
As our trembling spirits would;
But in Jesus,

Father! Thou art understood."

We need the Incarnation to reveal God to us as ur Father. And when the world-wide question is repeated, "What is God?" the answer must point, not only to the material universe, to the world of science, art, and thought, not only to the fragments of an earlier revelation, but to the Life of Christ.

"And so the Word had breath, and wrought

With human hands the creed of creeds

In loveliness of perfect deeds, More strong than all poetic thought."

What this means to us personally I will try to show in my next paper.





Some Teachers' Experiments that Proved Useful

Keeping the Senior Sunday Scholars Together.

The subject of "How to keep the senior boys and girls of sixteen years at Sunday-school" is often discussed, and when, over a year ago, my class became top of the school, I thought the matter carefully over and came to the conclusion that a club would be a good thing. The question to be settled then was what form the club should take, and realising that originality is not cultivated nearly enough, I decided to start "A Girls' Club to Promote Originality."

My plans were based to give instruction, but the work is done principally on social lines. To become a member each girl must be able to play, sing, or recite; have a hobby; and pass one of the following tests, obtaining 80 per cent. of marks:—

- Edit a manuscript magazine containing a short original story by yourself.
- (a) Write an original sketch; or (b)
 produce a concert lasting two
 hours.
- (a) Design a programme; (b) make six studies from Nature, showing progress of growth; or (c) illustrate a selected short story.

The meetings are held every fortnight, with various programmes, including subjects such as Fancy Needlework (from original designs), General Knowledge, Philately, Modelling, and Discussing Books. In connection with the last item, a book is selected (Little Women has been dealt with) which everyone reads, particularly noting chapters allocated to each girl. When the club meets every girl re-tells, in her own words, her portion, after which the book is discussed.

Our motto is *Think*, and the badge is an Eastern lamp, which is symbolical of Light and Beauty, in which direction their thoughts are aiming.

As far as possible, I do the organising and superintending only, the girls do the work. We have an editor who issues a manuscript magazine, a librarian who looks after the books of reference and music, and so on. The standard may appear a little too high for girls of fifteen to sixteen years old, but I would mention here that the majority of the members are high-school girls.

The idea is working out very satisfactorily, and I hope in time it will not only be a success in promoting originality in several directions and keeping the girls attached to the Sunday-school, where otherwise they might drift away, but will be the means of forming lasting and helpful friendship between the girls. —F. T.

Teaching Art—and More Besides,

I am an Art teacher in a higher-grade school, with about three hundred pupils, whose ages range from twelve to sixteen. During the summer holiday I "dream dreams"; unfortunately, my plans have often proved impracticable, but last year's dream has become a working reality.

I usually chose, and passed on to the scholars each session, a motto by which we might rule our conduct and come to a mutual understanding of our ideals. A few years ago I introduced printing into the school curriculum as a branch of Art study.

Now the idea was this: I would choose a motto for each week, and present it as a printing exercise.

From girlhood I had been fond of collecting sayings from classical works of all languages, and I possessed several note-books full of such—a ready-made nucleus. How I revelled in these old books, culling here and there little helpful thoughts from master minds! The necessity of the case demanded brevity, and meant the lopping off of context and maiming of text, but enough remained to create interest. The plan worked!

Each new week I gave a little talk on the words chosen, showing their practical value as applied to home and school life, named the author, gave a very brief biographical sketch, mentioned the treasures to be read now and those in store. The lecture did not occupy more than five minutes, and was always listened to with profound interest. Old and young alike were really keen, would always remind me if I seemed to forget, and were fired with enthusiasm.

The net results were :-

- r. Printing improved wonderfully. We did capitals, lower-case letters, italics, and engrossing, even a little old-English.
 - 2. Behaviour improved, as the pupils

From Letters Sent to the Editor

unconsciously not only printed on paper, but on mind and heart.

3. The study of English literature was stimulated.

During the session I had misgivings as to whether my plan was really beneficial to the pupil, and whether the time given to it was justified by the results. At the end of the session H.M. inspector was delighted, carried off one set in his folio, and suggested two new mottoes. My plan is still working!

—E. K. M.

How a Lending Library Developed the Children's Intelligence.

I am a teacher, and my work lay in a very poor village, where parents and children alike seemed content to remain in self-satisfied ignorance. My class was a large one, and the children in it ranged in age from seven to eleven years, but scarcely any of them could read with intelligence. I found that very few of the children had books of their own, and I decided that somehow I must create in them an interest in books, so that they would want to know how to read them.

Then the idea suddenly came to me to form a lending library for young children. Immediately I began to worry a few friends for books for which their children had no further use. In this way I collected quite a lot of well-illustrated books. I put brown-paper covers on all the books, so that they could easily be recovered when soiled, and then I showed them to the children. They were very interested in the pictures, and I told them that those who would try to read would be able to borrow a book to read at home.

The result was well worth the effort made to produce it. Many were eager for the reading-lesson, seeming to discover for the first time that reading might become a pleasure rather than a task. At the end of the week I selected books suited to the capacity and interests of individual children, and lent them to those who had shown most interest in their reading-lesson and eagerness to master the art of reading. A great improvement in reading was soon apparent in the class, and with it came a quickened interest in other things, and so, you may be sure, I blessed the day when first I thought of forming a lending library for little children.-L. L. A.

If you are wanting to purchase books that will interest and instruct children, write to the Editor for a list, enclosing a stamped addressed envelope for reply

A Toilet Glass of pinewood, decorated with Chinese subjects in gold isoquer on a green ground. Early 18th century (English).

Ever since the days when Narcissus fell in love with his own reflection in the pool, mankind—and more especially womankind—has taken pleasure not only in the possession of a variety of mirrors wherewith to rejoice in the contemplation of the features bestowed by Providence, but also in so embellishing these as to render them æsthetically suitable for their proud office One has but to study the cases devoted in the Bronze Room of the British Museum, to the various mirrors of burnished metal in vogue among the ladies of Ancient Greece, to recognise that among the many articles of domestic use in classic times none was considered more worthy of exquisite decoration than the hand mirrors of polished steel, which individuals of standing displayed lavishly within their houses, and likewise carried with them in public places Circular in shape, and with a short slim handle, often pierced at the end so as to permit of being slung from a girdle, these burnished mirrors were frequently so elaborately chased and chiselled

Beautiful Mirrors Worth Collecting

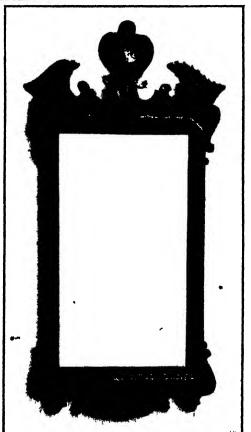
Illustrated by permission from specimens in the Victoria and Albert Museum

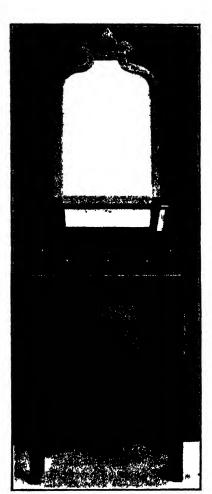
By MRS. GORDON-STABLES

by the leading artists of their day as to be deemed worthy of being enclosed for ordinary occasions within specially fitted cases of wood or ivory lest harm might accrue from careless usage

To come to more modern times, subsequent to the invention of glass in sufficiently large sheets for mirror purposes, the early glories of the wall-mirror as we understand it, belong to Venice, the city famous for its skilled glass-blowers as well as for its wood-carvers and gilders. One of our illustrations gives a typical mirror frame of carved

A Wall Mirror of pinewood, decorated with gilt carving and gesso Early 18th century (English)





A Dressing Table of oak, wainut, and pine, veneered with amboyna, king wood, and rosewood. Early 18th century (English).

wood belonging to the late seventeenth or early eighteenth century, a period when the art of the Venetian craftsman, though luxuriant in its richness and freedom of manner. had not yet lapsed into the rococo or the flamboyant The mirror frame in question is especially interesting as providing for the student the clue to the themes for many a subsequent school of decorationthe openwork scrolls the cherubs' heads, the cornucopia of flowers, the shell ornament, the swages, all appearing later in carvings and inlays proper to other nations and other epochs The art of Grinling Gibbons, though individual in itself, owed not a little to the carvings proper to the Verace of this era

Apropos of this gilt mirror-frame, it may here be remarked that, although gilt furniture and furnishing accessories suffered a distinct lapse from favour some twenty years ago, the modernist school of decoration is turning a very friendly eye upon the use of gilt wood, plaster, and metal. Collectors who

Beautiful Mirrors

formerly confined their attention to walnut and oak are now keenly concerned in the cult of gilt carvings, and Venetian mirrors of this type are among the most coveted objects of their quest.

Not only wall mirrors but table mirrors, supported from behind by a hinged flap, are at present greatly in vogue, the table mirror being largely used for toilet purposes in place of the more usual mirror of dark wood standing upon a fitment of small drawers. Mirrors of both the wall and the table type are well worth securing just now at suitable prices, for there is no doubt that taste is veering steadily round in favour of the Italian, as opposed to the purely English style.

The oblong mirror of pinewood, decorated in slightly raised carving and gesso, also gilt, is interesting as illustrating the more reticent style prevalent in England at the same period. As a nation we have seldom given our wholehearted allegiance for any length of time to the ex-

cessively ornate or to the overelaborate, though there have been periods when for a short space we have allowed ourselves to be influenced by schools of exaggerated views upon art, a fact well worth remembering when one is inclined to be pessimistic as to the trend of public taste. Sifted through the Anglo-Saxon consciousness, it will be observed that in this English frame the ornament has become delightfully simplified, and the style of treatment generally modified, so that there results a mirror which, in its directness of design and its reposefulness of character, is admirably suited for use with the furniture proper to the early eighteenth century.

Even more severe in line, and boasting but the minimum of decoration, is the combined dressing-table and desk of



A Venetian Mirror Frame of wood, carved in openwork, decorated with cherubs' heads and other ornaments. Gilt.

oak, walnut, and pine, veneered with amboyna wood, rosewood, and kingwood, the illustration of hich has been drawn, in common with those of the other mirrors, from examples in the Victoria and Albert Museum. In spite of the sparseness of ornament, there is no hint of roughness or crudeness in this charming specimen, the simple curve given to the base of the legs and the pointed effect given to the bottom of the desk-top skilfully conveying just the requisite note of variety; while the inlay, hardly perceptible in the photograph, combines with the beautifullydesigned metal fittings to give distinction to the piece.

This example belongs to the days when women boasted but little connection with the literary arts beyond the inditing of an occasional billet-doux.

Sufficient for them was a slender desk-slide, fitted at their toilet table, whereon to compose the dainty trifles, and adequate to contain their correspondence; the drawers above hardly deep enough to house the bills and invoices that reach the woman of affairs of to-day.

Lastly, since the collection of English lacquer is at present so much in the ascendant, is given an illustration of an exceptionally fine toilet-glass, proper also to the early eighteenth century, and likewise to be seen in our treasurehouse at South Kensington. The gold lacquer, which is particularly brilliant, is upon a green ground, and depicts the usual Chinese themes of pagodas, trees, and birds. It will be seen that in spite of the Oriental character of the decoration, the same type of plain supports, surmounted by balls, has been preserved as in the secretaire-dressingtable, while the curved ornament surmounting the actual mirror-frame is similar in inspiration.

With the vogue for lacquer furnishings so steadily advancing, it is worth while to make a special study of English lacquer work of the eighteenth century, for, owing to the present cost of labour and to other factors, the cost of modern specimens in this style is frequently well in excess of that asked for authentic pieces of a couple of centuries ago. I speak, naturally, only of those pieces which are ordinarily good; the superfine will, of course, always command prices that place them only within the grasp of the plutocrat.

Of the many varieties of Sheraton, Chippendale, and girandole mirrors, it is impossible to write within so short an article; they are deserving of a sketch devoted exclusively to their entirely delightful selves.

New Ideas in Handles

The weakest point in an inexpensive suite of furniture is apt to concentrate in its handles. If of the order of the wooden knob, these may be relied upon to pull out sooner or later, while some I wot of have even been known to crack right across. If of lacquered brass, these invariably develop blackish spots where the lacquer has rubbed off, while the nuts that fasten the screw ends to the wood are apt to lose their cunning and work

into a distressing looseness. There is a fine practicality about the hollowed handles that are made in one with the drawer itself, so that one has but to insert two fingers into the curve in order to pull out the fitment with ease. The rather flat effect which this method of treatment gives the chest is distinctly pleasing, especially when painted ornament appears on the surface. Another eminently practical handle of wood is

designed on the lines of the "grip," to be met with in various parts of the country on cottage doors. It is of rectangular shape, rounded at the edges and cut so as to stand upwards and outwards. In pulling out a drawer by its aid there is little weakening of the fitment at its base, so that the drawback attendant on the knob type of handle is eliminated.

A Bachelor's Love Story

VIOLET FORSYTH was a bachelor. That sounds better than "spinster," does it not? Spinster is a legal term, and, like most other things connected with the law, is dry and harsh. You

usually cannot help being what you are, and if you are not the wife of one husband in the eye of the law, spinster is your denomination, whether you will or not. But bachelor sounds nicer, and there is a lot in the sound of a name.

Violet Forsyth, B.A., lived by herself, like many other bachelor girls. She liked this solitary life. It gave her freedom to do as

she pleased. She had plenty of accommodation for a companion. She would have been far better, financially, if she had such a sharer of expenses; but no, she preferred her own company, and she had it. Whether it was always good company no one knew but herself.

Violet Forsyth, although refusing companionship in her home, was not satisfied with herself and her surroundings; there was something lacking She had a great yearning for a different life. Her home was her castle-no one had a right to come within its walls. She had shut herself therein. In her particular case her world had become very small, though it by no means follows that it need have done so. A little world is not always enjoyable. A woman can make herself a feminine Robinson Crusoe, and become monarch of all she surveys, and can thus live only a quarter of the life possible for her Violet was a female enjoyment. Crusoe with yearnings for the world outside her little island. Violet Forsyth wanted love.

She was a teacher, and had tried to induce love for herself from the girls of her class. She had treated them kindly. She had tried to take an interest in their personal affairs. But it ever seemed as though her position as their teacher overcame her kindly approach to their hearts, and only by a pupil here and there was she recognised and treated as a friend. They were obedient and re-

sponded to her teaching, and that was as far as they went. She desired their affection, but, unlike many teachers, had no magnetic quality that attracted the girls. Now and

again something like affection would show itself in her class. She had almost upset one such evidence when a timid pupil had come into the class - room carrying a brown-paper parcel.

"What have you there, Mary?" asked the teacher. "You know you must not bring parcels into the class-room."

The timid child turned red as all the

other girls looked at the culprit.

"Take the parcel back to the cloak-room at once," said her teacher before the girl could reply to her first question.

She was too timid to explain, went out to deposit her packet as ordered, and came back to her place for the start of the day's lessons. Tears were in the child's eyes as she re-entered the class-room and faced the glare of forty pairs of questioning eyes.

Teacher had made a mistake. For this child's parcel contained a love token for Violet Forsyth, who was needing love. When the class was dismissed for the dinner interval, poor little Saunders went for the parcel and brought it timidly to teacher.

"Would teacher please take it? She had made it herself."

Violet opened the parcel. It was a round of jam sandwich! And although it did not look as "light as love," the fact that the dear child had made it, and brought it as a love token to her teacher, and that teacher had nearly broken the child's heart by reprimanding her before the class, brought the tears to Violet's eves. Here was a little of the love she was seeking, and when it showed itself she had almost crushed it unrecognised. Poor little Mery nearly lost her breath with the hug and kiss that teacher gave her, and she went home to her mother and her dinner with a merry heart.

By L. RICHWORTH

"I must keep a better look-out in future," Violet said to herself; "there is more love in the world than I thought."

Violet Forsyth was the only unmarried member of the family. Three of her sisters were married, and Auntie Violet had a constant call for birthday presents. There was a fair number of nephews and nieces. Every month had one or more birthday dates to remember. Whoever failed to note those dates, auntie must not be the culprit. Something attractive, if not always useful, had to be found, and bought, and posted. It was like paying the taxes—a continuous imperative demand to pay, pay, pay! Of course, she loved her nephews and nieces and they loved auntie, but the number of them, and the quickness with which one birthday followed another was, with her household and school duties, sometimes almost the last straw in the burden of her bachelor life. It was an ever-recurring give, give, give. And there was little return of the Violet never forgot the giving. children's birthdays; her pocket calendar was carefully marked with the date of each. Not so carefully marked were the calendars of her sisters; and their children could not be expected to remember auntie's birthday. So it sometimes happened that Violet's post did not contain a birthday letter or a present on her own birthday.

Unreturned love is in danger of merging into expiring love. It was reckoned as auntie's duty to give. Why was she unmarried if it was not to look after the children of her married sisters? This was never spoken, but actions speak louder than words, and this was, and often is, the married sisters' appreciation of the single sister. It may be the correct attitude. The single sisters have thus a direct vocation. Single blessedness is possibly that of being in a position to bless the married members of the Nevertheless, Violet often had the heart-ache on her birthday morning when she found she was forgotten. She who never forgot their birthdays! It hit her hard that her sisters should be thus forgetful of her own. She did not want a costly present. She needed little they could give. It was not a

A Bachelor's Love Story

mercenary desire that filled her heart, it was just an aching for a little loving remembrance; a birthday letter showing that she was not entirely overlooked; some little lovetoken. These postless birthday mornings did not send her to her school with a cheerful face. She wanted little, but she yearned for love. A little of that went a very long way.

Violet had a full programme for each day of the week. Her school duties and the servantless home left little time to fill. Saturday was her only opportunity for a thorough house-cleaning and for her sewing and mending. Sundays were the troublesome days. They were holidays Yes, that is true. Yet they were not always pleasant days. She felt she had rather too much of herself once a week. Her married sisters' houses were open to her, although they were rather far away from her flat. She would have been heartily welcomed by their children-auntie always was. Yet somehow when she stayed at one of these homes for the Sunday she had a feeling that she was rather "in the way." Not exactly an intruder, yet the household was complete without her. She was just the one too many. Father, mother, and the youngsters completed the Sunday circle without auntie. This

might have been only her imagination; she was very sensitive. So, rather than be a trouble in the smallest degree, she preferred to make other arrangements for her Sundays.

Her church supplied these other arrangements for the hours of the services. So to church she went. It was not exactly the right motive for church attendance. There should have been a sense of duty to her Maker-a desire to worship Him. The need for killing time was the prime reason for Violet's appearance with regularity and punctuality at morning and evening services. She had gone to the same church for many months. She had sat very nearly in the same part of the church each time. She recognised many of the people as regular attendants. But it was very seldom that anyone spoke to her or she to them.

One Sunday evening a girl sitting next to her suddenly fainted. The sidesmen came and

carried the fainter out of the church. The natural thing was for Violet to go out also, and offer assistance. The fainter was not a regular attendant at the church; Violet did not recognise her. But when the fresh air had restored her to consciousness, Violet offered to see her to her home. Ten minutes' slow walking brought them to the stranger's home.

The next Sunday, as Violet entered the church, she found her fainting friend waiting for her. She again thanked Violet for her help, and asked her if she would come and have tea with her that afternoon. The invitation was accepted, and round the tea-table Violet heard her story.

She was a Miss Edwards. She had been staying in her present lodgings for a few weeks only. Like Violet, she was one of the lonely girls of the Metropolis, but she was not a Londoner.

Elsie Edwards and her twin brother had been born and reared in a Sussex village. They were devotedly attached to each other, but a love affair of the brother's was opposed by their father. A quarrel arose between father and son, so severe that the son refused to stay at home. He gathered together his money and belongings and left for Canada. His sister did her best to prevent his

they knew nothing of his address. Months passed by. His sister sent over inquiries for him through likely agencies and by advertisements in the Canadian papers. No trace of him could be discovered, and no message from him came to the old Through an accident his father came to his death, and his mother lived for only a short time after her husband passed away. Elsie was thus left alone in the world. She sold up her home and took lodgings in a London suburb. Her continual hope was that she might get news of her brother and meet him once again. But nothing came to her until one day she accidentally met an acquaintance from the village. who told her that she had seen the lost brother in London. The fact that he had been seen in a certain

neighbourhood led Elsie at once to

change her lodgings to that region

on the chance of meeting her brother.

Several weeks had now passed with-

out this hoped-for meeting. Each

day went in lonely wanderings about

the streets without the desired result.

going, but unsuccessfully. He nearly

broke his mother's heart. He was

her only son-a spoilt child, the

neighbours said. Even a mother's

love did not hold him back. Without

even a good-bye he went away, and

except that he had sailed for Canada

She had no relatives in London, and this anxious search was wearying. She welcomed Violet with all her heart, and soon found that she could rely on her as a friend. Violet could not help much in the search, as she, of course, did not know the lost man, and it is difficult to identify one from a portrait several years old. Still, she could help the seeker by sympathetic companionship, and this she promised to do.

After tea they went to the evening service at church, and for many Sundays continued their meeting there and at the tea-table at each other's homes.

One Sunday Elsie Edwards had a bad cold and did not come out to evening service. Violet went alone. By frequent visits to her friend's house she had become fairly familiar with the portrait of the lost brother. It was rather startling, therefore, on this particular evening, when her friend had not accompanied her as usual, that she should notice



A GREY NOVEMBER DAY.

across the aisle a man sitting who bore a very striking resemblance to the one her friend was so anxiously seeking. What if this were he? What was she to do? It was scarcely to be expected that she, a perfect stranger, should approach the gentleman and ask him his name! And yet, whenever the service permitted her to look at him, the more he seemed to resemble the portrait. She prayed for guidance. She knew how anxiously Elsie Edwards was desiring some tidings of her brother, and here, in Elsie's absence, seemed to be what might be the very man. How was Violet to bring them together?

"Why not ask the sidesman?' suggested itself to her. Ah! this was a way out of the difficulty. She would approach this sides-

man Violet and her friend were very regular attendants at the church, usually sitting in about the same places. The sidesman was an affable individual to whom they had often spoken. She would quietly address him and ask him to speak to the suspected lost brother.

"Would you mind asking that gentleman over there if his name is Edwards?" she timidly asked the sidesman. "My friend, who usually sits with me, has a brother who has been missing for a long time, and I think from his portrait that this gentleman is he."

The request was rather unusual and somewhat difficult to carry out, but the sidesman, being one of those pleasant-mannered church helpers who shake hands with strangers, readily complied with Violet's request.

"Yes, my name is Edwards," replied the stranger. "Why do you want to know?"

"Well, that young lady just going out of the church thought you might be Mr. Edwards, and asked me to inquire if she was right."

"Do you know her?" he said.
"I don't."

"Shall I introduce you?" said the sidesman.

"I certainly don't know the lady. But as you say she thought she recognised me, I shall be obliged if you will introduce me."

Violet had waited nervously just outside the church door. The sidesman approached her.

"Yes, this is Mr. Edwards. May



I introduce him, and perhaps you can let him know if he is the gentleman you are seeking"

Then Violet very quietly begged his pardon for thus approaching him. She said she thought she recognised him by his likeness to a portrait which her friend Elsie Edwards had shown her of her brother

"Elsie! Where is she?" he asked excitedly. "I have been making inquiries at the old home, and couldn't find out where she had gone to."

"May I take you to her?" asked Violet.

"Oh, do, please! I am so glad you recognised me. It is awfully kind of you."

They went quckly together to Elsie's lodgings. She herself opened the door. Brother and sister needed no introduction, and Violet disappeared as they lovingly embraced.

Violet went to her school on the

Monday morning with a joyful heart. She wanted love; she had found love for somebody else. This is not exactly what she wanted, yet this making other people happy is not a bad substitute for one's own happiness. She felt a certain satisfaction in her heart that she had brought happiness to her friend. She had brought two loving hearts once more together. That recollection cheered her even with the remembrance that, now that Elsie had found her brother, Violet would not be needed in the family circle.

Tuesday morning brought a letter from Elsie heartily thanking Violet for interesting herself in the lost brother, and for thus being the means of bringing him to his sister. He had had to go away from London on business for the firm in whose employ he now was, but Elsie hoped he would be back again at the end of the week, and asked Violet to join them at

A Bachelor's Love Story

the usual tea-time on the following Sunday afternoon.

To tea, therefore, she went. Brother and sister both received her in the friendliest manner. Conversation was rather restricted at first, but Violet had a pleasant time, and they went to the evening service together.

After service, brother and sister accompanied Violet to her home, and they parted without the usual invitation to return the visit at Violet's home on the next Sunday afternoon. She did not know how the brother would receive such an invitation from a stranger.

So for the first time for many weeks Violet spent the Sunday by herself. She went to church as usual, but neither brother nor sister were there. She hastily concluded that this little interlude of sisterly companionship had now ceased. She felt she had done her part in it, and now any renewal of the companionship must come from the side of Elsie Edwards.

Three weeks passed, and Violet spent her week-ends with her married sisters. They were glad to welcome her after a prolonged absence. Nothing came from her friend until one morning a box of beautiful flowers was delivered by the postman. A note was enclosed telling her that Elsie was staying at their old village and her brother coming down for week-ends. This was what Violet had suspected. She knew that Elsie desired to go into Sussex, and the natural thing was that brother and sister should go together. Besides, was there not the old "love affair ' which had caused the brother to leave home? Now that his parents were dead there could be no objection to its renewal. Violet acknowledged the flowers, and hoped that Elsie was having a good time. Another week passed, and another box of flowers. this time with a note to say that Elsie was giving up her London lodgings, now that she had found her brother, and had taken a cottage near her old home. She hoped they would be able to keep up a correspondence, although they could not meet round the Sunday tea-table.

This was a great disappointment to Violet, as she had become very much attached to her friend, and as two lonely women in the great city they had a lot in common and could sympathise with each other in many ways. Violet, therefore, had nothing to do but go on in her somewhat monotonous bachelor way.

But she had her church. That had become more and more to her the one bright spot in her sombre week. She had at first gone there to kill time on Sunday, she now went for a much higher motive. She needed companionship, and there she found that which was better than human friendship, the presence, help, and soul uplift of her Heavenly Father.

A few Sundays after Elsie Edwards had left for her village home Violet was surprised to find her friend's brother come into the morning service and take a seat beside her. The service was just commencing, and they had only time to shake hands before it started.

After the service Violet was able to ask after Elsie, and to learn that John Edwards, her brother, was obliged to spend his Sundays in I.ondon for a few weeks, as his business obliged him to start off by early trains on Monday mornings. He asked permission to see Violet to her home.

It was pleasant to have news of her friend and to hear about her village home and surroundings. She had sent all kinds of loving messages to Violet, and asked her to visit her for a Saturday or week-end, if she could get up from there to her school in time on Monday.

The walk from church to home was never a long one, but it had seldom seemed so short as on this Sunday morning. John Edwards wished her good-day at her door, and that little episode ended.

This new development required consideration. Supposing that John was at church again in the evening, the meeting would be somewhat awkward. She must be discreet. Would it not be best to visit one of her sisters after dinner? She thought it would.

Next Sunday she went to church as usual, and found John waiting at the church door.

"Have you any objection to my sitting with you?" he said.

"How can I object?" she replied, smiling. "The church doors are open, and there is the announcement that 'All seats are free."

"But I don't want to force my company on you."

"I really must leave it to you to decide," said Violet. "If you like to sit there, by all means do so."

So next to her he sat, and after the service he repeated his request to accompany her homewards.

"You were not at church last Sunday evening," he said inquiringly.

"No; I went to my sister's to tea."
"Will you be at church this even-

"Will you be at church this even ing?"

"I have not made up my mind yet," said Violet. "I ought to go to tea with one of my other married sisters. I have not been there for a good many weeks."

"Are you obliged to go?" he asked anxiously.

"There is no obligation, certainly. I should like to see my sister and her children. Why do you ask?"

"Well, Miss Forsyth, it was very lonely being at church by myself and having no one to talk to afterwards."

This was getting somewhat too personal, and Violet, recollecting the village "love affair," thought she had better bring the conversation to a close and wish John good-day. She had no desire to be made a stopgap for, and supplying the place of, the village maiden on these Sundays when John was obliged to be absent from her village.

So she said she thought she must go to her sister's house instead of coming to church in the evening. John Edwards saw that she was making this an excuse to avoid his company, but he had no option than to accept her decision, and they parted.

But the next Sunday morning he was waiting outside her house to accompany her to church. This made it impossible for her to avoid him. She could do nothing but walk with him churchwards. What did he mean by this waiting for her? Of course, they entered church together and sat side by side, and equally, of course, she could not ask him not to see her to her home, but when he asked if he might come to take her to the evening service, she trotted out the remaining sister as her excuse for his not doing so.

When she arrived home from morning school next day she found a letter which the postman had delivered after she had left home. It was from John Edwards. It told her that his sister had found Violet's company so helpful to her, and what affection Elsie had for her. He had heard so much about Violet, and all he heard was good. He told her about himself, what he had done and suffered since leaving his parents for Canada, and what he was doing now. Would Violet accept his love?

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Violet had never had a love-letter before this. It was not easily answered. She had never seen or heard anything to dislike in John, but as to love, that was a matter that required consideration. *Could* she love him? *Did* she love him?

What about that village "love affair"? She had heard nothing about it except as Elsie had given it as the reason of John's leaving his parents and his home. She must know if John was offering her an undivided heart.

Her meal remained untouched. The lunch-time was quickly passing. She must not sit there thinking over the letter; her school duty was imperative. Love-letters had no place in the school programme. She hurriedly ate her meal and prepared to return to school, with the precious letter in her bag but filling her thoughts.

Teacher with her first love-letter was rather a distracted being. It was a blessing that no critical inspector or manager, or even a head-mistress visited the class-room that afternoon. Even the girls could notice that teacher had something on her mind.

At last she was able to put her key in her street door, and in the quietness of her own lodging re-read the precious epistle. It was a precious one to her, and the more she read it the more she loved the writer. But—ah! there was a "but"—she would not have a half-hearted wooing. Was the writer whole-hearted? That was

the main question. What about that other love affair? She must have that explained.

She knew the writer was away from London on his business most of each week. He had fortunately given a country address to which she might reply. The post would be collected from the pillar-box in an hour's time. Could she possibly write a suitable answer in an hour to so momentous a question? Her tea was waiting on the table. She felt she could not touch it until she had written a letter to John Edwards. How should she do it? She got out the writing materials and sat down. A quarter of the hour went by and she hadn't dipped pen in ink. She must begin now, or never; and she did. She was going to write "Dear John," but she didn't, she wrote Dear Mr. Edwards." She thought that looked better under the circumstances of doubt as to the "divided heart." She thanked him for his letter (rather business-like, but judicious): she feared he didn't know enough about her to write as he had done (what she really meant was she didn't know enough about him). Then, to get right down to the heart of the matter, she wrote-

"Your sister told me that you had a 'love affair' with a girl in the village before you went to Canada. I don't know anything about it, or who was the lady, but I should like to know that you are offering me a love that has no regret mixed with it—I mean regret that you are not engaging yourself to the other lady. I could not endure a half-hearted lover, and should like to have your assurance that your heart is free."

How was she to finish the letter? "Yours faithfully" was bald and commercial; "Yours lovingly" would be giving herself away too easily. She compromised on "Your sincere friend, Violet Forsyth"; that was quite non-committal.

Violet knew that two nights and a day must pass before she could receive an answer, yet she watched every postman coming down her road, with the hope that he might be the bringer of good tidings.

The morning that the answer was due she was waiting with hat and coat on ready to start for school when he came. The expected letter had arrived. It gave her the assurance that she needed. The "love affair" had ended in the marriage of the girl to someone else. All love that he ever had for that girl had long since died away. Violet need not fear any revival of it. That was He offered an effectually killed. undivided affection to Violet. He vowed that he would be true to her if she would only consent to accept

What could she do but accept? This time the letter was commenced, "Dearest John," and ended with "Yours lovingly, Violet."



" SOMETHING COMING."

Photo by J. N. Overend.

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Points Worth Thinking Over

When Can the Business Girl do her Shopping?

Nobody wants those who work in shops to have longer hours. Yet most business women in cities cannot get time off to go out and do their buying. And so it ends by a hasty snack for lunch—or perhaps even no lunch at all—so that the shopping can be done at noon. Even then the time is so short that hasty judgments and wasteful buying are the inevitable result.

Because people are likely to be ill at any time chemists are open even on Sundays and holidays Because people are likely to be hungry at all times restaurants are open in the evenings and holidays Because many people want fresh milk in the morning the dairy opens early-before breakfast Because we must have milk for breakfast the milkman makes his rounds in the wee sma' hours. Electric-light

plants, telephone and telegraph companies maintain service day and night. It takes human beings to supply that service Trains run on Sundays So do the street-cars and buses

All of these industries have solved the problem of supplying service at all the times when it is needed without encroaching on their employees' rightful hours of freedom, by working their employees in shifts

Why can't some similar arrangement be made to keep the shops open later? Wandering through the shops is a recreation for the woman who is busy in an office all day. It won't hurt her a bit to do her shopping after business hours if only places are provided where she may buy at

Why Some Women Keep Young.

"I do envy you, Cynthia You seem to have found the secret of perpetual youth You are older than I am, and yet you look years younger How do you manage it? Now I-" And

Penelope goes on to lament the loss of her youthful appearance, and to bemoan the fact that everybody notices it, even the husband who adores her.

What she does not realise is that she has only herself to blame. For the matter of that very few women realise it either. To their dismay they get old before their time when they might be prolonging their youth.

When Cynthia says something of this sort to Penelope she seems to be talking nonsense.

Penelope thinks her friend's fresh girlish appearance is a gift that has been denied in her case.

What is the secret? Why does the one seem to have stuck fast at twenty-seven, while the other, though her junior, would be taken for forty-seven?

Both, of course, wish to look young; but while Cynthia wishes, Penelope longs-and tries. And youthfulness,



GLADIATOR ROMAN INVADER". OWNED BY MR. W. J TUCK. THE HEAD IS CONSIDERED THE MOST PERFECT SHAPE EVER SEEN IN A BULL TERRIBR.

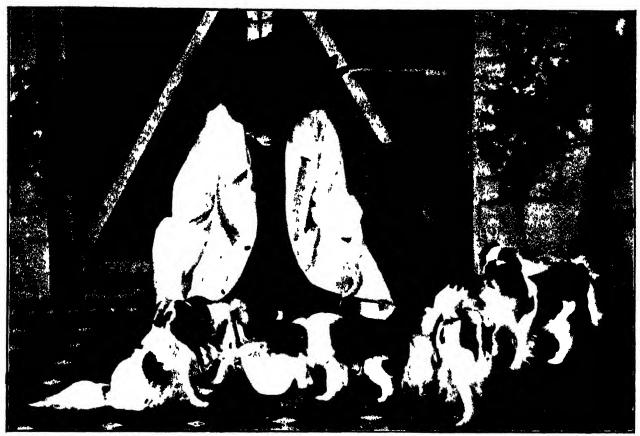
like happiness, always flies from those who seek it, especially if they run after it. It won't come by thinking of it In fact, thinking destroys all chance of getting it.

And Penelope is always thinking about it, while Cynthia never lets it enter her head at all That's why it shows itself on her face Penelope spends an hour at least every day before the mirror counting her wrinkles to see if she has one more than the day before. Of course she frowns as she sees them—and they grow with each frown. She comes away feeling older, and, therefore, looking older. She goes downstairs and spends the afternoon brooding mournfully. And the effect is inevitable.

Cynthia is too busy for self-examination or self-admiration, and, having "done" her hair, gets on with her work and almost forgets her own existence. Of course she rests some time in the day, but she makes it a time for reading. And like the wise



Photobress.



LUNCH-TIME: LADY ANSLOW FEEDING HER DOGS.

Photo by Photopress.

woman that she is she eschews everything mournful and morbid and feeds her mind on books that give cheerful and noble thoughts. And every day, if only for a few minutes, she reads something that gives her a good healthy hearty laugh. And all this keeps her buoyant, fresh, vigorous. She happens to be blessed with good health, and, of course, that has a lot to do with her youthful appearance.

But Penelope's health—if only she knew it—is also good. She spoils it, however, by thinking about herself, and naturally brings on nerves and depression

Cynthia is too much interested in other people to think about herself, so she keeps free from ailments that come from self-centredness. But perhaps Cynthia's great secret lies in her children, or, rather, in the way she treats them.

Penelope also has children, and is really fond of them—but she can't look at them without lamenting that they are growing up and making her look old. Ever since they came she has worked for them, thought for them, saved for them. One thing she has never done—played with them.

Cynthia has done everything that Penelope has done in the way of being what a mother should be. But she has also done what Penelope has left undone. She has always been her boys' playmate. Nothing delights her more than sharing in their romps and their fun. How can she help looking young? She catches the spirit of youth from her merry boys by being one of them, and it floods her face with sunshine. And that's Cynthia's secret.

Two Kinds of Thinking Men.

There are two kinds of thinking men in the world—the materialistic and the idealistic. The materialist thinks of to-day; the idealist thinks of to-morrow. The materialist thinks of the tangible things, of great buildings, monstrous engines, tunnels under the mountains. The idealist thinks about great happiness, more education, and better people living better lives. The materialist works for money; the idealist works for men The materialist frequently is considered the great doer; the idealist is frequently considered the great dreamer. Yet neither is all of one and none of the other.

The materialist has had very often to depend upon the dreams of the idealist to get a mental picture sufficiently clear to start him upon his work; the idealist has had very often to depend on the practical commonsense and the gold of the materialist to get sufficient strength to continue his dreams.

They frequently oppose each other, not really knowing what the other wants or believes in. They frequently work together for the same reason. They not only do not understand each other, but frequently do not understand themselves. But each knows what he is trying to do.

Yet we need both types, good strong combative men and women of both types. They all help. All people who are doing anything worth the doing cannot be in the world and not be of some benefit to themselves and mankind.

Some Humorists of Modern Times

An Article for the Reading Girl

Sy COULEON KERNAHAN

OF Queen Victoria it is recorded, in a recent book, that whenever she went on her travels her invariable custom was to take with her the entire suite of her bed-room furniture. The remarks of those burdened with and responsible for the moving, and of the obliging and agile gentry-experts as they are in expressive language, and artists in the destruction of banister rails, carpets, and wall-papers—as they barked their shins and beautifully rawed their knuckles while bumping heavy furniture up and down stairs, are, from want of space, or from discretionary powers exercised by the author, not recorded.

Mr. W. W. Jacobe.

My own travelling requirements are fewer, but first and foremost among them is a book by Mr. W. W. Jacobs. If, as I said in my last article, the bringer of humour into our life is a benefactor. Mr. Jacobs is one of the greatest benefactors alive. Of him a great poet once said to me, "His books are my 'Jacobs' ladder of Sleep,' not as sending me to my slumbers, for I sit up reading him for hours, but because they make me forget my work, they woo me from my worries, and so soothe with the thought that this dear old world is so delightful a place to live in, and its inhabitants such droll creatures, that when at last I lay the book down I fall asleep from sheer gladness at being alive."

That is my own experience. Cares and worries we all have, but, not to depress others, we refrain from speaking-if we can, from thinking-of them. In the day-time our work, our social tasks, and household duties, keep us from unduly brooding. In daylight, moreover, we see our cares in true perspective, and within reasonable proportions. But as we close our bed-room door at night we shut these cares in upon us. Downstairs, we had bravely vowed not, at night-time, to brood; but at night-time. and in the solitude of our room, it is our cares which brood and lie heavy on us. Even little worries, in the darkness, loom large and take new and strange shapes, and become magnified out of all proportion. Then it is-for I have a Jacobs' bookcase containing everything he has written by my bedside-that I strike a light and read a story or two or part of a novel. Having read them a score of times before, my critical faculties, the exercise of which would tend to wakefulness, are off duty, and I chuckle over the incident of Mrs. Kyberd calling in state upon Mrs. Kingdom and Miss Nugent, the doings of Sam Small, Peter Russett, Ginger Dick, and Bob Pretty.

or of the redoubtable Mrs. Chalk's yachting trip, without any conscious brain effort. Then I close the book, breathe a blessing upon the head of my benefactor, Jacobs, and tumble off to sleep.

Those stories by Mr. Jacobs which deal with the element of diablerie-The Monkey's Paw, for instance-I do not at such times read: to do so would make me newly wakeful, so tense are they with the sense of horror, so masterly are they in art. One and the same writer has the power to rival Poe and to recall Dickens, to make us shudder or smile at will. Compared with Dickens, Mr. Jacobs' characters are, of course, few, and his canvases small, but they are true to scale. Mr. and Mrs. Chalk, Selina Vickers and her father of Dialstone Lane; the Kyberds of Sunwich Port; the Wheeler family of A Master of Craft; the maid Rosa and the boy Bassett of Salthaven: and the ship's boy Henry of The Skipper's Wooing, are as real and as true to life (low life) as if they had been drawn by Dickens's self.

I do not for a moment imply that Mr. Jacobs is comparable to Dickens as a novelist. As well compare the National Gallery with a one man and one room Loan Exhibition. In the multiplicity and diversity of his character-drawings, Dickens is comparable to no other novelist, least of all to Mr. Jacobs, whose selection is small and very much of one type. The heroines of his novels, Kate Nugent, Anne Gething, Poppy Tyrell, Prudence Drewitt, and Ioan Hartley. might be drawn from the same model, so much alike are they in waywardness, in now encouraging, now snubbing, a too ardent lover. But they are a welcome relief from the unreal "angel maiden" of many novels, and are as living and lovable beings as one's own women folk.

Mr. Jacobs' novels are few and comparatively slight in plot. He writes, not as Dickens sometimes did, with a " mission" or to effect a social reform. but only to interest and to amuse. As a short story writer he is the more successful of the two, and the more directly humorous. Not a few of his stories are upon the "biter bit" or "diamond cut diamond" lines. Again and again a trap for others is laid into which the would-be trapper himself incontinently falls; but in nearly every story the plot is so cleverly constructed. and the incidents so amusing, that I for one never weary. Nor do I complain if the same characters figure in many stories. On the contrary, I like them all the better for being old friends, and if Mr. Iacobs never wrote another line. I should feel myself infinitely his debtor.

Mr. Jerome K. Jerome.

" Make a hit with a first book, whether it be serious or funny, and the British public will, thereafter, never allow vou to be anything else," said a famous mirth-maker to me. "To get a new fact or a new name into the head of the public is not easy," he went on, "but once the public has got your name into its head, and labelled you either 'serious' or 'funny '-serious or funny, one or the other, that and nothing else, you must be to your life's end. Were I to appear upon a platform, and say, with tears in my eyes and in all sincerity, that I was unable to give my performance that night, as news had just come of a terrible calamity in which some of my nearest and dearest had lost their lives, the entire audience would be convulsed with laughter, would vow that I was the funniest dog alive, and would be the death of them, one day."

Mr. Jerome K. Jerome has given us memorable novels in Paul Kelver and All Roads lead to Calvary, as well as one of the most successful serious plays of our time, The Passing of the Third Floor Back, but the public continues regretfully to sigh, "Why not more Idle Thoughts or another Three Men in a Boat!"

Nor can one altogether blame the public. "Serious" novels appear-and disappear-yearly, and by the score. "Serious" plays, even great plays (so the writers assure me), are "turned down" in favour of musical comedies. with catchy airs and under-dressed dancing, or else for jazz band revues. But the laughing philosophy of Idle Thoughts and Three Men in a Boat, with their bank-holidavish but genuine fun. and their quaint dry sayings, in writing which one imagined the author with a queer sort of twisted smile upon his face, even their not unfrequent lapses into homely sentiment, were so true to the facts of life, that we can only sigh to think that we shall chuckle no more over books so delightfully fresh, frank, funny, and unaffected.

Mr. Jerome's serious writings no one admires more than I. Reviewing his story John Ingerfield, in the early 'nineties, I said that he had "probed problems with which those who sneered at him had only played." None the less, I hope one day to see Mr. Jerome relax into the old smiles, that he will cease to pucker his brows over politics, and life's serious side, and by returning, if only for a time, to his first love, humour, set all the world a-laughing over a successor to Idle Thoughts or Three Men in a Boat.

Apart from his books, no one has done

more to encourage talent than Mr. . humour as affected by sex, for a woman's Jerome. A somewhat superior and supercilious but very young man who held a sub-editorial post in the 'nineties, wrote rather patronisingly, inviting stories for his consideration from Mr. Zangwill, who remarked to me that the literary aspirant had to pocket his pride and "put up" with a lot; but what he personally could not put up with was being "encouraged" by Mr. ---. Mr. Jerome was not that sort of editor. Those who contributed to his brilliant magazine, The Idler, remember how generously he appreciated the work we did for him. He was one of the first to recognise Mr. Jacobs' humorous genius. Odd Craft is dedicated "To my early editor, Jerome K. Jerome."

Of all early birds an editor has to be up earliest, if he is to secure for his own magazine a young writer so manifestly certain of huge popularity as Mr. Jacobs, and before an equally bird-like and alert editorial eye has detected the advent of the wriggling new-comer. Thus the names of the two most popular humorists of their day are inseparably associated. And as I have spoken of Mr. Zangwill whose "Selina" story in The Bachelor's Club is one of the most amusing ever written, I ought to add that he, too, as well as Mr. Barry Pain and Mr. Eden Phillpotts, were early contributors to The Idler. Mr. Phillpotts is now in the very front rank of novelists, but he might have made, as readers of his Folly and Fresh Air will agree, a great reputation as a humorist. Mr. G. B. Burgin was then shaping in the same direction. but as sub-editor of The Idler was too busy reading and sifting the work of the rest of us to write a great deal. Since then he has devoted himself entirely to novels, and has more than made up for lost time, for he has as many novels to his name as there are years in his life-sixty. Mr. R. C. Lchmann was even thus early, if I remember aright, contributing to Punch. His In Cambridge Courts and Mr. Archibald Marshall's Peter Binney, Undergraduate, should stand on our shelves with The Adventures of Mr. Verdant Green, an Oxford Freshman by Cuthbert Bede (E. Bradley).

With Nonsense Verse by such writers as Edward Lear, Lewis Carroll, Hilaire Belloc (The Bad Boy's Book of Beasts), and with humorous poets - C. S. Calverley, J. K. Stephen, Thackeray, Frederick Locker, Gilbert, Sir Owen Seaman, and many another-only an article entirely devoted to the subject could adequately deal. That is true, too, of Women Humorists.

Women as Humorists.

At some other time I may, with the editor's permission, write on womanhumorists, dealing especially with

sense of humour is more refined, more of an intuition, than a man's. I do not think that it is less, as some men main-Men so maintain because few women have written directly humorous books, the reason being that women are the more unselfish, the more emotional, and the more sensitive of the two. They are more concerned to console and to sympathise than to look for something at which directly to laugh. As Mrs. Browning says-

"Love is of man's life, but a thing apart. 'Tis woman's whole existence,'

and a woman's thoughts, when she sits down to write, turn instinctively to a story in which love or self-sacrifice shall be the predominating theme rather than humour. To contend for that reason, as some men do, that women are deficient in humour, is to betray their own lack of that quality, inasmuch as it is an instance of the sex-arrogance which, like sex-antagonism, has no place in the minds of those who see life in true perspective, and so humorously. But I must pass on.

An Irish Humorist.

Humorous, if not humorists (the two words do not necessarily carry the same exact meaning), as the Irish by nature are, the condition of things in their country gives little occasion for smiles. But, politics apart, when the day comes -if ever-in which politics cease to unsettle Ireland, the Irish will once again be a nation as humorous, as poetic.

Meanwhile, Ireland has an outstanding humorist in the person of Mr. Lynn Doyle, whose Ballygullion has more rollicking pictures and character-sketches of Irish rural life than any other recent work known to me. I am not forgetting Mr. Shan Bullock, but he is not all a humorist as Lynn Doyle is. The contents of Ballygullion bubble with kindly fun, even if one of the stories. The Wooden Leg (the return of a soldier from the wars) end on a more passionate note of noble womanly love. But the smile and the tear are never long separable in the cye of Erin.

Mr. Pett Ridge.

Mr. Pett Ridge (I direct attention to the article upon him and his work in Mr. J. A. Hammerton's English Humorists) is a man of many reputations, and the benefactor alike of humour-lovers, lecture-goers, and of babies, in whose welfare he now so largely interests himself. No one can tell a story, always a new story, more inimitably than Mr. Pett Ridge, and he is one of the few living writers whose name has never yet been associated with a failure.

Mr. Jacobs, as I have said, adds to humour the rare power to call up a sense of horror. Mr. Jerome, as in Three Men in a Boat, makes merry with a bank-holiday concertina, but also carries a harmonium aboard, and every now and then lays down his concertina to seat himself at the harmonium, that he may sound a bar or two of sad. wailing, and world-weary, if not sobbing sentiment; and other humorists can strike a note of pathos at will. But Mr. Pett Ridge has occasionally a true and human tenderness, especially when writing about the poor, which touches us strangely.

Sir J. M. Barrie.

The tenderness which so often underlies the humour of Sir J. M. Barrie is elusive and shy. An Englishman is half ashamed to seem pitiful, and sometimes covers the confusion he feels in being detected in some act of charity or compassion with a jest, failing which, and if he have to put what he thinks into words, he may fall back upon slang. If upon his sleeve his heart must be seen, his wearing of it is intentionally clumsy, and as if the thing were there by accident or against his will.

Sir I. M. Barrie is so exquisite an artist that even in wearing his heart upon his sleeve the adjusting must be adroit. for clumsy he could never be. His humour has been called "Puck-like," which suggests something of bovish mischief and horse-play; whereas Sir J. M. Barrie's humour is playful and is often no more than implied. It is feminine more than masculine, and is not so much a sense as the intuition which is peculiarly a woman's. "Puck-like" is hardly the word to describe humour which recalls the caprices and fancies of a woman-fay or sprite.

In any case, the "Barrie touch," whether in plays like Peter Pan or in his novels or short stories, is so instantly discernible and so known to all that I need say no more.

Mr. Barry Pain.

To most of my readers Mr. Barry Pain is best known by his Eliza series, but they should on no account miss his stories of a boy's public school life (see Stories and Interludes, The Kindness of the Celestial, etc.). Mr. Kipling in Stalky, Mr. Kenneth Grahame in The Golden Age, and Mr. Phillpotts in The Human Boy, have drawn memorable pictures of boy life. But to know the Public School boy as he is—the snobbery of a certain type of under-bred boyhood. the making of a man, a gentleman, perhaps "a very gallant gentleman" in another type, and to understand the shrewdness and the sharpness of a boy's social as well as his humorous sensecommend me to Mr. Barry Pain's stories. Of him I can honestly say that

Some Humorists of Modern Times

I never read work of either which fell below standard, which failed to delight and to interest, or that I could not re-read with new pleasure.

Mr. Barry Pain is one of the few writers of to-day who achieve what I may call "distinction" in humour. Some attain their effect by giving a humorous twist to unhumorsome things. Just as in our school-boy days we had a toy gutta-percha face, grim of aspect, which, by lengthening, became still grimmer, by pulling sideways was distorted into something like a leer, a laugh, or a grin. That seems to me humour-making of a mechanical sort. The soul of humour is missing. Others depend upon a droll or whimsical wording, or else upon the inherent farce or comedy of situation and incident. In the highest form, the humorist "finds," not "fashions" his humour. As, by means of a prism, what seems a ray of white or ordinary light is resolved into its varying component colours, so in the prism of a humorist's mind life is seen as many-coloured, and the bright banding of humour-invisible before-shines out in glad relief by contrast. Mr. Barry Pain sees this life of ours with the darker rays edged, as it were, with the brightest light-banding of humour. He is an alchemist who distils the essential oil of humour from all things. In the crucible of his mind, the test-tube of his fancy, even Emerson's Essays give off an exquisite humour-aroma. Turn to The Delight of Reading Emerson's Complete Works in The Kindness of the Celestral. I am mixing my metaphors gloriously, I know, but if you do not feel that diffused sense of well-being and of warmth (as if on a bitterly cold day you had been wrapped in a snug fur coat), not to say of inner light, with which you lay down a work of spontaneous humour, your case is far gone.

American Humorista.

Of the older humorists -Artemus Ward, Max Adeler, Uncle Remus, Mark Twain-much has already been written. Our fathers chortled over the firstnamed, as did some of us in youth, but he is rarely mentioned to-day. editor of this magazine and myself once entertained, and were vastly entertained, by Max Adeler. But when thereafter he solemnly, almost impatiently, assured me that he cared nothing at all about his humorous writings, and would so much rather that I read his sermons, I was reminded of Cardinal Richelieu, who believed that he would achieve immortality by his sonnets, and of Paganini, who, when a rapturous admirer said, after a concert, that he had never heard the Master play the violin more divinely, interrupted petulantly to inquire, "Yes, yes; but what did you think of my manner of bowing, when recalled to receive the plaudits of the audience?"

Mark Twain I knew personally, and of him I could tell some new stories did space permit. No reader will need to be reminded of the exuberant and ebullient fun of Huck Finn and Tom Sawver.

Frank Stockton, when I told him how much I had enjoyed Rudder Grange and the perennial "Pomona," seemed surprised, and said that he thought he was best known in England as the writer of the mystery story, The Lady and the Tiger.

Professor Stephen

Turning from America to Canada, we find Stephen Leacock, by universal consent, the Governor - General of Humour in that great Dominson. He seems to me something of a Samson of humour. As "out of the strong came forth sweetness" from the carcase of a dead lion, Samson brought away honey, so out of his life-study of the dry-asdust body of Political Economy Professor Stephen Leacock brings us rich and honeyed humorous store. His case is parallelled by that of Lewis Carroll. A mathematician, an authority upon logic and logarithms, is not exactly the person from whom to expect anything so unlike logic, logarithms, and mathematics, as the delicious foolings and doings of the Mad Hatter in Alice in Wonderland.

Mr. Jacobs I have read so often that I have him now practically by heart, and believe that, in an examination on his writings I could take higher marks than the author himself. Just as one speaks of field rank in the Army, so, failing a new book by Mr. Jacobs, I have promoted Mr. Leacock to bedside rank. and have, within hands' reach, beside my bed, a small bookcase, in which all that he has written stands cheek by jowl with all that Mr. Jacobs has written. Beyond the Beyond, Frenzied Fiction, Literary Lapses, and Further Foolishness, to name only four of Professor Leacock's books, have spared me many a sleepless night in my own or in a strange bed.

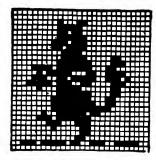
He varies. He writes Ideal Interviews (With a European Prince, With our Greatest Actor, With our Greatest Scientist, and With our Typical Novelist), and for once the Ideal is not always the

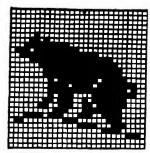
Unattainable. Whether to laugh more at the Interviewed or the Interviewer. one hardly knows. But when he essays to skit or to parody the modern novelist. I am only mildly amused. I prefer "Simon Pure"—"the real man," as Dr. Brewer calls it in his Dictionary of Phrase and Fable. That is to say I prefer "Stephen Simple" as himself, a shy but delightfully humorous man, to the same Stephen when he writes in imitation of somebody else. I like him least when he is most literary, and most when he is all human and writes of every-day life as in The Sorrows of a Country Guest, Lost in New York, The Old, Old Story of how Five Men went Fishing, My Financial Career, The Awful Fate of Melpomenus Jones, Men who have Shaved Me. Borrowing a Match, My Tailor, With the Photographer, and The Dentist and the Gas. But, unlike his skits on novels, his skits on plays and on picture-palace melodrama, as in Behind the Beyond and Madeline of the Movies, are inimitable. In the matter of picture-palaces I am, as it were, a total abstainer, a conscientious objector. If world-happenings, nature-studies, scenery-in a word, real life-were put more often on the screen. the cinema might be a great educational force. But to such stuff as the alleged humour, the unmitigated melodrama. and to such stuffiness of atmosphere as I am called upon to endure, I conscientiously object. Only by such conscription as is laid on one by a young daughter, or a young friend, can I be compelled to a picture show. My consolation is that had I not once or twice thus broken my pledge of total abstinence, Professor Leacock's skit on cinema-melodrama might have been meaningless. Now, when I am expected to dance attendance on a young friend or a daughter, by accompanying either to the cinema, I say, "Let me, instead, read you Stephen Leacock on Madeline of the Movies. It is even more 'tragerous' and incomparably funnier than anything you will see there, minus the entertainment tax and the stuffiness."

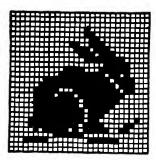
We are told on high authority that, next in our gratitude to the writer of a delightful book, is he or she who first draws our attention to it. If that be the case, and if any reader there be who has not yet made the acquaintance of Professor Leacock's books, and is induced to do so by what is here said, no Reading Girl or Reading Woman who is not utterly devoid of all sense of humour will be likely to regret the time she has spent in reading this article.

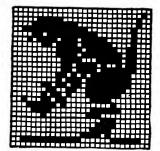
The Magic of my First Bedspread

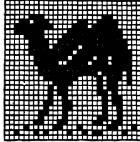
By NINA ST. CLAIR CAMPBELL

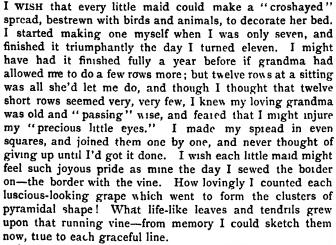


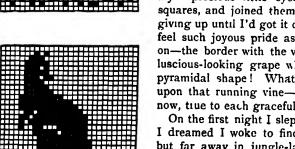




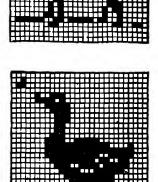


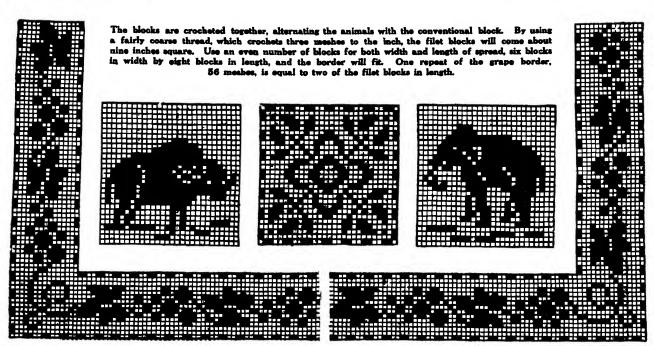






On the first night I slept beneath that well-beloved spread I dreamed I woke to find myself still on my four-post bed, but far away in jungle-land with palm trees all around—a place where starry flowers made a carpet for the ground. A tropic moon was shining, making it light as day; down a low hill a tiny stream came flashing on its way, making





The Magic of my First Bedspread

the air all vibrant with a sweetly tinkling tune, and a-falling in a pool below, which mirrored back the moon. Where had I seen these things before, I wondered in my dream, the starry flowers on the ground, the moon, the palms, the stream? Then all at once I realised (oh, wondrous to relate!) that I was lying in the scene on grandma's sacred plate - the plate that Uncle Ezra brought from "India's coral strand"-a softly glowing, fragile thing, edged with a golden band. It hung above the "what-not" upon the porlour wall, just on a level with the eyes of folks grown-up and tall; and grandma used to let me climb on a long-legged stool to study with enchanted eyes the moon-lit jungle pool, and the four snow-white elephants all marching towards its brink, where they were doubtless going to get a cooling drink. I used to love that tropic scene, and wish I might be therewish it so deep and fervently, my wish was like a prayer. How was it I had got my wish I wondered, mystified-had I who went to bed so well, while wrapped in slumber, died?

I sat up slowly in my bed, a puzzled little lass, and watched with breathless interest for what might come to pass. And soon a-down a moonbeam, which rested on my bed, there slid a tiny creature with dazzling golden head—a lady not much bigger than the smallest humming-bird, and in the tiniest sweetest voice that I have ever heard, she said, "I am the fairy who watches maiden's work; I have no gifts or prizes for lazy ones who shirk, but to the patient little maid who nobly does her part I grant with keenest pleasure the first wish of her heait. Your patience in 'croshaying' I've very much admired, and I am giving you to-night the thing you've long desired. You must not be at all alarmed at what you now will see, for all the creatures of the wild obey and honour me."

When she had finished speaking, with slow and stately tread four monstrous snow-white elephants came marching towards my bed, looking like the elephants I'd "croshayed" on my spread from a pattern grandma'd "blocked" for me out of her own dear head. At seeing me not one of them evinced the least surprise—the wisdom of the ages was in their twinkling eyes—and when the smiling fairy lifted her tiny hand, those dear delightful pachyderms all seemed to understand, for instantly they halted before they reached my bed and listened most intently to what the fairy said.

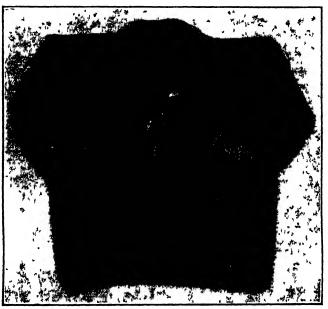
She addressed them in a language which I did not understand, and soon they turned with one accord, as if at her command, and pulled down with swift-darting trunks, the while I scarcely breathed, four lovely fragrant flowering vines, with which the palms were wreathed, and twined them round my bed-posts with motions swift and deft, and wove for me a flowery crown from blossoms which were left. Oh, what a wondrous moment when they stood around my bed and placed that sweetly-smelling crown upon my childish head! I'll never to my dying day forget that beauteous scene, or what a rapturous thing it was to be a jungle queen!

The kindly fairy told me then that I should see the way that elephants in jungle-land love to frisk around and play. And I've seen many a circus since I joined the grown-up ranks, but never have I seen elephants perform more funny pranks! Those sprightly beasts performed for me, and frolicked with a will until the golden moon hung low above the little hill. Then, at the fairy's signal, they bowed and backed away just as I wakened from my dream to find that it was day.

"Stitchery" No. 37 is a "Winter Woolly" Number

This little coat is designed for a baby one year old, and is suitable for putting on to give extra

outer coat in the very cold weather.



A LIGHT-WEIGHT

Directions for making an in "Stitchery" No. 37.

Another very attractive design for the one-year old in this issue is an out-door jumper made in the popu-

ticularly suited to baby's needs.

'Stitchery" No. 37 contains, among other items, a Knitted Cross-over House Coat, a Sleeveless Hug-Me-Tight, a Baby's Cap and Jacket, a Baby's Sock, etc. Price 6d. net, by post 7d.

For an Oblong Table

THIS design is particularly useful, as it can be adapted to a cloth of any size. Work the corner blocks first; next sew in place upon the linen that has been measured to fit the table. It will then

be easy to work the three rows of filet mesh connecting the blocks the length re-

quired to fit the intervening spaces. Work a row of d c all along the edge, putting 5 tr st into every 6th space to form scallops.

of the tendency to hrink.

More especially is this to be advocated where the work is

It is desirable to

wash the crochet inlets

before making up, so

as to get over some

rather loosely done, so often the crochet shrinks in the first wash, leaving the

lea linen in waving billows of fulness.

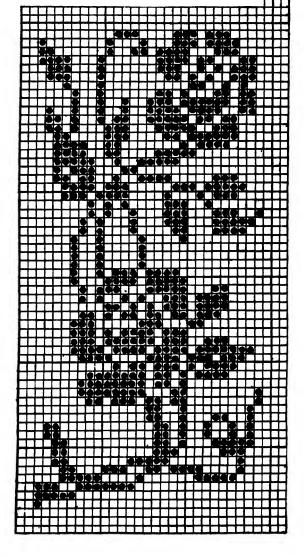
A small design for a serviette corner to match the cloth is given on another page.

No other Directions can be supplied.

Advanced
Workers
will find
the
Diagrams
all they
need.

The Design is too elaborate for the Beginner.

The cloth should be worked with Peri Lusta "Crochet" No. 50.



A Knitted Coat with Filet Crochet Collar and Cuffs

This useful little coat is worked throughout in plain knitting, and the filet length as side seam on back. Cast off. crochet trimmings worked in embroidery thread give a very novel and effective finish to the garment; these trimmings would look well worked in a contrasting colour to the coat.

Materials Required.

11 lb. of 5-ply "Ladyship" Scotch Fingering; 2 large balls of Peri-Lusta "Pearl-Knit"; a pair of bone needles No. 8, and a coarse steel crochet-hook.

Abbreviations Used.

K = knit; st = stitch or stitches; ch = chain; d c = double crochet; O = open mesh (2 ch 1 tr over 3 ch); S =solid mesh (3 tr over 3 ch).

The Back.

Cast on 100 st (20 inches).

K 5 ridges (2 rows of plain knitting form one ridge), work in ridges, decreasing I st on each end of the needle every 8th row until there are 76 st on needle. This is the waist-line. K 35 ridges (7 inches) or length desired from waistline Continue in ridges, decreasing 1 st on each end of needle every other row until 3 st have been decreased on each end

On 70 st k 33 ridges till back measures 141 inches from waist-line or desired length.

For over shoulder k 24 st on a knitting: needle, cast off 22 st for back of neck, and on remaining 24 st k one front after the following directions and the other to correspond.

The Front.

K in ridges, increase i st towards front every 7th row until 3 st are added. K in ridges, increase r st towards front every 7th row, and increase 1 st towards armhole every other row until 12 st have been added at underarm

Cast on 8 st towards underarm. K in ridges, increase 1 st towards front every 7th row until 19 st have been added towards front from shoulder, reducing st on needle to 63 (121 inches). K until there are 35 ridges (7 inches) from where st were cast on for underarm. K in ridges, increasing 1 st towards side seam

every 8th row until side seam is same



A deep Saxe Blue for the Coat with Collar worked in Yellow would make a pretty Combination of Colouring.

The Sleeves

Cast on 31 st.

K in ridges, increasing 2 st on each end of needle every other row until there are 71 st on needle. K 10 ridges. Continue in ridges, decreasing 1 st on each end of needle every 12th row until there are 55'st on needle. K in ridges until sleeve is 16 inches or the required length.

The Collar.

Ch 39.

1st Row .- 13 S.

2nd Row.-2 S, 11 O.

3rd Row.—2 O, 1 S, 8 O, 2 S. 4th Row.—2 S, 2 O, 2 S, 3 O, 1 S, 3 O.

5th Row.--3 O, 2 S, 1 O, 2 S, 3 O, 2 S.

6th Row.-2 S, 5 O, 1 S, 1 O, 1 S, 3 O, 7th Row.—2 O, I S, 3 O, 2 S, 3 O, 2 S.

8th Row.—2 S, 2 O, 3 S, 3 O, 1 S, 2 O.

9th Row.—5 O, 2 S, 1 O, 2 S, 1 O, 2 S.

10th Row.—2 S, 2 O, 3 S, 6 O.

11th Row.—11 O, 2 S.

12th Row .- 2 S, 11 O.

Repeat the 11th and 12th rows until collar is the length required for neck of

coat, allowing for a second fancy end, then reverse the directions of the commence.

ment for this.

The Cuffe.

These are worked in exactly the same way as the collar, the length of wrist edge of sleeve determining the size.

The Pockets.

Cast on 31 st (6 inches).

K 25 ridges.

Next row: K 1, * over k 2 st together, repeat from *, then k 5 ridges. Cast off.

To Make the

When working the right front, make the first buttonhole in the third ridge down by

casting off 3st in one row and casting them on in the next; the buttonhole should be made 3 st in from the outer edge.

Make a second and third buttonhole in the same way, allowing 17 ridges between each.

To Make Crocheted

Take a medium-sized wooden buttonmould. Ch 3, join in ring, and into ring put 10 d c; 2 d c into each of the 10 d c; then 2 d c into every 2nd stitch; 2 d c into every 3rd stitch. Keep the work perfectly flat.

When the circle is as large as the top of the button-mould, decrease by skipping every 4th stitch.

Slip the mould into the work, then decrease more quickly until it is closed. Work a row of d c round the centre underneath to form a shank

A Book for all who are Interested in Birds

"BIRDLAND STORIES"

By CAPTAIN OLIVER G. PIKE

This is an ideal Gift-Book for Young People. Pictures and text are alike enthralling Published at the Offices of this Magazine. Price 6s. net



HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN AMONG THE BABIES

Photo by Photo I resi

THE EDITOR Writes:

On the Call to the Individual

While I am not one of those pessimistic people who complain that peace time is worse than war time (because I know that it is not), I cannot ignore the fact that the present days are very difficult—and most of my readers will agree with me that the attitude of a large section of the community towards labour social, and moral questions is most unsatisfactory, and calculated in some cases to ruin the nation as a whole unless some definite check be forthcoming

So much has already been written on such subjects as the laxity in the matter of morals, the iniquity of wholesale strikes, the emptying of the churches, and the curse of "ca canny," that it is useless to discuss these problems any further, unless one has a workable solution to offer. Every house mistress knows, without my telling her, that very few of the workpeople who enter her doors do anything like a real day s work for the high wages they receive, that the striker is the very embodiment of selfishness since he hits untold numbers of his fellow men and women for whom there is no strike-pay available, that the world seems to be in a seething ferment, with greed running riot and moral depravity utterly unashamed

Everyone agrees that "something" ought to be done, and most of us are waiting anxiously for 'someone" to turn up and do it. What we do not grasp is the fact that it is we ourselves who have to start doing the "something" that is to restore the world to health

and sanity that it rests with the individual—each and every individual—to embark on the only course that will save civilisation from complete wreckage

There is only one possible cure for the ills of the world to-day, and that is a return to the good old-fashioned religion of our forefathers. In other words, what the whole of humanity needs at this moment is—

- I A realisation that the individual (or the nation) who disobeys the laws of God, as set forth in the Bible, is doing wrong
- 2 An understanding that such law-breaking brings punishment in its train, and
- 3 That forgiveness and happiness can only be obtained from God the Father, through prayer, and a willingness to believe that the Lord Jesus Christ died on the cross in our place to save us from the consequences of our wrong-doing. And with this must be coupled a desire to follow His teaching.

One could amplify these points, and show with what a number of other issues they are connected, but in the end it would be found that they can all be reduced to these three essentials. And if only the human race at the present moment could be induced to make these matters the guiding principles of their lives, all the troubles of these times would soon be at an end. In fact, we should come very near to having Heaven on earth. But that, alas, seems a long way off, as yet!

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The Editor's Page

Mevertheless, more might be done to bring something of Heaven to earth if only those of us who profess and call ourselves Christians would take stock of ourselves, and see what we are actually doing to make Christianity appear so desirable to non-professing Christians around us, that they might be inclined to share in it themselves.

For some time past there has been a tendency to take one's Christianity for granted—and once anything is taken for granted, it soon ceases to be a live force, or of any particular account. Unless one's Christianity is visible in some form or another to those who come into contact with us, it is not the living power it might be, even though it may not be actually dead.

Christianity suffers immense loss because its professed adherents fail so often to reveal Christly qualities in their daily life; and until the scoffer and non-believer can see something of the Lord Jesus Christ reflected in the lives of those who profess to follow Him, he will not feel any particular desire to join the ranks of those who are avowedly Christians But once a person is seen to be living the Christ-life—a life of loving unselfishness in accordance with the teaching of our Lord, it is inevitable that others will want to discover the secret of such a life; it will attract irresistibly. Our Lord was not speaking in metaphor when He said, "And I, if I be lifted up from the earth, will draw all men unto Me"

A glimpse of Christ, even though He may be but faintly imaged through some frail human being, will always be magnetic, drawing someone from the trivial things of earth to seek the better things of God

I want you to understand very clearly that I am not vaguely generalising when I say that real religion would cure the world of its present ills. It is literally and definitely true. Take any you please of present-day problems, and see how they could be overcome if humanity would follow Christ's teaching.

For instance, there is that pastime, practised by a group of modern workmen, known as ca'canny—otherwise, systematised laziness. It is no secret that this deliberate lessening of effort, and consequent reduction of output, is one of the factors paralysing industrial development and helping to bring the country to the verge of ruin. Yet this, one of the gravest problems of these grave times, could not exist in a community that was truly Christian; for the Bible is everywhere most emphatic that honest work is required from all of us, and that false measure or short weight is an abomination to God—and this applies as much to the amount of work as to the amount of goods supplied in return for cash

Or, consider the avaricious profiteer, who cares not who goes under, or who goes short, so long as he can amass wealth and spend it on extravagance and self-indulgence. Could such a man find happiness in money that has actually been stolen—stolen sometimes from the health and food of the people, if his eyes were constantly turned to the Lord Jesus Christ, and his days consecrated to His service?

Then there are those people who are always envious of others and perpetually discontented with their own lot, no matter what that lot may be. And whether it be a woman envying another woman's motor-car, or a man dissatisfied with his wage and envious of another who makes more money, such covetousness would vanish were we each to esteem others more highly than our-

selves, and love our neighbour (which includes the other woman who has the car and the other man who is better paid) as we love ourselves. Moreover, those who are sincere followers of the Lord Jesus Christ believe that He gives His children exactly what He knows is best for them—and they are willing to leave the ordering of their lives in His Hands, doing, meanwhile, what is clearly their next duty. With such, discontent would not be tolerated

In short, if Jesus Christ were only given the chief place in men's lives to-day, the strife, the class-hatred, the selfishness, the greed, and all the other hideous manifestations of sin rampant in our midst, would disappear before the purifying force of His Spirit working upon men's hearts.

It may be argued that this is an ideal impossible of attainment while we live in this imperfect world. Yet it need not be an impossible condition if we really desired it in our inmost souls, and were willing to take the necessary steps to bring it about. And the first step is to enrol oneself as a live earnest Christian, one whose greatest desire is to see this earth transformed into Christ's Kingdom, instead of being torn and marred and diseased with the ravages of wrong-doing.

Yet one hindrance that seems to prevent many, in these over-sophisticated days, from taking the initial step is this: the conditions imposed upon us, if we are to be numbered among Christ's followers, are so simple at the outset, that they are passed by for this very reason. Merely "to believe" seems, to some people, so easy and unimportant a condition of fellowship, as to be scarcely worth consideration. They want something more spectacular

It is a well-established fact that a religion entailing physical hardship, and calling for specific service—and laborious service at that—invariably makes a greater appeal to the average mind than does one that is primarily a matter of soul-culture, steady patient work, and undemonstrative faith. We are like Naaman, we prefer to have a prophet appear and gesticulate while he bids us perform certain rites and ceremonies, rather than be required to endow the little things of daily life with greatness and high purpose.

Even now many earnest Christians are saying, "If only we could have a great revival!" by which some mean: We wish we could see crowds coming forward and making a sensational and visible demonstration in favour of serving Christ.

But what is wanted more than any outward show of a general religious awakening—welcome though this would be—is the individual coming personally to Christ, and the consecration of the individual soul and life to God the Father in prayer.

When there is a wide-spread desire on the part of individuals to come into closer personal touch with our Lord, and a determined effort to make His teaching the rule of life's conduct, then it will not be long before a change comes over the age, with moral health characterising the whole nation.

Already many are anxious to find the right way; it is pitiful to see the numbers that are groping blindly after *something* that will lighten their darkness, embarking on spiritualism, and any other sort of "ism," which the charlatan promises them will bring the soul-relief they so badly need.

The Editor's Page

But God is not in the emotional whirlwind, nor in tumultuous orgies, and man-manufactured "manifesta-tions." The Still, Small Voice speaks directly to the individual soul, if that soul be but willing to listen. For Christ needs the individual for the saving of the world.

And the individual is you, the individual is myself. It is for us to start at once to do our own personal part; the laws of Christ will never prevail on earth so long as everyone is waiting



for someone else to put them into practice. Make a beginning just where you are. Determine that you will not go contrary to His teaching, no matter what

Him to teach you what is His Will. and to give you the necessary strength to live and act according to His wishes. And ask Him every day, and several times a dav.

Prayer and desire of this description cannot continue without effect even though you may not see it at first. And though the regeneration of the world may seem a hopeless task when looked at from the wordling's standpoint, it must not be forgotten that this work deals with spiritual

forces, not with material things; hence they cannot be measured by earthly rule, but must be reckoned according to the powers of Heaven. And with God all things are possible.

Fireside Songs

Dreaming.

Sitting by the open hearth, on a winter night, watching a fire that glows and fades, my fancy soon takes flight. The wind that sings out through the pines that stand outside the door sounds like some great and mighty choir I've heard somewhere before. And, too, I hear an organ peal, and hear a chorus raise the joy of children's voices in an old church song of praise.

your friends, or the world at large, may decree. Ask

And in that firelight fairies weave old pictures that I know were only in my story-book of many years ago. There is Humpty-Dumpty on the Wall, and the House that Jack Built, too; Miss Muffet and Red Riding Hood; the Old Lady and her Shoe. I wonder then just where I am, how long it is ago since I saw these fairy pictures, and-a song comes, deep and low, my father used to sing to me in the sweet long time ago.

Is it really just the pines that sound like God's great choir? Or is it just my fancy that films the flaming fire? Or am I really back again, dreaming on father's knee, and listening to that low sweet song he used to sing to me? And while I'm dreaming, wondering, two arms to my neck creep, and the little fellow in my lap says, "Father! You've been asleep!"

The Big Things of Life.

We do not count our blessings often enough, and for that reason Christmas, with its home gatherings and family re-unions, are good times for us and everyone. We have many things to be thankful for, big things and little things.

HIRAM M. GREENE

After all, it is the little things that are more to us than the wealth of kings. The song of a child can clutch our heart in a way unknown to a singer's art; the friendly grip of a calloused hand you cannot measure with coin or land; e'en the kettle that croons o'er the evening fire is humming a song of a heart's desire. And the singing wind with its sweeping rain, and the sunshine that smiles through a tear-drenched pane, and the stars you see in the sky o'erhead when little eyes dream in a trundle-bed, the last sweet kiss, and a window light whose yearning rays reach into the night to give a welcome and point the way to some one lost who has gone astray—these, just these, are the little things that are more to us than the wealth of kings. Money will shift as waves sweep sand; power falters and falls from an ageing hand So, money and power we can forget; they mean nothing to us when our eyes are wet. It is home, and friends, and the little things that are more to us than the wealth of kings.

The Twilight of the Year.

This is the twilight of the year.

Before we sing ourselves to sleep, God puts our pretty toys away, in some good place for Him to keep, till spring and summer come again with laughing flowers and shouting rain, and other children in their plays weave garlands with the golden days.

And really that is all of life—a little work, a lot of play—then putting all God's toys away.

The Home and the Housewife

Regarding Recesses and their Fitment

By Mrs. GORDON-STABLES

HAPPY the woman whose rooms are not of the box-like order, but provide an occasional recess to break the arid regularity. The recessed room is prolific of possibilities, for not only is it capable of infinite development in the direction of effect, but it likewise presents opportunities for the utilitarian, most valuable in these days of restricted accommodation.

Especially to the bachelor-girl would I recommend the wisdom of selecting a room of recesses in preference to one of no such advantages; for thus will she be enabled to economise in the purchase of furniture. That is to say, provided she profit by that which I shall expound.

The Recessed

Take, for instance, the bed-room that can boast a recessed window. No need here for the dressing-table of convention. Far more economical is the broad shelf, fitted, for purposes of extra support, upon the window-sill itself, and resting on the wall sides upon neat little wooden battens, plugged (not nailed) into the plaster. An improvised table of this kind looks its best when covered with a spread of cretonne, lined, for the sake of good hanging, with a plain linen, allowed to appear as a bordering at sides and base.

Or, if the room is to be used as a bedsitting-room, and the presence of a toilet-table should not be allowed to

obtrude itself, fix your shelf not on the sill, but immediately below it, and by means of a pair of strong hinges. Underneath, in the centre, will be needed a vertical-shaped flap, also hinged to a wooden batten in such a way that it will consent to turn its face to the wall at such times as it may be desirable that the shelf be lowered.

The Tali Narrow

From the decorative point of view, the value of the tall narrow recess with the domed top is beyond rubies. Suitably treated, it may be the making of an otherwise uninteresting room. Here, for instance, is the wherewithal for a bookcase, and one, moreover, that shall possess shelves of a depth to accommodate the dimen-

sions of one's own particular volumes, a service which the shop-made article too often refuses to perform to one's satisfaction. But these shelves must not be permitted to extend unduly upwards, lest the recess lose its grace in heaviness and solidity. The upper portion must retain its niche-like character and harbour either some little statuette, vase. or bowl of especial claim to beauty. But in the decoration of the niche itself resides its greatest possibilities. This, I feel, should not be on the same lines as the general woodwork of the room, but should stand out as something distinct and apart.

For instance, in a room in which white paint prevails, a wholly delightful effect is obtainable by treating the arched recess in a bold strain of blue—distemper for choice. A tiny bordering of green leaves and red holly-berries—stencilled, if you prefer this form of decoration—will give an added interest to the treatment, or you may even apply a narrow paper bordering, preferably of conventional design, or a galon of silk and metal threads.

Given a recess sufficiently deep to allow of one's sitting in comfort within it, one should not find it difficult to improvise therein a convenient writing-table. If unskilled oneself in carpentry, and possessed of no male relative so endowed, one can secure from any shop that stocks what are known as "white wood sundries," a couple of small book-

cases or cupboards to stand about twenty-nine or thirty inches from the ground. (The height is important, as it will make all the difference to your comfort when writing). These should be arranged on either side of the recess, and fixed firmly to the walls by means of metal glass-plates. When all is steady, a top of wood is laid across from end to end to form a writing-flap, and the whole painted or stained in harmony with the decorations. The shelves on either side will be useful for books, or, if cupboards have been chosen, these will serve the purpose of an ordinary bureau.

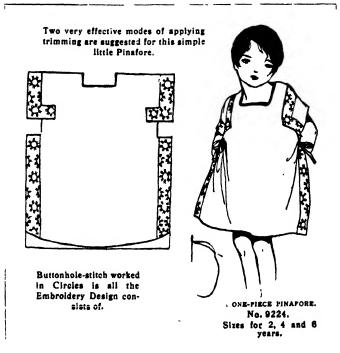
A Divan Belongs to a Recess.

The room that is rich in recesses need incur no expense on the score of a couch, for never does a divan look so effective as when fitted in a position in which the three sides have a natural setting. A recessed room, indeed, is the only type of room which, to my mind, may boast with impunity more than one divan, for the divan that stands out rather than fits in seldom finds devotees able to face so exposed a position. The support given to the cushions proper to a divan that is recessed forms another important point in its favour. Pillows that continually fall to the ground are a mere irritation.

A Line on Lettering.

Has it ever struck you how much beauty old inscriptions owe to their

> mere lettering, and how starved and poor the modern form of printed legend appears in comparison? Some time ago. when staying in Leicester, a town which owns a particularly successful School of Art, I was greatly impressed by the beauty conferred on an otherwise ugly city by the fine and graceful lettering which appeared over the shops and in the naming of the streets. Much of this lettering had been designed on those lines of elegance which we associate with eighteenth century printing, some of it was of a more modern character; a little was accompanied with the use of gay colour. Even the villas revelling in their ambitious nomenclature of "Sans Souci," "Mon Repos" and "The Limes" seemed to take on



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a certain dignity by reason of the excellent calligraphy in which they announced themselves.

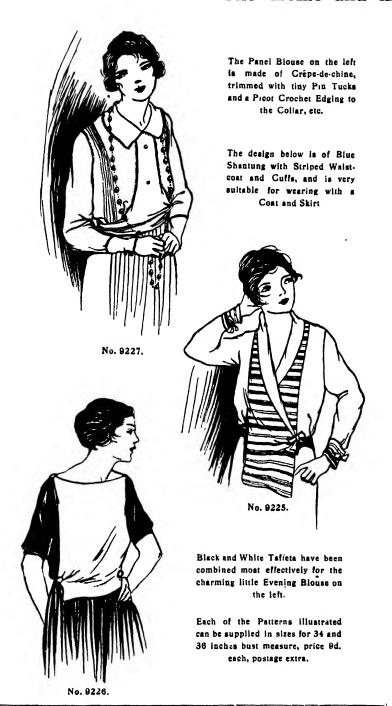
There is at present a studio in town which is making a special feature of inscribing, in pleasant well-designed lettering, the name and number of your dwelling. You can have the particulars inscribed on your garden-gate or your fanlight, or you can, as is far preferable, go to a slightly greater expense and have wood panels thus painted and subsequently affixed to your portals. Or you can give your order to a guild in the provinces which does admirable work in metal, and commission from them a plate of bronze with number or name appearing thereon in coloured enamel. You may rely on having no unnecessary or bulbous curves and excrescences to spoil the harmony of effect. Should you have named your residence (I resort to the agent's phraseology) after some especial spot whose memory you desire to perpetuate, you can still further elaborate your name-plate by means of small coloured panels remmiscent of its salient fratures, vet not too insistently realistic.

A treatment of this kind, though calling for discretion in the designer, has in it great possibilities in the direction of variety.

The moral of this is that when the question of naming or numbering a house is afoot, it behoves one to employ not an artisan, but an artist. It is remarkable how provocative of pleasure a small expenditure in this connection may prove itself.

Regarding Rubber Linoleum.

Without unduly assuming the mantle of the prophet, one may predict with



certainty that rubber, both in its pliable and in its vulcanised state, is but at the outset of its career in connection with furnishing accessories. The new "Paraflor" Rubber Carpeting, which was to be seen last June at the Tropical Exhibition at the Agricultural Hall, but which, up to the present, has hardly been shown in town at any of the shops able to supply it on demand, is likely to create a revolution in floor-toverings, as soon as the mills are able to produce enough to meet the market. At present the manufacturers have their work cut

out to cope with the orders already received, so that window-displays would only lead to further embarrassment until such time as the facilities for production are developed.

The new rubber linoleum is a soft velvety material, very restful to the foot and very pleasing to look upon, being tinted in a variety of four shades - moss - green, maroon, brown, and deep blue-and having a smooth surface, which gives a warmer effect than that of lino proper. But perhaps of its many virtues, the greatest is that of its practical indestructibility; when one purchases it, one purchases for a life-time, so that the extra half-crown or so which its present price per square yard represents over and above that of the usual good quality linoleum, need not unduly distress one. As the rubber lino is kept flat and in position by its own weight, it requires no cementing, and need only be secured at the joins, so that the business of removing it. when necessary, from house to house. or from room to room is greatly facilitated.

Rubber carpeting is reversible, its colour being the same all through, and there being no canvas back

to crack or grow rotten. Nor has it a pattern to rub off or to wear down. It is so flexible that its resilience enables it to maintain a perfect indifference to wear, and it owns no crevices or interstices in which dirt can lodge to the detriment of hygiene. It can either be washed or polished, but in neither case is it slippery or tiring to walk upon.

To those who suffer from nerves, the silence and restfulness that accompanies the use of rubber carpeting will come as a real boon. Our hospitals are already adopting it, and offices also have been

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quick to recognise its merits from the point of view of noiselessness. Practically all the large furnishing houses in town are now accepting orders for it, and are able to show samples to inquirers. When supply has caught up with demand, we shall no doubt find advertisement familiarising the consumer with its merits. Meanwhile, those in need of a floor-covering would do well to prosecute researches on the subject before making their purchase from lino of the ordinary type.

A Hint on Hessian

Government rot-proof canvas in the sixty-inch width is down to a shilling a yard. That is a fact which gives the thrifty to think, for a bargain of this kind (it was cheap at its former price of 1s. 9d) renders it an absolute duty on a good housewife's part to discover suitable uses for it.

The fabric, as most of us know, is finely woven from jute and of a pleasant green-brown shade. I have already written on its merits as a substitute for wall-paper; I now propose to make a few suggestions as to its employment for curtains and hangings.

The tone of the canvas being somewhat neutral for purposes of decoration, it is essential that bright colour be introduced in rather liberal measure Say, for instance, that one has decided on winter curtains of the hessian for the

"Combed" Furniture.

THE bed-room suites painted with floral

nursery, one might devise all manner of entertaining decorations for the nursery inmates by way of coloured appliqués applied to the curtain in dado form. I would be extremely ambitious in this case, and essay, not detached motifs, but an entire landscape with animals and trees and a sun intact. Rabbits, for instance, are the easiest animals to cut out of a scrap of linen. One just makes an egg-shaped oval with a tiny circle above it, surmounted by a couple of elongated ears and flanked at either side by horizontal whiskers. a small triangle at the base of the oval to simulate the peculiarly appealing tail that is such a feature of the bunny anatomy, and there is the little beast before you. White rabbits with black tails and whiskers, or even orange rabbits with black trimmings (one need not trouble to be exact in nursery zoology) will look most effective against the hessian, especially if green grass is worked in wools round about them and a pink daisy or two in loop-stitch is added.

Or you need not go to the trouble of needling the decoration, but may boldly paint in your design, choosing some theme for preference that makes for humour. Railway trains and gollywogs, trucks and Dutch dolls, drawn very much as the nursery inmates would draw them themselves, and coloured in bright reds, blues, and greens, make a delightfully amusing border if treated in this way

The bachelor-girl will find the hessian a very economical material for a portions with which to hide a washstand or drape a hanging wardrobe in a bed-sitting-room. For this purpose appliqués of fruit, such as cherries, oranges, or plums cut from bright cottons, will give a cheerful note to the room. If she can discover a suitable zephyr in a variegated tartan effect, she will find that she can devise therefrom a most realistic flight of butterflies. I would like these arranged quite without set design over the whole surface of the curtain.

Does your Rug lie Correctly?

When one is accustomed to giving other folk good advice about their carpets, it is disconcerting to be told that one has been doing the wrong thing oneself in connection with one's floorcoverings. An Oriental visitor to my drawing-room was recently quite disturbed on noticing that I had placed a Persian rug so that its pile lay away from the light instead of towards it. This, of course, interfered woefully with the due play of light upon its surface, so that much of its velvety bloom was lost and its depth of colouring diminished. The rug is now posed the other way round, and the difference in its effect is most marked, its pile looking richer and its tone tuller. One should try one's carpet from different points of view before finally laying it.

In my Walks Abroad

The Mincer that Keeps the Flavour.

The reason that minced dishes so often lack flavour lies not in the method of cooking but in the fact that the ordinary mincer deprives both meat and vegetables of much of their taste, crushing the particles until but a pulp remains. A new hand mincer, equipped with ten revolving blades, cuts up any foodstuffs presented to it in the same way that a fastidious chef would attack the task, disserting without crushing, and leaving the natural juices unexpelled.

Pots from Poole.

There are certain rooms of cottagey inspiration to which pottery bowls and vases seem far more appropriate than those of china. The great fault, however, with our modern pottery is that it is too self-consciously "arty," too concerned with the achievement of quaint shapes and curious colouring. A great advance has, it is good to record, been made of late in the South of England by a firm who formerly specialised in

decorative building accessories such as tiles, and who now develop in their jugs and pots the same beautiful soft glaze and simple decoration that was formerly given to other work from their kilns But perhaps the most attractive feature of the Poole pots consists of the fine undulations of surface that are characteristic of the "thrown" pot as distinguished from the machine-made article. The brush-work, too, is applied while the pot is being spun, so that it becomes more absolutely part and parcel of it than can be the case when the article is handed over to another operative for decoration. The pottery retains the natural creamy tint of the clay. the sparse decoration is for the most part in dull blues and soft yellows.

A Slate Slab.

Pastry seldom tastes so good as when it has been rolled on a slate slab, probably because in this way it is kept to a perfect coolness prior to baking. These slabs are now obtainable in a variety of sizes, and at prices ranging from 8s. to 14s.

designs seem of late to have given place to those decorated in "combed" effects, one colour showing in wavy lines upon another. In case any amateurs may have the courage to essay effects of the latter type, it may be of interest to them to know that they are to be gained by first enamelling the wood in one tone, allowing it to dry perfectly hard, and later applying a paint in a contrasting shade. While the latter is still wet, it is combed with great precision with the professional painter's comb, so that the underlying coat appears between the lines. The most successful method of combing shows alternate stripes of perfectly plain straight combings and those of wavelike undulations. Blue combings on a grey ground, green upon a beige, form an acceptable variation on the graining of the cheap suite. What is usually catalogued as a "servant's suite" may be rendered quite acceptable for a nursery or spare bed-room, if decorated on these lines.

WHEN woman becomes a mother Nature seems to create in her an instinct for self-sacrifice that, in her relations with her offspring, is inclined to exceed that of self-preservation. Beautiful as the manifestations of this instinct may appear, we are apt to accord to the parent for her selfless attitude a somewhat disproportionate admiration which at times blinds us to the real value and effect of her sacrifices, for sacrifice may not in itself be invariably a beautiful thing. If, as it often does, it brings about in others a callous acceptance and a cynical indifference, it is a thing rather to be shunned than to be encouraged.

I do not think that I claim too much when I assert that for the mother proper (by whom I mean the woman to whom maternity has brought a psychological development) it is a more pleasurable thing to appease the hunger of her child than to see him go hungry while appeasing her own; that for her it is provocative of greater satisfaction to send her daughter into Society accoutred at points rather then spend the wherewithal on her own bedizening. She need within the home that it has never ocnot by any means be of an exalted curred to her that the parental view may

character in order to give these proofs of her capacity for selfsacrifice, for oftentimes the woman who will thus count herself of less consequence than her children is of a type which in other relationships is exacting of her pound of flesh to the last pennyweight. Instinct is speaking, and instinct, as we know, is often in need of control and guidance.

In the early days of a child's existence, when its very helplessness calls for all the loving care that can be exercised upon it, it is not possible to over-estimate the self - sacrificing devotion which it is the delight of the mother to lavish upon it; but as soon as the time arrives when the child becomes of an age at which his own capabilities for sacrifice may with advantage

be developed, the mother may well ask herself whether she is dwarfing or encouraging them, and whether she might not sacrifice some of her own self-sacrificing impulse, and thus help him towards a finer maturity. It is the inflexibility of our idiom that leads me to refer to the boy; in fact, it is too often the girl whom the mother's selfsacrifice leads into selfishness.

Go any evening to theatre or concerthall and you will notice plenty of young girls, beautifully dressed, faultlessly coifed, impeccably shod, accompanied by mothers whose attire is by no means so up-to-date, and whose general appearance gives obvious signs of compromise with an inelastic purse. As often as not the daughter walks in first, scans the programme before handing it on, appropriates the opera-glasses at the really thrilling moments, and regards herself, in short, as of the premier importance. You see, it is not the girl's fault that her own interests loom so large upon her horizon. She has all her life been accustomed to find herself so paramount possibly be a lop-sided one. While still in the nursery stage, Mother always saw to it that the first choice was given to her from among the little iced cakes; and when fondants were to the fore the prettiest ones invariably found their way to her plate. It was the same when the school-room stage came along, only here it was not so much a question of goodies as of gallivanting. When Father brought home a couple of tickets for the Horse Show or proposed a visit to Hampton Court, how often Mother insisted that she had work to do which would not be denied, and that Jane positively must take her place instead. It grew in time to be understood that Mother really did not care much for going about, she would much rather stay at home and be quiet, and so somehow or other, Jane got nearly all the outings as hers by right. One can hardly blame her if, in accepting all the amusements, she hardly ever thought of devising amusement for other people. It has been a little rough on lane that she should have acquired such a name for selfishness; there was no necessity for it.

Mother had been selfish, too, in a way,

for she has loved to see Jane going here, there, and everywhere, looking as if money were of no account, in spite of the shifts to which she has been put to accomplish this end. She has derived the most exquisite enjoyment from going without a summer holiday in order that Peter might accept that invitation to the moors and have all the proper kit to go with. But the trouble has been that no recompense has ever been suggested or exacted. It has been all give and no take, and Joan's husband and Peter's wife are likely to have a difficult time, until they have broken their respective partners of the little selfish habits to which Mother has accustomed them. The too self-sacrificing mother is making



CATCHING THE

Drawn by Elsa Courlander.

The Greatest Sacrifice of All

things terribly hard for the next generation.

We have all heard more than enough of psycho-analysis of late, yet there is a theory connected with it which seems to me of no inconsiderable value. It touches what is called the "nothercomplex" and treats of the harm which may be done to the growing mind by the over-devotion of the parent. The mother, it asserts, should be as a gateway through which the young life has to pass: she must not complicate growth either by unduly smoothing or obstructing the path.

Too much sacrifice means too much

smoothing. Young things need to be braced for life, and the more they are braced the less will they feel life's knocks. Loving kindness may we always have with us, but it is up to the mothers to see that their self-sacrifice is not such as makes their children either selfish or slack.

More Furniture for the Bed-sitting-room

A Second Article for the Girl who Lives Away from Home

By Mrs. GORDON-STABLES

It is not so long ago since the cheaper woods—that is to say, the woods of which the grain is not superfine and of which the surface is not capable of taking a high degree of polish—were only considered worthy of cheap design. It has been left to a firm, who work on the principle that any bit of craftsmanship worth undertaking is worth carrying out on lines that do credit both to the draughtsman and the workman, to produce at a rock-bottom price a bed-room suite that, from the artistic side, can well stand comparison with those far more ambitious in price.

The suite which I have in mind is made of spruce wood, and is, for several reasons, extremely suitable to a room that is in use for the whole of the day's twenty-four hours, while its low price of £18 10s. renders it still further appropriate for the girl whose aspirations are strictly limited by her bankbalance. Its suitability is to be found in its skill in avoiding the conspicuously bed-roomy look of the ordinary suite, its small wardrobe, for instance, being made in cupboard form with no expanse of mirror to dub it at once a bedroom accessory. Its washstand, too, is of a simple shape that permits of its being utilised equally well as a small writing-table, there being no tiles or marble slabs to indicate its original mission in life. Further, its charming colour-a greenish brown-is not of the tone that has "bed-room" writ large all over it in the manner of some suites I could write of. The wood, which is of a pleadant grain, is tinted to this colour, a further effective note being supplied in the black edges applied to the thickness of the wood. The low bed, which is admirably suited to use also as a "day-bed," is of simple design.

If, after having dipped in her purse for the wherewithal for this furniture, the bachelor-girl find distressingly little left behind for the floor-covering, she may take heart of grace, for far rather than a carpet in a room so equipped would I prefer a stained floor with a few Dutch rush mats in natural colour with a gay design to the centre and border. These mats, which are to be had in a great variety of shapes and sizes, from the small semicircular mat to place in front of a washstand or dressing-chest to large squares for the middle of a room, range upwards from quite a few They wear excellently, and shillings are pleasant to the tread.

As for the boards, there are several courses open to one. One may buy sticky stain and varnish out of a bottle and apply it quickly in a few hours. Or one can plane the boards smooth, size them, and stain with a solution of permanganate of potash, strong or weak, according to one's views. After this comes the wax polishing—a long, tiring, but, in the long run, extremely satisfactory job. Also one can paint the floors, a process already described in a previous article.

After floors come walls—at least, in my personal scheme of things. With the spruce-wood I should greatly like to see a prettily-striped paper, say in mauve and cream, brought to the height

of an excessively high dado—that is to say, to at least five feet from the ground. Above this I would have a plain cream frieze, with, perhaps, for dividing-line, a narrow floral border, say of conventionalised violas and green leaves.

As for the curtains, the touch of mauve on the walls suggests at once hangings in which purplish shades predominate. The present-day vogue for all shades of violet gives wide scope in all fabrics, whether plain or patterned. Entrancing cretonnes there are with flowers in blues and rose upon a Parma ground, while plain linens of purple, bound at the edge with a braid in either of those colours, would also look well. But perhaps best of all would be one of those thick striped cottons, originally produced for export to the natives of West Africa, and now considered " the last cry " in interior decoration. These fabrics are striped horizontally instead of vertically, and are of many colours and combinations of colour. They are stout enough to need no lining, and have rather more personality than the floral cottons.

II, when these preliminaries have been satisfied, there be still gold in the coffers, it might be expended on a long low chest that, in the window, will provide a seat as well as a cubby-hole for belongings. An arm-chair of the adjustable type, with soft cushions covered in similar material to that of the curtains may, if not acquired at the actual time of furnishing, be held in view as an object of desire for future purchase.

The New Volume of "THE BOY'S OWN PAPER"

"Crests and Badges of the British Army" is the title of a splendid Coloured Plate presented with the November number of "The Boy's Own Paper"—the first part of a New Volume. Every boy, and every boy's sister, too, will be interested also in Major Charles Gilson's thrilling new adventure serial, "Treasure of Kings," a yarn of a treasure-hunt which is partly based on fact. "The Red Flag," a serial story of public school life, by Richard Bird, is another prominent feature of the number. With this first number of a New Volume (Vol. 44) the "B.O.P." is enlarged to 64 pages

November Dinners

Some Menus to Help the Housekeeper

Ey SALLY ISLER

NOVEMBER sees winter really with us, and drizzly days, blustering winds, and the proverbial fog, make home and its comforts doubly welcome.

That food is one of the best home comforts I do not believe anybody will dispute; but in case they should, just let me suggest that the housekeeper of the family should try catering for them in the easiest way without bothering her head over such "trifles" as variety, and likes and dislikes. Do this for one week, and then try the next week putting a little extra thought into what to have for dinner, etc., and see how quickly they will alter their minds with regard to what constitutes "comfort" and discomfort.

The following week's dinner menus I hope will help to prove my argument, as well as being of service to the tired housekeeper, whose work, though apparently simple, is yet, seemingly, never done.

Sunday.

Spinach Soup.
Roast Pork and Apple Sauce.
Sprouts au Latin. Stuffed Potatoes.
Shooters Pudding.
Cheese Patties.

Spinach Soup.

2 lb. spinach, 1 pt. milk, ½ pt. stock, 1 oz. butter, 2 tablespn. flour, pepper and salt.

Wash the spinach thoroughly in several waters, being very careful in so doing to remove every particle of grit, Many spinach dishes are absolutely spoiled for the want of care in washing, for spinach holds grit in every tiny wrinkle of its many leaves, so I urge you to take every precaution against possible failure from this cause. Leave the spinach very wet, and put into a large saucepan previously rinsed in water. Cook until tender, then drain and rub through a hair-sieve. Melt the butter in a saucepan, and stir in the flour, pepper and salt. Cook for 2 min., and then stir in the stock and the spinach. Allow to boil for I min. or so, then add the milk. Simmer for a few minutes, and serve very hot.

Sprouts au Latin.

Take 1½ lb. Brussels sprouts and wash well, removing outer leaves if necessary. Boil in half milk and half water and I teaspn. salt. Remove and drain, saving the liquor in which they have been cooked. To the latter add I small sliced onion, 3 cloves, and I tablespn. flour. Simmer until the sauce is thickened, then add the sprouts. Allow to become thoroughly hot, and add I dessertspn. butter. Pile in a dish and

pour the sauce over them. Grate a little nutmeg over the top before serving. This is a most delicious way of serving sprouts, and I really recommend it to those of you who have not cooked them this way before.

Stuffed Potatoes

Allow I large potato for each person. Wash and thoroughly dry. Put in the oven and cook for 1 hour. Remove, and cut a circle in the centre of each. Make sufficient ordinary pork stuffing to fill the potatoes. Scoop out most of the potato. leaving only a thin layer inside the skin. Fill with the forcemeat to about 1 in. from the top. Mash the potato pulp with a little milk and butter, pepper and salt, and fill up the potato to the very top with this. Heap well on the top of the potato and return to the oven. Cook slowly for 15 min., and then allow to become browned on the top Dish up in a folded napkin in a vegetable dish. This is an unusual way of serving potatoes, and can be so used whenever the meat is to be stuffed or braised. It makes a delightful change from the ordinary forcemeat balls, etc.

Shooters Pudding.

1 lb. flour, 1 lb. suet finely shredded, 5 oz. raisins, 2 oz. sugar, 11 teaspn. baking-powder, 1 pt. milk, a little salt.

Chop the suet finely, mixing with it a little of the flour. Sift the remainder with the salt and baking-powder, and mix well. Stone and halve the raisins and add to the suct. Lastly, add the milk, and beat well. Roll into a ball, and boil in a well-floured pudding-cloth for 2 hours. Serve this pudding in the following way. When done, remove the cloth and cut the pudding into slices. Lay in a row on a flat plate and sprinkle with a little sugar. Take a small piece of butter on the end of a fork, and rub over the surface of each slice, sprinkle with chopped raisins and a few halved walnuts. A sweet sauce may be served with it, if liked, but it is just as good without it.

Cheese Patties.

1 oz. grated cheese (Parmesan for preference), 1½ oz. Cheddar cheese, 1 tablespn. cream, 2 tablespn. thick white sauce, 1 egg, a little short pastry.

Put the cream and white sauce into a stew-pan, together with the Cheddar cheese cut into small pieces. Add, dessertspin butter, pepper and salt, and the yolk of the egg. Cook for 5 min. until the cheese is quite melted. Have ready sufficient pastry to line ten little patty-pans. Bake in the oven for 10 min., or until the paste is a nice light colour. Fill the centre of each with the cheese

mixture. Beat the white of r egg stiffly, and add the grated Parmesan cheese, also a sprinkling of cayenne. Heap a little of this in the centre of each pattycase and cook in a slow oven until the méringue is crisp and a light golden brown. Serve either hot or cold, which ever way is preferred. For dinner they are better served hot, but for lunch they are really delicious if served cold in a dish of watercress.

Monday.

Sheep's Head Soup.

Baked Cod with Oyster Sauce.

Pork Mould with Onion Sauce.

Runner Beans. Baked Potatoes.

Lemon Soufflé.

Sheep's Head

One sheep's head, 2 qt. water, 1 pt. milk, carrot, onion and turnip, a strip of celery and a few herbs, 1 tablespn. each of rice and barley.

Remove the brains and the tongue from the head, and soak in salt and water for some hours. Put in a saucepan with about I teaspn. salt and 2 qt. water. Bring to the boil, and allow to simmer gently for 21 to 3 hours. Out the vegetables into small pieces and add to the soup, together with the rice and barley and the herbs. Allow it to cook for another hour, then lift out the head and lay on a clean flat board. Remove the meat from the bones and cut into small pieces Laft out the herbs, and add the meat to the soup. Cook for a few minutes until all is hot. If liked, the tongue and brains may be left in the soup, but they are so good if cooked separately that it is a pity to lose them in the broth.

Baked Cod with Oyster Sauce.

2 lb. cod cut from the centre, 1 doz. oysters, butter, pepper and salt, 2 oz. breadcrumbs, and a little chopped onion.

Wash the fish, and split on one side only, so as to remove the bone. Lay flat on a table and pound with the rollingpin. Sprinkle with flour and rub with butter. Put a thick layer of breadcrumbs and a little chopped onion on the fish. Put 6 oysters at regular intervals on the breadcrumbs, and season well. Lastly, cover with more breadcrumbs and small pieces of butter. Bake in the oven in a deep dish, with sufficient fat to prevent the cod from burning—about I tablespin ought to be enough. Bake for I hour in a moderate oven.

For the sauce, ½ pt. milk and I tablespn. flour, rub smooth, and add I dessertspn. butter. Heat over the fire until the butter is melted and the sauce

November Dinners

quite smooth. Chop 6 oysters into quarters and add, together with the liquor. Season to taste, and serve with the baked cod, but in a separate sauceboat, and not poured over the fish.

Pork Mould.

1 lb. cold roast pork, 3 tablespn. mashed potatoes, I teaspn cold boiled onion finely chopped, I teacup milk, salt and pepper, 1 cup brown breadcrumbs.

Remove the fat from the pork and chop finely, but do not put through a mincer. Add the onion and the finelymashed potato. Season well with salt and pepper, and, if liked, a little mixed herbs may be added. Add the milk, and mix to a smooth stiff paste Have ready a good-sized mould and set it in the oven with a oz. butter. melted remove, and, turning the mould in your hands, let the butter run into every corner of the mould Coat thickly with breadcrumbs and pour in the pork mixture. Bake in a moderate oven for 45 min Serve turned out in a silver

entrée dish with a good white onion sauce round the base of it.

Lemon Soufflé.

lb. caster sugar, 3 eggs, 1 oz. gelatine, 21 lemons, ½ pt whipped cream (or 1 pt. cream and whipped whites of 2 eggs), ‡ pt water.

Put the yolks of 3 eggs, sugar, grated rind and juice of the lemons into a saucepan, and whisk until nearly boiling. Strain into a basin, and when quite cold add the whipped cream, gelatine, water, and the whites of the eggs well beaten. Allow to set creamily, giving it a stir as it sets Then pour into a soufflé-case with a band of paper tied round it. When cold, take off the paper and shake ratafia crumbs on top before serving. This is a cold sweet, and half the given quantities will make a soufflé large enough for four small helpings.

Tuesday.

Cream of Ox Tail. Frittura. Fried Potatoes. Celery Soufflé. Peach Tip-Top. Cheese Coquettes.

Cream of Ox Tail.

One ox tail, carrot, turnip, 1 large onion, salt, pepper, and a few cloves, 1 or 2 drops cochineal, 1 pt. milk.

Cut the ox tail into small pieces and put into a deep saucepan on the stove, together with the onion, carrot and turnip, and about 2 qt. water. Allow to boil, and then to simmer 2 hours, or until quite tender. Remove, and strain off the bones. Pass meat and vegetables through a fine sieve, and return to the saucepan. Add milk, and a few drops of cochineal to make a nice-coloured pink. If not thick enough a little flour may be added, but if the tail is a good one there should be sufficient meat to make the soup of the consistency of thick cream. Serve with toasted squares of bread or croûtons of fried bread.

Frittura.

One sheep's tongue, I set of brains, or 3 potatoes, ½ lb. sheep's liver, 1 tablespn. flour, 1 oz. butter, 1 egg, breadcrumbs, 1 kidney.

Boil the tongue until tender, and,

while hot, skin and cut into squares. Par-boil the brains in half milk and half water, and allow to become cold. Cut the liver into small pieces and about in. in thickness. Dip the kidney into boiling water, skin and cut into 1 in. rounds. Dip all the ingredients into egg and breadcrumbs, and fry in a pan of boiling fat. The liver should be put in first, as it will take the longest time to do: most of the other will cook in about 5 or 7 min. Arrange the frittura with the liver in the centre, a ring of tongue round, and a ring of kidney outside that. Lastly, put an edging of potato, and decorate with a little parsley.

Celery Soufflé.

One head of celery, 1 pt. milk, 2 tablespn. flour, a piece of butter, pepper and salt to taste, 2 eggs.

Stew the celery until tender, and pass through a hair-sieve. Put the milk into a stewpan with the butter, and allow to nearly boil. Mix the flour with sufficient cold milk to make a thick smooth cream, and add to the boiling

> milk. Next, add the celery purée, and cook for 1 min. Allow to cool, and add the stifflybeaten whites and the yolks of the eggs. Beat all together, and pour ınto a well-greased soufflé dish. Bake in a good oven for 20 min. Serve at once, so that it does not fall before it reaches the table

Peach Tip-Top.

One small tin of peaches, 2 cups boiled rice, i tablespn. sugar, ½ oz. gelatine, a little whipped cream.

Drain the juice from the peaches, and dissolve the gelatine in 1 tablespn. hot water. Mix with the peach juice. Add to the rice, and stir well, so as to separate each grain. Lastly, add the sugar, and put into a deep dish in which it can be sent to table. Allow to set, and garnish with the halves of the peaches set in a ring round the dish, the centre of each being filled with a little whipped cream. To make an added garnish for the dish, drift a little grated cocoanut over all before sending to table.



No. 9249.

Paper Patterns supplied in the medium size only, price 9d. each, postage extra.

November Dinners

Cheese Coquettes.

One cream cheese, I oz. Cheddar cheese, I tablespn. milk, I saltspn. made mustard, cayenne, salt and pepper to taste, ½ teaspn. white sugar, a few round cheese biscuits.

Melt the Cheddar cheese with the milk in a saucepan over a slow fire. Add mustard and seasoning, and allow to cool slightly. Form into round balls about the size of small marbles, and set aside until needed. Mash the cream cheese with the sugar, and thoroughly mix. Form into balls about the size of a penny, and flatten each end. Insert a cheese marble in the centre of each cream cheese ring, and set on small well-buttered cheese biscuits. Garnish with a few pared olives set at intervals round the dish.

Wednesday.

Beacondale Soup.

Fgg Rissoles.

Roast Mutton with Onion Sauce.

Seakale.

Pommedore Potatoes.

Pineapple Tart.

Beacondale Soup.

1½ pt. good stock, ½ tin tomatoes, ½ tin sweet corn, 1 onion, 1 teaspn. sugar, a little butter

Put the stock into a saucepan with the onion, and allow to simmer gently until the onion is quite soft. Strain, and add the tomatoes and sweet corn, also the sugar and I tablespin butter, and cook gently for 10 min or more. Season to taste, and serve.

Egg Rissoles.

2 tablespn flour, ½ pt. milk, butter, seasoning, 1 large onion, 1 tablespn. Worcester sauce, 2 hard-boiled eggs, breadtrumbs, frying-fat

Mix the flour with a little cold milk until it is quite smooth. Add to the cold milk and pour into a saucepan Cook gently until the flour is done, then remove the onion. Add the Worcester sauce and the hard-boiled eggs, also the seasoning, and pour into a shallow plate to become cold. Cut into circles, and dip in egg and breadcrumbs, and fry to a nice golden brown. Drain on a piece of grease-proof paper, and serve piled high in a silver dish.

Pommedore Potatoes.

2 lb. cold boiled potatoes, ½ tin tomatoes, onion, and a little butter.

Shee the potatoes in a deep dish. Add several slices of onion and plenty of pepper and salt. Continue until the dish is three-parts full. Lastly, cover the potatoes and onions with the tomatoes, and bake in a moderate oven for \(\frac{1}{2}\) hour. This is an exceedingly good dish for winter, as it is both appetising and nourishing.

Pineapple Tart.

Six slices pincapple, a little redcurrant jelly, some short puff-pastry. Line a shallow tin with the pastry, and lay the pineapple, one slice overlapping the other, all round the inside of it. Fill the centre of each pineapple ring with red-currant jelly, and bake for 35 min. in a good oven. A little whipped cream adds greatly to the look as well as the taste of this dish, but is not necessary for its success.

Thursday.

Cream of Potato Soup.
Harlequin of Mutton.
Browned Potatoes. Scotch Cabbage.
Giant Puffs.
Cheese Fondu.

Harlequin of Mutton.

Several slices of cold mutton, the same number of slices of ham, I tablespn. sultanas, I teaspn. chopped onion, pepper and salt, a little good brown gravy.

Allow I slice of mutton to each person. Lay on a board and beat with a cutletbat. Spread with a little dripping, a little chopped onion, several well-washed sultanas, and season rather highly. Place a slice of ham on the top of each, and press firmly together. Trim to a uniform size. Bake in a moderate oven for 20 min., but do not allow to brown. Serve with a good brown gravy poured over them, and see that they are very hot, as otherwise they are apt to be greasy and unappetising.

Scotch Cabbage.

One good-sized cabbage, 2 tablespin vinegar, 1 tablespin oil, a few peppercorns.

Wash the cabbage thoroughly, and boil for 10 min in water. Remove and drain, and return to the saucepan with the vinegar and oil. Allow to simmer slowly until the cabbage is quite done. Chop finely, and sprinkle with peppercorns before sending to the table.

Giant Puffe

3 eggs, 4 oz flour, 1½ oz. butter, 2 oz. sugar, 1 tablespn. milk, 1 tablespn. cream, and a little nutmeg.

Beat the eggs well, add the flour to them very gradually, and mix carefully until it becomes a stiff batter. Melt the butter, and add together with the sugar and a little nutmeg, also the milk and cream. If no cream is available 2 tablespn. milk will do. Beat all the ingredients together, and pour into well-buttered teacups. Fill half full, and bake about 15 min. in a quick oven. Turn out, and dredge with finely-powdered sugar before serving.

Cheese Fondu.

3 oz. cheese, ½ cup sweet milk, a little made mustard, cayenne and lalt.

Melt the cheese in the milk until it becomes tacky and rather stringy. Add the mustard and seasoning, and a few drops of Worcester sauce. Turn out on to a plate, and, as it becomes cold, pull between your fingers as you would do when making toffec. Continue so doing until the cheese is quite white and nearly hard. Then, while the thread is still able to be pulled, wind it round and round on a glass dish, and allow to set. This is very delicious, and so light that the weakest digestion will not suffer from partaking freely of it.

Friday.

Eel Soup.
Russian Steak.
Boiled Potatoes. Vegetable Purée.
Troupedoré Fritters.

Ecl Soup.

2½ lb. eels, 1 large onion, 3 oz. butter, a bunch of sweet herbs, a little mace, 1 teaspn. peppercorns, salt to taste, 3 tablespn. flour, ½ pt. milk, 4 pt. water.

Wash the eels carefully, and cut them into small slices. Put into a saucepan with the butter, and allow to simmer gently for 10 min., then add the water, the onion cut into thin slices, and the herbs and seasoning. Simmer for 1 hour, or until the eels are tender. Strain the stock from the eels. Mix the flour with the milk, stir into the soup, and boil for about 3 min. Pour over the eels, and serve.

Russian Steak.

One large steak cut from the rump, juice of 1 lemon. 1 oz. beef dripping, 1 teaspn. chopped parsley, 1 teaspn. chutney, breadcrumbs.

Lay the steak on a flat board, and pound to make it tender, use a cutletbat or rolling-pin for this purpose. Slightly melt the dripping and mix the chopped parsley and the lemon juice with it. Season well with pepper and salt. Lastly, mix the chutney in and beat all together. Spread thinly over the steak, and cover with breadcrumbs about \(\frac{1}{4}\) in. thick. Grill under a good hot grid for \(\frac{1}{2}\) hour, or roast in a good oven for 15 min., and then under the grid for another 15 min.

Vegetable Purée.

This is made up of all kinds of cold vegetables sliced small, fried in a little butter or good dripping, then stewed in ½ pt. milk, well seasoned with pepper and salt. The greater variety of vegetables used the more delicious and appetising is the purce.

Troupedoré Fritters.

Take a small loaf and cut into pieces about 3 in. square, using only the crumb. Soak in milk. Make a batter of 1 egg well beaten, 1 tablespn. flour, a little butter, salt. Dip the soaked crumb of the bread in the batter and fry in a hot deep fat for 5 min. Then remove and re-dip in the batter, and fry until done. Drain on paper, and sprinkle hundreds-and-thousands over them. Pile in a

November Dinners

dish, and pour a little melted jam or jelly round them. This is a sweet particularly favoured by children, and one which is not too well known among cooks.

Saturday.

Fr tout-cas Soup Stutted Ham Bone Cabbage Coburg Potatoes. Almond Pudding Cherry Cheese

En-tout-cas Soup.

This soup is called as it is for the

reason that it is equally good hot or cold, winter or summer, and, as far as one can judge is welcome at all times

I qt brown stock, ½ lb neck of beef, white and shells of 2 eggs, I onion, a piece of celery, a little carrot, a few cloves and peppercorns

Let the stock stand until quite cold, and remove every trace of fat Put the beef through the mincing - machine, but

leave the onion whole. Beat the whites of the eggs to a stiff froth, and crush the shells. Put the stock into a deep stew-pan, add the meat together with the vegetables, seasoning, whites and shells of the 2 eggs, and whisk all together over a slow fire until nearly, boiling, then allow to simmer for 25 min. Strain through a dry clean cloth. The soup is now ready for

serving, and, if wanted cold, should immediately be put on the ice; but at such a time as the present it is more welcome if brought to the table hot.

Stuffed Ham Bone.

I lb gammon rasher cut very thin, ham bone from a practically finished ham, a little yeal forcement

Make I lb good veal stufing Crack the ham bone, and spread the marrow on the slice of gammon Roll the bone in the stuffing and wrap round with the gammon rasher Bake in a moderate

oven for 20 min. Serve with a good brown gravy

Coburg Potatoes.

Cold potatoes, cold macaroni, grated onion, pepper and salt

Cut the cold potatoes into small pieces and lay in the bottom of a pie-dish. Add a little finely-grated onion and pepper and salt. Cover with a layer of boiled macaroni cut into 1-in lengths. Add 2 or 3

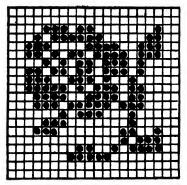
small pieces of butter, I tablespn. milk, and grill for 10 min.

Almond Pudding.

A Serviette to match the Cloth shown on page 95

½ lb sweet almonds, 4 bitter almonds, 1 oz loaf sugar, rind of 1 lemon, 1 teaspn butter, 3 eggs, ½ teacup sweet milk, a little nutmeg

Blanch the almonds, and pound them to a fine paste, rub the loaf sugar on the



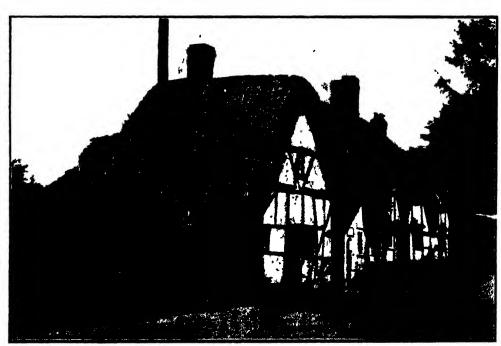
The diagram for working the Serviette Corner.

rind of the lemon, melt the butter, and add to the almonds. Lastly, add the milk and a little grated nutmeg. Pour into a buttered soufflé dish, and bake in a moderate oven for 30 min. Serve a sweet sauce, made from ½ pt. milk, I teaspn flour, 2 or 3 drops of essence of almonds, sugar to taste. Pour round the pudding after it has been tuined out. A few chopped almonds sprinkled on the top is a marked improvement.

Cherry Cheese.

I egg per person is required, about I dessertspn. grated cheese, a little milk, butter and seasoning, and glace cherries

Break each egg separately, and beat, adding the grated cheese, seasoning, and milk Beat well, and poach in boiling milk until nicely set Serve on rounds of buttered toast, and on the immediate top place half a glacé cherry



THE OLD TOST OFFICE, CROPTHORNE-ON-AVON, WORCESTERWHIRE.

Photo by W. M. Dodson.

Three Pretty House Frocks

HIRF are three useful little styles that will appeal to the housewife, as they have everything to recommend them for morning wear in the house.

Each of the designs is made with short sleeves, which are always an advantage when anyone has household tasks to perform.

No. 9260 is a particularly becoming style, being cut in one from neck to hem, and fastening with a placket at the centre front is an easy frock to get into A bias fold of the check maternal applied from shoulder to base of pocket gives an interesting touch to the garment Four yards of plain col ured Tobralco, with three-quarters of a yard of check fibric for trim-



No. 9260. No. 9261. No 9262

Each of these designs can be supplied in sizes for 34, 36 and 38 inches bust measure

ming will be required for the making

Navy and white cotton foulard would make up nicely for the Ittle dress in the centre (No 9261), with white muslin facings This has set in sleeves, and fastens at the side front Four and a-half yards of 36 inch material, with three quar ters of a yard of muslin for facings, will be needed.

No 9261 con sists of a simple shirt blouse and a plain gathered skirt. The blouse can be made with long or short sleeves Tootal's soft pique would be very suitable for making, with cretonne collir and pockets. Ma terial required Blouse 21 yards, skirt 21 yards, with I yard of figured fabric for trimming

Paper Patterns, price 9d. each, postage 1d. each extra by unsealed packet post, or 2d. by letter post.



The small figures show the arrangement of the frocks at the waist line.

Address to the "Girl's Own"
Fashion Editor, 4,
Bouverie Street,
Fleet Street, London, E.C. 4.

Descriptions of the Patterns Illustrated on page 112

No 9250 A GATHERED DRESS WITH SHOULDER YORK - Sizes for 4 and 6 years.

No 9251 A (HILD'S SILK BLOUSL AND VELVET SKIRL - Sizes for 4 and 6 years

No 9252 A Box's SAILOR SULT —Sizes for 2 4 and 6 years

No 9253 A GIRL'S (ROSSOVER DRESS WITH SASH I ASTENING —Sizes for 8 and 10 years

No 9254 \ Dress WITH QUILLD TRIMMINGS —Sizes for 8 and 10 years

No 9255 A SMALL BOY'S BUSTER SUIT.
—Sizes for 2, 4 and 6 years

No 9256 \ PREIII SIVIE IOR DVID SHANTUNG.—Sizes for 10 and 12 years

No 9257 A DRESS COMBINING PLAIN AD LANCE MATERIALS — Sizes for 4 and 6 years.

Paper Patterns, price 9d. each, postage extra. Address to the "Girl's Own" Fashion Editor, 4, Bouverie Street, Fleet Street, London, E.C. 4.

Popular Underwear Patterns

Paper Patterns, price 9d. each, postage 1d. each extra by unsealed packet post, or 2d. by letter post.

In the group below some very useful patterns for dressinggowns and sleeping wear are illustrated, and all these patterns are of the simplest construction, presenting very little difficulty to the home-worker.

No. 9008. No. 8410. No. 9210. No. 8632.

No. 8411

No. 9212.

No. 8098. No. 8591. No. 8343. No. 9211.

No. 9008. A SLIP-ON NEGLIGÉE.— Sizes for 34, 36 and 38 inches bust measure. Material required for the medium size, 3½ yards 36 inches wide.

No. 8410. A BECOMING NEGLIGÉE.— Sizes medium and large. Material required for the medium size, 5½ yards 40 inches wide.

No. 9210. A SIMPLE DRESSING-JACKET.
—Sizes small, medium and large. Material required for the medium size, 4 yards 36 inches wide.

No. 8632. A FRILLY DRESSING-JACKIT.
—Sizes for 34 and 36 inches bust measure.

Material required for the larger size, 1#
yards 40 inches wide.

No. 8098. A PLAIN NIGHTGOWN WITH TURN-DOWN COLLAR.—Sizes small, medium and large. Material required for the medium size, 5½ yards 36 inches wide.

No. 8591. A KIMONO DRESSING-GOWN.
—Sizes for 34 and 36 inches bust measure.
Material required for the larger size, 5\frac{1}{2}
yards 30 inches wide.

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No. 8343. A SLEEPING-SUIT WITH JUMPER TOP.—Sizes for r4, 16 and 18 years. Material required for size 16 years, 4½ yards 40 inches wide.

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For Children and Adults

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Address to the "Girl's Own" Fashion Editor, 4, Bouverie Street, Fleet Street, London, E.C. 4.

Each of the children's underwear patterns illustrated on this page has some point in its favour as regards comfort or protection to specially recommend it for winter wear. "Clydella" is a cosy fabric for making children's sleepingsuits and underwear.



No. 8031. No. 8864. No. 5150. No. 9002. No. 9214. No. 9215. No. 9082, No. 8937.



WOMAN'S MAGAZINE



' Or course," said Elinor with conviction, "I shall never, never marry now—never."

Surely three "nevers" were enough to satisfy anyone as to unalterable resolution.

Betty listened big-cyed with dismay. She was positively shocked by a tale of such tragedy.

Betty was only eighteen, you must understand, and she had always adored her cousin Elinor, who was beautiful, slightly masterful—and aged twentyone. Also she had lived in London another fact that claimed respect from Yorkshire-bred Betty.

There was indeed something superior in Elinor from the crown of her fair head to the tips of her dainty shoes. Betty, who was neither smart nor beautiful, but only a big-eyed pretty little country lass, felt and reverenced the superiority, and had dreamed wondrous dreams of the day when she was to be Elinor's bridesmaid.

A bridesmaid! Oh, the glamour of it! The thrill of it.

You can now better understand Betty's dismay. She had come to London on purpose to buy her Christmas presents and be "fitted" for her bridesmaid's frock, and Elinor had greeted her with the tidings that her engagement with Bob Marchand was broken off. It seemed the more tragic to Betty since she regarded Bob as almost the nicest man she knew, and Elinor's reason for breaking off the marriage seemed so very "unreasonable."

"But can't you say you are sorry you misjudged him?" urged Betty. "You could write it, you know; and I'm sure he would forgive you."

Elinor flushed crimson.

"You don't understand, Elizabeth," she replied in her most superior tones. "It—it would be quite easy to say I was sorry if I thought he—wanted to hear it. But he can't. W—when I

The Immature Peacemaker

By MAY WYNNE

told him I wouldn't marry him, he just went off and has never been near since. If—if he really had loved me as I love him he would have come back."

"Perhaps he felt too bad about it," retorted Betty, too eager even to be squashed by that "Elizabeth." "I expect he thought you had quite made up your mind, and in that case he could not bear to see you again. He may have thought yours was an excuse to break it off because you did not love him."

"He couldn't have thought that," said Elinor decidedly; "he knows quite well I love him with my whole heart. And—and I know he will end by marrying Maud Rayland or someone else, and I shall be a mi—miserable old maid. No, Betty, don't come and comfort me; and don't ever mention Bob's name again; I can't bear it."

The door actually slammed behind the tearful Elinor, and Betty sat weeping alone in forbidden sympathy.

It did seem a dreadful state of affairs. Only three weeks ago Elinor had been the happiest of mortals, writing Betty sheaves of pages about her fiance's perfections, and now here she was resolved never to see him again because of one silly little quarrel.

The very silliest sort of quarrel possible, too, for Elinor had chosen to be jealous because she had heard Bob had been in love with another girl before he met her! Betty had not heard all the foolish gossiping tale which Elinor had listened to and accused her lover of. Only, as Elinor herself confessed, she

had heard afterwards she had misjudged him, and was too proud to confess it and ask forgiveness.

"If he had loved me he would have come back without being called," was Elmor's plea; but Betty was not so sure of it. Her sympathies were largely with Bob, even whilst she adored Elmor.

Christmas shopping is tiring work, and Betty found it the more trying because her mind was absorbed by other things. It was quite a relief to get home and be greeted with open arms by mother, dad, the boys, the dogs, and the servants, for Betty was not one of those people who will insist in showing their worst side at home and whose departure from the family circle is welcomed by sighs of relief from all

After Betty had heard all the family news, told all her news, hidden away mysterious presents—for Christmas day—and been shown the seven new rabbits, the baby calf, and the boys' home-made cabinet, she slipped off to her mother's morning-room.

"It's about poor Elinor," she explained. "Mumsie, darling, we must do something, or she may spoil her life—and Bob's too."

"Elmor is a dear child," replied Mrs. Glynvale gently, "but she is a very foolish one. I am not sure that a little lesson in suffering won't be good for her; it will make her more humble."

"But, mother," protested Betty, "it would be awful for her to have to be an old maid; and Bob is really thinking of going out to Australia—Elinor heard it from his aunt, the day I left. She was awfully cut up—and that's why I thought of my idea to have them both down here for Christmas. Do say yes, darling mother! There's lots of room for them, and they would have to explain and make it up then if they saw each other and—and knew they both still

The Immature Peacemaker

loved one another. And it would make it such a happy Christmas."

Mother kissed the eager face tenderly. "How you take the troubles of others to heart, darling," she said. "Well, I'm glad to have it so. I would not change my Betty for any other daughter in England. And though I'm not quite so sure as you, dear, about this wonderful peacemaking scheme, you are quite welcome to ask Elinor and Mr. Marchand down here. And if they are sensible folk they will profit by your kind thought—that is to say, if they really care for each other."

And, though Betty secretly felt that darling mother did not quite understand what a wonderful and superior girl Elinor was, she was grateful that her request was granted.

Christmas at Yeasley Manor was as old-fashioned and delightful as the weather would permit. And even drizzling rain or clammy fog could not rob the season of its ancient flavour of peace and goodwill. Yule logs blazed on the open hearth, holly berries crowned the walls and garlanded every nook and cranny of the great wainscoted hall, whilst the young Glynvales themselves made the bonniest bunch of Christmas roses anyone might wish to see.

Bob Marchand, arriving wet and dismal, that twenty-second of December, could not fail to be struck by the atmosphere of joy pervading everything, and he was actually smiling as he picked Baby Joan up to be kissed under the mistletoe, when a vision on the staircase caused him to set his smallest sweetheart down hastily.

Elinor! Of all people in the world. Elinor here!

To see Bob's expression you might have supposed the radiant figure in white draperies had been a ghoul. In fact he might have been excused for rubbing his eyes to clear his sight, since hardly had he beheld it than it had vanished.

Betty, with a heart overflowing with loving kindness, pursued the fleeing Elinor to her room.

"Oh, don't shut me out," she pleaded, pushing with all her young vigour against the door; "and do say you are pleased, Nellie? I—I did ic on purpose. I th—thought—being Christmas-time, you would be sure to be glad to have the chance of—making it up."

"Glad!" echoed Elinor, burning-cheeked and hard-eyed. "Really, Elizabeth, you—you have no more sense than an owl. It—it is too dreadful; and I've a good mind to pack up and return to London tonight."

Betty burst into tears.

" And I thought it would make you

both so happy," she subbed. " E—even mother thought it was a good p—plan if you were sensible p—people."

But the trouble was that neither of these youthful lovers appeared to be very sensible people, and, though in the end neither Elinor nor Bob took their departure, there was a decided feeling of restraint in the family gathering that evening. Elinor—outwardly calm and smiling after a brief tempest—talked exclusively to her uncle, getting hopelessly out of her depths, too, on politics and shooting topics, whilst Bob Marchand, as though to show his forgiveness for the regretful Betty's mistaken policy, gave the poor child his undivided attention.

"I am glad bed-time has come," thought Betty, when she reached her room that evening. "Oh, dear! it's no sort of use to go along to chat to Nellie this evening. She hardly kissed me goodnight, and I know she hasn't forgiven me. How hard it is to 'make it up' for other people. I wish I hadn't, now. Oh, dear! oh dear! I can't think how they can be so silly when they really love each other."

And the "silliness" continued next day. Betty, on the look-out for hopeful signs at breakfast-time, discovered them not. Elinor talked of the weather, and cut a piece of dried toast into dice, whilst Bob joked Tommy and Jack, and laughed unconvincingly at his own sallies.

It was Bob, however, who caught hold of Betty after the meal was over.



"Come for a good honest tramp with me, Betty," he pleaded. "It froze last night, and the roads won't be so bad. I feel I want a constitutional and a good comrade."

His eyes told the tale of a sleepless night, and Betty, all sympathy, stifled a regret for the morning's work already planned.

"I'll go and get my things on at once," she said, with the heartiness which made self-sacrifice the more complete.

On her way downstairs she met Elinor.

"I'm going for a long walk with Bob," she explained. "He asked me to."

She thought Elinor would be pleased, since she appeared to resent Bob's company so much. But again she mistook.

"I quite understand," replied Elinor.
"I—I understood last night. You can't expect me to say more." And she swept on, leaving Betty confounded.

"What did she mean?" thought poor Betty. "She can't suppose I am getting—getting Bob to make love to me." And her cheeks grew scarlet. Elmor's eyes had been quite cloquent

"You're a capital walker, little Betty," was Bob's admiring praise, "I never knew a better. You didn't mind coming?"

Betty could not blush, her cheeks were their rosiest already with exercise.

"Why didn't you ask Elinor?" she answered inconsequently.

Bob sighed.

"Because it was about Elinor I wanted to talk," he admitted. "You and she are great pals, I know."

"We were," said Betty; "but I—I think Elinor's angry with me for inviting you both here for Christmas. In fact, I'm sure she is. But I only did it for the best. She was—was so miserable about the quarrel, and said that of course she could only be an old-maid now. And she thought you didn't care, and she cried when she heard you were going to Australia. So it seemed such a good idea to ask you both here so that you could make it up."

It was as well that Bob had come to a stand-still or Betty would never have got out all that speech, since it seemed necessary to reel it off at a gabble. But Bob must have understood the gist of it, for before its conclusion he had both Betty's hands in his.

"She does care then?" he cried breathlessly. "You are sure, Betty? And she really cried when she heard I was going to Australia? She really was miserable over that wretched quarrel?"

"You needn't be so jolly pleased about her being unhappy," retorted Betty, "but it's quite true. And I



SHE SOON REVIVED, HOWEVER, IN THE COSY WARMIH OF FARMER STRACHAN'S KITCHEN.

Drawn by Treyer Evans

think you are both rather more than stupid to make trouble when there needn't be any "

"My dearest of Bettys," cried Bob rapturously, "you talk like a book and behave like an angel If you are sure Fhnor still loves me I'm the happiest man on earth You see, I felt certain there was some other fellow, and she was just making excuses with that twaddling tale And so—I went away"

Betty's laugh was a trifle wry

"It's been much ado about nothing, hasn't it?" she said "But now you're going to kiss and make friends You promise?"

Of course he promised, having reached the heights, after dismal dwelling in the depths

But alas! Fate had not yet finished with him!

"It's going to snow," observed Betty, after receiving her proper meed of gratitude "And we must be home for lunch There's ever such a lot to be done this afternoon."

"We've tramped rather a long way, too," replied Bob, who was now the more cheerful of the two. "I say, Betty, do give me your advice, like the little trump you are? Shall I give Elinor the lead by saying I'm sorry, or——"

"I'll tell her for vou, if you like," said Betty "And she's sure to give you your opportunity—perhaps after tea, or for certain after dinner Now do hurry, please It's snowing hard"

"What a change," laughed Bob, "after yesterday's drizzle I feel about two now Yesterday I was a hundred And it's all your doing, Betty"

At that moment Betty had need of all his approval, since the snow-storm threatened to develop into a blizzard †

W—whew! how the crisp snowflakes stung their faces, and lay in a frozen mass against their chests. There was no chance of talking of love-quarrels or future peace-makings, since it soon became evident they were fairly caught in a snow-blizzard.

"Here! we can't face this," shouted Bob in his companion's ear "There's a farm to the left. I'm—going to take you—there"

Betty heard the words as from afar. Already the fury of the storm had dulled her senses She soon revived, however, in the cosy warmth of Farmer Strachan's kitchen and gratefully gulped down hot milk, whilst Bob Marchand stood by concerned and sympathetic

"Poor little girl," he said "I shall get into trouble with your people I don't know what we should have done if we hadn't found shelter here"

Betty smiled faintly

"It's Elmor I'm thinking of," she whispered; and Bob wondered in vain as to the reason for the note of anxiety in the small voice

The blizzard, though furious, was not of long duration By two pm the sun was shining upon white drifts, and the wayfarers at Longton Farm were "fussing" to be home

"It gets dark so early," Betty kept saying; "and everyone will be so anxious"

She was, above all, wondering how Elinor would greet them. Elinor—who had been so ridiculous in hinting that she

Her cheeks grew scarlet

"Oh Bob, we must get home," she

The Immature Peacemaker

But the "must" did not add to the chances of accomplishing it.

Nevertheless, a start was bravely made, and Betty floundered gallantly

on through the snow, clinging desperately to Boh's arm, till the luckless moment when she tripped, plunging down to her waist in a drift.

It was at this moment that the tinkling of bells was heard, and Bob, turning, beheld a sleigh being driven along the road by a young man, who reined in beside them.

" Hullo," cried a voice in quite aggressively cheerful tones. "It can't be you, Miss Betty!"

"I don't know who else it can be," retorted

Betty, with a dismal little laugh, "But oh, Alec, what good angel sent vou along? We have been nearly buried in the snow "

The owner of the sleigh looked curiously from one to the other as he helped Bob and Betty into the vehicle; it was clearly a puzzle to him to locate the former.

Nor was Betty communicative. Tired out with her adventures she lay back in her seat with closed eyes, hardly replying to the repeated inquiries made by her companions as to how she felt

Alec Melville was frowning as he drove away later from the Manor door, having rather curtly refused an invitation to come to tea.

"She called him 'Bob," thought the young man. " And he was confoundedly too solicitous about her. Poor little girl! What in the world did he mean by dragging her out in such weather? He might have known it was going to snow!'

A remark scarcely fair, since the approach of the blizzard had been rapid enough to cheat the most weather-wise.

Meantime, Betty, having been safely landed at home after her snowy adventure, was being "taken care of" by everyone in the Manor-with one exception.

"Where's Nellie?" she asked her mother who came trotting up to her bed-room for the twentieth time to see if she were thoroughly warm and cosy and had all she could possibly want.

Mrs. Glynvale hesitated.

"I really don't know, dear," she said.

"Of course, it may be my fancy, but

I think Elmor is vexed about something. She was talking after luncheon of having to return home on the twenty-seventh.

Worth Remembering

One of the good things to remember at Christmas time is that everything in life is comparative. There are no superlatives. No matter how little we have. there is someone who has less; no matter how much we have, someone has more.

A man I know very well, whose fortune now runs into hundreds of thousands of pounds, told me once that he had never been so poor as he had been since his income passed seven hundred pounds a year. I thought I would like to be "poor way, just once, to try it. But what he meant was that as his income grew his wants and his desires and those of his family increased more rapidly than his wealth, which caused him more unhappiness and worry than when he was making less, and he and his family—especially his family—had not costly social aspirations and the love of elaborate display.

So at Christmas time it is well to recall that it is the internals, not the externals, that count. Not how many lights your neighbour has on her Christmas tree, but how many little lights of happiness are glowing in your own heart

You do not want to be niggardly. It is a fine thing to be able to give beautiful gifts, sensible gifts, useful gifts, expensive gifts, amusing gifts. But do not put yourself in needless and unhappy competition with someone who has more and can give more. Christmas is for happiness.

Hardly worth coming all the way to Yorkshire for such a tiny visit, but when I said so she was really quite irritable. I wondered-though it seems ridiculous -whether she was a teeny bit jealous of you."

Betty's cheeks flamed, but she could not help laughing.

"It is too ridiculous," she replied, "though I believe it is true, mumsie. How can Elmor be so silly, when I thought she was so wise and clever?"

Mrs. Glynvale shook her head.

"My dear child," she replied, "the wisest and most clever are often foolish in their love affairs; so Nellie is no exception. However, I have no doubt that all will come right if we leave things alone. It does not do to interfere."

But Betty did not reply to this truism. You see, she had had some reason to congratulate herself over her efforts in peacemaking during the earlier part of the day, and was soon fast asleep, dreaming all sorts of topsy-turvy dreams in which she was driving with Alec Melville through a raging snow-storm pursued by

a whole regiment of Father Christmascs armed with fir-trees from which dangled numberless well-filled stockings.

It was another soaking wet day which

Betty surveyed from her window next morning. Quite hopeless from the going-out point of view.

"It's hard luck for Christmas Eve," sighed Betty; "but we can have lots of games indoors, and be jolly. Anyhow, it's no use grumbling over the weather; that's one of the things that can't be helped." And she ran singing on her way down to breakfast, her head filled with plans for the children's enjoyment. Of course, she herself was so very grown-up now!

On the stairs she met Bob looking

the reverse of Christmassy, though he smiled a welcome and "hoped she had quite recovered."

"I was never ill," laughed Betty. "Only mother would have fussed, poor dailing, if I hadn't gone to bed. Besides, I was tired. What did you do yesterday evening? Is it—is Elinor ----"

Raised brows and eager questioning of blue eyes concluded the sentence, but Bob only shook his head in deepest gloom.

"She never gave me the ghost of a chance," he replied; "in fact, you might have thought she took it as a personal insult our being storm-driven. I don't think it's going to be a bit of good, Betty. She simply doesn't care."

But Betty thought otherwise.

"It's because she cares too much," she replied, "and has got into a bad way of 'imagining.' Oh dear! What can we do?"

It really was a question, since Elinor was as obviously unhappy as she was freezing in manner to both Bob and Betty. It only needed such a little explanation; but that explanation was not allowed. And the worst of it was that Bob would bring his tale of woe to Betty, and whilst the latter was doing her best to sympathise, of course Elinor must come stalking in, making "bad worse."

Betty was on the verge of tears, when a visitor was announced.

"Mr. Melville, to inquire after you,

miss," explained Parker; "and I can't find the mistress"

"Oh, I'll go and see him," replied Betty, glad of the excuse "Where is he—in the library?" And off she ran, bursting in on Alec like a ray of sunlight on a dull day Not that Betty felt particularly sunshiny

"You wouldn't think it, would you, Alec," she said, with an hysterical giggle, "but I really am despairing Even mumsie can't help me She says don't interfere' when I must interfere, because I've made such a muddle of things and I can't leave the tangle"

"Is it Chinese or merely double Dutch?" asked Mr Melville seriously. "No, honestly, Miss Betty I shall be very proud if I can help you in your troubles. That is to say, if you have no one better."

The last sentence was prompted by that green-eyed little monster who is at the root of all lovers' troubles

Betty, however, was unaware that this friend could be so foolish in his turn, and beamed gratefully upon him

"I couldn't have anyone else half so good," she replied "Now do listen attentively, because unless I go very slowly and tell you everything I shall get muddled myself. It is like a game of cross-purposes, and I know you will call me a goose at the end of it"

"Shall I?" asked Alec Melville "Well! I shall be surprised at myself if I do, but fire ahead"

And Betty, intent on her story, related it with a care which would have amused most listeners, but did more than amuse this particular one

"Ah!" mused Alec aloud, as he surreptitiously scanned a flushed face and anxious blue eyes. "So you have been trying to play the peacemaker, little girl, and only made matters worse. In fact, this Miss Elinor—who seems to me rather a foolish young woman—is now jealous of her best friend."

"Yes," admitted Betty "Isn't it too stupid? The very idea of her being jealous of me. Why, she's lovely, and ever so clever, and Bob adores her"

"One reason only—the last," murmured Alec, "since I never heard of a man falling in love with a girl merely because she happened to be lovely or clever, but solely because 'she was she' However, no need to argue that point This position seems to be very serious, Miss Betty"

"I know it is," sighed Betty "It makes me miserable to think of it"

"Nonsense!" retorted Mr Melville more cheerfully "No one ought to be miserable at Christmas time Morcover, I have a suggestion which makes a sovereign cure for all ills Shall I tell you what it is?"

Betty's face lighted with joy

"Oh, please," she breathed

"It is quite simple, too," said Alec, suddenly taking possession of her hands. "If you were to promise to marry me, for instance, and we were to straightway become engaged, Miss Elinor would be quite convinced that you had not—ei—been poaching on her preserves."

Betty gasped

"Oh! But," she stammered ' it—it isn't true You don't want to marry me"

"Don't I?" laughed Alec Mclville
"I'd like to hear anyone else say so,
when it has been the dream of my life
ever since I first knew vou—when, I
think, your age was somewhere about
five"

And then, putting one arm round Betty's waist he proceeded to coax from her the whispered confession that —well—she believed she must have been in love with him if not quite for so long as that, at least for ages

Perhaps it was selfish that such comparison of dates and sweet confessions should take the best part of an hour, when all the time two people at least in the Manor were grieving their hearts out

It was Betty who realised her short-comings first

"Oh, Alec!" she ciied, raising a flushed and happy face to his, "we've quite forgotten that you only suggested this for—for the others"

"Did I?" he replied, wholly unabashed "I'm afraid you must have misunderstood me, darling, for I was thinking only of myself"

But Betty would not listen to him

"Come with me," she commanded
"We must go and find Elinor at once"
They had not far to seek, and it was

Betty who presently took Alec aside and whispered in his car—

"Go and find Bob at once," she urged "Tell him she is in the library, and that if he does not know what to say to her he is a goose!"

Then, her cavalier dismissed, Betty went a-tip-toe to Elinor's side and knelt there, listening to the other's sobs with a pitying heart

"I'm so sorry, Nellie darling," she whispered, "but please don't ciy Bob has been longing to ask you to make it up, and he loves you ever so much Perhaps as much as Alec loves me And won't we have a lovely Christmas afterwards"

Then, hearing approaching footsteps, Betty ran off, leaving Elinor herself to explain, with an entirely new humility, to Bob that she was the very stupidest, most foolish, unreasonable, and dis agreeable gul in the world And-though a little of this self abuse might have been true, still, of course it only made Bob retaliate by taking the entire blame on his own shoulders and calling himself the biggest dolt in the universe for not understanding that a woman does not mean a single word of what she says when she is in a temper and that all he now believed was that I linor loved him as much as he loved her and that, like every other pair of lovers, he was sure they were intended by Providence "to live happily ever after"

' And now," concluded Flinor, radiant after her storm of tears, "we must go and thank darling little Betty"

There is no reason to doubt that the children of the Manor found that Christmas I ve the most uproariously delightful one they had ever spent, whilst still more certain it is that Christmas bells found their glad echo in the happy hearts of two pairs of lovers who tramped through the snow, with sunshine overhead and sunshine on their happy faces, to sing "peace and good-will" that Christmas morning

"And, after all, my peacemaking had a happy ending, too," whispered Betty to her lover, as they lingered in the old churchyard "Isn't it just a perfect Christmas, Alec?"

He agreed that it was



Drawn by C J. Vine



Drawn by C. J. Vine.

Believing on the Lord Jesus Christ

A Third Article for on the Spiritual Life

LILY

We have seen that the knowledge of God is no difficult, abstruse, remote experience, but should come in numberless different ways to the young heart. When we have, perhaps, not realised that He is near—in some new rapture, some fresh appreciation of the beauty of earth and sky, of the glories of Art—there He has been, all the time! And every aspiration after the ideal, every longing for perfection, has God behind it.

But this is not enough. The manifestation of God in His Son is the full answer to the desire to know Him. In A Death in the Desert, Robert Browning wrote—

"I say, the acknowledgment of God in Christ

Accepted by thy reason, solves for thee

All questions in the earth and out of it."

For you—for me—this is what we need, to help us to live, to help us to die.

Sometimes I think that, reverently speaking, we need to rediscover Jesus Christ. There is such a danger in use — in familiarity with religious phrases.

While, to some who read these words, He may be the Friend and Saviour, loved with an unspeakable love, closer to the soul than earthly comrade, to many He may seem far off—a Form of the dim past. It is to help such that I am trying to write of Him.

There are two ways in which we can, each one of us, regard our Lord Jesus Christ.

The first is the personal way. The second is the general way.

He is not only the Friend and Saviour, He is the Guide and Leader of mankind. These two methods of looking upon Him are not really disconnected. One leads on to another.

Man already knew something of right doing when Christ came, but how was he to act this out?

Jesus gave the power by a new motive. Sages, prophets, martyrs, since the world began, had preached righteous action, but Christ stands alone by saying, "Believe in Me" He lived the truth; He died for it; He showed that death is a mere incident in life; and brought immortality to light, through the pathway of the holy Cross.

And what is this power to lead a new life?

It comes through love to Him; through faith in Him.

Do not think of Jesus Christ as of someone who lived a long time ago. Study that life; so quiet and unobtrusive in its thirty years' seclusion among the hills at Nazareth; then appearing among men, with its constant beneficence, its wonderful tenderness, its sayings that never grow old.

For, have you thought—you educated girls, who know something about history, about literature, about the moral development of nations—that Jesus Christ is never out-of-date?

Every great prophet, every religious teacher the world has seen, has had his day. There has been progress since his time. But the teaching of Jesus is ever new. And His example and precept, as I shall try to show later, are just what the world is needing to-day.

But you need Him—first of all. Try and realise this,

How are you to learn all about Him?

You have probably been told again and again; and yet there may be room for repetition.

The Holy Spirit, if you prayerfully desire it, will illuminate the pages that tell of Him. We have three Gospels that concern themselves chiefly with the work of Christ in Galilee; one that devotes itself more especially to His ministry in Jerusalem. The Evangelists do not profess to give a full record of His life, but select certain points of His teaching, certain miracles that are enough to show the character of His work. All four concentrate, so to speak, upon the matchless detail of His Death and Passion.

And now, let me gravely, affectionately urge any reader, who may feel that she is without real assurance or definite conviction, to study the Life of Christ, the Death of Christ. Let the "old, old story" become new.

In the words that Browning puts into the mouth of the aged apostle St. John—

"Then stand before that fact, that Life and Death,

Stay there at gaze, till it dispart, dispread,

As though a star should open out, all sides,

And grow the world on you, as it is my world."

And Thomas à Kempis says-

"If we would be truly filled with light,

And from all blindness of our hearts be set at liberty,

Therefore our study above all must be

Upon the life of Jesus Christ to ponder."

Only, do not look upon it as mere history. What you have to grasp is this—that Jesus Christ is living still, and is willing, nay, anxious, to reveal Himself to every seeking heart.

If it seems hard, as it may do in general terms, to realise this, you must remember that myriads, in all ages, have borne testimony to the fact of His being a real and living Presence—

"More dear, more intimately nigh, Than e'en the closest earthly tie."

And if you are inclined to doubt this, make trial of it for yourself. If you will really study His Life, His Death, you will understand the truth of the poet's words; the story will spread out before you, and bring its own compelling power. In short, you will come to love Him.

Remember, you are one of those for whom He prayed, when He said of His apostles: "Neither pray I for these alone, but for them also which shall believe on Me through their word" (John xvii. 20).

And His blessing was for you to share: "Blessed are they that have not seen, and yet have believed" (John xx. 29).

It is all far simpler than perhaps you have imagined.

You are a lonely girl — shy, inarticulate, unable to express yourself. Well, then, you have an ever-present Friend, who knows your limitations; Who understands you through and through.

You are oppressed with the consciousness of wrong-doing. He came to save from sin; not only from its consequences, but from the sin itself. Tell Him all about it, in penitence. Trust yourself to Him, as your Saviour.

You feel that the knowledge of God, of which we have spoken, is too vast for you.

But Jesus came to make God known. Ponder on these wonderful words: "If a man love Me... My Father will love him, and We will come unto him and make Our abode with him. (John xiv. 23). What can be a higher destiny than that?

People talk about "coming to Jesus." But I have known the phrase, so often reiterated in hymn or sermon, fall on uncomprehending ears "Come to Jesus"; "Follow Him"; 'Give your heart to God." These injunctions may sound meaningless. I can imagine a girl saying, almost in despair, "If Jesus Christ were still on earth, it would be easy enough. I should know then how to come to Him."

But are you sure it would be so much easier?

If, humanly speaking, Jesus Christ were again a dweller among men, subject to the limitations of time and place, it would be an impossibility for all but a very small number of mortals to get near Him at all!

Supposing this were achieved, it might take almost a life-time to prepare for the journey; and then the nearness, at best, would be brief. If you think it over you will be able more clearly to understand why He said, "It is expedient for you that I go away."

In the place of an actual physical presence in one spot thousands of miles from the mass of mankind, He gave a spiritual Presence diffused everywhere. When the grief of separation was in prospect, He promised His uncomprehending disciples that "The Comforter" the Holy Spirit, should come. And from the Acts of the Apostles, which may be called the Gospel of the Holy Ghost, we learn how the Spirit did come, bringing the knowledge of things spiritual, enforcing the knowledge of Christ on those who accepted Him. Be sure that this promise still holds good.

Do not try and concern yourself too much with subtleties. Dwell in thought on that most lovely incident when our Lord had two inquirers come to Him early in His ministry. They asked Him where He dwelt, and He replied in the most gracious terms He could possibly have used, "Come and see."

I have often tried to imagine to myself what that day must have meant to St. Andrew and to St. John. A day with Jesus! No hurried question and answer; no brief interview; but a whole long day, in which to learn of Him.

This invitation still holds good. You want to know more about Christ, personally. You feel—in spite, perhaps, of a religious upbringing, of books, of current phraseology—that you lack something of assurance, of actual vital knowledge. He does not mean to you what you know He means to others; what He has meant all through the centuries that take their date from His birth.

"Come and see." He invites discipleship. He is ready to give you the fullest experience of His love, if you will only trust yourself to Him.

Coming to Christ—His coming to you—are virtually the same thing. You approach Him to beg for His

presence, but He is the more willing of the two. Only, if He is to come to you, you must see that you are not too full of self-love, self-esteem, to admit Him.

A mystical poet, T. E. Brown (1830-1897), not so well and generally known as he deserves to be, has expressed this under a forcible figure of speech; the lines are called "Indwelling."

"If thou couldst empty all thyself of self,

Like to a shell dishabited, Then might He find thee on the ocean shelf

And say, "This is not dead"—And fill thee with Himself instead But thou art all replete with very thou,

And hast such shrewd activity, That when He comes, He says, 'This is enow

Unto itself 'Twere better let it be.

It is so small and full, there is no room for Me."

No room for Him! Think what this means, and what the loss must be.

It makes the difference, between a life lived in the blessedness of His presence—a life lived in the barren chill of separation from Him, a life lived under the inspiration of a lovely ideal—a life lived in the commonplace; a life with a prospect of wonders untold in the distance—a life without horizons.

If Christianity be true, we have no logical right to hold it in the careless way that many of us do. I often feel inclined to exclaim: Are we sincere in believing? If so, let us live on a higher level. Let us, at any rate, be in earnest.

And yet it is possible to worry needlessly.

When I was a girl, surrounded as I was by religious influences of the strongest kind. I suffered tortures of bewilderment, I may say for years, as to the mental process necessary to "be a Christian." To "believe" was encompassed by difficulties. I seemed to be called on to perform some mental gymnastics—I don't know how else to express it—some extraordinary feat, by which I had

to believe something that was not true, until I had believed it. I should like to save others from this long misery of waiting and wondering.

To be cont i nued.

The Lost MS.

"Who reads the MSS. here—I mean, who decides upon them?" she asked Hetty one day.

Hetty had been away for her holiday at the seaside, and had returned more perky than ever.

"Don't you know that? I suppose you've been sitting with your eyes glued to the books," she commented. "Why, it's Mr. Forest, who comes in every day. There he is at this very minute."

Glancing up, Evic saw a little grizzlehaired man, whom she had often noticed before, passing through the countinghouse on his way upstairs to that mysterious region where authors-the worthwhile ones-were occasionally invited into the partners' sanctum. Forest was slightly hunch-backed, and had a sharp face, with eyes that bored into you like gimlets. It made her shudder to think of entrusting her MS, to him. He didn't look as if he had an ounce of emotion or sentiment in him She nearly exclaimed, "He reads only the dull books, not the novels, surely," but reflecting that she had better be cautious, she reframed

It took her at least a week to summon up courage to post the MS., registered, to the firm She put inside the packet her initials only, and the address of a small stationer's shop at the corner of her street, where letters might be addressed "for a consideration" The novel was called, Honour Before All.

Chapter VI.

A First Proposal.

The sun shone gloriously over the moors, where the heather was just beginning to turn the colour of milk and raspberries. This was the ling; the bell heather, deep wine-red, in huge clumps, was already past its best. Over the tufts some of the sportsmen came strolling up to the open moor road, where a couple of cars stood ready to take them back at the end of the day's shoot The only two women with them were Mrs. Eliot, the hostess, and Violet Cornford. The others, who had come out to the picnic lunch, had already gone back.

"We two musn't be together," declared Nesta Eliot, with her foot on the step of the larger car. "Guy, you come with me, and you, Mr. Percival, and you two." Thus she indicated the trio of men, including her husband, who were to be left with Violet.

Leslie Hawke, who was one of them, smiled. Not much chance of any conversation in an open four-seater car, with two other men as well as the chauffeur; still, it was something.

Jamieson Eliot arranged the party in the open car when his wife had gone off.

"I'll sit on the front seat with the man, unless you would prefer to, Miss Cornford? Perhaps you'll be too crowded with three at the back?"

"Oh no," answered Violet lightly. "There is plenty of room."

During the two or three days she had been at Drumdochtie she had become the centre of interest. Everyone had heard of her sudden good fortune, but this alone would scarcely have been enough, for most of the men were already married, and could hardly, therefore, look upon that as a special attraction, and to the women it was rather a cause for envy than interest.

Violet herself made her own atmosphere, with her good looks, her freshness and obvious sincerity, combined with a sort of finish about her manners and movements usually only found in those who have lived in society for many years. She was not a talker. Even those, like Leslie Hawke, who had ordinarily a great deal to say, found her a little difficult, and she obviously lacked any sense of humour. Yet she was something of a mystery, with a promise of a great deal more under the surface than appeared, and her very coldness piqued those who were accustomed to conquer rather too easily.

The car started off at a good pace, and the three behind kept up a flow of conversation in which Violet's part was small

About half-way back, however, something very unexpected happened. They were running along a road which just here had high banks; it was straight enough, but dropped in a steep descent. The chauffeur, leaning forward to manipulate his brakes fell forward quietly over the wheel and lay there.

It occurred so quickly that the two men in the back part of the car had hardly realised what had happened, when they saw Violet, who was immediately behind the unfortunate man, lean over him, and take control of the wheel.

"Lift him off," she said in a quiet tense voice to Mr. Eliot. "I can't stop the thing, but I can keep it straight."

Jamieson Eliot, who was a big man, hauled at the body, and with the assistance of the other two, succeeded at last in getting it over into the back of the car. By this time they were going at a terrific pace, and the car swayed from side to side, making the work by no means easy. Still leaning awkwardly over, Violet guided it over a small stonewalled bridge at the bottom of the hill and round the curve to the ground mounting on the other side. Directly the man was lifted away she slipped over into the vacant seat, and, manipulating the brakes and control, brought up the car gradually until it came to a standstill at the roadside, a couple of miles from where the incident had happened. There was a bright spot of red in each cheek, usually so pale, and her eyes gleamed, but she was perfectly cool.

The others looked at her with admira-

Eliot held out his hand to her to alight.
"Well I never saw anything like that!" he exclaimed. "If it hadn't been for you——" Words failed him.

"Is he dead?" asked Violet, looking at the chauffeur lying by the side of the road where the others had placed him.

"No," answered Hawke, rising from his knees beside him. "Only a faint, I think. Get some water someone; or have any of you a flask?"

Both water and flask were forthcoming. The first was brought in the cap of the third man from a runlet near by. Presently the chauffeur sat up.

His bewilderment was piteous, and when he realised the situation he burst into tears. He looked so white and wan that even Hawke was touched; but glancing at Violet he saw she was standing looking down at the man with only a slight contempt.

The chauffeur was still very queer, and when they had put him in again, it was discovered that not one of the three men could handle a car. Hawke had never had the chance; the other two were accustomed to being taken about by their chauffeurs like children by nursemaids in perambulators. They had the ignominious experience of being driven home by the only girl of the party!

Eliot was extremely annoyed at the whole affair.

"I have made inquiries," he announced before dinner, "about that chauffeur fellow. It seems he has never really got over being gassed in the war. He is a married man, too, and he was up all night with his wife who has influenza. It appears he is down with it himself, and that made him faint. But he has mistaken his vocation; a man like that has no business to be a chauffeur—most dangerous I call it!"

Violet was not hard-hearted, and she had been accustomed to live among village people, so she understood that they had pains and limitations like herself, though she was too full of her own interests to go out of her way to help or be sympathetic with any sufferer; but she was not in the least afraid of speaking her mind.

"Rather dangerous for him to be thrown out of the only job he knows, isn't it?" she suggested quietly. "What is he going to do?"

Among the unmarried men who were staying in the house-party she had three cavaliers, anxious to please her by doing her bidding. A man called Chalk, a good fellow, who had a large country estate in Yorkshire, spoke first.

"I'll find him a job," he said quickly.
"It need not be driving" Then, as he was sitting next to Violet, he added in a low tone, "Your lightest wish, you see, is my command"

She looked at him with a glint of amusement in her narrow dark eyes

"Wouldn't it have been more gallant to say it was a privilege?" she suggested.

Mr Chalk was accustomed to rate himself fairly high in the marriage market. He had quite a fine rent-roll, and he was the personage at most of the gatherings in his own Riding of the great county. No committee was complete without him He had to limit the occasions on which he took the chair to affairs which were really important or he would never have been finished. He had taken care to let these facts filter through to Violet in his intercourse with her, and he considered now the time had

come to see if she appreciated them. He would not have been quite so precipitate had he not had an uneasy feeling that in "that fellow Hawke" he had a dangerous rival The man knew so much about books, and seemed able to interest Violet on that subject to quite an annoying degree Henry Chalk himself read nothing but the newspapers and pedigree lists of animals or sales, and occasionally, when in a very literary mood, he dipped into Soapy Sponge's Sporting Tour, that immortal work which is read by men who read "no other"

When the men came out of the diningroom he managed, by an adroit movement, to get Violet to himself in a corner
of the hall, which, as in many great
country houses, was the most used
living-room. It was impossible to start
serious business here with people within
carshot. So he asked if she had seen the
portrait of the "family ghost" in the
library.

Violet had, but she had no intention

of saying so. Experience was what she wanted, and the experience of hearing what this man meant to say, or, rather, how he would say it, would do very well as a beginning. She did not in the least mind hurting him, as it could do one of his self-complacency no harm.

So she assented to being taken to see the picture, and they stood before it and discussed it, and he told her the story of it, with an anxious eye and ear for the door. Then, as she turned to go back, he stopped her by the simple process of standing straight in front of her, breathing very hard

"Miss Cornford," he began with a burst, "you may believe it or not as you like, but I have never proposed to a woman before"

Violet managed to keep a perfectly grave face

'Indeed?" said she "And are you thinking of doing it now?"

This he considered sufficient encouragement, without it he still would not have given himself away

"I don't know how to do it,' he said again, speaking unintentionally very loud in his nervousness "But I offer you myself, with all I have indeed, it's all I ask that you should take it"

It's very generous of you," said Violet demurely "But I am not hard up I have enough of my own"

'But I mean—you know what I mean—I want you to take me I have never seen any woman that I admired so much''

"This is very embarrassing, Mr. Chalk," said Violet, pretending to turn aside "I never saw you before four days ago"

"And I never saw you, but I've made up my mind, after all these years, and I can tell you I never thought I would If anyone had told me I should meet my fate here—"

"Oh, but you haven t I'm not your fate, so you mustn't think that any more"

"I know I've been rather in a hurry," he went on "I ought to have given you more time, but, oh '____"

"V1," said Guy, at the door, "they're wanting you for Bridge Oh, beg pardon! Am I interrupting?"

"No, no!" Violet sprang to him
"Thank vou ever so much, Mr Chalk
You've given me a most entertaining
recital" And she vanished

"The little vixen!" said Mr (halk "But she's the right sort. I'm sure she won't give me away"

He had tried and failed, but such a superficial business was it, that he did not even think it necessary to make an excuse and leave, in fact, he and Violet became excellent friends

This was the first of her experiences, as an heiress, of the conceit in some men



"MAKE IT TWO HUNDRED, VI, HE SAID IN RATHER AN UNSTEADY VOICE.

Draton by
P B. Hickling

The Lost MS.

which makes them think that any girl will jump at them, be their purpose never so transparent. A little later one man actually proposed himself to her at dinner, when he had taken her down for the first time! She grew to look on these episodes as jests, but when at Drumdochtie she had not got so hardened as that

The case with Leslie Hawke was quite different. He had deliberately planned to come to this house-party with the intention of proposing to the heiress, before he had ever seen her. But having seen her he had fallen really in love with her, and was rating himself for a cad at his own designs.

He saw in Violet the type of woman he had always most admired, and a very perfect specimen of that type. He liked her balance, her poise. You could not imagine such a woman "slopping over" or becoming unduly sentimental She would always have to be won and held Over the motor-car episode he was thoroughly ashamed of himself. For he was a man who did well, whatever he did He was a first-rate shot, an exceljent horseman, and a fine swimmer. He had played football for his college. But he had never had the opportunity to run a car He determined to learn the art directly he got back, so as never to run the risk of being placed in so humiliating a situation again.

When he saw Henry Chalk emerge from the library very red and disturbed, he knew exactly what had happened, and was furious. These fools! He knew them The other unmarried men would probably propose to her also before they left. What chance was there for a girl so badgered to take a man's admiration seriously? It was inevitable she should become cynical. Being a man of sense, Leshe Hawke decided that he would not give her the chance of putting him in the same category. It was maddening

to have to wait, when any day he might hear of her engagement to someone else, but he must not propose here, at any rate, but try to arrange for further meetings in London. In the meantime he would seize every opportunity to interest her in books and other subjects that he saw she really cared for. He had a pull there.

For the first time in his life Hawke was dissatisfied with himself. There were some things he wished he had not done. He had been careless—gone for pleasure wherever he found it. He had had no ideals of life. He had been extravagant, and worse. There were some episodes, not even yet ended, which now galled him. It would be all different in future.

Bridge points ruled high at Drumdochtie, and the hostess was a keen player. They cut every night for partners, and that evening Violet cut her own brother. She and Guy lost heavily, for though he was a very good player, and she quite fair, the cards were against them.

When Violet went to her room, she slipped into a soft wrapper of white crépe-de-chine with adorable little roses embroidered on it, and a becoming boudoir cap to match, and sank down in a chair before the fire. She had just dismissed her maid when there came a tap at the door and Guy entered.

"May I come in, Vi?" he asked.

"Yes, if you like; but it's late, so don't stay long."

He came over and stood with his shoulders leaning against the mantelpiece, smoking a cigarette with a moody expression.

"We'll have to pay up to-morrow morning," he said abruptly.

"All right, it's two hundred, isn't it? I'll give you a cheque for my share to-morrow," assented Violet, balancing

her dainty slipper with its gay toe towards the log fire.

"Do you mind giving it to me tonight? It's Cunliffe I'll have to pay, and we get off with the guns so early in the morning I mayn't see you."

Violet gave a slight shrug, but she went to the writing-table, produced her cheque-book, asked the initials of Mr. Cunliffe, and filled in the cheque for one hundred pounds. She was just going to blot it when Guy's hand came down heavily on her shoulder.

"Make it two hundred, Vi," he said in rather an unsteady voice.

She paused, and bit the end of her pen, frowning.

"Don't be a skimp," urged Guy.
"You know you would never have got here at all but for me."

"That's all very well, but I paid the whole of both our expenses coming here, and a great deal else beside. I don't think you know, Guy, how much you've had from me," she answered evenly.

"Yes I do. You're a real sport! But I haven't got a hundred in my bank at the moment, and it would never do for the cheque to be returned to drawer. Make it two hundred."

"I'll have to tear it up, then," said Violet resignedly.

"Oh, no, you needn't. Cheques cost twopence each now. Just make the one into two, in words and figures, and initial it."

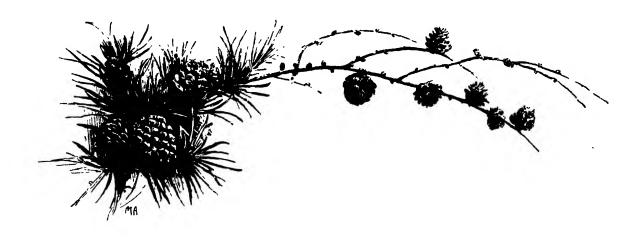
"Will that be all right?"

"Quite. Then I'll give it to Cunliffe and he'll settle with his partner. Thanks, old girl, you're a brick."

Violet had altered the word and figure, and duly initialled both. Then she

handed Guy the cheque, but it was noticeable she did not say one single other word to him before he went out of the room, though she allowed him to kiss her for good-night.

To be continued.



THERE would be many less entertaining books than a survey of the minor decorative accessories of the past hundred years. No one has recorded for us anything regarding the vogue for wax modelled fruit of the early Victorian days. Only vaguely does the present generation know anything as to the cult of the Asthetes of the 'eighties for peacocks' feathers. There was one brief—and terrible—wave of favour for pampas grass dyed to crude shades of magenta and green and purple, until it reached the seaside apartment house.

The distinctive manifestation of the idea which formerly found expression, good or bad, in these and other similar passing modes, is in the direction of gilded and painted fir-cones. At first it seems rather trivial, and perhaps to enter into that category of superfluous ornament that would "paint the lily and adorn the rose." But little by little it dawns upon one that the very old is the very new; dim antiquity and the creed of the "Futurists" have somewhat strangely come together.

There are many types of fir-cones. Among them is the broad and short product of the common fir tree, and the longer and more slender one that belongs to the larch. The cedar cone is not unlike a barrel; that of some of the araucarias is practically spheroid. The artistic worker who wants to compose a striking group that will fill a fairly large vase does not, moreover, restrict herself to cones. A cluster of nuts can be introduced to give variety. Also dried giant poppy heads are most fantastic in this connection, as are pomegranates that have been skilfully dried. The fourleaved husk of the beech nut, the shining surface of the horse-chestnut, and the parchment-like transparency of "Honesty"—to give the old name to what many know as the "Money Plant"—can be introduced into the scheme.

In the colouring the strongest and hardest tones are employed—cobalt blues, emerald greens, and all the gamut of the reds. Dashes of gold or silver accentuate the brightness. The stalks, too, are generally gilded or silvered.

The result is certainly bizarre, but it has a curious fascination that is by no means always associated with the manifestations of "Futuristic" decoration. A large jar in one of the softer tones of blue or brown or green filled with a group of these things is striking enough to arrest attention. It calls, too, upon the imagination, for surely they must have been culled from some goblin garden—a strange unreal place, in which these details to which Nature has given the soberest shades have suddenly claimed their right to be as gay as tulips or geraniums. It is a little as though a girl who had only worn hitherto the plainest of clothes suddenly appeared in a garb after a design by one of the most daring colourists.

"But how do they escape being vulgar and meretricious?" is the quite reasonable inquiry. Probably, without being in the least conscious of the fact, those who have seized upon the cone and its botanical rela-

tives for decoration have taken up what is the oldest and most immortal symbol in the alphabet of artistic expression. Did not Moses receive the Divine instruction that the lamp of the Tabernacle should have "bowls made like unto almonds with a knop and a flower," and that upon the hem of the High Priest's robe should be broidered "pomegranates of blue and of purple and of scarlet."

As excavations and discoveries have shown, these took the form of the cone in endless variations. The late Sir George Birdwood, that most learned of all authorities on the migration of symbols, has pointed out that there is nothing emblematic in the ancient arts so full of meaning as are the knop, the flower, the Assyrian "hom," which in highly conventional representation is the date palm that, "under forms taken from the most majestic of trees and the most graceful of flowers, express more simply, directly, and fully than can any form of words, the wisdom and beneficence of the Creator and the gladness and praise of men."

That indeed explains why one has not a sense of unfitness in seeing the cone in an essentially modern guise. Unconsciously, perhaps, it has entered into our sense of the development of form, and we do not view it in any way as grotesque. It has lent itself to yet another transformation, even as it has done in Aryan and Persian decorative design.

I do not profess to offer any hints on the technical aspect of how to obtain the best effects of treatment as to colour and brilliancy. That, presumably, could be learnt at any well-reputed depot supplying artists' requirements. But I have seen large groups of these cones giving most effective touches of colours in drawing-rooms wherein nothing that could be regarded as commonplace or debased is admitted, and their use, with the restraints of good taste against over-doing the idea, is distinctly original and pleasing.

So far, they have not enjoyed any exhibition of their own, but possibly that will come At present it is an amateur's fancy, pursued by a few women of original taste, that has shown itself in somewhat unusual directions. Flowers in these days are costly luxuries to the town-dweller, a fact which has brought about a much more economical method of arrangement based upon Japanese ideas, and the black bowl with two or three upstanding blossoms has taken the place of more massed groupings.

But there are few rooms, especially in town houses, that would not be better for some point of colour in a dark corner or elsewhere. Holidays are approaching, and for some there will be rambles in the pine woods fragrant with their own aromatic scent. The cones we have often trodden underfoot, and they have crackled with a sharp crispness as we have done so. They might, however, assume a new importance, and in dull winter days call up, in their daringly vivid new adornment, memories of the winter woods, the sombre trees, and all the happy hours spent away from the ordinary routine.

Ideas that have Occurred to Readers

Memorising Music.

I certainly believe that the best inspiration I ever had came to me when I decided to devote about twenty minutes every day to memorising music. Everyone who aspires to be a musician knows how often a visit to a friend's house is clouded by the fear of being asked to play without any aid to memory. After a period of nervous anticipation the inevitable request is made, and the unhappy performer sits down to the piano with no very tangible recollection of the piece she is going to present to the audience. Then comes a desperate struggle between grim determination and rapidly ebbing memory; the knowledge that people are listening destroys every atom of selfconfidence, and the pianist finds her ideas becoming even vaguer than she thought they were. When the awkward ordeal is finally over, listeners, too courteous to express their relief, attempt to compliment the person who has tried to entertain them-a course evidently prompted more by kindness than by gratitude.

After I had experienced many times the uncomfortable situation I have described, it occurred to me how much better it would be if I could only give real pleasure to other people, instead of placing them as well as myself in an embarrassing position At first it was far from easy to commit a Chopin valse or Schubert impromptu to memory so thoroughly that it could not be forgotten, but continual practice makes every task grow lighter. Now it is always possible to entertain musical friends with a few pieces on the piano whenever they ask for any Of course, it is not wise to play the same things too frequently The only way is to keep on learning, so that old favourites may be discarded before they become mono-

Sometimes there are busy days when the difficulty of giving even a short period to the study of one particular subject is a real obstacle, but the attempt is certainly worth while, and when we have once made up our minds that time must be found to accomplish something, it is astonishing how many spare minutes we can discover.—K. E., Chesham.

"Take a Little Time Off."

Two years ago I read in a magazine for women: "Take a little time off. Remember you are entitled to something yourself. If you will take even half-an-hour daily for a little recreation, reading, or resting, you can do more for that little time off. Try it this month."

To many people this would seem a very innocent suggestion, but to an old-fashioned body who does all her own work, and whose constant dread of a "Jellaby" menage usually bars the way to any change in the usual order of things, this advice to "down tools" seemed quite revolutionary.

I had often tried to "make" just a little time for myself by rushing through a day's work, but at the end of the day had been disappointed to find myself limp and without either energy or wish to do what I had intended; so this new idea of taking time instead of trying to "make" it took my fancy, and I decided to try it.

At first I locked my door, to be secure from interruption, but soon whispered warnings outside: "Don't make a noise, mother's resting," made that unnecessary. During this "off-time" I have followed my own inclinations, have read, rested, practised the piano, built castles in the air and pulled them down again, and sketched my baby, kept a diary, and generally "pieced up" a good many broken ends which household cares naturally cause in a woman's favourite pursuits.

After two years' experience I have come to look forward to this rest half-hour as a welcome change from the monotonous routine of humdrum tasks; a peaceful breathing-time to restore the balance which the hurly-burly of daily life upsets; a watch-tower in life's battle where one can calmly decide which operations are worth while and which are not; a splendid point of vantage to see the true perspective of things.

And the result? The place has not gone to rack and ruin because I sometimes put off ironing till Tuesday morning and play the piano instead. Though one is physically very tired, one's fingers are specially flexible after a day at the wash-tub; and ironing is done in half the time by daylight and when one is fresh. Whilst mother plays the piano, the youngsters whistle or hum the tunes, and father brings out old songs to try over, as his voice needs practice; and so far from being any the worse, the whole family feels brighter and is certainly better tempered for the relaxation of the old cast-iron back-breaking formula: "Get all washing out

To every busy woman, and especially to the home-

of the way the same

dav."

worker who has lost touch with most of her pet enthusiasms because she has never a minute to call her own, I would like to pass on and recommend with all my heart the best idea I've ever had: "Take a little time off."—E. H. F.

Drying Home-Grown

When the war started, and every-day things were difficult to buy in our village, we began to wonder if we could not prepare some of them at home. Dried peas we could not buy here, and sometimes, when we could, they were small and hard, and coloured with something to make them sell. As we grow peas every year, it was easy to try and dry them ourselves. When most of the green ones had been picked, the roots were left in the ground, and the few peas that were left on them ripened gradually. As soon as they began to burst open the pods, the roots were pulled up carefully, with the peas on them, and every day they were put out in the sun to dry, until all the peas had dropped out of the pods. They were then put on a tray or newspaper, and either put out in the sun to dry and harden thoroughly, or in a sunny window. When quite dry and hard they were put in tins and kept until needed. Now we dry enough for our own use every year, and like them much better than the bought ones.—M.B., Yorkshire.

Using Up Old Newspapers.

of warning: cin-

be used.

When wood became prohibitive for fires I decided to try paper sticks. I took a newspaper—e.g., Daily Telegraph—tore it into four, twisted the quarters up tightly. I found about eight such sticks were necessary to light a fire. One word

because coal
will not kindle
quickly. So I always
put a good layer of cinders
from the old fire on the
sticks, then a few small pieces

of coal, and I soon have a nice

fire.

Then, being newly married, I had no collection of rags for cleaning my brasses, and I really thought it a very great waste of soap and time to try to wash brass polish out of dirty rags, as I have seen some people do. So again at the control of the contr

tried newspaper, and found it worked admirably. I always apply the polish with a small piece of rag, and then polish

with newspaper (the more inky the paper the better!) I am quite sure that paper gives a more lasting polish than rags, and is very much quicker. No old dirty rags! The used papers go in the fire.

Then, too, when we came to put our carpets down we found that felt was a lot of money, so again paper came to the rescue, and we put whole copies of the *Times* (gladly given by our neighbour) all over the floors, and it really makes a very good substitute. The pads under the stair carpet, too, are pads of newspaper.

Paper is always used as a window polisher—wash leathers are rather expensive! My pantry and cupboard shelves are all covered with old papers, and as I change them I just twist them up ready for my fire lighting. Newspaper polishes the stove, and polishes the hearth tiles, as well as lights the fire.—A. C. M., Peterborough.

Turning Apple Peelings

I always save apple peelings, putting them in a large basin and covering with water for twenty-four hours. Then put them into the jelly-pan, well covered with water, and boil for an hour. Strain through a jelly-bag, and you will find a beautiful apple juice. This juice makes delicious and economical preserve. Take four cups of juice, four cups of sugar, half a pound of damsons. Boil together for twenty minutes. I have also utilised dried apricots in the same way, using only two cups of sugar.—

M. N., Drumchapel.

"The Refuse

I keep two big tin boxes; one I call the refuge box and one the rubbish box. I am sure they have saved me many pounds, to say nothing of incon-I scarcely know which has venience been most useful, but perhaps as "many mickles mak' a muckle," the "rubbish' has. In this box I put all odds and ends of material, old but sound bits of tape, braid, linings from old dresses, bits of the latter, and underwear-anything which is sound, no matter about looks. Bits of cretonne, old balls of wool when I have nothing like them. It does not sound much, but value here is not in intrinsic worth of the thing itself. as of its use.

If I or the children want anything to mend with, we go first to the "rubbish box," and it is astonishing how often there is just the thing. Well, there it is, and I must have waited, otherwise, until someone went to town and bought a yard or so. I never buy dusters, dish-cloths, or house-flannels, as I can always find substitutes in my box.

Then there is the "refuge box." The contents of this are all new pieces left

over from things made either at home or at the dressmaker's, or when more material was bought than was required. It is not so much visited as the other, but the savings are larger on each supply found. Pieces of silk will make a new or second set of collar and cuffs for a blouse; enough ribbon or muslin to renovate an old hat; some pretty bits for bows for shoes; or just the piece you want for that new tea cosy. Should any of your readers try this plan I am sure they will never regret it; but the old and new things must be kept separately.—L. A. C., Cheltenham.

To Use Coal Dust.

Fill a large pail nearly full with the dust; add water till it becomes a wet mass. Put a shovelful on a large piece of brown paper, roll into a bolster-shaped bundle with the openings fastened up securely, place at the back of a sittingroom fire that is well alight. The paper holds the wet slack together and prevents it putting the fire out by spreading over the surface. In about half-an-hour this bundle becomes a solid mass of red-hot coal, and forms a fire-brick at the back of the stove. If well pressed down, it will last for five or six hours with the addition of a few fresh lumps in front -L. W., Hewish.

Making a Raincoat.

Last summer I was badly in need of a raincoat that would really keep out the rain, as I have to cycle four miles to my work and four miles back every day. Some time before I had bought a book of "Trade Secrets," in which I found a somewhat vague recipe for waterproofing tweed, and the idea came to me to try it with a cotton material. I therefore bought the following:-41 yards of brown casement cloth, 50 inches wide, at is. 112d.; 11 dozen buttons; cotton, etc.; a paper pattern for a long coat; $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. of sugar of lead; $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. of alum. The directions in the book were not very clear, but the most satisfactory method seems to be this :-Have a kettle full of hot water (soft), and with it dissolve the sugar of lead and alum in separate vessels. Mix them together, stir well, and add cold soft water at discretion. You will want enough to cover your material. Let the solution stand till it is clear, pour it off from the sediment into an earthenware pan, and let the material soak in it for twenty-four hours at least, longer if you can. (It is important to use earthenware. I spoilt a galvanised iron pan in my first attempt at waterproofing, and my family does not let me forget it!)

At the end of the twenty-four hours or so, peg the stuff out on a line, and let it drip dry. It is now waterproof to all but the heaviest rain. I wore my coat while riding four miles through a drenching thunderstorm last July, and although it got soaked through in one or two places, yet my dress underneath was not wet at all. I cut out and made up the coat myself, using strips of linen that I had cut from the bottom of my Red Cross aprons to interline the front facings, belt, and collar. The total cost was twelve shillings. I washed it this summer and re-proofed it. I have worn it constantly for more than a year, and I think it will last me another at least .- " Audrey," Barry.

To Hold Baby's Belongings.

Mothers of small babies are often puzzled where to keep baby's belongings. They must be kept near to hand ready for immediate use, and yet the room must be kept neat and clean. Before my baby was born the problem was often before me, "What shall I do with all these things? Where shall I keep them?" I often had need in those days to turn to old copies of the GIRL'S OWN PAPER and STITCHERY, and looking through STITCHERY No. 8 I saw illustrated "A Novel Sewing Table."

I showed the picture to my husband. We obtained a cheese-box at a whole-sale provision merchant's, and before long he had made a similar table.

Instead of pasting on the cretonne, I fastened it with drawing pins so that it was easily taken out for washing. At the bottom of each stick my husband placed one of the polished metal " Domes of Silence." This made the hold-all easy to pull about. The legs or sticks were placed about one and a half inches above the top of the lid, and on them I hung a pincushion and bags of cretonne containing ribbon and tape and clean bits of linen. I reserved one end for the baby's day-clothes when they were taken off at night. On the lid I kept cotton, lanoline, and all the small things, and in the box were placed baby's flannels, squares, petticoats, and dresses. This hold-all was the first thing pulled out at bath-time



Lavallieres for Christmas Gifts

A LAVALLIERE of glowing enamels will supply the dash of brilliant colour which is often the one thing needed to complete a costume. You can make these charming trinkets to convey Christmas greetings to girl friends.

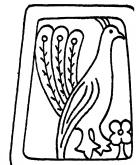
A permanent modelling clay, which hardens like cement when dry, is used, with fine round or flat silk dress cord. The lavallieres are painted in gay colours with tube oil paints, or enamels, which are sold in artists' supply shops. The oil-

colours are mixed with a little white household enamel to give gloss and hardness.

Melt a small piece of candle and dip a number of toothpicks so that they are waxed all over. First make a ball of clay. Flatten this ball by pressing it

against a smooth paper until a medallion about a quarter of an inch thick is formed. Patterns for medallions are shown full size. Lav the pattern over the flattened clay and trim off the edges to fit the outline. Push one or two toothpicks through the clay to make holes for the cord. Insert the picks carefully so that the clay will not bulge or get thin where the toothpicks go through, then wiggle them round so that they do not fit tightly in the holes, for if they stick when dry there is danger of cracking the clay when removing them.

The design may



be traced on the clay with a pointed toothpick, leaving an indented outline. If you wish the design to stand out in relief, like our models, press down the background with the smooth tip of a match.

Beads and tips are made in the same way, shaping the ball of clay with the fingers. Insert a toothpick through each bead, and place upright in a box-cover with holes in it, so that the beads may dry. Let them dry for two days before painting.

The Egyptian scarab design has a blue

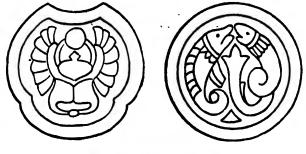
body with green wings, red head, yellow and sand-coloured spots. The background is black, border and back of medallion soft yellow, with a blue edge. Beads and tips are yellow, with blue, green, and red spots and a little black to accent the design.

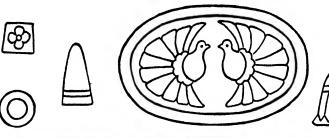
The bird medallion is bright red, with the design in blue and green and a black ground. The beads are black and red on a red cord.

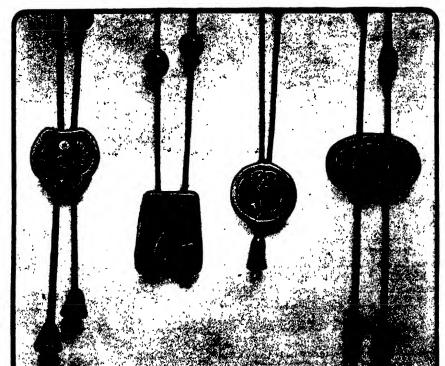
An old Celtic fish pattern makes the round design, in pink with red scalemarks and black ground. The medallionis pink with jade green edge, tip, and cord.

The oval medallion has a Japanese design of old-rose birds with blue heads, yellow about the body, and a black ground. Medallion and beads are old rose, the beads having touches of black and little blue flowers.

The cords can easily be made







Lavallieres for Christmas Gifts

from some of the many pretty silk-substitute threads that are now on the market, and these come in such a wide range of colours that delightful effects can be obtained with contrasting colours for the cords, so long as they are in harmony with those used on the lavallieres.

The cord is knotted where required to keep the

lavalliere in place, otherwise it would slip of its own weight to the bottom of the cord.

It is worth a girl's while to try her hand at making these fascinating little ornaments. They also have the advantage of being so inexpensive, when made at home, that they can be discarded eventually when one has tired of them or worn out the frock they were made to match.

Vulgarity de Luxe

The Standard of the Merely Expensive

By A WOMAN OF THE WORLD

CERTAIN words and expressions are peculiarly abhorrent to some of us. There are people who get exasperated if anyone speaks in their presence of a "parlour" instead of a dining-room; others are annoyed over any sort of an abbreviation, and to allude to one of the fashionable varieties of dogs as a "Peke" rouses their utmost ire. And, of course, the catch-phrase of any particular season becomes a real weariness in its constant and senseless reiteration.

At the present time there is, perhaps, no epithet more wholly detestable than that of "de luxe" In it is crystallised all the standardised symbols of flaunting arrogant opulence. It expresses everything that the newly-rich regard as the aim of existence. Embodied in it are all the unnecessary extravagances that contribute to the sense of discontent among those who find it difficult to make an ordinary income or salary meet the everyday wants of a household.

When a thing is described as "de luxe," it will usually be found to present useless excuses for laying out money upon it. The motor-car "de luxe" will be found to have silver fittings where aluminium would have served the purpose equally well, and to be upholstered with satin when leather would have held the dust much less. If it carries these and kindred things that pile up the price, without adding to the efficiency, it will be entered in the vendor's catalogue as a "modèle de luxe," which takes the idea a stage farther.

Apparently, the more paint that can be laid upon the hly and the more gilding lavished upon the rose, so much nearer will it come to the item desired of mere opulence. A sable coat in itself would be, to the money-burdened folk, a covetable thing, but it would not be really "de luxe" unless it were lined with ermine or chinchilla or, perhaps even better, with the finest lace, as this would be more fragile and destructible.

Orchids are the flowers "de luxe." Not all of them, of course, meet the conditions that place them in that category, for there are varieties that are not prohibitively valuable, and sometimes the quite ordinary person finds a cluster of something that is fascinating as to form, and delightful as to colour at a merely everyday florist's shop. But when, with a good deal of patience and scientific knowledge of hybridisation a grower has produced something new, of which there are only two or three specimens in his greenhouse, then extravagance demands them. It is not because they are more beautiful than a well-known cattleya or cypripedium that they are wanted—it is because the possession of them shows that luxury can be manifested even in flowers.

In the modern hotel the "de luxe" standard reaches its climax. Curiously enough, the people to whom this vain idea primarily appeals always seem to prefer these big showy caravanseras to homes of their own, where you might have thought they could have had everything arranged as they like it. But the atmosphere of pomposity -the hall-porters in liveries more imposing than the uniforms of Austrian military grand dukes prior to the war; the line of bowing servitors between office and the lift; the acres of carpets; the gilded walls and mirrors, all these mark forms of lavish expenditure that are not evident in an Adams ceiling or in a peerless set of Chippendale chairs, such as might be found in a mansion taken furnished.

And then, of course, there is the restaurant. In that, everything that is out of season may be had for a price, whether it is peas and strawberries or asparagus at Christmas. But it does not follow that the dinner or lunch which will run up to guineas a head will be in reality any better than a more ordinary establishment could provide at one-eighth of the cost.

But what, however, will be dazzling delight to the people to whom all these accessories are novelties will be the silver-backed brushes and mirrors of the ladies' cloak room; the bowls as large as hand-basins filled with powder, the glass trays with their assortment of hairpins. It has been rather cynically said that those of recently-acquired opulence betray themselves over this item, and can never resist the temptation of taking away an assortment. There will be a sense of really belonging to the best society when the elaborate evening wrap hangs with others all equally showy.

Dinner or lunch is eaten to the accompaniment of a band—a big one and powerful. No one has ever given any reason why a band should be a necessary part of any hotel or steamer that classes itself as de luxe, but there it is, and without it neither a restaurant nor a liner, no matter what might be the standard of the cooking or the comfort of the beds, would be regarded as entitled to the description. Yet some of us find a real luxury in quiet. Not so, apparently, those who want this to a pattern, and who cannot rise to the indefinable pleasures of a reposeful atmosphere.

Always the

Brought down to its basis, this conventional criterion becomes exceedingly monotonous. It is always the same when it is established, and those who have accepted it look for it wherever they go. No matter how splendid may be the scenery—as in some parts of the Rockies—

Vulgarity de Luxe

if it cannot be reached in the big forty horse-power car it will be omitted from the programme. "What, ride ponies first and then walk?" is the contemptuous dismissal of any such primitive forms of locomotion.

"You can't possibly go there," says another, as to some remote place of lovely scenery and great art. "Why the shanty that calls itself the hotel can't put you up a meal of more than three courses. Clean? Oh yes, but no band in the evening. Get along fifty miles south and then you'll strike one of the Grande Cosmopolite places—dancing and kinema there every night."

For, in the eyes of the hotel manager, those are things that are part of an establishment to appeal to those who demand the de luxe setting. While the band plays and the dance is going on, women can trail about in their smart gowns to be envied or criticised according to the taste of the onlookers. And the underlying reason of it all is that each one understands it from the standpoint of money. They know that all these things have to be paid for, and the more costly they appear to be, so much higher has their possessor climbed up the ladder that rests upon the money-bags. It is a world that, as a keen modern essayist has said, presents no difficulty of entry, demands no introduction, "no wit, no birth, or accomplishment, but the power of drawing cheques and having them honoured."

The Pity

If the matter began and ended with the people who try to buy their happiness in these forms it would not be much consequence. But, unfortunately, their doings are held up to undiscerning folks as the very height and acme of all that is desirable in life. In this way is proclaimed a gospel of discontent whose results are seen in many regrettable directions

It is responsible for the greater part of what is vaguely termed the feminine unrest of to-day. The girl who cannot have a sable coat and ride about in a motor-car wants at least the imitation of a "seal coney" jacket, and to go on charabanc trips, as the nearest she can get to this over-emphasised assertiveness of life de luxe. She thinks herself underpaid for her slipshod and thoughtless work, and is always thinking how she may get more money without on her own part offering any better or more efficient service.

The acceptance of the artificial code is in itself

evidence of the want of power of independent thought. Are we all so lacking in originality that we cannot evolve pleasures and enjoyments for ourselves, only to be bought with a price, and that a heavy one? The de luxe standard is frankly material, and takes no count whatever of "whatsoever things are lovely."

There is so much, too, that is lovely and of good report, apart from the purely spiritual significance of the words. All that great world of books lies open to those who would enter it. The exquisite beauty of Nature affords delights that cannot be compelled by any artifices of florid decorations. There is a thrill of enjoyment over a game played through keenly and fairly that is not to be derived from watching the antics of a jazzing crowd, no matter how resplendent may be the surroundings.

But it is not the vogue of the moment to allow anyone to think so. The aim of so many of those who want to be the world's arbiters seems to be that all should follow in a big unreasoning multitude. A fashion will be accepted by the mass, quite independently of its suitability to varying ages and physique, just because it is astutely offered as the only thing that ought to be assumed. Similarly, the unreasoning imagine that whatever is classed as "de luxe" stands for the very best to be obtained.

The best things in life are those that are individual and unique. A painting represents the genius of the artist, which cannot be transferred to the picture reproduced by the thousand on a post-card. All this conventionalised idea of luxurious enjoyment is merely a manifestation of the imitative faculty, which argues that if A., B. and C. find certain things to be pleasant, so necessarily should D. But this last, having some sense of personality does not invariably choose to follow.

We should do well to aim at something less ignoble than this cult of mere extravagance. The historical precedents afford warning grim enough as to what has followed when luxury was developed out of due proportion. Reasonable comfort is another matter, and that, happily, has come within the reach of whole classes that knew little of it in a past generation. This constantly-displayed fetish of de luxe tends to alter the sense of proportion, and therefore constitutes a danger which one would fain avert. Women have it in their power to foster a saner sense of proportion in regard to the vulgarities by which superfluous riches call attention to their possessors.



Drawn by C. J. Vine.

Rosemary

Chapters V. and VI.

By L. G. MOBERLY

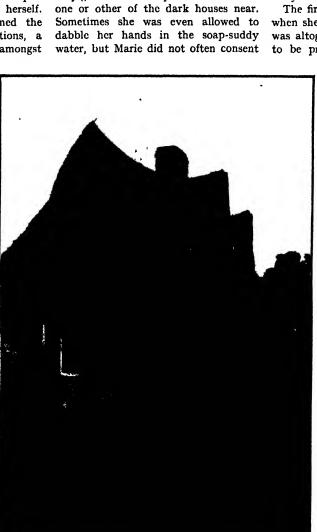
It would be hard to say how youthful she was when Rosemary realised that she was more capable of managing her mother than was her mother of managing her. She was far too tiny to put this piece of knowledge into words, or even to define it in her own mind: but she knew it by instinct, and from a very early age she acted upon it-consciously or unconsciously. The baby with the grey-blue eyes and small square chin was on nine occasions out of ten mistress of whatever situation in which she found herself, and there was something both pathetic and ridiculous in the way in which Grace meekly followed where her small daughter led, even in those very early days leaning her inherent weakness upon Rosemary's inherent strength.

Rosemary's recollections of her babyhood were a queer and incoherent jumble, which in her more grown-up years she could never sort out or put together quite satisfactorily to herself. A flower-strewn meadow formed the background of those recollections, a meadow of tall rich grass amongst

which one could roll and crawl at will, grabbing with chubby fingers at abnormally tall daisies, and buttercups sheeny as yellow satin, and pink anemones that opened wide eyes to the sky. And in the meadow Marie bustled to and fro with the washing, which she hung out to dry upon bushes, humming as she went snatches of old songs which fixed themselves in Baby Rosemary's mind.

Mère Belluse threaded herself in and out of those recollections, a squat homely figure, with a face that seemed to the child a mass of lines and wrinkles. But Mère Belluse had kind brown eyes and a kind smile: and Rosemary could remember the mild adventure of finding her own way across the meadow unaided to the farmvard, where she would stand and watch with fascinated eyes whilst the cow was milked for her. Once Monsieur Jean-Mère Belluse's son-had lifted her upon the cow's back, and her hands had stroked the big head between its horns; she never forgot the feeling of that rough head, nor the mild expression in the eyes

the cow turned upon her when Monsieur Jean set her on the ground again. Vagrant memories of visits to the village, her small hand locked in Marie's, were amongst those early recollections. The way in which the white dust in the road covered her shoes held some strange charm for her; and now and again there came back to her mind the greetings of the villagers as they passed along the road, or in the steep stony street where the houses were huddled so very closely together. There was an open square in the centre of the village, and a long shallow trough full of water in which the women did their washing. Rosemary liked to stand there and see the water come gushing from the tap at the head of the trough, whilst Marie gossiped to the women; and she liked to see them slap the clothes with resounding slaps upon a big stone close by, before they gathered them up to be carried into



AN OLD ESSEX

Photo by W. M. Dodson.

to this delirious joy, which usually involved a general deluge of Rosemary's whole small person.

Somewhere amongst those incoherent remembrances of the past came the odd mixture of smells in the little épicerie at the corner of the square; that infinitesimal, shop which was so crammed with a miscellaneous collection of groceries, sweets, and all manner of incongruous articles, that it was difficult to find a corner into which to squeeze one's self if anything had to be bought. One or two incidents loomed large before Rosemary's mind when she thought of her childhood - loomed large and bewilderingly. Not that it was her way to dwell much upon puzzling incidents in her life. Even in her earliest years she showed signs of the sane and wholesome nature which was part of her personality. and if a puzzle could not be conveniently unravelled she put it aside.

The first of those incidents happened when she was between five and six; it was altogether too hazy a reminiscence to be precisely dated. But she was

standing at the front door holding a corner of Marie's apron and peeping out into the great world, as represented to her by the white road up which a cart now and then lumbered, when a carriage stopped at their house. That fact alone would have provided food for excitement, and must have stamped the occurrence on her memory; for never before in all her little life could she remember to have seen a carriage draw up before their front door. She loosed her hold on Marie's apron, and stepped out into the white dust which felt so delicately powdery and crinkly under her feet; and the portrait of the gentleman who slowly alighted was for ever stamped upon her memory. His somewhat square-set frame, his quickly glancing brown eyes, which fixed themselves at once upon her, his rather sharp and authoritative manner of speech, arrested the child's attention.

"Are you Rosemary?" he said.

"Yes," she answered, looking him straight in the face unabashed. "I'm mother's Rosemary."

Rosemary

"Go and tell your mother I am here -Mr. Horace Merraby is here," he said; and, having given instructions in execrable French to the coachman, followed her into the house. Rosemary remembered how her mother trembled when the gentleman followed her into the little sitting-room. She knew about the trembling, because Grace drew her close with her arm, and kept her there whilst the strange gentleman sat and talked. The talk was incomprehensible to Rosemary. Only now and again she caught some word she understood, but it did not interest her, excepting when the visitor looked at her, and said in his authoritative tones-

"You would like to go and play with other little girls, wouldn't you?"

"If mother came too." Rosemary snuggled more closly into the shelter of Grace's arm, not so much because she herself felt any fear, as because she realised in her childish way that her mother was frightened.

"She is too young still." Grace's voice shook. Rosemary did not ever forget that queer shaking in her mother's voice. "I do not wish to do anything foolish, but - for the present. I can teach her."

How the gentleman with the bright eyes got himself away again Rosemary's memory did not show. That conversation was the end of the incident as far as her memory carried her.

And the next remembrance that stood out clearly from the undefined jumble of every day happenings came at a somewhat later date, though at exactly what date she was unable to fix in her mind; only she knew it must have been towards the end of April or early in May, because the wistaria hung like a lilac curtain over the back of the house, and the pink roses were breaking into bloom along the hedge that separated their garden from Mere Belluse's farm. She had begun to do lessons by then, for she was in the garden at her mother's side sitting upon the tiny chair Marie had brought her as a present from Camelines, and learning a poem by heart, when Marie brought the lady into the garden. Rosemary always remembered how for a moment the lady stood in the doorway framed by the trailing sprays of wistaria, looking at the flower-sown lawn where she and her mother sat. And in all her childish experience Rosemary had never before come across anybody at all like the lady.

Madame Chevron, the fat wife of the doctor, bore no resemblance to her either in dress or appearance, and Madame Chevron was the only person in Dragnon above the rank of the farmers and peasants, with the exception of old Madame, the widow of an Avocat. But old Madame was not like this strange lady either—she was grim and gaunt,

and always dressed in rusty black; and this lady was-different. That was the way the thought expressed itself in the child's mind-the lady was different. After pausing for that moment in the doorway she came slowly down the two steps leading into the garden; and Rosemary slid off her little chair, and, as Grace also rose, the child thrust her hand into her mother's hand, not with any idea of seeking protection, but rather of giving it. Again her mother was trembling, and Rosemary was shaken by a herce little gust of resentment. That anyone should make her mother tremble was more than enough to rouse her childish anger, and she looked at the advancing stranger with wide eyes of defiance. She was not afraid. In all her life Rosemary was not afraid, but as her eyes met the cold eyes fixed upon her, a wave of antagonism rolled over her

"I was passing through Camelines," the stranger said, with no other greeting, and I thought it my duty to come and see David's god-daughter."

"Your duty?" Grace said. And Rosemary nearly cried out because of the tight clasp of her mother's hand on hers, but she uttered no sound, only her eyes flashed another antagonistic look at the well-dressed woman who now stood beside them on the grass. All her small soul rebelled against the woman who had the power to make her mother tremble, and to bring a falter into her voice.

"I certainly consider it my duty to see that my son's god-daughter, the child to whom he left all his money, is not being brought up as a little barbarian" The incisive tones made Rosemary clench her teeth, and another wave of resentful antagonism swept over her. The words spoken conveyed no special meaning to her, although they remained upon the shelves of her subconscious memory and returned to her in later days. But the tone in which the words were uttered was intelligible even to her child understanding. She dimly knew that her mother was being affronted, and without grasping any why or wherefore, without being able to account for any part of the conversation between her two clders, she realised the affront.

"Go away, please," she said firmly, loosing her hold of Grace's hand, and taking a step towards the visitor; "we don't want you here - mother and me."

"Rosemary, darling, you mustn't——" Grace was beginning, when Mrs. Merraby struck in hotly—

"I was evidently not far wrong in talking of barbarians. Is this the way the child is taught to treat strangers?"

"I'lease go away," Rosemary said more firmly, her eyes looking fearlessly up into the hard face above her. "I don't like it when you're unkind to mother."

Mrs. Merraby laughed, a high thin laugh which Rosemary never forgot. There was no amusement in it, "no back to it," as she said in her more mature years, but it had an exasperating quality which made the child's blood boil.

"Je ne vous aime pas," she exclaimed fiercely, breaking into French; "vous êtes hideuse et pas du tout comme il faut."

Perhaps fortunately Mrs. Merraby's French carried her no distance at all, and Rosemary's rapidly-spoken words were incomprehensible to her. But Grace flushed hotly, and she put her hand heavily upon the child's shoulder, saying quickly—

"Go indoors to Marie at once, dear, and stay with her till I call you. It is very kind of this lady to come, and—and she and I have business to talk about. Run away to Marie."

A confused recollection of hurry maginto the kitchen and pouring out an incoherent story to Marie about cette mechante, who was hurting her charamann, closed that incident also in her memory, but she had a confused feeling that for many days afterwards her mother looked disturbed and uncasy, and that there was a brooding sense of disaster in the atmosphere. Not that she could describe it in those terms, but the sensation remained with her and came back in the after years.

Sometimes during her childhood letters came to her mother which made her cry, and the sight of those tears never failed to rouse in the child that same resentment and antagonism which the sight of Mrs. Merraby had evoked. Anything that hurt Grace roused Grace's small daughter into fierceness, and the sense that she was in some way her mother's protector grew with her growth; and though she never defined the feeling in words, the protective instinct became stronger as she passed from babyhood to childhood, and from childhood into girlhood.

No more strange visitors disturbed the peace of Dragnon and their quiet house there during the remainder of Rosemary's babyhood. The days went by with placid uneventful monotony, varied only by Grace's brief absences twice in every year; and by such innocent pleasures as a trip into the mountains when the primroses were in bloom, and, later in spring, when there were gentians to be found upon the higher slopes; or the delirious joy of an occasional—a very occasional—visit to the big town on the sea-shore, when clothes became a paramount necessity.

From Marie and some of her



SHE REALISED IN HER CHILDISH WAY THAT HER MOTHER WAS FRIGHTENED.

Drawn by Harold Copping.

other village friends Rosemary heard stories of the delights of Camelines when its hotels were crammed with foreigners, when the place was gay beyond belief, and when carnival time turned the town into a veritable playground, and all the world frolicked like children. But Grace never allowed Rosemary to go to Camelines when it was full of visitors. It was the one point upon which a clashing of wills left the mother victorious. In this one matter Grace was firm—unshakably firm. She and Rosemary never went into Camelines during the winter season, only in the quiet summer time, when the plane trees along the boulevards threw the blackest of black shadows upon the white dust of the highway; when the sun poured down in a flood of golden radiance upon the white houses with their green shutters; upon the gardens

where the plants were dried up in the heat; upon the palms that waved their fan-like leaves in the breeze that crept in from the sea. The sea itself was one dazzling shimmer of brightness under the summer sun, and the sky was more white than blue in the heat. But Roscmary was a child of the sun, and loved the warmth and radiance. Only, as she and her mother walked along the narrow streets, she sometimes sighed a little because almost all the shops were shut until winter brought back the visitors once more; and Rosemary longed to see all the wonderful things which Marie and the other villagers had so often described to her.

Beyond the normal inhabitants of the town it was very empty in those summer days. Nearly all the hotels were closed, their proprietors had gone to Switzerland or to French watering places to carry on their lucrative business for a summer season; and the few people who bathed were residents, or those who came from some small inland place to enjoy the sea-breezes.

Grace's unalterable decision about Camelines caused her small daughter many searchings of heart, and sometimes Rosemary pondered long and deeply over the reasons why this particular matter had turned her usually tractable mother into adamant. But when no explanation of this remarkable phenomenon came to her she put the subject aside and troubled no more about it, being a wholesome and sane little being, who accepted philosophically what she could not alter or understand, and took such good things as came her way with a happy heart.

She was a happy, natural child. The small pleasures of her life pleased

Rosemary

her very much, and she was too keenly interested in learning all that it was possible to learn of the world immediately about her, to fret for the unattainable or chafe against limitations. Perhaps, indeed, she scarcely realised the existence of limitations. She had known no wider or more varied life than the peaceful one she lived with her mother and old Marie in Dragnon, and she was a busy eager little soul, extracting the best of everything, passionately in earnest about all she did, overflowing with vitality.

"I don't know where you get it all from," Grace said to her one day when the eager child came to her with a string of questions "Considering the circumstances, I should have thought you would be a quiet, unemotional, almost morbid child."

She had grown into the habit of talking to Rosemary far more as if she were a grown woman and not only a child of ten; and Rosemary had no less grown into the habit of sifting out what she could understand from what was incomprehensible in her mother's words, and answering accordingly. But the above sentence was beyond the limits of her small mind, she puckered her forehead and looked gravely into her mother's face.

"What do you mean, Mummy?" she said. "Where do I get what from?"

Grace smiled at the odd phrase, and her hand touched Rosemary's dark hair caressingly.

"I sometimes forget you can't follow all I say," she answered. "I forget you are still a child. I—I was talking out my thoughts, dear. You see, there is nobody except Marie to talk to," she added, with a note of apology.

No-there's nobody but Marieand Madame Belluse, of course, and sometimes Madame Chevron." She put in the name of the doctor's wife with some hesitation, because even her thildish consciousness had dimly become aware that although the doctor's wife greeted her with kindly cordiality, and occasionally even invited her into her house, the fat madame was by no means on the same terms with her mother; and to Grace the hospitality of the Chevron household had never been extended. Rosemary's forehead grew a little more puckered, she put her hand on her mother's arm and gave it a little shake to drive the absent-mindedness out of Grace's eyes.

"I wonder why we don't have any people to come and see us?" she said. "People sometimes come to Madame Chevron—they come from Camelines. Nobody comes to us. Why don't you have anybody to talk to excepting Marie and Mère Belluse and me?"

She did not know—how could she—that Grace had been expecting and dreading this very question; nor could she guess how her mother anathematised herself for having said anything that could lead up to it. But Rosemary was at all times difficult to parry. If she asked a definite question, she expected, and usually contrived to obtain a no establishment of the contract of the contract

"We are strangers here," she said, "foreigners. Nobody knows us. Of course, they couldn't come to strangers."

"Couldn't they?" Rosemary's eyes grew thoughtful. "That seems rather funny. I should have thought they would come all the more to strangers, in case the strangers should feel lonely and dull."

"Ah! but they don't care about that," Grace answered with a bitterness the child could not understand.

What she did understand was that her mother needed some sort of comfort and cheering, and with the optimism which seemed to be part of her personality, she said philosophically—

"Well, we don't really much mind, do we, Mummy? We are very happy together, just you and Marie and I and Mère Belluse. Perhaps we're best off as we are."

"I wonder where you get your queer old-fashioned ways of talking?" Grace said, her eyes travelling over the slim little form in the blue overall which Marie had fashioned on the same lines as those of the village children. "You talk just as if you had been brought up by a real old-fashioned English Nannie, not by a French peasant woman."

"And what's an English Nannie?" Rosemary knelt down on a hassock in

front of her mother and looked at her with eager inquiry.

"Oh! she's a dear," Grace answered, her eyes growing dreamy, "a perfect dear. She generally has a big white apron, and a flannel one when she washes the baby. And her eyes are very brown and faithful, like a dog's eyes, and she knows how to cuddle little girls on her lap, and comfort them when they fall down and graze their knees. And when they are naughty she looks at them as if it hurt her, and then the little girls don't want to be naughty any more. And sometimes she allows hot buttered toast for tea, and you may make it yourself, if she is by to see you don't fall into the fire when the high nursery guard is taken away. "

"What's a high nursery guard?" Rosemary interrupted, her eyes round with interest.

"It's a high sort of wire thing in front of the fire," Grace answered, suddenly realising the difficulty of explaining such an object to a child who had never seen anything but the wood fires of Southern France. "And Nannie hangs the nightgowns upon it to warm them before little girls go to bed. And "—she smiled rather a wistful reminiscent smile—" Nannie is the person who says 'Little girls must be little ladies, and learn to behave as such, too.'"

"Oh!" Rosemary exclaimed breathlessly. "And can she sing songs like Marie?"

"I daresay some Nannies can, but some can't do more than just croon little tunes—and croon them rather badly." Again Grace smiled reminiscently, as though the picture she conjured up in her mind had its humorous side. "I am afraid Nannies have not much idea of time or tune, and the keys all get hopelessly mixed. But—I don't know that the little girls mind much, because Nannie's voice has a soothing sound,

and it makes them feel rested and safe."

"I think I should like to have a Nannie," Rosemary said thoughtfully, her eyes leaving her mother's face, and turning towards the elephant-coloured mountains outlined against the faint blue of the sky. "There's something about Nannies that sounds very comfortable."

"Yes—they are very comfortable." Grace sighed a quick little sigh, which made her small daughter snuggle closer against her. "And a nursery is a lovely comfortable place. I wish I could have given you a real nursery, Rosemary—a real English nursery!"

"Tell about it," the child cried, scenting one of those rarely told stories of her mother's own child-hood. "Tell just exactly all about

Morning

Low at Thy feet we kneel and wait, Amid the hush of morning grey. ' We beg Thee now to consecrate And bless, O Lord, our new-born day.

Oh, set Thy seal upon it now, Thy finger-print for all to see, And hear our sweet and solemn vow, As we receive it back from Thee.

A common day?—A sacred gift—
There cannot be a common day,
Since Thou hast walked our road, and left
Thy footmarks on its dusty way.

We take our day—a lily white,
A blossom in Thy crown to be;
We take our day—a silver light,
A ster to guide the world to Thee.
Doris Canham.

it, like the fairy tales, and begin, 'Once upon a time.' "

Grace sighed again—she was rather given to sighing, and the habit grew upon her—but something in Rosemary's cager upturned face made her stifle the sigh, and smile instead.

"Once upon a time there was a nursery," she said, her eyes becoming soft and dreamy, "and its windows looked over a garden where big fuchsia bushes grew, and there was a barberry tree that had yellow flowers in the spring, and red queer-shaped berries in the autumn. And round the nursery wall there were hung pictures—pictures of Cinderella and the Sleeping Beauty, and Jack and the Beanstalk. And other pictures, too—photographs of those painted by great painters. And in one corner was the dolls' house, tall and red with three rooms—"

"Oh!" Rosemary breathed ecstatically; "and weeny dolls?"

" And weeny dolls. The little girl who lived in that nursery loved her dolls'house. She loved her dolls too. They lived in the other corner of the room. and they had a big cradle, and she put them to bed there every night. She loved her baby doll best, the one in long clothes; it had a wax face and blue eves. and a red cloak trimmed with white ribbon. And Nannie sat in a low chair by the fireplace in winter, close to the window in summer, and she had a big work-basket on the table beside her; and when she was not busy with the children she was mending their old clothes or making new ones; and sometimes making things for the dolls. And on the mantelpiece there was a clock with a loud tick, and a great bunch of roses painted just below the face. The children in that nursery didn't always feel very friendly towards that clock, because it ticked round so fast to bedtime, and it was never the least use saying to Nannie, 'Just a minute Oh, must we go now?' more. Nannic would only shake her head and say, "Early to bed and early to rise, makes a man healthy, wealthy and wise," so you may be sure it makes little girls the same."

"And does it?" Rosemary asked, when Grace paused for a moment.

"I expect it does," came the rather absent-minded reply. "Nannies generally know what is really best for little girls, and for little boys too. They have stores of wisdom in those kind heads of theirs."

"And what else was there in that nursery?" Rosemary questioned, with a child's love of detail.

"A big square table in the middle; the children sat round it for their meals, and they played with their bricks and other toys upon it. And there was a big cupboard where the toys were. They always had to be put away when bed-time came; and put away tidily, not all tumbled in anyhow."

"I suppose there were lots of boys and girls in that nursery?" Rosemary asked, and Grace heard the wistful note in her voice.

"Two girls and two boys," she answered. "But only one girl is left now," she added under her breath, though not so low but that Rosemary heard the words.

"Only one left?" she said pitifully, her eyes darkening. "Oh! I'm sorry for the poor little girl left all alone. She must be dull and sad by herself. Did the other ones die, Mummy?"

"They are all dead now, and Nannie too, and the old house is sold; and the one little girl who is left sometimes feels as if she were alone in a great big unfriendly world."

"Ah, well!" Rosemary said, after a moment of reflection: "p'raps the poor little girl will find somebody to be kind to her, Mummy, 'cos I don't believe it's such an unfriendly world. Wherever I go there seem to be friendly people; even in the tiny villages on the mountains they smile at me and say, 'Bon jour, mademoiselle.'"

"You funny little philosopher!" The dreamy look left Grace's eyes, she drew the child into her arms. "I wonder where you get your sunshiny soul?" she added, with sudden passion that startled Rosemary. "How do you come by it—considering everything?"

"I don't know," Rosemary replied, finding her mother's question perplexing, but regarding a question as automatically needing an answer; "but I like sunshine," she ended practically.

"Go on liking it," Grace said vehemently, pressing the dark head against her heart. "With a face like sunshine and a heart like sunshine you can conquer the world.

Night

Lord, while the shadows gather fast, And darkness hides the pilgrims' way, We seek Thine altar stairs, to cast Before Thy feet our broken day

Thou seest us coming from afar,
Thy pity and Thy love o'erilow;
For mists have dimmed the lantern's star,
And mire has marred the lily's snow.

We bring the failure and the fall,

The stinging word, the swift carees,

The sacrifice unseen by all,

And, oh! we bring our weariness.

How tenderly Thy love doth look
Upon our poor and broken day;
Thy love—our pardon, our rebuke,
The perfect peace for which we pray.
Doris Canham.

Chapter VI.

The Question

"Why do you always cry when you come back from England?' Rosemary said on the evening after her mother had returned from one of those flying visits of hers, when Grace was tucking her into bed. "It seems a pity to go to England if it makes you cry." And the child's hand tenderly stroked the face bending over her, and the eyes that were red with weeping. "Is England a horrid place?"

"No! Oh, no! It is not England's fault that I cry." Grace choked back a sob, and kissed the tender fingers that touched her face. "It is not anybody's fault," she added drearily; "but I could not help crying."

"That's a pity," Rosemary said quictly, her grey eyes fixed upon her mother's white face and swollen eyelids. "I don't believe in crying.—not much. It doesn't seem to make anything any better."

Grace smiled a very watery smile over the child's philosophy.

"Oh! you're quite right," she said, a little bitterly; "it is never of the least use to cry. Only sometimes one can't help it."

"Can't one?" Rosemary answered, and her small mouth closed firmly, her small chin set itself determinedly.

"You'll know better as you grow older," her mother said, with a weak and half-defined wish to make her little daughter, child though she was, understand her own point of view. "I can't think how you manage to be so strong, Rosemary," she added, a note of surprise, almost of grudging surprise, in her voice.

"I'm not so strong as Gabrielle Dunoit," the child answered, shaking her head gravely, and referring her mother's remark to the physical strength,

the only one of which she had any cognisance. "She can carry big faggots on her head, but she's not much older than me."

"There are all kinds of strength, darling," Grace said evasively. "Perhaps you will be strong enough to do some other things instead of carrying faggots."

"And you won't cry any more to-night, Mummy?" The grey eyes looked into the misty blue ones, and in the voice, child's though it was, there was again that curious ring of strength which her mother had already noted.

"I sha'n't cry any more to-night," her mother answered. "Once I thought I had cried away every tear I possessed, but there are still some left."

"It's a pity," Rosemary said



WE RE EVER SO HAPIY,

Drawn ly Harold Coppins.

quietly "And I wish you needn't go twice every year to England if it makes you cry Must you go every year?"

Oh yes, darling! I must go! ' The colour flashed over Grace's face' Don't worry about my crying Rosemary but I must go!' A note of flurry came into her voice I couldn't stay away!'

All right then Mammy 'the child sud philosophically 'then I'll just make the best of it' She added the words with old fashioned quaintness and after that evening she never alluded igain to those mysterious journeys to Ingland She understood that some thing about them tried her mother and made her cry, but she was philosopher cnough to grasp that what cannot be altered must be endured, and it was obvious that nothing could shake Grace's determination to pay those regular visits to her native country and Rosemary accepted the inevitable and made the best of it in a sunshiny way entirely

During the remainder of her childhood

there were no more disturbing visitors from the outside world like Mr Horace Merraby and his sister in-law. The days went placedly by with their little round of work and play such a monotonous round as it would have seemed to a child accustomed to changes or variety But Rosemary was of amusement accustomed to none of these things, and until her fifteenth birthday had come and gone there was no variation in the quiet course of her existence. And it was on her fifteenth birthday that she asked her mother the question which for long years Grace had known and feared she would ask, the question which, when it came in spite of all her anticipation of it was so difficult to answer

The pear trees in Mère Belluse's garden were in bloom, they stood like trees carved out of ivory against the background of blue sky, and Rosemary's question and the snowy blossoming trees were ever afterwards mingled in Grace's thoughts She was sitting in her low chair, and Rosemary sat on the

grass, her hands idly straying amongst the long stalked dames and the buttercups just as they had strayed in the days of her babyhood, only now she had a little loving way of putting her fingers under the pink tipped daiss flowers and the sheeny buttercups, as though she were turning their faces towards her, for Rosemary had a great tenderness for all growing things

"I love the pink tips of the daisies," she said dreamily, and then, quite suddenly, quite inconsequently, she turned a little and looked up at her mother "I wish I had a father, like the village girls," she said, "and like the firls who go to the English church. It must be very beautiful to have a father to go out with you, and to take you to church on Sunday. Only, of course, I can't go every Sunday, it's such a long way off."

"Yes—a long way off," Grace echoed mechanically, the question revolving wildly in her brain, "What shall I say if she asks more questions?" Since

Rosemary had emerged from early childhood her mother had taken her, when possible, to the little English church in Camelines, and they sat always in the darkest corner at the very back of the congregation. But the child loved the services; joined in the singing with her high clear voice; listened with an eager delight in beautiful language to the lessons; watched the well-dressed men and women with all the excitement of a dweller in the wilderness brought rarely into contact with the outer world. And perhaps most of all she liked to turn her eyes to the open door which framed a strip of vivid blue sky, and the fan-like leaves of a great palm-tree, and the delicate feathery blossom of a mimosa. She sometimes wondered regretfully why they always hurried out of church before the rest of the congregation, and why they never joined some of the laughing talking groups who stood on the pathway in the sunshine. She would have liked to exchange ideas with some of the boys and girls who stood there amongst the well-dressed men and women. But Mummy never tolerated an instant's dawdling on the pathway; she never even glanced in the direction of those entrancing people in their pretty clothes, with their smiling faces and gay laughter; she hurried down the path and past the delicate-leaved pepper trees with their small bead-like berries. and so out on to the hot high road, where Jean Belluse dozed upon the box of the weird vehicle which was to take them back to Dragnon Those Sundays were red-letter days to Rosemary; and her mother's sense of duty urged her to give the child all the religious advantages possible under the circumstances.

"If she asks more, what shall I say—what shall I say?" The thought went whirling on through Grace's brain, and no answer came to the whirling thought, whilst Rosemary sat very still looking at the snowy glory of the pear-tree, and the blue mountains which made a background for its whiteness.

"Almost all the girls who talk in tle sunshine outside St. Paul's have fathers," the clear young voice began again.

And still that unanswered question went on and on in her mother's brain. "Why don't I have a father, Mummy?"

For what seemed to Grace an eternity there was silence, a silence so complete that every little far-off sound seemed suddenly to become emphasised—the barking of a dog on the opposite hillside, the murmur of the stream in the valley, the voices of the men who were building a house up in the village, the ringing tap of their trowels upon the bricks—all these seemed to fill with sound the silence between mother and daughter. And Grace never afterwards forgot the

tune that a boy whistled as he came slowly up the road. She did not know how long she kept Rosemary waiting for the answer to her question; but though to her the time was an eternity, she realised that a minute or two could not really have elapsed before she heard her own voice speaking, rather hoarsely and unevenly.

"We lost your father before you were born," she said. "But remember"—she spoke with vehemence—"always remember, he was the best man who ever lived. Very few people have a father like your father. He was good through and through."

"Was he? I'm glad," Rosemary answered. "Isn't there a picture of him, Mummy? Couldn't I see what he was like?"

"Rosemary," Grace said, "I had hardly realised until to-day, until now, how quickly you are growing up. The years have just gone and gone, one so very like another, and I did not notice enough that you weren't a little girl any more. And now you are asking to see a picture of your father"

"Why, Mummy, I'm fifteen" Rosemary made her answer laughingly, wondering a little why her mother's eyes had that far-away look which she always recognised as one of pain. "And, of course, I'd like to see a picture of my father. I don't even know his Christian name."

"Fifteen!" Grace repeated, not answering the girl's words. "Is it really fifteen years since——"

"Since I came to you?" Rosemary put in briskly, when her mother paused. "Well, I'm really and truly fifteen; and now I'm as old as that, could I know about my father?"

"And we have lived in Dragnon fifteen years." Again Grace did not answer the question. She hardly seemed to have heard it.

"Well, I haven't ever lived anywhere else." Rosemary's clear laugh rang out. "Some day, when I'm grown up, shall I go to England with you, Mummy, and see all the places you have told me about? I would like to see it all. And perhaps if I went too you would not feel so unhappy."

Grace's hands interlocked themselves more closely, she drew a long breath.

"Perhaps—I don't know --we must see," she said, with the hesitation and difficulty in making any decision which were growing upon her. "We need not talk about that to-day, but—I think, now you are fifteen, I can give you your godfather's letter?"

Posemary opened wide her eyes.

"When did he write me a letter? And why didn't it just come by post in the usual way? Where is he?"

"He died-David died," Grace said

abruptly. And Rosemary suddenly lifted her hand from the pink-tipped daisies.

"Everybody seems to have died," she said. "My father and my godfather—everybody. It is as if I were a sort of person all alone on a desert island—excepting for you, Mummy." Her voice took on the note of protection which always sounded in it when she was addressing her mother. "Excepting you, I don't seem to have anybody belonging to me."

"You had a very dear godtather," Grace said hastily, as though anxious to ward off further questions. "He was a soldier—quite a young soldier—only a boy of twenty or so."

"Only five years older than I am now," Rosemary said, with growing interest in her face.

"Yes; he was only twenty when he wrote that letter—only twenty when he was killed. If he had hved he would have been nearly thirty-five now. The letter came when you were not quite two, and I have treasured it for you until you were old enough to read and understand it properly."

"Oh, Mummy, can I read it now? I believe I shall be able to understand it." Rosemary sat bolt upright, her eyes shining, her checks very pink. "It will be lovely to have a letter all my own. I haven't ever had a letter in my whole life." She could not guess how her words stabbed her mother's heart, nor how the naive admission brought such a lump into Grace's throat, that for an instant she was unable to speak. Then she said, as quietly as she could—

"The letter I am going to give you is quite entirely yours, written to you, and sent to me for you. Your godfather was such a dear person, Rosemary, hardly more than a boy when he went away to India. But he was very wise even then when he was so young. And the letter he has written you is full of wisdom—wonderful wisdom for a boy of twenty."

"Can 1 have it now—this minute?" Rosemary exclaimed eagerly, the colour coming and going in her face.

"Now, this very minute," Grace answered, with a smile, and as she spoke she rose and moved towards the house. "I will bring it out to you here. This garden, in sight of those mountains, is just the place to read your godfather's letter."

After her mother had gone Rosemary sat very still, her fingers now and then lightly touching the big-stalked daisies, her eyes fixed dreamily upon the bluegrey mountains which, in the clear sunlight, cut so haid and well-defined a line across the blue of the sky. Her thoughts were vague and wondering. Some of the aspects of her life were beginning to puzzle her. For the first time in all

Rosemary

her happy childhood she was beginning to ask "Why?"

When her mother's footsteps sounded again upon the little path leading from the house, the girl's gaze came back from the far-off mountains and watched Grace as she came back to her across the grass. Sometimes. afterwards, it seemed to Rosemary as if that was the first time she had become definitely conscious of her mother's appearance. Before then, mother had just been - mother; as much an integral and necessary part of her life as the air she breathed. But on the morning when Grace came to her across the grass bringing in her hand her godfather's letter, Rosemary all at once saw her mother in a more detached way as a separate personality, not merely as one of the immovable adjuncts of everyday existence. To the girl of fifteen the woman of thirty-five is verging on the elderly, but even Rosemary's young eyes saw that her mother was slight and graceful, that her colouring was pure and delicate, and her eyes very soft and brown. And something in the sadness of those eves and the rather pathetic droop of the mouth filled the girl's heart with a rush of protective tenderness.

"Poor little mother!" So ran her thoughts. "Perhaps she is often thinking about father who died and left her when she was so young"

Rosemary scrambled to her feet, and going quickly to meet Grace, took her arm and drew her back to her chair.

"You dear little Mummy," she said, kneeling beside her and folding her hands over Grace's hands, "we're ever so happy, you and I; and there couldn't be a nicer home than this home."

Grace smiled and sighed, and into her mind there came the picture of another home— an old Elizabethan house with oak-panelled rooms and rare old furniture, and gardens which had been gardens in Elizabethan days; and on one of the oak-panelled walls the portrait of a woman with eyes the colour of rosemary flowers, a woman who was so like her little daughter.

"Nothing could be more beautiful than the valley and the mountains," Rosemary's voice broke into her musings; "and I don't believe there is a place in the world like Dragnon."

"Some day you will have to go farther afield than Dragnon," Grace said gently; "I cannot keep you cooped up here for ever. And—I believe David's letter—your godfather's letter will help you when you begin life in a bigger world than the one bounded by our dear mountains."

Rosemary took the letter her mother handed to her, and once more sank upon the grass and daisies at Grace's feet before she unfolded the sheet of foreign paper, and slowly read the contents from beginning to end.

"MY DEAR ROSEMARY," it began—
"This is quite possibly the last letter I shall ever write. You see, we've got a battle on in this part of the world, and there's always the chance I may be hit. Well, if I do go out I won't have done very much in the way of god-fatherly duties towards you, and in these days of discipline and war I dislike having a duty undone weighing on my mind.

"Left to myself, I should bring you up in the most Spartan manner. You would have to work pretty hard. You must be able to sing and play the piano. If possible, cultivate a taste for drawing—it will lighten the tedium of many hours. Read history—it will fascinate you once you've started it, and you'll prefer it to any novel ever written. I don't mean that you're to learn strings of dates and lists of kings. Just read the books, and read with your mind set on it, and you'll find it most extraordinarily interesting.

"You're going to be pretty, and you're sure to know it. A pretty face, though, is far from being everything. The face and appearance attract a man's attention, but it's the character that hes behind with which he really falls in love. Stick to the man you choose through thick and thin. If his luck is out, cheer him up and don't grouse about it. Don't keep too sharp or too gentle a tongue in your head. Too much butter is worse even than perpetual and biting sarcasm. Never mind your complexion, you'll look prettier healthily sunburned than if you resemble a painted doll.

"Here's one golden rule out of Shake-speare: 'This above all—to thine own self be true'—which means what every child is told, 'Don't do or say anything you wouldn't like your mother to know.' From my own deeds and misdeeds I know now what is right and what is wrong, and I'm sort of responsible for you. Don't be skin-deep; nobody'll care twopence for you if you are; it's the worst form of humbug.

"Set yourself an ideal, and try to live up to it. Don't think from this I want you to be a prig—far from it; it's just the reverse I want. My idea for you is that you should become the kindest and most lovable of women, and you'll have to be very kind and very lovable before I grant you the highest rank.

"Your affectionate godfather,

"DAVID MERRABY."

To the very end, and the signature "David Merraby," Rosemary read in silence, and when at last she lifted her eyes from the sheets she drew a long breath.

"What a lot I've got to do and to be to please him," she said; "and what a

great deal he knows about the sort of girl a girl ought to be."

Grace smiled.

"When I read it, I thought it was wonderful how much he knew," she said; "and yet perhaps I ought not to have thought that, considering I knew David himself. He was not like just an ordinary boy, he had a way of thinking out things for himself along original lines."

Rosemary's eyes went back to the letter.

"Of course, there's a lot here I don't understand yet," she said, "about men—and—all that."

Grace's hand rested for an instant upon her daughter's soft dark hair.

"That part of the letter is for a time when you are just a little bit older. You will meet men and boys, and then you will remember David's advice."

"I shall remember all his advice," Rosemary answered slowly. "I sha'n't ever forget a single thing he has said. I wish he had not been killed on the Frontier. It would be such a help to have a godfather like that to tell me things."

"Oh, yes, it would be a help—it would be a help!" Grace's voice rang with unwonted passion. "But David is dead, and you and I must get along as best we can by our two selves. Nobody else is likely to help us."

"Well, we don't want them to help," Rosemary said sturdily, sitting back upon her heels and looking at her mother with a certain tightening of her lips which Grace recognised as a mark of determination. "We can get along as we always have done."

"Yes—as we always have done," Grace said, with a weary sigh. "The world is rather a queer, hard place, Rosemary. There seems so much to fight against."

"I'm quite ready to fight." Rosemary squared her shoulders and laughed softly. "I believe somewhere down inside me I like fighting things and conquering them. Perhaps there were soldiers amongst some of my ancestors."

"Perhaps!" The words brought a vision to Grace's mind, a vision of a long room, oak-panelled, hung with portraits of men who had fought and died for king and country, and a queer uncertain little laugh broke from her. "You must have fighting blood in you somewhere. Ever since you were a tiny baby you were ready to struggle for things rather than tamely submit to go without them."

"Tamely submit?" Rosemary tossed back the dusky masses of her hair, and her eyes flashed. "Why, I should never tamely submit unless it was wrong to fight." She looked thoughtfully at her mother, vaguely noticing, without quite

(Continued on page 140.)

Quoting One's Favourite Authors

To assert that Nature quotes may be straining a fancy to breaking-point. Yet yonder, among London's brick and mortar, miles from forest and meadow, is a bare and verdureless patch of waste land. Soon, like a line from the poets, a quotation from Nature, taken whence none

can positively say, will be written in Nature's handwriting, in the shape of wild flowers, perhaps from some far meadow or wood.

That line from the poet which came so readily to your mind, which fell so lightly from your lips, was brought to birth, possibly, only by sore travail of his spirit, or even by the stormy passion of his soul. So, after a wild night at sea, you find, cast upon the beach, rare seaweeds, or rarer shells of irised pearlquotations, as it were, from an ocean underworld almost unknown to man. Or a landslip in the cliff that edges the same beach may lay bare unexpected and long extinct but beautiful formsgreat whorled ammonites, or minute, exquisitely-chased, and many-chambered Foraminifera — quotations, the former from the life of the Mesozoic, the latter from that of the Palæozoic, Period of millions of years ago.

Art may be, for all we know, a permitted quotation from the work already accomplished by what spiritualists call the subliminal self which lies hidden away in the unfathomed, perhaps unfathomable depths of human personality.

I am not sure that music as known to us here is more than a stave-brief quotation from oratorios, the score of which exists complete in the thought of God; or that our poetry is more than stray lines, at most brief lyrics, quoted from the great book of God's mind. I am not sure, either, that the lightning flash is not the quotation of some spoken word of His, written across the heavens in His own handwriting for our deciphering, or that the thunder-peal is not an uttered word of His, interpolated, quotation-wise, into the book of Nature, from the otherwise closed book of the silent skies.

Such speculations which, daily, hourly, almost momentarily, come to the mind of those who see a symbol in the meanest thing of God's making, and find everything in this wonder world more wonderful and more miraculous every day, may, to a more matter-of-fact-minded reader, seem fanciful, idle, even worthless; so I pass on to consider quotations as introduced by the Reading Girl into her conversation, her letters, or, as may happen to those who are acting as hon-



orary secretary to a society connected with church or chapel, to a musical or literary society, or perhaps in connection with some good movement, charitable or otherwise—into anything she may have to prepare for publication.

Felicitous Quotation

Of the felicitous description of a fine quotation as a precious stone or jewel set in a ring, I need not speak, as it is known to all. Were I in search of other figures of speech, I should say that a quotation should be a part of, not a brilliant or "purple" patch upon the garment of thought. Happily, to quote is not necessarily to substitute other folk's thoughts for your own. .What is quoted may be as exact an expression of our thoughts as of those of the originator of the saying. Had he never said it, we might have said the same thing in very similar, if not the same, words.

But in such matters precedence should go by seniority. Courtesy impels one to quote the first so to write, and to ascribe it to him, rather than appear to lay claim to the thought, by restating it in words of our own. It may have been someone else's before it was his, for, as James Russell Lowell says, great thinkers call in the current coin of the realm, stamp it with their own image, and send it out again into circulation.

Not that one should quote only the great. Tennyson did not disdain—was, on the contrary, glad—to quote the saying of the wife of a humble fisherman. Having lost husband and son at sea, she cried out, when angry waves were breaking: "Ah! how I hate to see

By COULSON KERNAHAN

them showing their cruel white teeth!" So long as the quotation be apt, illuminating, and felicitous; so long as it "occur" rather than be "arranged," and occur naturally, almost necessarily—it should never be forced or dragged in—that the word be finely said matters more than who said it.

The very fact that the me-

morable saying fell from the lips of some humble or unknown person, and so is the less likely to have been quoted, gives it that sense of freshness and surprise which gladdens and arrests, and so makes us all the more grateful to him who has thus rescued it from oblivion. "Surprised by joy" we all are by the golden quotation, whether in conversation, in a letter, or elsewhere, just as we are surprised by the use of the golden word by poet or proseman. But the surprise is akin to that which we feel when, while exploring new country, we turn a corner, to see, in a valley, a church spire, or, on an eminence, the castellated tower of some historic building which we know then, but not till then, was the one thing wanting to complete the landscape's loveliness and

Quotation and Originality.

harmony.

To quote finely is a sign neither of lack of thought nor of originality. On the contrary, as Emerson says, "Original power is usually accompanied by assimilating power." Still less does a quotation indicate a desire stintingly to economise and to husband one's own mental resources. Not to meanness, but to intellectual generosity does it point. George MacDonald once said that to give a friend a beautiful thought is a more precious gift than jewel or pearl, inasmuch as we give him something which he can make his very own.

Greatly to quote, that is to say greatly in quality rather than in quantity, is to bestow largess on our fellows, and to assist in the making of an intellectual commonwealth. If he who hoards money is a miser, so is he who hoards his acquired or his inherited intellectual wealth. Both are given us in trust, and to be put in circulation for the good of others. Such sayings as: "It is written," and " It hath been said of old time," were often on the lips of our Lord, thereby lifting conversation to higher levels by turning the talk from small and petty things to the great utterances and meditations of the Hebrew prophets.

The natural and spontaneous interpolation of a great quotation into either our conversation or our written words,

Quoting One's Favourite Authors

sublimates, rather than supersedes what has already been written or said. The apt quotation crowns and clinches what has been affirmed. As Emerson says in his essay on " Quotation and Originality": " It fits all our facts like a charm," To that great essay-I know no more pregnant word on the subject-I particularly direct attention. Long years have passed since I last read it, and I have intentionally refrained from rereading it before penning this paper. Had I done so, I fear that I should have been tempted to make this article little more than a compilation therefrom, or that I should be so haunted by the hopelessness and the impertinence of offering word of mine on a subject concerning which a Master had written, that I might have abandoned the task in despair. If what is here said does no more than send some reader either to re read, or possibly for the first time to read, Emerson on "Quotation and Originality" (the essay is in the section entitled "Letters and Social Aims") by that reader, at least, I shall be excused.

The Use of a Commonplace Book.

The reader may or may not keep a commonplace book. I advise her to do so, and when, in reading a borrowed book, she comes upon a great or memorable saying, to copy it therein, with the author's name, the title of his book. and the number of the page. The act of copying will impress the passage upon memory, and if she index each item under a subject heading, and also under the author's name, she can turn to it for the exact wording at any time If she keep no commonplace book, then I advise her, when reading a book of her own possessing, to use the blank fly-leaf at the end as an index in which to enter, under a subject heading, the page upon which any thought or saying that she may wish to remember is to be found. Every book of quotations of someone else's compiling contains many sayings which do not happen to impress us, and for which, as Americans

say, we have "no use." The quotations which we copy into a commonplace book or index at the end of our own volumes are those which do so impress us, and, moreover are unlikely to have been quoted before.

Not necessarily to quote, still less to parade our reading, but for our own mental enrichment, and to ensure that they do not pass from memory, do I counsel the copying into a commonplace book, or the indexing of the memorable or beautiful sayings by which we are impressed in our reading. Occasions will occur when the reader—be she a girl set to write a school essay, or a woman drawing up an appeal for some good cause-may find not only a stimulus to her own thought, but possibly the very word of words she needs to carry conviction to others. And if, as years go on, her views widen or change, she will see, in her commonplace book or her indices of memorable passages an interesting and perhaps enlightening record of her intellectual advance, and of the way by which she came.

Books of Compiled Quotations.

Of books containing quotations there are many Bartlett's Familiar Quotations (published by Routledge), and A Dictionary of Quotations by the Rev. James Wood (published by Warne) being known to most readers. By far the best work of the sort within my knowledge is Cassell's Book of Quotations, by Mr. Gurney Benham.

Occasions may arise when even a familiar saying is the one and only word to quote, so inevitably does it come to mind, so concisely does it express what ought to be said, so naturally does it fall into line with what went before. When that is so, by all means use the familiar quotation. Even then I advise verification, if what you say is to appear in print. As coins lose weight and the superscription becomes worn and indistinct by passing from hand to hand, so quotations, in passing from mouth to mouth or from pen to pen;

suffer wear and tear, and sometimes get changed in the process. By comparing your quotation with the original, you may discover that the context, so far from confirming the point of view in support of which you are quoting, directly contradicts it.

For special purposes—as, for instance, if you are quoting some recognised authority in support of views or contentions of your own-not only verify the quotation, but also very carefully read the context. And be sparing of familiar quotations taken from compilations. The very fact that your quotation is "familiar," is not in its favour. We all know the saying that, " Next to the originator of a good sentence is the first quoter of it." To him who is the first thus to quote a fine word we are grateful, for it is like a shooting star which shines out across the familiar face of a dark sky. But the hackneyed quotation, so far from illuminating or harmonising, only jars. When we wince as we see it coming, looming up in our companion's eyes; when we say to ourselves, "I knew that sooner or later I should be up against that quotation; I was sure that the boat of this good man's talk would, before long, bump upon the much-worn rock of that saying, then the quotation has done more than fail of its object. It has staled, not stimulated conversation. It is, to change the metaphor, like the watched lighting of a penny rocket. So far from illuminating, it leaves us in the greater darkness by the striking and the flaring up of the match with which it was ignited, in the greater depression because of its stale banality.

A single quotation, quarried, nuggetwise, and freshly from our own reading, is worth a score that come to us, coin-like, over the counter, and much worn from passing from hand to hand. Search your own memory, review in mind your past reading or experiences, when in need of an apt saying or anecdote which bears upon and illuminates the subject in hand, rather than ransack books of quotations.

Rosemary: Continued from page 138

understanding, the inherent weakness shown by the pathetic droop of Grace's mouth. "I shall be ready to fight your battles and my own too," she ended cheerily. "And my godfather's letter is going to make me better able to fight every sort of battle, isn't it, Mummy? I believe I like my godfather better than any man I ever saw, and I am glad he wrote me that letter before he died. But oh! please could I see my father's picture to-day too, because it is my birthday? Just for a little while my godfather's letter put it out of my head. May I see it?"

Grace went away into the little white bed-room that looked out across the valley to the blue mountains beyond, and, unlocking a small despatch-box, drew from it a miniature which she carried to Rosemary, putting it into the girl's hands without a word. It represented a man in the full flush of vigorous youth—an eager-faced man with brown eyes that seemed to look straight into Rosemary's eyes, and a smile that drew a smile to her lips.

"Oh! what a dear man!" she exclaimed, drawing a little breath. "He has such a kind strong face, and such

bright clear eyes. He looks so straight and true."

"That is what he was—straight and true!" Grace's voice shook. "The dearest man in all the world, and the best. How he would love you, my little Rosemary."

"Oh! I wish he was still here!" the girl cried passionately. "I wish we had

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him to take care of us and be always with us. I shall always do my best to take care of you, little mother, but father must have been such a dear man. I do wish he was with us now!"

Quotations that have Helped our Readers

A man who does not notice petty grumbling, who laughs away sharp comments, who does not brood over imagined

insults, who forgets irritable passages, who makes allowance for impatience and fatigue, is singularly invulnerable. The power of forgetting is infinitely more valuable than the power of forgiving, in many conjunctions of life.

A. C. Benson.

A bright smile, a beaming countenance, a playful word; these find an entrance into the closed heart.

raise the downcast eye, and bless him that gives and him that takes.—Dean Stanley.

Lord, let me not be too content
With life in trifling service spent—
Make me aspire!
When days with petty cares are filled,
Let me with fleeting thoughts be thrilled
Of something higher.

Help me to long for mental grace,
To struggle with the commonplace
I daily find
May little deeds not bring to fruit
A crop of little thoughts to suit
A shrivelled mind.

The world goes up and the world goes down, And sunshine follows the rain; And yesterday's sneer and yesterday's frown Can never come over again.—Kingsley.

To live for common ends is to be common;
The highest faith makes still the highest man.

Browning.

Discontent is the want of self-reliance; it is infirmity of will.—Ralph Waldo Emerson.

We must take things as we find them, but we must leave them better.—George Eliot.

We do not "make" friends, but as we go through life we "find" the friends whom God has made for us.

C. A. Steel.

The world is a looking-glass, and gives back to every man the reflection of his own face. Frown at it, and it

> will in turn look sourly upon you; laugh at it and with it, and it is a jolly, kind companion.

> > Thackeray.

If anyone asked me for a specific against melancholy, my reply would be: "Action, action, and always action." A man contemplates his prospects, which may be of the gloomiest, all manner of evil possibilities hover over him; he sees no way out.

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There is no way, so long as he sits contemplating. But let him get up and do something. The humbler the occupation, the better, probably, and the odds are the gloom will take flight.—J. Brierly.

If I can stop one heart from breaking,
 I shall not live in vain,
If I can ease one life here aching,
 Or cool one pain,
Or help one fainting robin
 Into his nest again
 I shall not live in vain.—Emily Diklinson.

Photo by J. E. Hobson.

Christina Rossetti's lovely lines have come to me so often in the long waiting times of life, when I fain would have pushed on the hands of the clock and shaken the glass; but these verses have restrained, calmed, and steadied me, and I have known that only the right time would satisfy.

"Heaven's chimes are slow, but sure to strike at last; Earth's sands are slow, but surely dropping thro'; And much we have to suffer, much to do

Before the time be past.

Chimes that keep time are neither slow nor fast; Not many are the numbered sands, nor few; A time to suffer and a time to do.

And then the time is past."

I've been a great deal happier since I have given up thinking about what is easy and pleasant, and being discontented because I couldn't have my own will. Our life is determined for us: and it makes the mind very free when we give up wishing and only think of bearing what is laid upon us, and doing what is given us to do.—George Eliot.

Things that Make for Better Living

A Christmas Thought.

What would life be without Christmas?

Not just that Christmas in which the happy holiday merrymaking spirit is at its best, when we most enjoy

to bestow gifts and extend our finest wishes to those we love, but the spiritual Christmas that awakens in our hearts a deeper and higher sense of the real and true significance of Christmas as the birthday of the Christ Child.

What would life be without the belief in Christianity? What could it be without some faith, some hope in the history that for us began with the nativity in Bethlehem and ended in the Great Sacrifice on the hill called Golgotha?

What would life be without that little conscious spark of truth, which we sometimes call "religion," that is born to glow in every human being? Without that, what would be the meaning of life? and what could be the reason of death? From what source could we receive

our inspiration for growth, or origin of kindness, tolerance, goodness, truth and love?

Without Christmas and Christianity our life would be an inexplicable riddle, without reason, without cause. But with it, life we understand as the great plan in which we are a part, for better or for worse, as we, in our understanding, are timid or courageous, weak or strong.

The contemplation of Christmas and its spiritual significance is not for moods of gloominess and despair. Indeed, if that were true, we would not have been given the sun to shine, the trees, the flowers, or the birds. Nor could laughter and song be on our lips, nor the beauty of people, places, and things delight our eyes.

Christmas is a part of our lives. It is a time for great happiness. It was given to us as a day of rejoicing, and we should put into it all the fun, all the happiness, all the sunshine that we can.

" A Merry Christmas!"

Shining Through.

Henry Ward Beecher used to speak of sunny natures who moved through the world like cheering music, spreading joy and gladness wherever they went. We have all met rare souls who live in the sunlight all the time. They are not always prosperous, surrounded by

luxuries and the things of the world that most people are seeking; but no matter what reverses or sorrows come, they manage to keep joy in their heart. No matter what plight they may be in, they see something to be thankful for. They are always helpful, hopeful,

encouraging, happy. Wherever they go they scatter sunshine.

I know a girl whose smile and buoyant cheerfulness are so appealing. so catching, that it is impossible for anyone to feel blue or out of sorts in her presence. There seems to be no end to her flow of good cheer. All the clouds of despondency, discouragement, and gloom disappear when she is near. She makes you laugh in spite of yourself-even if you seem dejected beyond all hope. Her face is an inspiration. It is so animated, so happy, so radiant that one can scarcely keep one's eyes off her. You feel the joyous thrill of her presence lifting you out of yourself. She goes along. shining her way through

As we move along our separate ways, we all

leave a great stream of something behind us, just as a ship leaves a great white band of seething foam in its wake when speeding through the water. We can leave a stream of blessings, of sunshine, of gladness and joy, or we can leave a poison stream of pessimism, of negative thoughts, of bitterness, of envy and gloom. We can shine through life, or we can gloom through—whichever we please. It has nothing to do with our condition, whether we are rich or poor, plain or handsome, fortunate or unfortunate. We can be a gloomer or a shiner, just as we please.

Most of St. Paul's wonderful epistles were written in an underground dungeon. Yet there is not a despondent discouraging word in them; not a single unkind expression in regard to his persecutors. There is no trace of grumbling, fault-finding, or self-pity anywhere in them. Through all his sufferings and persecution, St. Paul made the best of everything. It is said that he never wrote a line with a groan in it. He won immortality by shining through.

Discouragement is a Disease.

thoughts and worry thoughts by their antidotes.

The moment you yield to discouragement all your mental faculties become depressed. They lose power; there is no co-ordination of effort among them. Con-



Things that Make for Better Living

sequently, they fail to do vigorous team work. Your initiative is paralysed; your executive ability strangled; you are in no condition to do anything effectively; your whole mentality is placed at a tremendous disadvantage, and until this enemy is driven out of your mind, neutralised by the affirmation and the contemplation of its opposites—of courage, cheer, hope, and a vigorous expectation of splendid things to come—you are in no condition to do good work.

Every suggestion of discouragement, of fear, of failure, is a destructive force, and in the degree that we allow ourselves to be influenced by it, will it tear down and retard our life processes, our life work. It will darken the mind and cause one to make fatally wrong decisions, to take steps which may ruin one's happiness, one's whole life.

When trials and troubles come to us, when overwhelmed with sorrow, when death comes into our home and snatches away some dear one, it is very difficult to see through the storm, to pierce the black clouds and see the healing sun behind them. Struggling with the sorrow of that great loss in our life, it doesn't seem as if we could ever be happy again. When so suffering we wonder in a sort of dumb resentment how other people can possibly be laughing, having a good time, enjoying life as usual. It seems cruel, almost, for others to enjoy when we feel as if we could never even smile again.

But we know that time heals the deepest sorrows, that physical and mental ills pass away, and that the brave soul is the one that adapts itself to the storms and sunshine of life.

Is it really Freedom After All ?

A desire for freedom is common to every one of us. Many a girl living at home with her parents has, at some time of her life, given expression to some such utterance as this: "Oh, that I were free to do as I like, and go where I like, without constantly being asked where I am going, what I have been doing, what time I am coming in, and whether I will do this or that? I am sure, if I could only please myself about things, I should get on ever so much better and do so much more good in the world than I am doing now."

But maybe before very many years have passed those dear questioning voices will have been stilled for ever, and you have only the memory of them. What then? You are free—free to do just as you like, and

go where you will, with no one who has any real right to question your doings.

Are you satisfied? No! a thousand times no! You would be willing to sacrifice a very great deal of what you now have to hear again a dear familiar voice as you enter the house, saying: "Well, my dear, and how have you been getting on to-day?"

The freedom you craved so earnestly in the past is not tasting quite so sweet, after all, and it has brought with it the responsibility of settling for yourself many perplexities and difficulties

that previously you had been in the habit of referring, quite naturally, to older and wiser heads than your own.

See to it that you do all you can to fondly cherish those dear restraining influences while they are spared to you. You will never have cause to regret having done so. And remember that it is only by Service, Submission, and Sacrifice, whether they be rendered to those we love on earth or to Him who gave His life a ransom for many, that we can ever hope to enter into a life of true and perfect freedom.

Burn Your Bridges.

"You can always come home, John." This was the parting word of a father to his son who was leaving the farm for the city, to make his start in the world. Now, this father wanted to help his son to succeed; but in suggesting to him that he could always come home, he was making it easier for him to give up to discouragement, he was weakening his self-reliance.

When Julius Cæsar landed on our shores he burned all the ships that had transported his army, for he knew that if he cut off all possible means of retreat, his men would fight with greater desperation, because it would be a fight for their lives.

When a young man leaves home to seek his fortune, he should, like Cæsar, burn his bridges behind him. The temptation to turn back when things go hard, when he cannot see the way, if there is an easy way of backing out, is almost irresistible. If a boy leaves home for the first time and enters the business world, knowing that when he gets homesick his parents will want him to come home, that they will welcome him, and will allow him to stay home if he desires to, it is a bad thing for the boy.

One reason for half of the failures in life is that people do not burn their bridges behind them, do not cut off all possible retreat. It is a weakness of human nature that when things go hard, when it looks black ahead, we are easily led to turn back. The most unfortunate decisions in life, those which halve and quarter one's possible success, which make mediocre careers of possible superb ones, are the result of turning back when discouraged, homesick, and disheartened. It is only the grim resolution to push on, whether hard or easy, whether we can see the goal or not, that wins.

To learn to depend on one's self, to look for one's resources inside and not outside of one's self, is to learn the secret of success and of happiness. Without self-reliance we are the sport of every wind that blows, the victims of chance, of environment, of circumstances,

of others who would use us, exploit us for their own ends. But those who are self-reliant hold the key to everything that is desirable in life. They are stronger than things that oppose them.

All the real successes in life, and all the great achievements in the world's history, have had their root in the vigorous exercise of those self-reliant qualities that make for true manhood and womanhood. Strong characters are not built up by pampering or indulgence; they are the result only of steady individual work towards a great life-purpose.

We Render Thanks

For merriment, for happy healthful play, For sense of humour—that to sombre grey Gives colour,

We render thanks.

For kindly wit, that for a little while Will banish thoughts of sadness, bring a smile To tired ones,

We render thanks

For happy souls, who make the best of things, Whose cheerfulness a gladsome feeling brings To others,

We render thanks.

M. F.

Jim's Great Idea

A Christmas Story

HILDA M. SHAW

I. " MY DEAR MOTHER,-I cannot tell you how very sorry Tom and I are that it is an utter impossibility to invite you to spend Christmas with us as usual this year. If we could have managed an inch of room, you certainly shouldn't have been left out; but the truth is, we're feeling our little house a good deal cramped lately, and now Marjory's engagement brings another member into Jim Turton, as you the family. know, is a lonely and homeless man, so we can't do other than invite him to spend the festive season with his sweetheart. Then Madge writes that she's bringing a college chum home for the Christmas holidays, because her people are abroad But for this latter fact, you shouldn't have been left out; but she must have Madge's room, while Madge shares with Marjorie, and Jim gets our one and only spare bed-chamber. So, mother, dear, I'm sure you will understand how impossible it is to put you up, heart sorry as we are. We do hope you won't be too lonely, but will have a very quiet and peaceful time. I enclose a small Christmas present. See that you spend it all on making yourself comfortable during the holidays. With the heartiest of thristmas greetings and much love, m which Tom and all the children join me

> "Your loving daughter, " JEANNIL."

Granny read the letter through very slowly, pausing now and again to wipe her spectacles in the process; and when she had finished, the slow tears of age rose to her faded blue eyes and fell one by one down her lovely old face.

For she had looked forward to the approaching Christmastide with a great eagerness-had, indeed, lived on the prospect of her usual visit for weeks past; and the disappointment was therefore a very keen one.

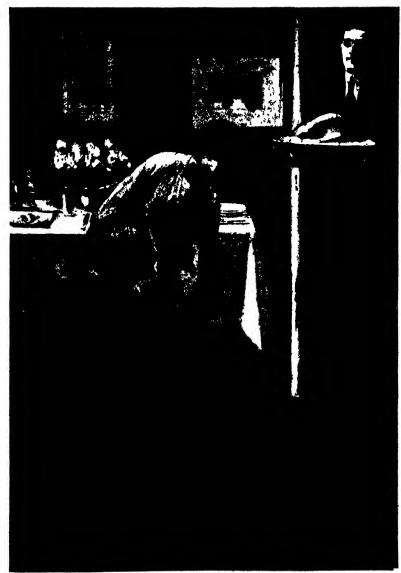
"I've always loved Christmas with them," she whispered, her sweet mouth quivering. "It'll be terribly lonely here all alone."

But presently, mother-like, she began to excuse her only chil l.

"Of course, Jeannie can't help herself," she said, brushing away her tears resolutely. "Tom and

she have been goodness itself to me, and I've spent'every Christmas with them since father died. But their children must come first, of courseit's only right that they should, and old folks like me must be contented to be left out sometimes. But." she ended, fresh tears rising to her eves, "I should have liked this Christmas with them above all others. It was sweet to be with them when the children were young. I believe I enjoyed the excitement of the Christmas tree and the hanging up of their stockings as much as ever they did. But now that Marjory is engaged, I wanted to live again in their sweet romance. I believe I was just longing to see her with her lover."

Marjory was first favourite of all her grandchildren. Not even the eldest boy Harry had as warm a place in his grandmother's heart as had the golden-haired Marjoryher parents' first-born. She loved the high-spirited Madge very dearly also while the two schoolboys, Arthur and Hugh, were very dear to their old Granny. But Marjory had her grandfather's eyes and waving golden hair, besides his thoughtful disposition. And somehow she had woven herself about her granny's heart as not one of the others had done: and ever since the news of



"NOW, MARJORIE, MY GIRL, WE'LL HAVE DINNER BEFORE IT GETS COLD."

Drawn by
Ernest Prater.

her engagement to the clever young engineer Jim Turton had come along, Granny had longed to meet him. She wanted to be sure that he was worthy of her darling, and had quite expected the opportunity to judge for herself this Christmas.

"I wish Madge hadn't given that invitation to her college chum," she said presently. But a moment later she took herself to task for this thought.

"Don't begin to encourage selfishness in your old age, Granny," she reprimanded herself severely. "If the child can't be at liberty to do a kindness to a friend, it's a pity."

So she refused to blame any one of them. Instead, she sat down and wrote a sweet letter in her trembling pointed old-fashioned handwriting to her daughter, saying that she exactly understood their difficulty, and would make herself quite cosy and happy alone this Christmas. They were not to worry about her in the slightest, she added. Their generous gift would give her a splendid Christmas, and she would be thinking of them all the time, and praying for their happiness.

Having sent off this letter, together with the dainty Christmas gifts which her own wrinkled hands had fashioned for each one-knitted silk socks for her son-in-law and the boys, not forgetting the new grandson-to-be, and exquisitely-fashioned jumpers for her daughter and the girls-gifts which had occupied Granny for many hours the past months, and to buy the expensive materials for which she had sacrificed herself considerably, Granny caretully put away in a safe place the five-pound note which had been her daughter's Christmas gift to her.

"I don't need Christmas dainties," she said to herself, "my digestion is best with simple foods. It will buy Marjorie a wedding present when the day is fixed. I should like to send her something nice."

11

CHRISTMAS morning dawned cold and cloudy, and as Granny dressed she looked out of the window dubiously.

"It looks like snow," she said to herself with a shudder. "I do hope it keeps off. I want to get to church, if possible. It'll be the only bit of Christmas I shall have."

Her dear old mouth trembled a little as she spoke, for, there was no

doubt about it, Granny was feeling this first Christmas to be spent alone a very lonely time.

Having wrapped herself up cosily in the fur-lined coat which had been her daughter's last Christmas present to her, Granny made up her fire and set off to church, braving the elements, though snow still threatened.

The beautiful service did much to soothe her disappointed old heart, and as it proceeded something of the blessed peace of Christmas stole over her desolation.

But as she stepped out into the cold air again her loneliness returned doublefold, and she struggled homewards in the teeth of an icy wind, and with her spirits, like the thermometer, somewhere down towards zero.

Shivering with cold, she began to regret that she had ventured out. Her fire, she feared, would be dull and lifeless, while her simple dinner—it was to consist of some stewed meat and potatoes and a milk pudding—would need to be heated before she could take it. Somehow the simple fare did not appeal to her as much as it had done on the day before, when she had assured herself it was all her simple needs required.

Having reached her tiny home, Granny opened the door with her latchkey, her old hands almost too numbed with the cold to turn it, and stepped into the tiny hall. Then she rubbed her eyes, thinking she must assuredly be dreaming of the past. For the place was transformed. A big bunch of mistletoe hung from the gas-bracket in the centre, while redberried holly adorned the few pictures and the tops of the doors. Besides all this there came from the small kitchen a most delicious aroma of Christmas fare, so that Granny looked around her wonderingly

"I must have got into the wrong house," she said to herself fearfully, for Acacia Cottage was one of a row of similar small dwellings, and such a mistake was a very possible one.

She turned to make her way out again, hoping to escape before she was discovered, hating the thought of the necessary explanations. But before she reached the door a pair of strong young arms were round her, and had drawn her under the mistletoe.

"Merry Christmas, Granny!" a merry masculine voice said heartily, accompanying the words with a kiss quite as hearty.

A moment later a voice, which Granny recognised as belonging to her favourite grandchild, called from the kitchen—

"It's all right, Granny. It's Jim, you know. I can't come just now, because I'm just making the gravy."

"Now we're properly introduced," said Jim Turton, putting his arm round her; "so come in and be cosy, Granny dear. Marjory will join us as soon as she's through the culinary mysteries"

He drew her into the tiny parlour as he spoke, and again Granny scarcely knew her own home, so transformed had it been during her absence at church.

Instead of the smouldering fire she had expected to find, a great roaring one sent out its radiant warmth, lighting up the dull winter's day with its glow. The table was drawn into the centre of the room and daintily laid for dinner, a great bowl of golden tulips occupying the centre of it. The room was lavishly decorated, as was the hall, with holly and mistletoe, and looked decidedly Christmassy; while Granny's own comfortable chair was drawn up in front of the fire, adorned with a new brightly-coloured cushion which invited repose, while on the back of it was a warm white woollen shawl. Besides all this a delightful pair of fur-lined slippers stood warming on the hearth.

"Why, Granny," said Jim's deep young voice, "you're cold."

He pushed her into the depths of her chair as he spoke, having first very gently divested her of her bonnet and coat and drawn the gloves from her frozen hands as tenderly, she told herself, as her own daughter might have done. Then he put the new cushion to her back, and wrapped her warmly in the cosy shawl, after which he drew her boots from her cold feet and put on the warm furry slippers.

"These are Marjory's and my Christmas gifts," he explained as he did so. "Now, Granny dear, are you quite comfortable."

Still feeling that she was in some strange dream, Granny drew his strong dark face down to hers and kissed this new grandson-to-be of hers upon the lips, and maybe he noticed the tremble of her old lips, for when he lifted his head again his fine eyes were wet with unshed tears.

"You are very good to me," she

Jim's Great Idea

said at last, the tears trembling on her eyelashes.

Before she could say more Marjory's voice called from the kitchen—

"Hurry up, Jim; I want you."

With another kiss upon Granny's faded cheek, he departed obediently, and a moment or two later Marjory appeared with a big tray in her tair hands. Having deposited it on the stand, she crossed the room and held out her arms to Granny.

"Merry Christmas, Granny!" she said, taking the frail form into her strong young arms "How do you like Jim's and my surprise?"

Because of the emotion which possessed her, for a moment Granny could not answer, and Jim, who had entered in Marjory's wake, carrying a dish which held a small turkey, beautifully browned, realised this. So he said firmly—

"Now, Marjory, my girl, we'll have dinner before it get's cold; we can talk during the meal. Granny must be famished after her cold walk, and I'm sure I am after our run."

"So am I," agreed Marjory, smiling radiantly at her sweetheart; "so let's begin. Now, Granny, though this is your home, you're our guest to-day."

They seated Granny with her back to the fire, Marjory taking one end of the table and Jim the other, and while he carved and Marjory served the vegetables they explained their unlooked for appearance

"It was all Jim's doing," said Marjory, beaming across the table at the man she loved. "When he arrived at home yesterday and found that you weren't there he suggested that, as you couldn't spend this Christmas with us, he and I should spend it with you. I was only too delighted, and so we went out and bought the necessary viands, because I knew you'd never have troubled to stock much Christmas fare just for yourself. Then we set oft early this morning in Jim's motorcar, and we did the whole run in a little over an hour."

"But how did you get in?" gasped Granny, looking admiringly at the two gaving faces which graced her festive blard.

"Easily enough," laughed Marjory, "my Jim's a first-rate burglar. When we found you were out, and guessed you'd gone to church as usual, he climbed the water-spout and got in t your bed-room window, which, tor; unately, you'd left a little open.

Then he let me in, and we set to work. Jim helped tremendously," she added, and the pride in her sweet voice as she spoke her sweetheart's name told Granny what she had wanted to know ever since she had heard of the engagement of this favourite grandchild of hers, that Marjory loved Jim with the whole of her pure heart; while the glance he gave her across the table told her, also, that he, too, loved her with an equal love.

'You're not sorry we came?" asked Jim gently, as he handed Granny the daintiest cut of the turkey. "I did so want to see you, because-" His voice broke a little. Then he went on tenderly, "You see, my own dear granny, who brought a little orphaned laddie up, and was everything to me, is spending her first Christmas in the Father's House of many Mansions, and, even with the girl I love, I was missing her terribly. If she had lived, I should have stolen Marjory away from her own people and taken her to spend Christmas with my own granny.'

"So, instead," Marjory added softly, "he's brought me to spend it with you, Granny."

III.

That was a most delightful Christmas dinner. The two young people insisted upon Granny risking indigestion and tasting everything; and Marjory's cooking was a great success. The Christmas pudding, which Jim carried all steaming from the kitchen, with its crown of holly, was most delicious, while the mince-pies, which Marjory had made the day before, were all that could be desired.

Dessert followed, and, like the two children they were, the lovers had even provided crackers, and insisted upon Granny wearing the gaily-coloured cap she obtained from hers upon her snowy waving hair, while Jim's dark head and Marjory's golden one were similarly adorned.

Then, when the meal was cleared away, they all sat round the fire and told Christmas stories in the time-honoured old way.

But presently Granny grew drowsy, and soon she was fast asleep, lying back against her cosy cushion.

How long she slept she did not know. But she was wakened from a sweet dream—in which her dead husband was the lover of her youth, and they were wandering hand in hand in the Vicarage garden which had been her home, while the Christmas bells were ringing from the old church near by—by some lover-like words, whispered in a man's deep voice.

For the moment she thought they were all part of her dream.

"Marjory," the voice said, exquisite in its tenderness, "you do love me, my beloved!"

Opening her eyes, she realised that the words had been spoken by Jim to his sweetheart Marjory, who had been named after her Granny.

The dark head and the fair one were very close together, and, realising that they were unaware that they were watched, Granny closed her eyes again and pretended still to be asleep.

The striking of the old clock upon the marble mantelpiece, as it gave out five musical strokes, broke the soft murmuring of the lovers' voices, and Marjory sprang up, whispering to Jim—

"Five o'clock! I must get tea ready."

"Let me help," he whispered; and stealthily, thinking that Granny still slept, the two lovers stole from the warm room, returning presently with the tea-tray set with all sorts of lovely fruits and cakes, conspicuous amongst which was a great iced spice cake, dainties which Granny enjoyed as much as the grandchildren.

After tea the lovers gathered round the old piano and sang Christmas carols, Granny joining in now and again with her quavering old voice, and it was not until nine resonant strokes chimed from the clock, and Granny, much against her will, needed to stiffe a yawn, that they thought of taking their departure.

"Granny's sleepy," said Marjory; "it's her bed-time. You must run to the garage for the car, Jim, and we must get home."

A few minutes later, wrapped to the eyes in warm wraps, Marjory and Jim took their departure. But, as he kissed her very tenderly, Jim whispered, drowning her warm thanks with his young lips—

"You must spend next Christmas in our own little home, Granny, with —my wife and me."

And, colouring exquisitely, Marjory added her invitation to his.

With a heart glowing with grateful happiness Granny crept upstairs, when they had driven off, and lay down to her rest, murmuring—

"God bless them both for their kindness to old Granny! God give them the happiness they deserve!"

A Knitted Coat with Brushed Wool Collar

HERE we have a useful coat worked in a fancy stitch with collar and cuffs made of the fashionable brushed wool.

Materials Required.

22 oz. of 5-ply "Ladyship" Scotch Fingering, 6 oz. of "Ladyship" Thistledown Wool, a wire brush, a pair of long bone No. 8 needles, and a set of No. 12 steel needles.

Abbreviations

K = knit; p = purl; at = stitch or stitches.

The Back.

Cast on the No. 8 needles 95 st (19 in. wide), k 10 ridges (2 rows make one ridge).

1st Row of Pattern.—K.

2nd, 4th and 6th Rows.—* K 3, p 1, repeat from *, ending row k 3.

3rd, 5th and 7th Rows.—K. 8th Row.—P.

Repeat from 1st to 8th row inclusive for pattern throughout coat.

Continue in pattern, decreasing st on each end of needle every eighth row until there are 71 st on needle (14 in. in width).

This is the waist-line. Continue in pattern for 7 patterns about 8 in from waist-line.

Now cast on 8 st on each end of needle every other row until 72 st have been added $(r_4\frac{1}{2}$ in.) at each end of needle for sleeves.

Continue in pattern on the 215 st until there are 6 patterns (6½ in.) from where the st were first cast on for the sleeves.

Continue on the 95 st for over the shoulder (slipping the remaining st on to a spare needle), ** increase I st towards front every other row until 23 st are added for front Cast off 8 st at end of needle for sleeves, and increase I st towards

front every other row until 72 st are cast off for sleeve and 55 st (11 in. wide) are left on needle.

Knit for a further 7 patterns, then increase 1 st towards side seam every eighth row until there are 63 st on needle

(12½ in. wide). Continue until side scam is same length as side seam on back, including the 10 border ridges. Cast off.

 Commencing at shoulder again, cast off 25 st for back of neck, and on the 95 st k other front to correspond.

The Cuffs.

With the steel needles pick up 56 st round sleeve, k in rib of k 1, p 1 for 3 in. (or until sleeve is desired length).

With the Thistledown Wool and the steel needles k 18 ridges.

Next Row.—K 2 * over k 2 st together, repeat from * across.

K 11 more rows, cast off, sew up side seams, sleeves, and cuffs.

The Pockets.

Cast on 31 st, k 5 ridges, making a buttonhole in centre of third ridge, then k, following pattern from 1st to 8th row inclusive, until there are four patterns. K 10 more ridges, cast off. Make two pockets, and sew one to each side of coat.

The Collar.

With the Thistledown Wool and the steel needles cast on 3 st, k in ridges, increase I st on each end of needle every other row until there are 33 st on needle (5½ in. wide), k in ridges until straight side of collar fits neck of coat.

K in ridges, decrease I st on each end of needle every other row until 3 st are left, cast off together, break off wool. Sew collar to neck of coat.

The Buttonholes.

When working the right front, make a buttonhole in the first pattern down the straight edge by

casting off 3 st (3 st in from the edge) and casting them on again in the next row.

Repeat in every third pattern until 6 buttonholes have been worked.



When Renovating Knitted Garments

An excellent way of cutting hand-knitted fabric when any alterations are desired to be made, such as shortening the sleeves of a jumper, or perhaps levelling the hem of a child's frock that has dropped in wear, is to firmly statch along a piece of tape backwards and forwards with the sewing-machine, just above where the cut is to be made. The portion to be dispensed with can then be cut away without any fear of the work unravelling farther than is desired. In the case of a sleeve, the taped edge can be covered by a freshly-knitted cuff; or, if it is the hem of a frock, a band of plain knitting in some pretty contrasting co'our can be applied.

In this way, too, a slip-on jumper can be converted into a very creditable little house jacket or under-coat by stitching two pieces of tape close together down the centre of the front, and cutting between them. Trim the edges with a band of a contrasting colour, and your little jacket is ready to wear.

This should suggest many possibilities for renovating handknitted garments, which would otherwise have to be discarded as unfit for wear. If the wool is faded at all, it would be quite worth while to have the garment dyed after renovation.

Blouses for the Christmas Festivities



A SLEEVILESS OVERBIOUSE WITH SOLARF SECRED CUSSIE

No 9284.
Sizes for 34 and 36 inches bust measure.

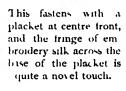
Paper Patterns, price 9d. each, postage 1d. each extra by unsealed packet post, or 2d. by letter post. Address to the "Girl's Own" Fashion Editor, 4, Bouverie Street, Fleet Street, London, E.C. 4.

The belt of the little blouse in the centre fastens with buttons and button holes at the side.

No. 9254.



No. 9286.
Sizes for 34 and 36 inches bust measure.





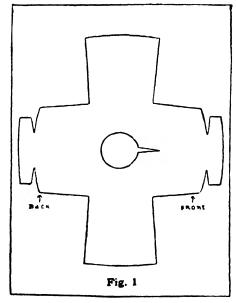


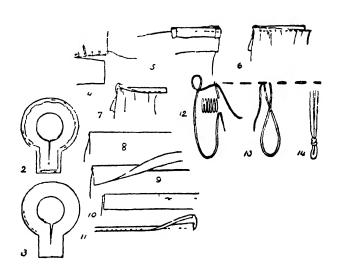
No. 9285

A PRETTY DESIGN FOR FIGURED SILK OR NET.

No. 9285.

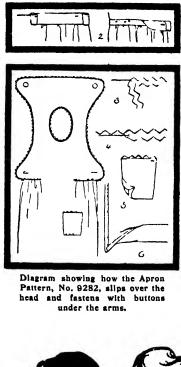
Sizes for 34 and 36 inches bust measure.





The diagrams above will be a guide to the amateur dressmaker in putting together the little one-piece blouse, No. 9286. Fig. 1 shows the simplicity of its construction, and the diagram on the right carries the worker through the various stages of blouse-making from the facing of the neck and placket to the setting of the gathers into the band, and the embroidery stitches used in ornamenting the neck and sleeve edges. In Figs. 8 and 9 the French seam has even been clearly illustrated to help the beginner; this is always the best seam to use for blouses made of thin fabric that is at all given to fraying.

Indoor Dresses and a Practical Apron





On the left is a charm ing little No Button Dress It hangs straight from neck to hem, with slight fulness at the waist - line in back. The fronts have sash ends attached that tie in the back I he right front crosses over the left, the left sash end slipping through a slash in the right front Soft pleats at the under arms give the dress a graceful "set" Pattern No 9283 can be supplied in sizes for 34 and 36 inches bust measure.



No. 9281.

The little frock on the left is just the thing for badminton or tennis. It would make up well in Tootal's Velvet Cloth Pattern No. 9251 is supplied in sizes for 32 and 34 inches bust measure, and includes the blouse as well as the overdress.

No 9283

The practical little Dusting Apron on the right, No 9282, is supplied in the medium size only

Patterns of all the designs on this page can be obtained price 9d. each, postage 1d each extra by unsealed packet post, or 2d. by letter post. Address to the "Girl's Own" Fashion Editor, 4, Bouverte Street, Fleet Street, London, E.C. 4.

All inquiries respecting our Paper Patterns must be accompanied by a stamped addressed envelope for reply.



No. 9282.

Simple Underwear and Children's Frocks

Paper Patterns, price 9d. each, postage 1d. each extra by unsealed packet post, or 2d. by letter post.

I it i envelope chemise is still to the front, and four attractive little designs for these garments are illustrated on this page.

In the figures in the centre, the snall cuttings of the material have been shaped to form novel shoulder

Plain bindings and hem stitching are very much in cyidence for trimming underwear just now, and have the advantage of

No. 9268.



No 9266

No. 9267.



No. 9263.

THRIF CHARMING HAY DRESSES.

No. 9264
Each in sizes for 2, 4 and 6 years.

No 9265

Address to the "Girl's Own"
Fashion Editor, 4,
Bouverie Street,
Fleet Street, London, E.C. 4.

making the garments much easier to launder.

About 2 yards of material will be required for either of the chemise patterns illustrated

Cotton crêpe, Tarantulle, nain-sook, voile, or Jap silk are all suitable materials to use, and there is so little work in the making that even without the aid of a machine the home worker will not find such garments a heavy task.



No. 9269.

"Provoke not your Children to Wrath"

I DOUBT whether many children are by nature as ill-tempered as they appear to be. From observation of the ways of many nursemaids and not a few mothers, I am often inclined to the view that a good deal of totally unnecessary thwarting, contradiction, and snubbing has, in spite of an undeniable latitude permitted to the modern child, gone to their making.

Not long ago, for instance, I was a witness to the following incident. A small boy, at home on holidays, was finding himself greatly intrigued by the operations of a couple of workmen engaged in painting and renovating his mother's greenhouse. Watching excitedly for their arrival about breakfast time, he attached himself to them until their departure, handing up putty, clearing away rubbish, running messages, and generally feeling himself indispensable to the progress of the job. Absorbed in the happy adventure, he had neglected to perform the

half-hour's reading that was his daily holiday task, fixed for performance immediately after breakfast. Called to order, he promised to carry this out each day as soon as the painters should have vanished from his view. But nurse was adamant, and mother backed her up. So a very sulky little boy performed his reading with how much concentration I know not, and an atmosphere of gloom descended upon all concerned each morning that the question cropped up anew.

Now why? Discipline is an excellent thing, yet may well possess a certain flexibility. Why thwart the child when no good could result? Why not have agreed to a perfectly reasonable proposal and permit the task to be performed later on?

This is but a single example of the sort of tyranny of which, in our cult of obedience, many of us are guilty. Master Tommy is forbidden to eat his cake before his bread and butter, though the poor child, like some of his elders, does not like to end up a meal on a sweet note, but prefers to eat the fancy portion first. Assuming that mere greed is at the bottom of



MARGARET: SOMETIMES KNOWN AS "PLRPITUAL SUNSHINF."

the inversion, nurse brings about a wrangle, wins, and Tommy is voted a cross ill-mannered boy. Even if greed had prompted too anxious a seizure of the dainty, would not the action have brought its own lesson in teaching the infant that, having too early demolished his cake, he must pay the penalty of eating bread and butter while others have arrived at the legitimate cake stage?

Then there is Miss Peggy, a little girl who has early arrived at her own individual ideas in regard to clothes. She takes a most determined dislike to wearing the frocks and coats that her mother thinks so "picturesque." The other girls laugh at them, and she feels irritated and obsessed whenever she is forced to don them. Tears even occur on occasions, and a good deal of head-tossing and disagreeable protests have to be met and snubbed. Is it necessary? Might we not at an earlier stage take our children into our councils when the buying of garments is on the tapis? Nothing provokes a young person more than being made to feel conspicuous among her fellows, and many

By Mrs. LOVAT

a needless fit of temper is engendered by neglect of this fact.

Sometimes a child is provoked, it seems to me, out of pure tactlessness. How many children have I not seen punished, when wisdom has pointed not to punishment but to distraction? The baby that will, as all babies insist on doing, throw a toy continually out of its reach and then demand that it shall be returned, does not need correction but diversion. To turn its attention cleverly to a picture or a flower, while secretly removing the disturbing toy, will keep him sweet-tempered; while insistence on the correction of his wilful ways will inevitably sow the seeds of wrath. The less frequently wrath is provoked in a child the less need will the parent find later to correct a tendency to ill-temper. Yet she often deliberately provokes that wrath in the carly days, when a little circumvention would have made all smooth.

It is often want of understanding of the importance which the apparently unimportant often assumes to childish eyes that lies at the root of the provocation for which parents and nurses are sometimes responsible. One of the worst fits of childish temper (resulting in perfect paroxysms of fury on the part of the child) that I have ever witnessed, was occasioned by a mother who, in tidying up an over-full nursery toy-cupboard, had thrown away what seemed to her a worthless dilapidated engine. There were other and far finer engines left, yet it happened that it was on this particular toy, defective as to its wheels and broken as to its funnel, that the child's affections were lavished. And it had been thrown away irremediably!

Is it not because we do not soon enough recognise the child as an individual, an entity that must be consulted and considered practically as soon as its mental faculties have begun to enfold, that so much needless provocation to wrath is entailed?

(Concluded on page 160.)

The Cretonne Christmas Present

CHRISTMAS has its delights, but also its problems and not least of these is the Christmas present problem. It is not always easy to know what will please every one of your friends. And even if you do know it is often a difficulty to scenre the right thing. Moreover, the purchase of several Christmas presents is often a very expensive business.

Why not meet the difficulty this year by giving all your friends—at least your gill and woman friends—a cretonic present? This does not mean that they will all have to have either a cushion cover or a frock. On the contrary, there are a viriety of delightful items that can be made with cretonic several of which are illustrated on these pages. Then you can decide what to make for each of your friends, and buy your length or lengths of cretonine and be

CHRISTMAS has its delights, but also its her room? For your home-making problems and not least of these is the friend, the little dusting-cap would be



A Dusting Cap of Cretonne turned back with Plain coloured Material.

an acceptable gift or the tea apron A knitting bag is a gift that is always appre

ciated by the more ciderly woman or one who does a good deal of work. While boxes of various shapes and sizes and prettily decorated coathangers are gifts of which one cannot

casily have too many Little folks can be remembered 'in cretonne with gifts of pretty pinafores or rompers and, made in a gay material the

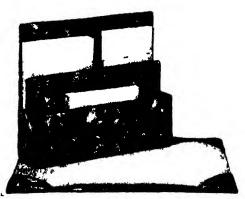
wearing of these will be no hardship, but rather a delight

Inexpensive Gifts.

If you are contemplating making all your gifts cretonne gifts you could buy a large quantity of the same pattern, or you could, of course, buy your cretonne according to the present. This is probably the better way, as a pattern that suits one article would not necessarily suit another. And if you are planning your gifts to match or contrast with your friends rooms, you cannot match them all up on one design. It is extravagant to buy a different design for each article, but two or three patterns will serve to make very satisfactorily all the gifts illustrated here.

For instance, I yard of cretonne at 1s IId made the outside of the little round box, the covering for the coat hanger, and the dusting-cap A yard of another pattern made the outside of the glove-box and the pinafore A third yard made the writing table set, the fire screen took I yards, and the little apron f yard

Besides the cretonne you will want



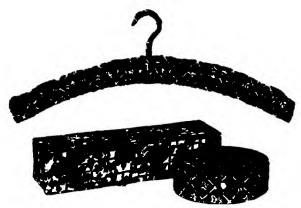
A Writing Set consisting of Stationery Box and Blotter.

some cardboard and some plain-

coloured material for lining or binding as the case may

The Round

For this you will require two circles each of cretonne and plain material 7 inches in diameter, and one piece of each 19 inches long by 21 inches deep four circles of cardboard, each 6 inches in diameter, and two pieces of very thin card, 18 inches by 12 inches Cover each piece of cardboard, and join each plain circle to a cretonne



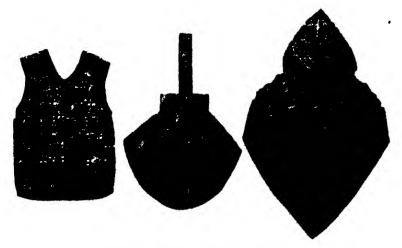
A Cretonne covered Coat Hanger and two gay Boxes

busy stitching with a definite purpose in view instead of joining the frenzicd rush to the shops where very often in the confusion every body gets the wrong thing

For the Bachelor Girl or the Married Woman.

Do you want something for your

bachclor girl friend who has her own little sitting room but not very much in it? Why not give her a firescreen? This would, perhaps, be too expensive a proposition in the ordinary way, but to make it with cretonne and cardboard is just the casiest thing in the world Or how about the little set for her writing-table-a stationery rack and blotting pad, or the waste-paper basket, using cretonne the colour to tone with



A Pinafore, a Knitting Bag, and a Tea Apron.

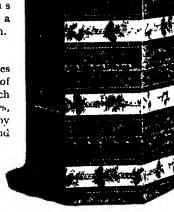
The Cretonne Christmas Present

circle. Also join the long narrow pieces together. Join them round to form a hoop, and seam one of the circular pieces to the edge to form the box. The other circular piece is the lid. This is attached to the top of the box by about an inch of buttonhole-stitching. The edge of the box and the lid are decorated with blanket-stitching in "Star Sylko," which should be of a colour to tone with the box. The cretonne used in this case is a saxe-blue ground with pink roses,

and the lining and stitching are of pale rose. The box is finished with a loop and button.

The Glove-

This requires four pieces of cardboard each 11½ by 4 mehes, four pieces 11½ by 2½ mehes, and four pieces 4 by 2½ mehes. Of cretonne for the outside and plain material for lining you will



A Folding Waste-Paper Basket.

also require two pieces 12½ by 5 inches, two pieces 12½ by 3½ inches, and two pieces 5 by 3½ inches.

This box is made in exactly the same manner as the round box, except that, being rectangular, the sides have to be joined separately instead of being in one piece, and the lid is joined to the back along one side. A pink-and-green flowery cretonne has been used here, and the stitching is in green.

The Writing-Table

If you have managed to make the boxes you will have no difficulty with the stationery-rack, which is, after all, only a box of a different shape with a piece slipped down the middle to make a division. You will require two pieces of cardboard, 8½ by 7 inches, for the back, two pieces 8½ by 5½ inches for the middle, two pieces 8½ by 3 inches for the front, four pieces 2 by 3 inches for the ends, and two pieces 8½ by 2 inches for the bottom.

Cover each piece with cretonne, allowing $\frac{1}{2}$ inch more all round for turnings. Then join the pieces together in pairs, and sew up to form a box, as illustrated. Slip in the middle section, and catch in place with a few stitches at the top.

The blotter is simply two pieces of cardboard 11½ by 9 inches, covered with cretonne. Slip a little fold of cretonne across each corner of one piece, and

stitch in place. Then join the two pieces together and slip a few sheets of blottingpaper into the corners.

The Fire-

Although this may appear the most ambitious item, it is probably the easiest of the lot to make. You will want 1½ yards of 30-inch cretonne, and four

thick pieces of cardboard each 25½ by 7 inches.

Fold the cretonne in halt across the width, and join the edges

together on the wrong side. Turn to the right side, divide into four equal divisions, and titch down. Slip a piece of cardboard into each section. Turn up the cretonne at the bottom to hold the cardboard in place, and hem on the wrong side. A couple of tassels may be added, to decorate the screen.

The Waste-Paper Basket.

This is made in a somewhat similar style to the fire-screen. Its specially convenient feature is that it folds, making it useful where space is limited. The cardboard sections are each 5 by 14 inches; the bottom is a hexagon, 6 inches on a side. It takes 1½ yards of cretonne 36 inches wide for covering.

Fold piece of material 31½ by 32 inches, wrong side out, so that it is 16 inches wide. Stitch the ends with ½-inch seam; turn right side out; measure six equal divisions, and separate these by stitching. These divisions will be about 5½ inches wide.

Slip in the cardboard panels. Stitch at the base of panels to hold them in place. Put tapes on the outside edges of end cardboards; these are tied to hold the basket together.

Turn the raw edges in at the bottom and make a \{\}-inch casing for the tape. When drawn up this holds the bottom in place. Cover the bottom and slip inside of basket.

The Dusting-

This requires only a small piece of cretonne 21 by 18½ inches. This is hemmed round three sides, the fourth long side being faced with plain contrasting material to a depth of 3½ inches. This is turned back to show the plain edge, and a few pleats are put into the back section

to shape it and give it a cap-like effect.



This is merely a 25-inch square. On two opposite sides the points are cut off by measuring 9½ inches down the sides from the corner, and then cutting across. These straight edges form the sides of

the apron, the points form the bib and bottom.

Hem all round. Then 7 inches from one point sew a casing stright across on the wrong side, to make a waist-line. Run in a ribbon 1½ yards in length, drawing it up a little, and stitching at each end to keep it in place. The ends of the ribbon form the ties.

The Pinafore.

An Easily-made Fire-Screen.

This needs ? yard of cretonne, and about ? yard of plain material for binding the edges (or the plain material may be omitted and the edges hemmed), also two pearl buttons. A pattern (No. 9270) can be supplied for this. Bind the edges all round with the contrasting material. The straps are crossed at the back, and fasten on each shoulder.

The Knitting-Bag.

A yard of cretonne is wanted for this, and the same quantity of sateen for lining. It has a two-piece lower section gathered to straight upper sections, to which a straight strap is attached.

A pattern for this, with two other knitting-bags, can be supplied (No. 9200), price 9d., by post 10d.

The Coat-Hanger.

No directions are needed for this, as it is merely a straight piece of cretonne gathered on to the hanger, after winding a strip of the cretonne round the hook portion. Very simple, and yet quite an acceptable little Christmas gift. Indeed, all the articles described here are usable, which is, after all, a very important point, as we do not want to give useless things.

But once you have started on the "cretonne present" you will find it is so fascinating that you will not want to stop, and you will probably think of several other gifts you will want to make for your friends this Christmas.



Decorating for Christmas

I ALWAYS feel that as regards colour for the Christmas decorations we need no further inspiration than that provided us by our branches of holly and our sprigs of mistletoe. If we keep as far as possible to red, green, and white, we must needs secure the Yuletide atmosphere in good measure; for, from long association with this festive period, the combination of the three has become as emblematic as the flags of the nations. Nor need we be chary of the quantity of red which we bring into our scheme of decoration, despite the fact that in the ordinary way red is a tint that calls for particular discretion.

I have always felt convinced that the Christmas dinner-table at which sat Tiny Tim of the Christmas Carol must have been lit up by a lamp with a red shade, and that a reddish glow of this description must have been largely responsible for the transformation of Scrooge into something more human and humane. But however this may be, I would counsel all those who would see to it that the "Peace on earth and goodwill towards men" feeling be properly present at their family gathering this December (how often, alas, is it to be found wanting!) shall encourage it by a due allowance of coloured lights.

Crinkled paper, usually rather a disappointing material when formed into stiff frills, is admirable when treated in streamer form. Cut up a series of lengths about an inch wide of this red paper, paste the ends side by side along a strip measuring the circumference of your electric-light shades, and let the whole depend gaily with a beribboned

effect. Moving with every breeze—such streamer decorations are especially effective in a ball-room—these gay lengths of crimson paper seem full of life and liveliness. They can be effected at a very small cost, and will last the Christmas season through. As a variation, one or two of the lights might be treated with alternate strips of red, white, and green.

At Christmas time the wild extravagance in price to which cut flowers invariably rise leaves me unmoved, for far more appropriate to the Yuletide room do I consider little plants of the Christmas cherry, cheery pots of which, with their orange-hued berries, look to my mind better than any flowers in conjunction with holly berries and leaves. But be well-advised and buy your plants at least a fortnight before the 25th, for as soon as Christmas week has arrived their cost has usually doubled. If you can find time to paint their pots and their saucers a holly-berry red, and to tie round their waists a green ribbon, they will look, on your dinner-table, more festive still.

As for the garlanding of your rooms with leaves and berries, remember that the closer you follow the lines of your decorations and of your furniture, the finer will be your effect. Smilax is a useful variant on myrtle for garlanding purposes, for its easy manipulation enables one to secure graceful effects where lightness is required.

When the Christmas board is groaning with good things, it is sometimes difficult to find a suitable place for all the crackers that one wishes to lay, and these often, if arranged in too great profusion, convey an untidy effect to the table. A pretty way of disposing of the surplus is to place them with some of the Christmas parcels in a basket of gilt wicker adorned with ribbons and suspended from the ceiling. With the arrival of dessert, and the clearance of some of the table impedimenta, the basket can be lowered and its contents distributed.

Never do wine-glasses and decanters of green Bohemian glass, nor fruit plates and dishes of that green ware that was in vogue in the mid-nineteenth century, look so well as on the Christmas table, where they seem to fit in with the holly leaves as if an integral part of a set scheme. Nor is it possible to accentuate the delicate transparence of the mistletoe berries better than by setting the stems within vases of silver or of glass, thus keeping the green, white, and red arrangement unbroken.

At the present time many of the shops are showing charming devices for the Christmas dinner-table in the form of gigantic snowballs, made to accommodate surprise crackers within their interiors, and of Father Christmases with attendant elves. These little ornaments can be used year after year, if carefully put away in the interim, so that they represent quite a wise outlay in the first instance. All decorations, however, fashioned from cotton wool should be rigorously excluded. Decorative schemes for the table in which candles play a part are also better omitted, since in the scramble for cracker-pulling, accidents are liable to occur.

If you wish to know where you can purchase any of these items, the Editor will supply addresses if you send her a stamped addressed envelope for reply,

A Curtain Clipper.

Those who have at their windows small curtains of the casement order are familiar with the readiness which these display to blow out into the open whenever a breeze springs up. A very practical thipper, made both in oxidised metal and in a brass finish, and shaped so as to enable the casement curtain to drape itself nicely within its embrace, effectually prevents this annoying tendency, and at the same time provides a decorative touch where otherwise the effect might be over-severe. Prices range from eighteen pence for the single clipper needed at each end, and from half-a-crown for the double clipper to be used in the centre.

The Bahfkot.

If you should be thinking of taking the baby to spend Christmas with his grandparents, but dread having to dispense during the visit with the convenient nursery equipment brought into use at home during bath-time, you could not do better than provide yourself, at a cost of thirty-seven and sixpence, with a "Bahfkot," which is a specially waterproofed cot in hammock form, swung at a convenient height upon a light but strong frame, so that when used as a bath its height is just that convenient for the ordinary nursery chair. A little rail at the back takes the towel, while the soap and sponge find appropriate pockets at the sides, the need for the nursery tray being eliminated by the various receptacles provided for etceteras -such as scissors, binders, pins-that go to the making of a baby's toilette In its capacity of cot it is particularly cosy, the antiseptic nature of the rubber cloth being of great value in this connection. The whole contrivance folds flat for travelling, so that it may be strapped to the bottom of a trunk and thus present no extra package for transit.

The Ugly

If you have an unsightly skylight in your abode that refuses to abandon that depressing air that all skylights, however carefully painted and cleaned, insist upon assuming, there is a London firm that makes a speciality of camouflaging in most successful manner the aridness that it presents. Similarly, if you have a window that looks out on to other folks' leads or chimney tops, they are experts in hiding the prospect, without, at the same time, incurring a loss of light. On the finest of stretched

white muslin they will appliqué cretonne motifs at sufficiently large intervals to convey an effect of lightness and brightness. Thus, I have known them hide an ugly view of London backyards by means of the thinnest of white muslin appliquéd with a flight of swallows, while an unlovely skylight has been given real interest by means of a stretched expanse of muslin adorned with an appliqué of roses and leaves. Appliqués on a thin material are apt to prove disappointing work for the amateur, since the cretonne, under the hands of the inexpert, insists too often either on cockling or on tearing away from the flimsier material. It is essentially work that one does wisely to confide to the professional.

The Tray Mobile.

Hitherto the service wagon that can be wheeled from kitchen to duning-room and from duning-room to garden, has been rather prohibitive in price, but I am glad to find that five guineas will now purchase an excellent wagon of this description, fitted with swivel-acting wheels (always so much more practical in this connection than castors), and with two trays sufficiently large to take all the impedimenta for a meal for an average family. Only those who have had to do their own work for a time know the amount of running to and fro that such an article of furniture saves.

Cretonne Curtain Borders.

If you have ever known the labour involved in measuring out strips of cretonne, neatening the edges, and then stitching the stretchy sides to a length of curtaining, you will appreciate the cretonne borderings with the firmly whipped edges that are provided all ready for use by an enterprising furnishing firm. Most catholic is the choice provided, for it includes borderings formed from old-fashioned chintz patternings, others that have been taken from old cross-stitch designs, and many of the newest types inclining to the futurist and modernist schools. In many instances prices are at a pre-war level, ranging from as little as fourpence halfpenny a yard. One could hardly imagine a more economical or a more effective manner of bordering a simple curtain.

A Welcome Present.

An attractive lampshade is always an acceptable gift, but the difficulty of sending such an article by post has hitherto stood in the way of such

Christmas presents being transmitted to those at a distance Some excellent collapsible shades, which fold quite flat for packing, and yet, when adjusted, prove as taut and firm as those which are guiltless of joints, have lately been perfected by a firm which undertakes furthermore to cover them in whatever silk or cretonne the purchaser may deem most suitable. A guinea will secure a collapsible shade in cretonne of a very pleasing character, while one that is adorned with little Chinese figures. alternating with strips of plain-coloured material costs twenty-two shillings. Special note may well be made of this shade by those in search of a suitable Yuletide gift to send abroad.

Embroidery to Order.

It is useful to know of a furnishing firm that will embroider one a set of curtains with pelmet to match, in any scheme of colouring that may seem desirable. All one has to do is to select the velours or satin that accords best with one's colour-scheme, and they will embroider in moss-stitch or chainstitch the bordering, corners, and valance design that shall exactly meet the measurements.

Or 'should one's ambitions soar no higher than the humbler cretonne or casement cloth, they will carry out for one, from a plain material combined with a patterned cretonne, a window scheme wherein appliqués transferred from the cretonne on to the self-coloured fabric, to form curtain draperies, harmonise with window seat and cushions of the cretonne itself. In this manner a very handsome effect may be contrived at a minimum of cost.

A Table Garden.

The dwarf lapanese garden within a bowl we have had with us for some time. A woman designer has, however, gone a step farther, and elaborated, within shallow bowls of black, red, and blue, a number of quite poetic themes which strike a novel note in table decoration. One of her table gardens she calls, for instance. "The Oasis." In it there is a small palm tree standing within its bowl with its surface-covering of golden Among the miniature rock boulders that surround it she has placed a tiny well of water at which small models of camels are taking a muchneeded drink, while figures in Arab draperies are distributed under the palm tree's shade.

Poetic, too, in character is her

For Yourself, or for Christmas Gifts

"Cupid's Garden," wherein a small statuette of Eros occupies the centre, a semi-circular seat at the side being established beneath a dwarf cedar tree. But perhaps most attractive of all is her Old English Garden, in which a tiny bricked path leads up to a miniature sendial and a small poind displays some floating flowers upon its surface. For winter use, when cut flowers are often beyond one's means, these imaginative little arrangements provide a very novel and interesting way out of the floral difficulty.

An Inexpensive Stair Carpet.

That carpets are well down in price is good news, and the further fact that no additional reduction need be expected for at least a couple of years, should act as an encouragement to those in need of new carpetings to delay no longer. Among the most reasonable of stair-carpets just now is one of wool matting, made in a variety of good colourings, including a good green, an orange, and a blue, and with a broad line of black on either side. This is priced at eight shillings and ninepence in the 223-inch width, and at nine shillings and elevenpence in the 27-inch. It is very durable and tough in wear.

Rugs of Plaited

If your furniture be of the cottagey order, and you need a rug that will accord well with its character, you will probably be pleased with the rugs of I laited felt in different colours that are now to be had at the price of thirty shillings apiece in the 5 by $2\frac{1}{2}$ -foot size

A Portable Radiator.

A radiator that can be carried from room to room, or to hall or corridor, is a great convenience, especially when it can be used in conjunction with an ordinals gas-ring. Such a radiator in a small size can now be obtained for as little as eight and ninepence. Not only will it warm a room speedily (it radiates heat both above and around to a very considerable distance), but it also has a fitment on top which enables one to boil a kettle or prepare toast in a remarkably short space of time. A larger model, provided with a pedestal and its own gas-ring, costs ten shillings more. This when in action gives a bright glow which renders it as cheerful a companion in a sitting-room as a coal firer

A Collapsible Dress-stand.

In the olden days, when a "spare room" was not quite the luxury that it has become of late, this, in the absence of visitors, was made the abiding-place of the dress-stand that was the comfort of our dress-making hours. Nowadays,

to those of us whose accommodation allows of no such indulgence, no spare room has meant no dress-mannequin, for a skeleton of this description is distinctly one that cannot be permitted to dominate an ordinary bed-room. The new collapsible dress-stand, which folds down to hat-box dimensions when not in use, comes as a real boon to flatdwellers, especially as it possesses the advantage of being adjustable to any reasonable proportions, so that it can be employed for the fashioning of the frocks of an entire household. The price of this obliging mannequin is 27s. 6d.

For Materfamilias.

If you happen to have a small boy who is not as fond as he might be of performing his ablutions before sitting down to table, you might encourage him to cleanliness by buying him some of the new soap balls, made variously in the form of cricket-balls, golf-balls, and billiard-balls (faithful even to "spot").

A Jacobean Flower-glass.

The glass vase that will accommodate long-stalked flowers and broad branches of autumn leaves without danger of proving top-heavy is a ranty. To meet this need a very practical flower-glass has been devised, with a heavy circular foot and a holder which tapers out from its centre into a wide mouth. The design has been taken from a Stuart goblet, and the vase resembles in tinge and thickness the old Jacobean glasses. Not even the most playful of kittens or the most careless of elbows is likely to upset the equanimity of iris, delphinium, or copper beach branches posed in this practically-designed receptacle. Prices vary from 5s. to 12s. 6d, according to size.

A Fit-on

If you have a hot-water jug or a cocoa-pot which you have had reluctantly to put on one side owing to a mishap to the china lid, ask your nearest store to procure for you one of the new hinged lids of metal, which permit themselves to be attached to the top of a jug of practically any diameter. The attachment is hinged in two places so that it is adjustable according to the size of the jug, two small clips enabling the lid to clasp firmly the sides of the china. Quite an obscure little hardware shop provided me with my own specimen at the reasonable cost of 91d.

A Sanitary Hot-water

I have always had "me doots" respecting the hygienic character of the ordinary hot-water plate which is filled and emptied by means of a narrow

spout, down which one is unable to see farther than a fraction of an inch. The new Eural Hot-water Plate has a container which is separate from its top. so that there is no possibility of contamination such as existed under the old-fashioned method. This metal container is fitted to its plate by means of four adaptable spring clips, and boasts at the edge a recess in which a rubber ring not only prevents leakage but also obviates loss of heat by radiation. Further, there is the advantage of being able to use, if so minded, a plate from one's own dinner-service in connection with the container. When children, whose leisurely table-manners make the use of a hot-water plate a necessity, are at the table, there is thus no longer any need for the introduction of plates that do not match.

Filet Head-rests.

Head-rests of filet lace for protecting the backs of armchairs we have had for some time, but the new rests of larger dimensions, intended for use on settees and Chesterfields, are by way of an innovation. These are made to match the smaller specimens, and in many cases are copies of antique designs depicting themes from classical mythology.

The Stair-carpet

Holders, attached to the stairs by means of a single screw and capable of being readily switched on one side when carpet-sweeping is afoot, represent a great deal of labour-saving as compared with the old-fashioned stair-rod. They are made variously in oxidised copper, oxidised silver, brass, and nickel, and need no cleaning other than an occasional rub with a leather. Readjustment of the stair-carpet from time to time be-

holders are installed, while their decorative appearance adds at the same time to the effect of the flight. Prices range from 115. a dozen.

A Thermalware Jar.

Those of us who are obliged to do our entertaining under under-staffed conditions will find the new Thermalware Jar of gallon or half-gallon dimensions invaluable, for it permits one to prepare one's soups or one's ices during the day, secure in the knowledge that these will be found of the appropriate temperature when the time comes to consume them. A jar of this sort, which I originally procured in the summer for the purpose of river picnics, now does good service for evening parties, enabling me either to supply my guests with iced drinks throughout the evening or with a cup of steaming soup before leaving. The two-quart size costs four guineas, the gallon size five.

December Dinners

' By SALLY ISLER

As Christmas falls on a Sunday this year, I have chosen that day for my Christmas dinner menu Also, as the cold remains of that "gorgeous" repast is often the foundation of many dinners in the following week, I think myself that it could not have been bettered

The following Christmas dinner varies somewhat from the old-fashioned stereotyped meal that we have always known from our earliest days, but I feel sure that, if you will have the courage to try it and to break away from old tra-

dition, you will be greatly pleased with the result. Also the family will vote it a 'worth-while' change



Grape Fruit
Celery Cream Soup
Steamed Turkey
Boiled Ham Boiled Longue
Snow Potatoes Stuffed Onions
Christmas Pudding Mince Pies
Dessert Coffee

Practically everybody knows how to prepare and serve grapefruit, so it is not necessary to give the method here, but I would like to say that if the fruit is cut and arranged the night before and, if possible, put on the ice, it is much more juicy and delicious

Celery Cream Soup

One large head colory, I onion, I qt milk, I or flour, I desertspn buttet, I cup boiled rice, salt and pepper to taste, a little lemon peel

Wash the celery thoroughly, and cut off the root whole Put the celery into a stewpan, together with the onion, lemon peel, and butter Allow to simmer gently until the vegetables are in shreds, strain and return to the Add the flour, previously stewnan mixed to a smooth paste, also the rice, and cook for 5 min, or until the flour is thoroughly cooked Meantime, simmer the root of the celery in a little water until it is tender, but not broken Strain, and cut into thin slices. Add this to the soup before serving, and flavour to taste with salt and pepper.



THE COOKING

Steamed Turkey.

One good sized turkey 1 lb sausage meat, 1 lb boiled chestnuts, 2 large olives 1 onion ½ head celery, 1 carrot, paisley, pepper and salt a few cloves

Prepare, truss the turkey and stuff the crop with the following lake i lb sausage meat and rub smooth in a mortai peel the chestnuts and grate, then add to the meat stone 2 ohves, and chop finely, also adding to the sausage - meat, I teaspn chopped parslev a good sprinkling of pepper should be added, and the whole well pounded until it is free from lumps of any sort Moisten with a little lemon tuice. The stuffing should be enough to fill the crop, and then it will cut easily and nicely when the breast is carved Put the turkey into a large steamer, and cover the breast with slices of onion, carrot, and celery, and stick with about 6 or 8 cloves Steam for 21 to 3 hours Make a gravy from the feet, gizzaid neck, etc., Simmer in water for I hour, strain, and add 1 cup milk, yolk of 1 egg well beaten, butter and seasoning to taste. This should be served with the turkey, but not over it and the veget ables, steamed with the bird, should be cut into small dice and put in alternate heaps round the plate Before sending to table the white and volk of I hardboiled egg should be grated over the breast The ham and tongue should be served hot, and a slice of each carved with the turkey.

Snow Potatoes.

Boil the potatoes until they are thoroughly soft and almost broken, drain them well, and beat in a basin with a silver fork, add I tablespin butter, and leturn to the saucepan, whip the white of I egg stiffly and turn into the potatoes, stirling all the while Cook for min, beat again with a fork, and pile into a vegetable dish and serve immediately

Christmas Pudding.

As everybody has then own method of making Christmas paddings—probably hinded down in the family from generation to generation—I hardly like to give

a recipe here, at the same time, if any of our readers do not possess one, I can honestly vouch for the excellence of the following

I lb beef suct, ½ lb flour I lb sultanas ½ lb ordinary raisins, 2 or citron, find of 2 lemons, 3 oz sweet almonds I oz bitter almonds I level teaspn salt 6 cggs, ½ lb breadcrumbs, I lb currants ½ lb muscatels, ½ lb mixed peel, I lb Demerara sugar, 2 oz butter, I nutmeg ½ pt milk

Chop the suct finely, mixing with it at the same time the flour and bread crumbs Clean and stalk the currants and sultanas, stone the raisins and chop, and stone and split the muscatels (hop the cition and peel, in fairly large pieces Blanch the almonds and chop finely Grate the lemons and nutmeg, and whip the eggs. Mix the dry ingredients in a large earthenware crocka breadpan is an excellent thing to useand stir in the eggs milk, and melted outter Add the sugar, and if too stiff a little more milk may be used Stir well so that it may be thoroughly mixed, and pour into well-buttered Tie down with well-floured pudding-cloths, and boil or steam from 8 to 10 hours With the Christmas pudding a sweet white sauce should be served

Ice Pudding

I pt milk, l pt cream, l lb granulated sugar, whites of 2 eggs, I teaspn vanilla essence, I tablespn chocolate powder or cocoa, I teaspn flour, I teaspn sugar, I dessertspn butter, I breakfastcup milk

December Dinners

Warm the milk over the fire, and stir in the sugar until dissolved. Stand to cool. Whip the whites of eggs stiffly and the cream, then add to the milk and sugar. Lastly, add the vanilla essence, and pour into a freezer, and freeze for 20 min.

For the sauce: Mix the butter with the flour and add the milk. Cook for 5 min. until quite smooth. Mix the chocolate with a little milk, and pour into the hot milk in the saucepan. Cook until all is thoroughly blended. Dish up the ice in a deep bowl or an entrée dish, and serve the boiling chocolate sauce in a silver boat. If hked, a few chopped baked almonds may be sprinkled over the ice, and this certainly adds a delightful flavour to it.

spinach that has been cooked and passed through a hair-sieve.

Plum Pudding Fritters.

Make a batter of r heaped-up tablespn. flour and sufficient milk to make into a stiff paste, add a little salt and 1 egg, and beat very hard. Dip into this batter small slices of cold plum pudding, and fry a golden brown. Drain, and sprinkle with powdered sugar, and pile on a plate. If liked, a thin hot custard sauce may be served with the fritters.

Cheese Patties

2½ tablespn. grated cheese, I tablespn milk, 2 tablespn thick white sauce, I egg, a little cayenne and salt, short pastry.

Mix the grated cheese and milk, also the sauce and whipped egg. Pour into a saucepan, and allow to simmer gently until the cheese is quite melted. Add the seasoning, and allow to cool. Have ready some small patty-pans lined with good short pastry. Pour a little of the cheese mixture into each, and bake in a good oven for 15 min. Dust with a little grated cheese and a sprinkling of cayenne pepper before sending to table.

Tuesday.

Semolina Soup.
Salmon Pie.
Turkey Blanquettes.
Potato Mayonnaise Hot.
Braised Celery.
Pincapple Soufflé.

Salmon Pie.

One tin of salmon, I large breakfasteup mashed potatoes, ½ cup parsley sauce, pepper and salt to taste.

Pick out all the bones from the salmon, and break into small pieces. Mix with the parsley sauce, and, if obtainable, add a sprig of fennel. Season to taste, and turn into a well-buttered piedish. Cover with potato carefully mashed and free from lumps. Sprinkle with a little salt, and put into a moderate oven to become hot through. When thoroughly heated, allow to brown on top, and serve with or without a white sauce lemon flavoured.

Turkey Blanquettes.

Cold turkey pieces, 1 pt. soup stock, 2 oz. butter, 1 oz. flour, 1 egg, 1 tablespn. milk, 1 small omon, nutmeg, pepper and salt.

Cut the turkey into neat pieces and rub with a little butter. Set aside until wanted. Put the bones, together with the onion, seasoning, etc., into a stewpan, and cover with a little cold water. Simmer for I hour or so, then strain. Melt the butter in a small pan, and stir the flour in. Cook until slightly browned. Pour into the stock, and bring to the boil. Add pepper and salt to taste, and a pinch of nutmeg. Put the pieces of turkey into this and simmer until quite hot. Care must be

Monday.

Brown Onion Broth.
Broiled Ham and Eggs.
Spinach.
Creamed Potatoes.
I lum Pudding Fritters.
Cheese Patties.

Brown Onion Broth.

2 lb onions, 1 pt. stock, bouquet garni, seasoning, 2 oz butter, 1 teaspn. browning

Cut the onions in half and fry in the butter until a dark-brown colour. Put the stock into a deep stewpan, and add the onions, bouquet garni, and a little salt Simmer gently until the onions are quite soft. Then remove the soup and pass through a hair-sieve Return to the saucepan and re-heat, adding the seasoning and a small piece more of butter When thoroughly hot add I teaspn, browning, or less if the colour is good in itself - sufficient should be put in to make it the tone of a good brown stew.

Broiled Ham and Eggs.

For this have sufficient slices of cold ham, ½ in. thick, to allow of I slice per person. Broil over a clear wood fire, if possible, and keep very hot. Scramble I egg for each slice of ham, and add I egg extra for good measure. Heap the buttered eggs in equal proportions upon the slices of ham, and serve on



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December Dinners

taken not to allow them to boil, as they are liable to toughen. Beat the egg and mix with the milk. Stir into the saucepan in which the turkey is heating. Stir gently for a few minutes, then serve.

Potato Mayonnaise Hot.

I lb. potatoes, I egg, I tablespn. oil and vinegar mixed, a pinch of salt, pepper, and a little made mustard, I teaspn. lemon juice, a little butter.

Boil the potatoes and cut into slices. Mix with a little butter, and set on the stove to dry. Break the yolk of the egg in a shallow dish, add the lemon juice and a few drops of oil, until it begins to thicken. Add the oil and vinegar mixed with the salt, pepper, and mustard. Beat for a few minutes with a silver fork. Pour over the potatoes, and set on the stove to become thoroughly hot. Sprinkle with black pepper and a little chopped parsley, and serve in a hot dish.

Pineapple Soufflé.

2 oz britter, 4 oz flour, 1 large cup milk, 4 oz. shredded pineapple, 2 tablespn. sugar, 2 eggs.

Tinned pineapple may be used for this, and should be shredded very finely. Put the butter in a small saucepan, and add the flour, well sifted, and the milk; bring to the boil, and allow to cook until it sticks to the spoon. Add the pineapple and sugar and the yolks of the eggs well beaten. Stir well, and. lastly, add the whites, also stiffly beaten. Pour into a soufflé dish, and steam for 1 hour. Serve with the soufflé a sauce composed of a cup pineapple juice, I oz. sugar. Boil for 10 min, until thick. Add a few drops of cochincal and the beaten white of 1 egg. This latter may be omitted.

Wednesday.

Tomato Soup.

Boiled Mutton.

Mushroom Sauce.

Danish Potatoes. Brussels Sprouts.

Macaroon Pudding.

Balmoral Savoury.

Mushroom Sauce.

2 oz. butter, ½ lb. mushrooms or ½ tin champignons, ½ pt. milk, 1 tablespn. flour, pepper and salt.

Thoroughly wash the mushrooms and put into a stewpan with the butter. Simmer gently, but do not allow to brown in the least. Put the milk in a saucepan, add the seasoning and the flour. Cook until nicely thickened. Chop the mushrooms, and add, with the butter, to the milk. Cook all together for 5 min., then serve.

Danish Potatoes.

Cold boiled potatoes, r large onion, butter, pepper and salt, r small cup good brown gravy.

Cut the potatoes into thin slices and put a layer into a buttered pic-dish. Put a layer of sliced onion, parboiled, on the top of this, and a few pieces of butter. Continue until the pic-dish is nearly full. Finish off with onion, and pour the brown gravy over all. Season, and bake in a slow oven until nicely browned.

Macaroon Pudding.

6 large macaroons, I pt. milk, ½ oz. leaf gelatine, I teaspn. almond essence, I egg, I tablespn. sugar, glacé cherries.

Slightly butter a soufflé dish, and allow to cool. Place a glacé cherry in the centre of each macaroon, and remove the almond to do this. Put 1 macaroon, face downwards, in the bottom of the soufflé dish, and put a ring of alternate almonds and half cherries round it. Put the remaining macaroons round the sides of the dish, and press them well, so that they will adhere. Put the milk and well-beaten egg into a saucepan. Add the sugar. Melt the gelatine in a little hot water, and stir into the milk. Allow to cool slightly, then put in the almond essence. Pour into the mould, and set in a cool place. Turn out in a silver dish, and send to table. This sweet is greatly improved, and also helped out, by the addition of a ring of broken jelly placed round it when dished up.

Balmoral Savoury.

3 oz. cold tongue, 1 teaspn. chopped olives, 1 oz. butter, 1 tablespn. mayonnaise, bread and butter.

Mince the tongue and the olives. Pound in a mortar, adding the butter and mayonnaise. Spread thickly on rounds of bread and butter, and decorate with rings of hard-boiled egg. Serve cold

Thursday.

Cheese Soup.

Neurenburg Cod. Lemon Sauce.

Furkey Croquettes. Sweet Sauce.

Stewed Potatoes. Seakale.

Apple Robin.

Cheese Soup.

2 oz. cheese, I pt. milk, I onion, I stick celery, I tablespn. olive oil, I oz. flour, butter, salt and pepper, guocolietti.

Put the cheese into a frying-pan with the oil, and allow to fry gently until slightly browned at the edges. Put the milk into a saucepan with the onion and celery, and simmer very gently until the vegetables are done. Strain through a fine sieve and return to the saucepan. Cut the cheese into very small pieces, and add to the milk. Cook until entirely melted. Season well.

For the guocolietti you need 2 eggs, 3 tablespn. flour, 1½ oz. butter, a pinch of salt, and a little milk.

Beat the butter and eggs thoroughly together, add the salt, and, very gradually, the flour. Add enough milk, very gradually, to make into a stiff dough. When the soup is ready, drop small pieces of this (about the size of a sixpence) into it, and let them cook for a few minutes.

Neurenberg Cod.

4 slices cod, 4 slices bread and butter, 4 tomatoes, a little batter, frying-fat.

Steam the sliced cod until tender. Remove the bones and skin without breaking the fish. Keep hot. Dip the bread and butter into the batter, and fry to a golden brown. Set one piece of cod on each fritter, and cover with peeled, sliced tomatoes. Set in the oven for a few minutes to heat the tomatoes. Serve with lemon sauce or, if preferred, anchovy sauce.

Turkey Croquettes.

4 oz. cold turkey, I oz. ham, ½ oz. butter, ½ oz. flour, I tablespn. stock, I tablespn. milk or cream, a few drops of lemon juice, and three mushrooms, seasoning, egg and breadcrumb, deep frying-fat.

Chop the turkev and ham finely, and cut the mushrooms into tiny pieces. Melt the butter and stir in the flour Cook, and add the stock. Stir in the ham and turkey and mushrooms, milk, lemon juice, and seasoning. Cook for a few minutes, then turn out on a plate and set in a cold place. Form into balls, coat with egg and breadcrumbs, and fry to a golden brown. Drain well, and dish up in a pyramid shape.

Apple Robin.

3 lb. loaf sugar, 1 pt. water, 11 lb. apples, 1 lemon, 1 oz. sweet almonds, cochineal.

Put the sugar into a saucepan with the water. Boil it until it becomes very thick and tacky. Peel and core the apples and cut into slices, and add to the syrup. Add the grated rind of the lemon. Boil until it becomes very stiff, but stirring all the time so that it does not burn. Add a few drops of cochineal, and turn into a well-greased mould. When cold turn out, and stick the almonds, blanched and sliced, all over the surface. Serve with custard in glasses. This apple robin is greatly improved if, after turning out, it is coated with a thin layer of raspberry jelly and allowed to set. Then stick the almonds in as directed.

Friday.

Turbot Soup.

Mutton Rolls. Green Sauce.

Rose Potatoes. Sweet Corn.

Mince Meat Pasties.

Cheese Loupe.

Turbot Soup.

½ lb. turbot, 2 oz. butter, 1 oz. flour, 1 pt. milk, ½ pt. water, 1 onion, pepper and salt.

Wash the fish and remove skin and

December Dinners

bones. Cut into small pieces and put into the milk and water. Add I onion, and cook until tender. Melt the butter and stir in the flour, but do not allow to brown. Add the soup to this roux, and cook gently for \(\frac{1}{2}\) hour. Pass through a fine sieve. Return to the saucepan, and add pepper and salt and a small piece of butter. Serve very hot with fried croutons of bread.

Mutton Rolls

Slices of mutton, I tablespin dripping or suct, I oz. breadcrumbs, I teaspin capeis, I teaspin minced meat, slices of bacon, I egg

(hop the suct finely and add to the minced meat. Chop the capers and add, together with the breadcrumbs. Bind with a little yolk of egg. Form into marbles, and lay in the centre of each slice of mutton. Roll up tightly, and wrap a slice of bacon round the outside of each roll. Tie with a string, or fasten with a tiny wooden skewer. Put into a shallow pan in the oven, and cook in a little water for ½ hour. 1 tablespn. water put in the bottom of the dish in which the rolls are cooked will prevent their becoming too dry. With these rolls should be served a thick brown sauce with a few chopped capers in it. The addition of a little red-currant jelly is rather delicious with this dish.

Rose Potatoes.

1 lb potatoes, 1 egg, butter, pepper and salt.

Boil the potatoes until well cooked. Strain and mash well. Add a little butter, pepper and salt, and I egg well beaten. Cook for I min. Put into a forcing-syringe, and make in the shape of large roses. Mould these on a piece of grease-proof paper, and set in the oven to brown—about 5 min. in a really hot oven will do this, as the potatoes themselves are already hot.

Mincement Pasties.

Mincemeat, short pastry, frying-fat. Roll out the pastry less than 1 in. in thickness, and cut into 3-in. squares. In the centre of each put 1 heaping teaspn. mincemeat. Brush the edges of the square over with a little milk, fold to form a triangle, and press with a fork to keep firm. Fry in deep frying-fat

until a golden brown. Drain, and roll in caster sugar.

Cheese Loupe.

2 oz. cheese, I small onion, I tablespn. breadcrumbs, I tablespn. flour, a lump of butter, I egg, a little milk.

Grate the cheese and mix with the breadcrumbs, chopped onion, a little salt and pepper; melt the butter, and add to the dry ingredients; beat the egg, and add also; and, lastly, sift in the flour. Mix to a smooth paste, and if too dry moisten with a little milk. Form into small balls, and drop into hot fat. Fry 5 to 7 min., drain well, and heap on a dish. Sprinkle with grated cheese and some finely-chopped parsley.

Saturday.

Mutton Broth.
Hasty Dumplings.
Baked Potatoes. Bectroot Rings.
Apple and Cranberry Fool.
Lady Fingers.
Cheese Omelette,

Hasty Dumplings.

Rump steak, \$\frac{1}{2}\$ lb suct, 8 oz. flour, 1 heaping teaspn. baking-powder, \$\frac{1}{2}\$ teaspn salt, a little cold water, pepper and salt, a little butter.

Cut the steak into 1-in, squares, Pound, and, if liked, rub with a cut onion. Sprinkle with pepper and salt. Set aside until wanted Free the suet from skin, and shred it into fine flakes, but do not chop it Sift the flour in, and mix thoroughly. Add the salt, baking-powder, and sufficient cold water to make into a stiff paste. Knead this lightly, and roll out two or three times, folding the paste into three between each rolling. Next cut it into 4-in. squares, and roll a piece of steak in each. Begin at one corner, and wrap the steak in, then tuck the ends in as you would if you were rolling up a brownpaper parcel. Wrap round with a fine piece of string, and drop into boiling water. Boil or'steam for 20 to 30 min., then remove, drain, and cut the string. Serve with these dumplings a good rich gravy.

Bestroot Rings.

I good-sized beetroot, a little butter,

I egg, I tablespn. flour, salt, pepper, and a little milk.

Boil the beetroot, and cut into thick slices when cold. Fry in the butter for 5 min. Make a batter of the flour, egg, and sufficient milk to make it the consistency of thick cream. Dip the rounds of beetroot in this and fry. Ten minutes or less will cook them beautifully, as the beetroot is already tender. Be careful to drain well, as they are a very greasy rich dish if sent straight to table from the pan.

Apple and Cranberry

I lb. apples, ½ lb. cranberries, 2 oz. sugar, ½ pt. cream.

Peel and core the apples, and cut into quarters. Wash the cranberries, and, while still wet, add to the apples. Put into a saucepan with as little water as will prevent them from burning. Stew until tender, then add the sugar. Pass through a hair-sieve. Beat the cream, and add to the pulp. Mix all together, and pour into a glass dish.

Lady Fingers.

2 oz. sugar, 2 oz. flour, a little milk, a few drops of vanilla extract.

Mix the flour and sugar together, add the flavouring, and sufficient milk to make the consistency of a thick batter. Put into a forcing-bag or syringe, and force out on to greased paper in oblong shapes. Bake 5 min. in a good hot oven. This is enough to make nearly 1 lb. fingers, but as they keep well, it is perhaps wise to have a few in the store cupboard.

Cheese Omelette.

3 eggs, ½ cup milk, a pinch of salt, 1 oz. grated cheese, 1 teaspn. melted butter.

Beat the eggs, yolks and whites separately. Put the yolks into a basin, and add the butter, pepper and salt, and the cheese finely grated. Whisk well. Lastly, add the well-beaten whites, and give a final whisk round. Have ready a frying-pan with boiling fat. When the sinoke rises from it in a bluish colour pour in the omelette, and cook for 3 min. on the top of the stove. To save turning the omelette in the pan, brown it in the oven, or, if a gas-cooker is used, place it for 2 min. under the grid. Fold over, and serve immediately before it has time to fall.

"Provoke not your Children to Wrath"

Concluded from page 151

As for snubs, I wonder whether many of us remember from our own childhood how these sear the soul and engender resentment, deep and dark. But how lavishly are these often bestowed on the child who asks an undue number of questions, the child who proffers unwelcome suggestions, and the child who shows a disposition

to proceed on unaccustomed lines. It is so much easier and quicker to snub than to answer, to explain, to inquire. But the snub, if it does not actually provoke to wrath, provokes an attitude of mind most unconducive to sweetness of disposition, and is responsible for more obstinacy of character and more spiteful dislike

and resentment than most elders recognise.

First to provoke wrath, and then seek to correct it, is the surest way of spoiling any temper, whether by nature harmonious or otherwise. Yet do not the ways of discipline, as it is often understood, sometimes tend in this direction?

THE EDITOR'S PAGE

We are publishing this month the names of the prize winners in connection with the Competition—

"Favourite Dishes in our District,"

which was exclusively for readers of our magazine living outside the British Isles. So often readers living abroad bemoan the fact that they live too far away to get any Competition paper to our office by the date specified in the Competition.

Judging by the entries for this Competition, it must have interested a very large number of readers, for the constant stream of recipes that flowed into my office during the past few months has seemed endless.

All parts of the globe appear to be represented. There are recipes from readers in China, the islands of New Britain in the Pacific, Colombia in South America, Brazil, Java, Japan, Burma, the island of Mauritius, Buenos Aires, Malay, Peru, Algeria, India, U.S.A., Ceylon, British Guiana, the West Indies, the Andaman Islands. Every country in Europe, with the exception of those with whom we have been at war. Also every corner of Australia, Canada, South Africa, and New Zealand submitted favourite local dishes.

My knowledge of the cookery methods of other lands

has been greatly increased by the useful information so often included in a letter accompanying the recipes. And I must send a very special word of thanks to the many readers who thoughtfully explained the life history of many of the ingredients that are not well known in Great Britain. For instance, a reader in Auckland, N.Z., sends a recipe for toheroa soup, appending the following practical note, which gives added interest at once to the soup, that otherwise might be meaningless to British readers :-

"The toheroa is a very large shell-fish found deep in the sand on New Zealand beaches, and dug out by the Maori, who has always used it as a delicacy. It is now canned by Europeans, and can be obtained in shops.

Toheroa soup was served to His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales at a banquet in Dunedin, who wrote on the menu Vol. 43.—No. 3—N

beside it, "Very good indeed," signed it, and sent it to the chef, who now treasures it as his choicest possession. Toheroa is Maori for "long tongue," and it very aptly describes the mussel when it is taken from its elongated black shell. It has long been prized by the Maori, but only of late years has the pahaka recognised its virtues. Properly cooked and advertised it would make a name with gourmands both in London and Paris. For supplies apply to the New Zealand Trade Commissioner, London."

The recipes carried one to realms so far from our hurried British kitchens and expensive food-items, that one could only read some of them with open-eyed wonder. From Ceylon comes a recipe for a cocoanut cake, requiring, among other ingredients, sixteen eggs to be beaten for an hour

An Australian reader specially recommends wallaby tail soup on account of its cheapness. "There is no need to buy wallaby," she explains, "as one of the men of the family can easily go out and shoot one." Alas I wish she could see London City, where the men of my family pass their days! No wallaby ever strolls along our pavements!

A reader living in Queensland explains the attractions of roast parrot. (It may be only fancy, but I am inclined



T.R.H. The Duke of Connaught, The Crown Prince of Sweden and his Children.
The Lady Patricia Ramsey (Princess Patricia) with her little boy is sitting in front
of her father, beside Princess Victoria of Schlesweg-Holstein.

Photo by Alexander Corbett.

The Editor's Page

to think my own pet parrot is looking at me somewhat nervously!) The parrots of Australia are only one among the many attractions of that wonderful Continent. Penguin eggs, suggested by a reader in Port Elizabeth, South Africa, are new to me as a savoury dish.

Hippopotamus oil, recommended for frying by a reader in tropical Africa, is another novelty I had not met before.

And the Yucca (Adam's Needle) is included in a recipe sent by a reader in far-away Barranquilla.

Some readers managed to send specimens of some of the items for which they sent recipes, the most fragile being a small bottle of "cassareep," the chief ingredient in "pepper-pot," a popular

dish in some parts of South America. This arrived intact from a reader in Georgetown, Demerara; and knowing what our postal authorities can do with a package when they try hard, we naturally marvelled that the glass bottle was not even cracked! The competitors of foreign nationality show an excellent knowledge of the English language in the majority of cases, though I realised I must not take the French reader literally, who wrote in her fish recipe—

"Take I quart of mussels, or if you cannot get mussels, I quart of cockerels will do as well!"

we shall be publishing some of the recipes from readers in our magazine during the next few months. Any we publish that have not been awarded a prize will be paid for at our usual rates. My only regret is that we have not space to publish all of them; but the entries were so numerous that they would fill a big book if we published the whole. In many cases, where several competitors lived in the same district, there were repetitions. Recipes for billy-bread and kangaroo-tail soup came in dozens from Australia; equally plentiful were recipes for making curry and pillau from India, and for cooking yams, guavas, and paw-paw from the tropics. But all of them were interesting.

Next month I shall be announcing another Competition exclusively for readers overseas. Also in the January number of STITCHERY we shall announce a new Letter Competition for readers in the British Isles; this will also be open to any living abroad who can get their letters to this office by the stipulated date.

The Late Mr. Samuel Watson.

any thousands of our readers who regard Mrs. Watson as a personal friend, through her sympathetic articles and her invaluable criticism of the writings of amateurs, will be truly grieved to hear of the death of Mr. Watson, one of the most lovable of men, whose name was associated with an array of good works too numerous to mention in detail; more particularly was he celebrated for his valuable services in connection with "The Surgical Aid Society," a work that was very dear to him, as was also the work of the Religious Tract Society, and that of the Sunday School Union.

Mr. Samuel Watson was the head of a long-established

firm of London solicitors, who had occupied the same premises (within a few doors of our magazine offices in Bouverie Street) for over one hundred years; and no face was more familiar in Fleet Street and the neighbour-

> hood than that of this kindly, always cordial lawyer, whose scrupulous courtesy, even to the 'busmen and City police, who always saluted him, was most delightful in this age of casual manners. He always seemed to have ready an appreciative word, an encouraging remark, coupled with a desire to recognise the good and the bright things of life, rather than parade its gloom and its ills. He was a real inspiration whenever one met him, and London has lost something it could ill afford to lose in the Passing

We have so much we long to say To those we love on Christmas Day, To those, the friends who are away, As dawning skies awake;

On Christmas Day

As dawning skies awake;
And, kneeling down, we ask a share
Of all that's glad and goodly-fair
May be their guerdon everywhere,
For Christ the Babe's dear sake.

LILLIAN GARD.

Onward of this genial grey-haired man, whose life seemed to be lived with just one aim in view: to serve the Lord Jesus Christ in all the varied work to which he put his hand.

I know there are very many reading these lines who will lovingly sympathise with Mrs. Watson in her sorrow.

The Life of Mrs. Florence L. Barclay.

I have been reading The Life of Florence L. Barclay, which has been written by "One of her Daughters," and have found it a book of absorbing interest. It is called "A Study in Personality," and that is an exact description of the volume, which is not a "Life" in the ordinary acceptance of the term when applied to a biography.

It was Mrs. Barclay's remarkable personality that won for her world-wide fame, and made her excel in whatever she undertook to do. It was her personality that attracted me instantly the very first time I spoke to her, and it was her personality shining through her books that made for her hosts of friends among people whom she had never met.

I will not spoil the book for you by giving extracts, or attempting to cull its best passages. My advice is, get it and read it for yourself. You will find it an inspiration, as well as a mine of entertaining reading. It is excellently written and in the best of taste throughout—which is more than can be said of all biographies! It tells you just the things you would like to know about this gifted woman, who married at eighteen, and has literally been shining in all sorts of directions ever since. The world at large knew of her only as a writer, but those who heard her speak in public knew she could have made a name above all other woman speakers had she wished to do so; and those who heard her play and sing knew she could have been equally famous in the world of music. Her interest in outdoor life in every shape and form was always of the keenest. Birds, flowers, scenery, outdoor sports, travel, all appealed to her-and human nature attracted her most of all. But it was her faith in God, and her joy in serving Christ that made her a radiant benediction to all who knew her. What she meant to those who lived nearest to her, is told very beautifully by her daughter in this Life. I hope that everyone who has enjoyed Mrs. Barclay's

The Editor's Page

books will get her biography, and read for themselves how her earlier years prepared her for the writing of her unique novels, and how she came to turn her attention to writing, when her life seemed already overfull with other claims and

other interests. The Life of Florence L. Barclay is published by Messrs. G. P. Putnam's Sons, price

8s. 6d. net.

"The Trail of the Ragged Robin."

Many letters have reached this office asking if the Flower-Patch story, "Enlight-ening the Village," has been published in book form. is included in my new book,

entitled The Trail of the Ragged Robin. This is just published; but as the first edition was sold out of print before publication, despite the fact that the publishers had prepared an extra large edition, there has been a little delay in executing many of the orders, as the second edition cannot be ready for some days. Before this magazine reaches our readers, however, I hope that all the orders will have been met.

The Trail of the Ragged Robin is in three sections-I. The Plash of the Plover's Brook; II Enlightening the Village; and III. Bee-Balm and Bergamot.

For those who dwell in cities, and are seldom able to get away in June, I would explain that the Ragged Robin is a lovely pink flower that likes to be near running water. It does not actually grow in the brooks, as does the watercress, but it loves the damp banks and the fields that are intersected with streams. It is a strikingly vivid pink of a beautiful tone, and, in my Flower-Patch, it grows in the midst of quaking-grass, the two together making a wonderful combination of swaying, fluttering, dancing flowers and grass.

Unfortunately, the average town-dweller seldom sees these flowers in their full beauty, for they are only in bloom when the cuckoo is calling, and that is the time when only a few can get away from work and roam about the wilds. But if you are interested in brooks and mountain streams, and the flowers and little wild folk that haunt their banks, you will probably like to follow The Trail of the Ragged Robin, even though it be but a poor substitute for the real thing!

This book is uniform with The Flower-Patch among the Hills and Between the Larch-woods and the Weir, in the same style of binding.

When you are Making Christmas Gifts.

If you are wanting to make some pretty woolly things for Christmas presents I am sure you will find STITCHERY No. 37, the "Winter Woolly" number, very useful. Any mother will thank you for the little "Outdoor Jumper for the One-year-old," if she has a small person of that age at home.

At Christmas: My Wish A sun-sweet joy that will stream along

Your heart and fill it with golden song : A bracing strength like a wind-swept sea To fill your soul with its ecstasy! And never a shadow of fret to fray Your garment of peace this Christmas Day-What better than this can an old friend say?

LILLIAN GARD.

Then, again, the little "Lightweight Woollen Coat," for slipping on a child under its outer coat, can be made with very little trouble and at small cost; yet it would be a boon to any little one in its pram.

The sleeveless "Hug-me-Tight" would be a cosy gift for an elderly lady; and many an office-going girl would be thankful to have it to wear under her coat when facing the winter wind on the top of a motor-'bus.

The crossover "House Coat" is something quite new in the way of jumper or house coat, whichever you please to call it.

And this is only a portion of the contents, which include a Baby's Sock, Cot Cover, Cap and Jacket; novel tatting patterns; an old-time shawl pattern; knitting bags (these are items that are always acceptable as Christmas gifts). A pretty Camisole Top would not take very long to work. There is a lesson in making lace meshes; and the Cap and Muff-scarf for a child will please any little girl; while the Italian hem-stitching could be put on linen for her mother.

STITCHERY No. 37 is price 6d. net; by post 7d.

To Wish you all "A Very Happy Christmas."

In conclusion, I wish you all a very Happy Christmas. 1 only wish I could write a personal letter to every one who sends me a kind Christmas greeting, but I appreciate the friendliness and the affectionate thought all the same. It is so very pleasant to come into touch, as I do, through our magazine, with such a legion of friends; and though I have never seen the majority of them, yet we are in absolute sympathy both as to aims and ideals. And I cannot tell you how cheering it has been to me during the year to receive such a stream of letters from our readers—and thousands and thousands of letters have come to me from all parts of the civilised world-and all of them expressing appreciation of the ideals for which our magazine stands, and gratitude to the writers on our staff who have helped the readers to strive for highest, and to put the best things first. I can assure our correspondents that their letters have helped us here at headquarters as much as the magazine has helped them in their own particular spheres of work. Hence it is a personal greeting to a friend when I wish each one who reads this page a Happy Peaceful Christmas.

Our Cover Design is from a Water-colour Sketch entitled

CHRISTMAS" "AN OLD-FASHIONED

By C. J. VINE.

How to Make the Last-Minute Christmas Gifts

Illustrated on . page 165

A Rose Pence Purse.

Any preferred size of thread may be used for this bag, a coarse thread making a larger bag, ecru being a good colour to use. The sides are made after the fashion of the familiar Irish crochet medallions.

'Ch 5, join.

ist Row.—Ch 6, tr in ring, (ch 3, tr in ring) 3 times, ch 3, join to 3rd st of 6 ch.

2nd Row.-I d c, 4 tr, I d c in each sp.

3rd Row.—Ch 5, sl st round tr of 1st row taken from back of work; repeat round.

4th Row.-I d c, 6 tr, I d c in each 5 ch.

5th Row.—Ch 7, slst between 1st and 2nd petals of last row; repeat round.

6th Row.-I d c, 9 tr, I d c, in each ch.

7th Row.—Sl st to 1st tr of 1st petal, * (ch 6, skip 3, sl st in next) twice, ch 6, sl st in 1st tr of next petal; repeat from * round, sl st to centre of 1st loop.

8th Row.—Ch 6, sl tr in 1st loop; repeat.

oth Row.—Groups of 6 tr in every 3rd loop, with 3 6-ch loops between.

10th Row.—6-ch loops all round, with (sl st in 2nd tr, ch 6, skip 2, sl st in next tr) over the groups.

Repeat 9th and 10th rows, making groups over groups and increasing number of loops between, until there are 3 rows of groups. Make second side of bag in the same way and join with double crochet.

The Beading.

Ch 7, d tr in 1st loop, * ch 3, d tr in next loop; repeat from * round.

2nd Row.—D tr in each d tr with 3 ch between. Finish top with 3 rows of 7-ch loops.

The Cord.

Ch 4, join, 4 dc in ring, dc in dc round and round for desired length

A Little Vanity Bag.

Materials.

Blue "Star Sylko" No. 8, steel hook No. 5, a little round mirror, 4 dozen beads, 8 green beads.

String 16 yellow beads, (1 yellow, 1 green, 1 yellow) 8 times, 16 yellow before starting work.

The Bottom.

Ch 5, join. Ch 4, tr in ring, (ch 1, tr in ring) 6 times, ch 1, join.

2nd Round.—Ch 4, 2 tr in each space with 1 ch between,

3rd Round.—Ch 4, * tr in 1st sp, tr in next; repeat from * round, join:

Continue round and round, increasing sufficiently to make a flat disc size of mirror, then make I round of solid tr, making I tr in each sp and each tr. Then a round of open filet sp (tr, ch 2, skip 2, tr in next), join.

Next Round.—D c, ch 3, d c, in each sp, cut thread.

The Top

Fold bottom back on line of tr and make a round of tr in tr. Increase 10 tr in each of next 2 rounds.

4th Round.—Increase to 176 tr.

5th Row.—Turn work wrong side towards you, * 20 d c, slip up a bead, d c, slip another bead, d c; repeat from *.

6th Row.—* 19 d c, bead, 2 d c, bead, 2 d c, bead; repeat from *.

7th Row.—Like 5th.

8th Row.—Tr in d c.

9th Row.-Filet sp.

10th Row.—* I block (4 tr), I sp; repeat from *.

Repeat 9th and 10th rows 4 times.

19th Row.—Ch 6, d tr in 1st and last tr of each block with 2 ch between.

20th Row.—Dc, ch 3, dc, in each sp.

Insert mirror in bottom of bag and draw up picot edge round it with ribbon run through the beading. Run ribbon through beading at top of bag.

A Finger-Bowl D'oily.

Materials.

Crochet thread No. 70, No. 14 hook.

Ch 6, join.

1st Row.—16 d c in ring.

2nd Row.—Ch 4, * skip 1, tr in next, ch 2; repeat from * (8 sp); join each row with sl st.

3rd Row.-4 d c in each sp.

4th Row.-* 21 tr in each of 4 d c, ch 5; repeat from *.

5th Row —* 8 d tr in 8 l tr, leaving last loop of each on hook and taking off all together for the last st, ch 5, sl st in 5 ch, ch 5; repeat from *.

6th Row.--5 d tr in each sp with 5 ch between groups of 5. 7th Row.--5 d tr in 5 d tr, taking off all together as in 5th row, ch 5, sl st in 5 ch, ch 5; repeat from *.

8th Row.—Sl st to centre of 5 ch, * picot loop of (ch 2, p, ch 2, p; ch 2), join in next 5 ch with sl st; repeat from *. There should be 32 picot loops.

9th Row .- Like 8th.

10th Row.—Like 9th, but adding an extra picot loop.

A Crocheted Fernholder for Dining Table.

Materials.

Four balls écru crochet cotton No. 10, crochet-hook No 3, one 6-inch embroidery hoop, ½-pint bottle orange shellac, small stiff brush.

Ch 8, join.

1st Row .- (Ch 6, d c in ring) 6 times.

2nd Row.—SI st to centre of loop, * ch 5, d c in next loop, ch 5, d c in same loop; repeat from * round; sl st to centre of loop.

3rd Row.—* Ch 5, d c in loop; repeat from *.

4th Row.—Sl st in loop, ch 5, tr in same loop, * ch 2, 2 tr in next loop with 2 ch between; repeat from *, join last 2 ch to 3rd st of 5 ch.

5th Row.—Ch 3, 69 tr, join. Make 5 rows of tr in tr, widening sufficiently to make work he flat, having 160 tr in last row.

11th Row.—80 sp (tr in every other tr with 2 ch between). Seven rows of tr in tr with 2 ch between.

. 19th Row.—7 sp, 1 block; repeat round.

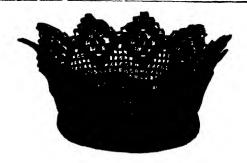
From this point follow block pattern above as in ordinary filet. The 4 groups of tr in centre of each point are made in popcorn-stitch, as follows: 7 tr in sp. take hook from work, insert in top of last tr, draw loop through back of the group tightly if cluster is to be raised in front, or front of group if it is to be raised in back. Finish last 4 rows of each scallop separately, slip-stitching back over end sp to shape point. Cover embroidery hoop as follows: Ch 200, 1tr in 8th st from hook, 1 tr in every st of ch; turn, 1 tr on each 1 tr of 1st row, taking up back of st to make ridge; sew or crochet together over loop, and sew to 12th row of bottom of basket. Give basket a thin coat of shellac, which may be obtained at any

(Concluded on page 168.)

Last-Minute Christmas Gifts



The pincushion above may be easily made from the larger detail at the bottom of the page. The model was made with No. 60 Peri-Lusta crochet cotton, No. 5 hook. The centre portion is made first on 29 spaces (93 ch), the three outside rows being made round the square. In the last outside row of blocks make a picot after every 6th tr, with one picot in each corner.



Directions for the Fernholder above will be found on page 164.

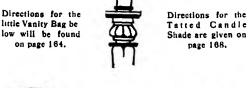


Directions for this D'olly are given on page 164.

This collection of small things meets the problem of a Christmas gift to be made at the eleventh hour for some overlooked name on our list. We are all hable to encounter just such a predicament, though we always resolve never to be caught in that way again. For such an emergency, the finger purse, vanity-bag, or pincushion top are suggested, for they may all be made ina comparatively short time and will be useful and appropriate as gifts.



Directions for the Rose Pence Purse above will be found on page 164.

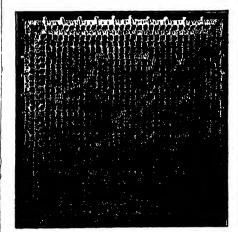




page 168.



Directions for the Beaded Pence Purse above will be found on page 168.



This Pilet Square makes the Pincushion at the top.

For the silk bag on the right, use Star Sylko No. 8 and 1 yard of 6-inch or 7-inch ribbon. Sew ends of ribbon together. Work a 10w of d c across one edge for top. 1st tow-tr in every other d c, with 1 ch between. 2nd row-tr in each tr with a tr in every 2nd sp. Repeat 1st and 2nd rows, then 1st row again. 6th and 7th rows-1 tr with I ch between. Repeat first 5 rows and finish with a row of shells made of 4 tr in every other space with d c in alternate spaces. Finish lower edge of ribbon with one row of spaces like 1st row of top, into which tie fringe any desired length. Make a second row of knots across fringe, tying half of one cluster with half of the next. Add cord.



A Silk Bag with Crocheted Top.

Rooms that Lead a Double Life

The Possibilities of Magpie and Jade-Green

By Mrs. GORDON-STABLES

WITH housing conditions showing but small indication of improvement to come, and our aristocracy abandoning their ancestral homes for want of the wherewithal to maintain them, who knows but what even the "best people" may before long have need to take recourse to the bed-sitting-room (formerly the prerogative only of the bachelor-girl) as a way out of their manifold difficulties. In these circumstances a further article upon the equipment of a room of this character may not be out of place.

Let us suppose, in this instance, that the occupant brings with her from home certain pieces of white enamelled furniture, not perhaps the most fortunate equipment for a room that has to double the parts in life, but still typical of the sort of impedimenta which one is often called upon to reconcile to one's fresh scheme of furnishing. If one can but induce the white elephants (for one would not willingly choose white enamel for one's living-room) to take on the air of being part and parcel of a preconceived sitting-room scheme, half the battle is already won.

I propose, therefore, to build up from my tallboys, dressing-chest, and chairs of white enamel, a complete bed-sitting-room scheme of white, black, and jade-green such as will strike a modern note in things decorative without being in the least bizarre. For the walls I would choose a white paper whereon birds and branches are displayed in black on Japanese lines, the ground being but sparsely covered so that the decoration stands out in bold relief. Or there are other designs in black-and-white,

such as the willow pattern, from which choice may be made. If the existing paint be, as it so often is, of white, it will need but the picking-out of moulding in black to bring this into line with the paper.

Seeing that the dressing-chest may in itself be a little too suggestive of a bedroom, one must be careful not to heighten this effect by means of a bed proper. For that reason I would counsel the selection of a comfortable divan, either formed from a box-mattress or bought as a divan, pure and simple. As a coverlet for day use I would advise a certain striped material in black-andwhite, crossed at intervals by small bars of brilliant green, and fashioned of thick cotton, such as will not easily crush or look out-of-order when sat on. By day the bolster and pillows will don variously covers of plain black and of green, of silk or of mercerised sateen, according to financial conditions prevailing at the time of purchase. Black cushions ornamented with appliqués of fruit, flowers, and foliage formed from white kid, cut from passe evening gloves, will look effective in this connection, particularly if piped with a narrow line of green.

At the window I should like to see curtains of jade-green, trimmed with a chequer braid of black-and-white or worked in black and white wools in some simple flowing border. Work of this kind is quickly done, for it does not require to be carried out in excessive detail. It can, of course, be postponed for completion at a later date.

Black linoleum is the latest invention for those who are furnishing on magpie lines, and very effective this can be in combination with rugs of white sheep-skin or a carpet of rather vivid hue. Or, as an alternative, black rugs posed upon a floor painted (wit 1 at least three coats) of green enamel paint, would accord well with the general colour-scheme. Or a green linoleum could be used.

In order to bring the white enamelled furniture into line with the arrangement as a whole, some little touch of black might well be applied to knobs and mouldings, a device which will give additional character to what is often rather a featureless type of furniture. On the mantelshelf china of black-andwhite stripings will look well, with perhaps a bit of jade-green alabaster ware to give the requisite note of colour. Against the black-and-white wall-paper a long bell-pull worked in green and black wools will be picturesque, even if it does not justify its existence from the practical point of view.

Lampshades of green edged with beads of black and white may be made at home, as may also the table cloth of green linen with the black-and-white motifs emboidered in the corners. It matters very little of what wood this table be formed, since only its legs will be visible beneath its cover, and these may well be painted even by the amateur in black scrolls upon a white ground.

The screen, without which no bedsitting-room is ever really convenient, I would have of jade-green, also embellished in wool-work of black and white, its frame being preferably of black enamel. Brilliantly coloured woodcuts within narrow black frames should give the finishing touch to the room.

For the December Sale of Work

Decorating Refreshment Tables for a Sale of Work.

For the decoration of the small supper-tables, as well as for the larger one, have an arrangement of dried honesty in combination with Cape gooseberries. The pearly-white of the one and the glowing orange of the other produce a delightful effect among the glass and silver of the table appointments, and there is, further, the advantage of both being lasting. There will be no need to renew your decorations, however many days the sale may last. Indeed, both honesty and gooseberries can be utilised afterwards in the Christmas decorations.

If some sort of decoration is required for laying flat on the table-top, trails of smilax can be placed across the table from side to side, dividing each set of knives and forks from that adjacent to it. Other trails of smilax laid lengthwise down the centre of the table will thus frame completely the three sides of each "place."

Decorating for a Winter Carnival.

For the Winter Carnival and Sale of Work, try to aim at creating an impression of bare trees, snowy surfaces, and the

bright note created by holly-berries and the curious orange sun that one gets in December. Abjure all cotton-wool for the decorations, unless it be of the type that has been treated with a fireproof solution. Coarse calico stencilled in black, and bold leafless tree-branches and bare tree-trunks would be effective as draperies to stalls and hangings for walls. Orange shades for the electric lights and plentiful bunches of red berries will also give a winter touch. Keep the entire scheme in white, black, red, and orange. Streamers of silvered paper may alternate with orange globes for the lights. Glass ornaments will be better than china for giving a cold wintry effect.

On menu-cards or dance programmes, paint on the white ground some bare trees seen against a wintry sun. Keep the supper-table decorations to black, white, and red. Crackers, if any, might be chosen in the same shades. Ask the guests to the carnival to adopt, as far as possible, skating and ski-ing costumes. Most folk can rig up a sort of "winter sport" costume, or that of an Icelander or Russian. Stallholders, too, might adopt some similar idea. A good deal of elasticity could be secured, while carrying out the central idea of a costume suitable for a northerly clime or for wintry pastimes.

The Result of the Competition Open Only to Readers Outside the British Isles

"Favourite Dishes in Our District"

First Prize: Five Guineas - - Mrs. T. B. Murray, Soerabaya, Java.

Second Prize: Three Guineas - Miss Dorothy Jobson, Estacao Tiuma, Pernambuco, Brazil.

Third Prize: Two Guineas - - Miss May Jayewardene, Madampe, Ceylon.

Fourth Prize: One Guinea - - Mrs. T. W. CHAPMAN, Wenchow, Chekiang, China.

Fifth Prize: Half-a-Guinea - - Miss Jean Masters, Longford, Tasmania.

Sixth Prize: Half-a-Guinea - - Miss Ethel S. Jones, Auckland, New Zealand.

Seventh Prize: Five Shillings - Mrs. W. A. REARDON, Falam, Chin Hills, Burma.

Eighth Prize: Five Shillings - MISS EDITH L. MARIE, Mauritius.

Ninth Prize: Five Shillings - - MADAME G. GAUZIN, Kabylia, Algeria.

Tenth Prize: Five Shillings - MISS J. MONICA SENTON, Athens, Greece.

The following were placed immediately after the Prize Winners:

Mrs. Seward, Tch-yang, West China.
D. M. Bolle, Melbourne, Victoria.
L. E. Gaston, Bangalore, South India.
Mrs. Britton, Maseno, Kenya Colony.
D. Ingleton, Meester Cornelis, Java.
E. L. Gray, West Newton, Mass., U.S.A.
B. M. Clegg, Kalmunai, Ceylon.
N. de Kretser, Kuala Lumpur, Sclangor.
Zoi. Van Der Byl, Bloemhof, Transvaal.
Mile, de Carbonet, Libourne, France.
E. Gairy, Perdmontemps, Grenada, B.W.I.
Dolorfs Hastings, Madrid, Spain.
C. H. V. Poseck, Hsin Hwa, China.
Y. B. Agaskar, Bombay, India.
Mrs. Gordon, Rosebank, Johannesburg.
J. Frisby, Bloemhof, Transvaal.
M. de Pallandi, Bruges, Belgium.

The following were Highly Commended:-

LAURA C. MENDIS, Matara, Ceylon.
JESSIE BROWN, Bangalore, South India.
ESMÉ JONKLAAS, Matara, Ceylon.
Mrs. ANDLRSON, Rabaul, New Britain.
Mrs. H. E. Allen, Millswood, South Australia.
FRIDA CLAYDON, Sydney, N.S.W.
PATRICIA MACK, Maryborough, Queensland.
EDMEE MASSON, Geneva, Switzerland.
Mrs. L. D. Gaze, Walnier, South Africa.
Mrs. JOHNSTONE KEE, Bangalore, South India.
Mrs. C. H. Collins, Colombo, Ceylon.
Mrs. W. V. Hadfield, Takaka, N.Z.
L. G. Nathanielz, Colombo, Ceylon.
Mrs. A. Jennings, Nowshera, India.
Mrs. R. Holes, Masterton, N.Z.
Mrs. A. Robertson, Port Elizabeth, South Africa.
Mrs. B. Pawley, Bloemfontein, South Africa.
Mrs. B. Pawley, Bloemfontein, South Africa.
Mrs. T. B. Brown, St. John's, Newfoundland.
Madame Bompaire, Lyons, Rhone.
M. Stranga, Manitoba, Canada.
Mrs. Bowden, Springs, Transvaal.
Mrs. Bridjman, Oudtshoorn, South Africa.
Mrs. Price, Delisic, Saskatchewan. Mrs. Bridjman, Oudtshoorn, South Africa.
Mrs. Price, Delisle, Saskatchewan.
Julia R. Pinedo, Barranquilla, Colombia, South America.
Alma Chrissen, Toowoomba, Queensland.
T. Clutton, Congues-sur-Orbiel, South France.
E. F. Oliver, Grahamstown, South Africa.
Mrs. J. Thompson, Manboom District, India.
M. F. Masters, Longford, Tasmania.
M. Viney, Andaman Islands, Bay of Bengal.
Mrs. H. Graf, Argovia, Switzerland.
Mrs. W. A. Weinman, Wellawatte, Ceylon.
W. Duff, Half Way Tree, Jamaica.
M. B. Packer, St. Peter's Parish, Barbados. L. J. JAYEWARDI NI', Palugomude, Kattimahane.
L. DE SOUZA MENFEES, Fondela, Portugal.
Mrs. Basilico, Elleker, West Australia.
A. L. Stout, Invercargill, N.Z.
Mrs. Chapman, Auchenflower, Brisbane.
B. Buchanan, Bundury, West Australia.
Mrs. Horton, Vancouver, B.C.
M. Murray, West Devonport, Tasmania.
A. Tull, St. John's, Antigua, B.W.I.
Mrs. Mears, Hamilton E. Waikato, N.Z.
Emmelon Buckliy, Swift River, Jamaica.
A. E. Edwards, Bibbenluke, N.S.W.
E. Brohier, Colombo, Ceylon.
Doreen Ross, Rangitiker, N.Z.
Mrs. Stronach, Antigonish, Nova Scotia.
Mrs. R. Dubois, Pâturages, Belgium.
L. D. Milner, Ottawa, Canada.
Mrs. Nobli, Badulla, Ceylon.
L. Mendis, Mackenyif, Deep Bay, Livingstonia, Nyasaland.
Mrs. Counter, Gympie, Queensland
C. Lord, Georgetown, Demerara, British Guiana.
Mrs. Counter, Gympie, Queensland
C. Lord, Georgetown, Demerara, British Guiana.
Mrs. Burt, Nelson, N.Z.
Deaconess Johnson, Sydney, N.S.W.
J. Fratre, Melbourne, Australia.
B. J. Sti Wart, Dunedin, N.Z.
Mrs. C. Davies, Sarenga, Bingal.
M. C. McLean, Burnside, N.Z.
R. L. Wallacf, Montreal, Canada.
B. Bisset, Imvani, South Africa.
P. R. Houston, Geolong, Victoria.
Mrs. J. B. Stephens, Beaudesert, Queensland. Mrs. J. B. Stephens, Beaudesert, Queensland.

The following received Honourable Mention:

GERTRUDE L. THOMSON, Victoria, Australia. GERTRUDE L. THOMSON, VICTORIA, AUSTRALIA.
C. PAGE, Stockholm, Sweden.
A READER IN GALLE, Ceylon.
Mrs. Dickson, Cape Town, South Africa.
M. H. G., Shensi, China.
HELENE VALLDON, BOrdeaux, France.
"A DAUGHIER OF GREATER BRITAIN," Cape Town.
Mrs. HUGGETT, Alberta, Canada.
Mrs. F. M. Rodgers, Durban.
WINNIF CHUDLEY, Wellington, N.Z.
Mrs. ROUNDLE, Shansi China. WINNIF CHUDLEY, Wellington, N.Z.
Mrs. Bourne, Shansi, China.
M. Coppinger, Ahmednagar, India.
Mrs. de Rozarieux, Dehra Dun, India.
R. Gathercole, Halseton, Cape Province, South Africa.
Mrs. Stfwart, Krugersdorp, Transvaal.
Mrs. Hartnell, Christchurch, N.Z.
E. E. Wright, Kirkee, India.
D. Ashworth, New Bedford, Mass., U S.A.
C. du Soulier, Langeais, France.
N. Hutton, Mowbray, South Africa.
M. F. Snelverton, Bangalore, India.

A Pretty Finish for an Evening Frock

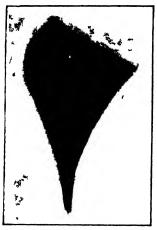
It often happens that a touch of colour is needed to relieve a white or black evening frock, and it is not always easy to introduce that colour without getting a crude or hard effect

Here is just the thing for the purpose—a little posy, composed of flowers and leaves. The flowers are of various delicate shades, as pink, jude blue, cream, heliotrope, and yellow, and the leaves are pale green.

Although so profes sional looking, this little posy is within the powers of the ordinary worker.

It is made of coloured organdie Each I tile petal or leaf is just a leaf shaped section at out 2½ inches long by 11 inches across. There are five in each flower

Take the edge between the finger and thumb and just roll it. Do this right round the petal. The petal edges do not need any sewing or any wire. The suffices of the organdic is quite sufficient to make the petals stand out. When five petals have



The little Petal, showing how the Edges are Rolled

centre, and sew in a few flower stamens

Make several flowers, one of each colour, and add a little bunch of palegreen leaves. At range them prettily, and fisten all to

been treated in this way, sew them together in flower form Cover a little bill of cotton wool with organdie for the gether into one s'em made of wire covered with organdie.

The posy is now ready to slip into the belt or attach to your frock whenever required



How to Make the Last-Minute Christmas Gifts

Concluded from page 164

basketry supply place. Coat inside first, let dry an hour or two coat outside dry and repeat inside and out. When almost dry stretch a little at top to make it flare.

It a bottomiess jardinicre is desired omit bottom and start work at base of 4th row of meshes where hoop is sewed on. Make a chi of 247 st eatch hook with die in 7th 4t from hook, * chi 2 die in chi repeat from * until you have 80 sp then follow directions for basket as given and join hoop as directed.

A Beaded Pence Purse.

Materials.

É ru crochet thread No 70 No 14 hook, 2 dozen each pink and green medium sized glass beads

Ch 10- and work 33 sp on ch

2nd how -4 tr in each sp

31.1 how - SI st back to foundation ch and work 33 sp over 1st row of sp, cut thread

4 h Rew—Thread a needle with crochet cotton and catch a pink bead over 1st, a green one over 2nd sp, repeat, alternating beads

5th Rou — Join thread for crocheting, ch 5 dc between beals, repeat round and cut thread

Join in centre of 1st loop

6 h Rou —Ch 5 * tr in next loop, ch 2, repeat from * until there are 32 %

7.6 how -2 tr .n cach sp

Eth Rou —th 5 dc between every 4th and 5th tr

9th Row -1 the 6th row making 17 sp

10th Row -2 tr in each sp cut thread

11 h Row - Join at end of 1st row of beads and work tr

across ends $\,$ Ch 6 d c between 4th and 5th tr $\,$ repeat round outer edge

Make 2nd side of bag in same way, then join the two sides with 6 d c in each Ioop Work 1 row of sp round top Ch 5 l tr in each tr with 2 ch between for beading

The Top

1st Row -2 tr in each sp

2nd Row —Ch 6, d c between every 4th and 5th tr, repeat round

3rd Rou —6 tr in each loop, * ch 5 d c between groups, ch 5 d c between 3rd and 4th tr, repeat from *

I mish top with 6 d c in each loop

A Tatted Candle Shade.

The candle shade is made of Ardern's crochet cotton No 14 Ring (r) (3 d s, p) 4 times, 3 d s, close, ch 6 d s clover leaf (c l) r (4 d s, p) 3 times, 4 d s close, r 4 d s, join last p, (4 d s, p) twice, 4 d s, close, repeat last r, * ch 6 d s, join p of centre r, ch 6 d s, repeat c l, joining ist 2 p to last 2 p of previous c l, repeat from * round having 5 c l, ending with a ch of 6 d s, joined at base of centre r

Make 6 medallions, joining to each other by mid r of 1st 2 c l Make 6 medallions for lower edge in the same way, but with 6 c l, leave these medallions free The small figures which join the lower medallions are made of 6 r of 3 p separated by 3 d s, joined to the medallions by 1st and 4th r The upper and lower rows of medallions are connected by ch of 5 d s, joined first to the upper, then to the lower rows in succeeding picots as illustrated, carry these ch also from lower edge of medallions to the small figures as shown

WOMAN'S MAGAZINE



According to all the conventions, we should approach the new year full of good resolutions, and the assurance that it is going to bring us the realisation of all our

"The Best is Yet to Be"

By A WOMAN OF THE WORLD

For the spectre of a future from which active health had departed can be a vision terrible indeed. The idea of being help less dependent perhaps on the grudging

desires. The popular conception of the passing of the event is that of an old bowed weary figure receding into the gloom, while the new one dawns as the fairest child surrounded by the sunshine. That symbolism unconsciously affects many and his influenced the feelings with which midnight is hailed on December 31st.

Of all the gifts that one may well pray for there is none more greatly to be desired than that of a true and balanced optimism. This is a very different mental attribute to the happy belief of a Mr. Micawber that—some thing is sure to turn up—Rather it comes from confidence in one's self that with the help of God—one will be able to meet bravely the rebuffs and difficulties that may be in the near future—no less than the good fortune hoped for

The ordered temperament that can face what he ahead in this calm spirit will not picture a dismal sequence of troubles. Not one of us has not known years that stand out conspicuously for their pleasant memories. Perhaps a new and life long friendship was made perhaps the holiday was something that brought a wholly fresh interest to our minds, perhaps—and best of all—we learned to know ourselves. Is it unreasonable to trust that the coming twelve months may hold something that will mean no less in spiritual and mental progress?

The Dread of the Unknown.

As life becomes more complicated it seems to bewilder a large proportion of people, and to have brought about a new sense of fear, especially to those who are conscious that for themselves, and possibly for dependents, they must rely entirely upon their own efforts and exertions. They are aware, it may be, that the years are advancing and that there is sometimes a sense of fatigue not hitherto experienced. There is, perhaps, some loss of intellectual alertness and less keen concern for the happenings outside the immediate circle.

support of other members of the family or even of charity itself is one that clouds many lives, and in the anxiety regarding the possibility is accentiated the very causes that may bring about the dreaded breakdown in the morbid imaginings that have more effect upon the body than we have hitherto generally realised

To many women too there is a constant source of dread as to the security of their position in the work that they are doing. They hear of others who if not politely asked to resign have been curtly told that the school, or the public authority or the house of business has no further occasion for their services. And if this happened where might they hope to find occupation as congenial that they could fill as happily as their present post? They have so far allowed the years to slide by without much concern as to how long present conditions might last and then comes some awakening through, perchance, one of those crashes that seem to change the whole out look on the world. Before it they are brought up sharply, and perplex their souls with all manner of fears and doubts.

"The Even

There is a passage not often quoted in Thomas à Kempis that comments, "Thou art manly enough so long as nothing adverse happens to thee, and bids the follower to Be of more even mind and gird thyself to greater endurance. All is not lost although thou do feel thyself very often afflicted." It is just that "even mind," that is needed before these premonitions and anticipations, and it is a quality that we can do much towards acquiring for ourselves.

One may cultivate a gently philosophical attitude of mind that can be of great service. We all know that pessimistic person who assures the traveller making an ocean voyage for the first time that sea-sickness is certain to be a most disturbing factor. I have met that individual many times. But, after all, quite half the

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people who go down to the sea in ships do so without any discomfort at all. Why, then, should not you—the prospective voyager—be as likely to be in the happy halfhundred as in the other?

The one precept (apart, of course, from one's more spiritual faith) that has helped me through many a difficulty and round many an awkward corner, has been that "things are seldom so bad that they could not possibly be worse." And that, to the "even mind," can be very consolatory. It applies to the bigger as well as to the minor ordeals to be faced. The drawing-room ceiling falls, scattering plaster on the carpet and breaking some ornaments on the mantelpiece. When the workmen come to do repairs they point out how very narrowly an escape and explosion of the gas was averted. You go to a public meeting and have to listen to two very prosy dreary speakers; but it would have been worse had there been three.

It is through the well-balanced mental poise that we are able to judge of things in a due sense of proportion. Then, one does not exaggerate the more depressing possibilities as they present themselves. A natural inclination is always with us to imagine the worst. Visions are conjured up of street accidents and railway collisions if a member of the family circle does not return at quite the usual hour. The far more probable explanation of having met a friend unexpectedly, or of some hindrances in the course of the day's work are set aside as too trivial to be considered.

The Sequence of the Seasons.

Are there not some messages of encouragement to be learned from the seasons themselves? The year opens with short days and long nights. Before us lies a spell of cold rain, driving winds, wintry conditions. Yet we never lose our faith that spring and summer lie beyond. The farmer ploughs, the gardener prepares the soil, the grain and the seed are planted.

Then come the days of little return. Our patience is often strained when we have taken some steps that we hope will soon show the results hoped for. But delays arise, often, as it seems, quite unnecessarily, and it is hard to bear the interval of waiting. Yet the seed is maturing in the ground under the winds of March and the showers of April, and in due course there will be the radiant flowers of high summer-tide or the golden splendours of the corn

In these modern days we have, in fact, come to forget the monition as to letting patience have her perfect work. Speed, haste, hurry swamp that virtue, and put in its place a restlessness that does not make for calm. It is, perhaps, under the chastening of a severe illness that many of us learn the value of quietness and repose, and that there, are things that compensate for the lack of rush and pressure often set up as the habits to be cultivated before all. That month before we may hope to return to our daily work or avocation seems interminable as it looms ahead. In it, however, are often not only the happy sense of returning strength, and the helpfulness and kindness of others, but also a self-disciplining that will reflect itself in many directions as the normal course is resumed.

The Incentive of Work.

To many the opening year means only a renewal of work that has come to seem dull and monotonous. The routine task of the clerk, the dismally mechanical labour of the typist, the never-ended tasks of the domestic worker, the repetitions of the round of lessons in the class-room by the teacher, seem to loom ahead in a long perspective that fades away into blackness.

And the prospect is often made darker by the wish that the clock might be put back, and an opening found in some other direction. In some minds there is the consciousness that want of education closed the doors to opportunities that it is felt might have made of life a very different thing; in others is a bitterness that the claims of family and relations had to be considered, and that the individual interests were sacrificed to them. At times, the most unselfish will wonder why the care of a querulous invalid has been cast upon her.

It is not easy for those whose lines have been cast in pleasant places, and whose profession or career represents advancement and the achievement aimed at, to accord the sympathy honestly deserved by those less happily placed. Yet none should bestow it with better understanding if she thinks how she herself would have faced drudgery, discouragement, or even mere indifference to her part in the affairs of those from whom she draws her salary. The successful woman is ever extremely sensitive and responsive to appreciation.

It may sound almost ironical to bid those whose labours are dull, commonplace, uninteresting to approach them with any renewal of satisfaction, let alone enthusiasm, in the years before us. In conscientious fulfilment, however, there can, and often does, come something of a new sense of pride. So frequently the day's or the week's duties have been performed just as a matter of course, and without any consideration as to whether they could or could not have been better carried out. If a realisation comes that certainly there could be greater zeal, greater pains, bestowed on them, there will arise a meaning and a value they have never before possessed-

"Is it the work that makes life great and true? Or the true soul that, working as it can, Does faithfully the task it has to do, And keepeth faith alike with God and man?

For God works in the little as the great A perfect work, and glorious over all— As in the stars, that choir elate, Or in the lichen spreading on a wall."

Do not Shut Out the Sunshine.

There have been a school of thinkers who have encouraged the idea of introspection, and bidden us all to "know ourselves." They have developed a new interpretation for psychology, which the undiscerning can misapply with woeful results to themselves, till they begin to believe that no one ever had so complex a mental organisation as their own. That way brooding melancholy lies.

Why, however, should people wish to see existence through such a veil? Let us not shut out the sunshine, let us not close our eyes to the beauty of the flowers or our ears to the song of the birds. These things, and countless more things, are beautiful and inspiring, and the sad and the depressed may ever turn to them for lessons of hope and cheer. The moulding of our thoughts, of our lives themselves, lie in our own hands, though often we blame people and circumstances for the lines that have [Concluded on page 181.) taken shape.

Rosemary

"Bur why should I go if mother would rather keep me here?" Rosemary stood very erect and still in the middle of their small sitting-room, looking with puzzled defiant glance at the well-dressed woman seated in the only armchair the room possessed. "Why have you come to disturb mother and me when we are quite happy together?"

There was nothing rude or passionate in words or manner, but her grey eyes looked unflinchingly into the hard eyes that watched her, and her chin and mouth were set in lines which gave no doubt as to her innate strength of character.

Mrs. Merraby, looking from the girl to the girl's mother sitting at the table, her attitude one of limp but futile protest, realised that Grace and her daughter were made of very different material, and that the moulding of Rosemary along any fore-ordained channel would not be as easy a task as she had hoped and believed.

"In my young days girls of your age did not dispute their elders' decision," Mrs. Merraby said frigidly, with a flagrant disregard of truth which Rosemary's ignorance did not grasp. "And it is quite absurd for a child to set herself up to know what is best for her, and to argue with one who is wiser than she is. You are inheriting money from my son, and I have made it my duty-my painful duty "-she glanced at Grace's drooping figure-" to come and arrange something definite and reasonable about your education. It is ridiculous -simply ridiculous-that you should go on being muddled up anyhow in this forsaken place."

A little flame of colour ran over Rosemary's face.

"I don't understand why it should be a painful duty to come here and see mother," she said, with a self-control rare in one so young. "And I can't imagine why you should think I am being muddled up anyhow. Mother has never muddled up anything about me."

Mrs. Merraby sniffed, and her sniff gave the impression of a sneer.

"We need not go into that question," she said stiffly. "I consider you are not having a suitable education, and I have come all this way at great inconvenience to myself to suggest a new arrangement to your mother. I am surprised that you are allowed a voice in the matter at all."

"But it's my matter, isn't it?"
Rosemary answered in a faintly amused voice, her eyebrows lifting with surprise.
"It seems as if I should be the person it would be best to ask about what concerns me so very much."

Chaps. VII. and VIII. Life Brings Some Surprises

"Your bringing up has been altogether so peculiar," the visitor answered, with a shrug of the shoulders, "that I suppose one must expect to find you have some crude ideas about things in general. But you see your mother entirely agrees with me that it would be as well if, at least for a year, you went to a good school. And I know of exactly the right place."

"Do you really think I had better go, Mummy?" Rosemary's grey eyes turned to her mother, who looked at her with the helpless questioning expression the girl knew so well, the expression which seemed to ask her help to make the final decision.

"I think Mrs. Merraby means to suggest what is best for you," Grace began in hesitating tones. "I think it is quite true that you ought to have more education than I can get for you here. And as David left you his money, it is only right that we should consider what—what Mrs. Merraby says."

The faltering words brought a gleam of triumph into the visitor's hard eyes.

"Your mother agrees with me," she said. "And I am very glad she looks upon the matter in just the proper light. I hope you will be reasonable too."

"If mother really thinks it right," Rosemary said slowly, her glance passing with a certain bewilderment from one woman's face to the other. "Whatever mother wants I will do without making any fuss."

Through Grace's brain there flashed some words spoken long ago. The memory of them momentarily prevented her from listening to Mrs. Merraby's next phrases.

"Sweet reasonableness—that, to my mind, always describes Geoffrey. He is the embodiment of sweet reasonableness."

And now Rosemary, her seventeenyear-old Rosemary, was showing that same trait.

With a start Grace brought her thoughts back to the present, and to the dictums Mrs. Merraby was laying down in her incisive voice. Part of the remarks Grace realised she had missed, but she tried to look as if she had not picked up the thread quite in ignorance of what the context had been.

"Just a few girls." This was the point at which Grace's thoughts had been jerked abruptly into her visitor's speech. "In every way it will be pleasanter and better. Miss Thrampton is judicious and tactful; there ought to be no difficulties."

"Difficulties?" Rosemary's eyes opened widely. "Why should there be difficulties? I have promised to do

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what mother wishes and go to this school. I sha'n't make any difficulties."

"Circumstances sometimes make difficulties," Mrs. Merraby said sententiously. "I was not accusing you of any intentions of that sort. But Miss Thrampton is just the right person for—well, for all the circumstances," she went on rather hurriedly and lamely. "And you will be amongst very nice girls."

"I shall like that part of it very much." The colour flashed again into Rosemary's face; she spoke eagerly. "I don't know any girls now, excepting one or two of the villagers. I shall like the girls, and I love learning new things. Leaving mother is what I mind. It will be so lonely for mother."

"You mustn't think of that, darling." Grace pulled herself into a less drooping position. "It will only be for a year, and I shall find plenty to do. It is best for you that you should go—much the best thing for you to do. You mustn't worry about me."

Devotion to Rosemary, eagerness to do her utmost for Rosemary's welfare, brought momentary strength to Grace's inherent weakness. There was an unfaltering quality in her decision which surprised herself scarcely less than it surprised the girl who stood watching her.

"Yes-you ought to go," she said, with a firmness that Rosemary had never before detected in her voice. " And this school that Mrs Merraby recommends seems to be so excellent, so exactly what is wanted, that we had better arrange with Miss Thrampton as soon as possible. And, of course "-the old faltering note crept back into her voice--"during your time in England I shall stay longer there than I usually do, and perhaps we can spend your holidays together?" Her soft deprecating eyes turned to Mrs. Merraby, whose shoulders again went up in a shrug, which Rosemary learnt to recognise as one of her characteristics.

"We need not enter now into further details," the visitor said in her thin sharp voice. "I shall be leaving Camelines next week, and I can take Rosemary back with me in time to begin the summer term at Miss Thrampton's. And if she wants new clothes, as there will be no time to get them before we go you had better let me do some shopping with her in London."

"Thank you—thank you very much," Grace said faintly, relapsing once more into her attitude of deprecating acquiescence. "I am afraid Rosemary has no clothes really suitable for London. We haven't thought or troubled here about being fashionable."

Rosemary

"So I see," Mrs. Merraby answered significantly; "but that is soon remedied. You can trust me to dress Rosemary suitably, as a girl of seventeen should be dressed. And I am very glad you both see the wisdom of what I came here to suggest. We don't want her more handicapped than she need be," Mrs. Merraby added, looking rather hard at Grace. "And a faulty education is a great handicap to any girl, more especially-Oh, well, we need not go into the question any further," she added more graciously, breaking off her sentence with singular abruptness. "You need not be afraid that Rosemary will feel lonely or dull at school. I shall be able now and then to have her out; and I have no doubt she will soon find her own level-very soon."

She was right. Rosemary did very soon find her level amongst the other girls in Miss Thrampton's school; but perhaps it was not exactly the level anticipated by Mrs. Merraby. Not only was there charm in the girl's personality, there was also power, power which could not remain hidden. She was soon a dominating force in the small schoolworld; and the very fact that she was quite unlike any girl her schoolfellows had ever before come across, made her more especially an object to them of interest and curiosity.

"You see, you aren't a bit like other girls," Evelyn Crampton remarked one day not many weeks after Rosemary's arrival. "You're — different, though I can't quite explain how or why" Evelyn knitted her brows together, gazing thoughtfully at Rosemary. "You don't even look quite the same as we all do Perhaps living abroad all the time has done it."

"Done what?" Rosemary's eyes opened wide. She looked into her companion's fair pretty face with bewilderment in her own.

"Made you seem—seem—well, like somebody almost from another world. You see, you hardly talk our language."

"Your language?"

"Of course, you talk English all right — I don't mean that; and if you do sometimes drop into French as well, that doesn't matter. But you might have came out of Mars for all you know about the ordinary every-day things we others know about."

"My ordinary every-day things were a different sort, I suppose," Rosemary answered. "They couldn't be the same in a little French village as they are here." And she looked out of the window, on the wide seat of which she was sitting to the trim suburban garden. "Nothing in France was the least like this." With a little dramatic gesture characteristic of her her hands went out towards the smooth-shaven lawn, the well-kept

flower-beds, the carefully-lopped lime trees that stood in an orderly row at the garden's end. "Our gardens there just grow as they like, and the grass is long, and full of daisies and buttercups and anemones, and there are rose-hedges."

"Did you grow just as you liked, too?" Evelyn questioned suddenly. "You didn't go to school or have other girls to work with—or boys?"

Rosemary's gaze came back from the garden, her eyes were dreaming; those few seconds had transported her back to the little wild garden where everything grew with such bountiful lavishness.

"I had nobody to work with," she answered, as Evelyn's question penetrated to her understanding. "The doctor's wife had no children, and I never knew any boys at all, excepting the peasant boys"

"Haven't you ever met any boys of our own class at all?"

Rosemary shook her head.

"Sometimes I saw boys and girls when Mummy and I went to church in Camelines; but, you see, that was a long way off. We could only go sometimes, and it was too far away to know people there"

"I think it's the funnest kind of life I ever imagined," the other girl said, leaning back in her chair and stretching out her feet so that she could contemplate her dainty shoes. "I wonder your mother liked burying herself in such an out-of-the-way place. It must have been awfully dull."

"Dull?" Rosemary wrinkled up her brows as though this expression puzzled her "I can't ever remember being dull for a single minute. We were busy all the time, Mummy and I. And it was nicest for Mummy to live in a quiet village when she was so unhappy after my father died."

"I suppose you can't remember your father?"

"I wish I could" Rosemary looked at her new friend with a shadow in her eyes. "He died before I was born. And I do often envy girls with fathers. It must be beautiful to have a father of one's own."

"Oh, it's all right," Evelyn said carelessly, with a flickering remembrance of her own father, short, stout, grey-haired and irascible. "I never see much of mine. He is in town all day, dashes off directly after breakfast, comes home just before dinner, and on Sundays he is often out or away. It's really much jollier at home when he isn't theremuch more peaceful. Father is rather a stormy petrel."

"I thought fathers were quite different from other people, somebody to look up to and reverence."

Evelyn's eyes expressed tolerant amusement.

"You ought to have been born in the last century," she said; "you don't belong to these times at all. You're too early-Victorian for anything; but you are a perfect dear."

"What has that to do with fathers?"

"It has to do with everything." was the sage rejoinder. "You have lived a kind of story-book life, shut away in a mountain village like a princess shut away in an enchanted castle. Now you must wake up, my dear, and find out that this is the twentieth century. I expect fathers were really always pretty much the same as they are now, only now we see through the gloss, and realise they are human beings, not little tin gods sitting on pinnacles of perfection."

Rosemary laughed.

"That was the mistake in the old days," the sapient Evelyn continued. "It was considered a monstrous crime if children thought their parents anything short of perfection. Now we know we are all climbing hills together, parents as well as children. And they go slipping about as much as we do. My father still has too much of the Victorian taint about him."

" Why?"

"He doesn't want us to be good comrades He wants to pat our heads when we're good, and whip us when we're naughty, and he prefers to look down on us from a height instead of taking our hands and going along with us. However "—Evelyn shrugged her shoulders philosophically—" we weren't allowed to choose our fathers, so we must make the best of those we get."

"I had a most splendid godfather," Rosemary said presently. "He wrote me a letter when I was a baby, and Mummy saved it for me until I could understand it. If one had a father like my godfather, I should think it would be easy to keep him on a pinnacle."

Evelyn looked at her companion with interest and curiosity.

"How queer," she said. "A letter? Written to a baby? What was the good of writing to a baby? You wouldn't understand."

"No; but I understand now," Rosemary answered promptly. "And what he said I'm going to try and do."

"Awfully funny a man telling a girl what to do," Evelyn said speculatively, looking at Rosemary with appraising eyes. "I wonder what your godfather would think about you if he could see you now. He would think you most absolutely different from every other girl he ever heard of. You really belong to some kind of fairy tale. You're just the sort who would expect a prince to come riding along on a white charger to carry you off to his kingdom. But the day of princes is over."

" I should think we still wanted men



"PERHAPS LIVING ABROAD ALL THE

Drawn by Harold Copping.

to behave like princes," Rosemary said with spirit. "Even though this is the twentieth century, we need not do away with high ideals."

Many conversations on these lines took place between Rosemary and her schoolfellows, and though Evelyn (rampton was the one amongst her friends who gained her closest intimacy, she very soon stepped into the position of being the most popular girl in the school.

"There is something very unique about her," Miss Thrampton said to Mrs. Merraby on the solitary occasion when that lady came to the house to inquire about Rosemary's progress. "She is in every way an unusual character."

"Oh, indeed!" Mrs. Merraby responded frigidly. "Well, she has unfortunately had a very unusual bringing up. One can hardly expect her to be normal."

"Thank Heaven for that!" was the fervent rejoinder from Miss Thrampton. "You can find normal girls every day; they are as common as daisies. But a girl with Rosemary's personality is

rare She will make a very remarkable woman."

"Dear me! I don't think that we wish her turned into a remarkable woman," Mrs. Merraby was beginning querulously, but Miss Thrampton cut her short with a pleasant laugh.

"I am afraid it is not going to be a matter of what anybody wishes or does not wish," she said. "Rosemary's personality is far too strong to be kept in any artificially-made grooves; she will develop along her own lines. And she will, if I am not very much mistaken, develop into something great."

Chapter VIII.

The Time Has Come.

It's perfectly lovely to have you here in London for something more than a flying visit, and to know that soon I am going back with you to Dragnon, and that I shall see Marie and everybody again. But I have loved being at school; and I want you to know all my friends, especially Evelyn."

The words poured out in a stream. Rosemary stood on the hearthrug in the hotel sitting-room, her hand resting on the chimney-piece, her eyes looking eagerly into her mother's face. Grace sat in an atmchair, leaning forward a little, her hands spread out to the blaze, and her glance, lifted now and again to her daughter, wavered away again very quickly, and turned instead towards the glowing heart of the fire.

"Have you missed me too much, little mother of mine?" The girl dropped to her knees beside Grace's chair, and folded her two strong young hands over Grace's hands. "I didn't see you properly last night when you first arrived. I can see better by daylight, and you look tired and worried, and you have puckers round your eyes Has that very interfering Mrs Merraby been bothering you?"

"Oh, hush, darling! She is David's mother, and he was so good to you. We mustn't

"My godfather having been good to me doesn't make it necessary that I should love, honour and obey his mother, does it, Mummy?" Rosemary's clear laugh rang out. "I am rather afraid Mrs. Merraby and I are incompatibles. I've just been doing chemistry."

Rosemary

"We ought not—I mean we must not offend her. Rosemary, dear, don't say things that might offend Mrs. Merraby. She—she would be a dangerous enemy."

"A dangerous enemy?" Rosemary's brows drew together. "Why, I should hope I would never have any enemies at all. I never take Mrs. Merraby seriously enough to use such a big word at her as enemy. She and I just don't mix very well, that is all."

"Be careful, dear, I am only warning you." Grace moved uneasily, glanced into Rosemary's eager face and away again, and began to speak without getting farther than the words, "You see—"

"I see what, Mummy dear? I am sure you are worrying about something, and I do wish you would let me share the worry. I'm more than eighteen now, and I have got a little sense, Miss Thrampton says. When you came over before, I hadn't learnt as much as I have now. Perhaps the worry would be less if you told me about it, even though I couldn't actually help."

"I didn't mean to say anything about it during these first days of your having left school." Grace looked yearningly into the young eager face. "But—you are so difficult to resist, Rosemary. You always were, even as a tiny child. I never could say no to you."

The confession of weakness passed unheeded. Throughout Rosemary's short life she had been so accustomed to play the strong part to her mother's weak one, that the topsy-turvy character of the arrangement did not occur to her.

"Then you mustn't say no to me now!" she answered gaily. "Let me share whatever is worrying you, then perhaps the puckers will come out of your forehead"

"It is all very complicated and difficult," Grace answered. "I can't bear telling you, you are still so young. But I believe the time has come when you ought to know."

"To know what? Is it very serious? It can't be anything really dreadful, as long as you and I are here together. Unless—it isn't that you are ill, is it, Mummy?" A startled expression leapt into the girl's eyes.

"No, no; it is not that. I am quite well. Don't look so frightened, dear. It is nothing to do with my health, it is about your father."

"My father? I thought you had told me about him. How good and dear he was, and how you loved each other. Is there more to tell? Is there something worrying to tell? Oh, please, Mummy dear, explain quickly what you mean."

"Rosemary"—Grace spoke hurriedly and with difficulty—"did it never seem strange to you that you and I lived right away at Dragnon, cut off from everybody? Sometimes, during your year at Miss Thrampton's, have you never wondered why you had no home life like the other girls?"

"But I had a home life. I had it with you in Dragnon. What more could I have wanted? I knew it was quiet, because you were sad. But my home life was as good as any girl's, only different."

"Yes—different. That is the whole point—it was different. And the time has come"—she repeated her phrase—"when I ought to tell you why it was different."

"Do you mean that there was some other reason besides that you were sad and a widow and lonely?"

"Yes, there was another reason. You see "—Grace spoke with sudden abruptness—" I am not really a widow."

"Not really a widow?" Rosemary, kneeling by her mother's chair, stared at her as if she thought she had taken leave of her senses. "But, Mummy, I lost my father before I was born."

"Yes -you lost him before you were born." The dreamness in Grace's tones gave her daughter a queer heartache.

"I would rather know the truth." Rosemary's eyes looked unflinchingly into the older woman's disturbed face. "It can't be anything bad if it has to do with you," she added with loyal tenderness.

"Your father is still alive, dear,

"My father still alive?" The girl's voice shook. "But where is he? Where is my father? Can't I go and see him? Oh, Mummy, why haven't I known all this time? Tell me quickly all about it?"

"Darling, it isn't easy to tell, because, although I believe in Geoffrey's—in your father's innocence, the rest of the world believes him guilty."

"Guilty? Guilty of what?" Rosemary looked bewildered, she sat staring at her mother with a sudden feeling that her world was turifing upside down, that the trim hotel room was some nightmare place in a dream, that presently she would awake and find everything about her normal once more. "Guilty of what?" she repeated, when her mother did not at once answer.

"He was partner in a great business," Grace went on, after a long pause, "and his uncle and cousin were in the business too, and—Rosemary, I can't quite explain to you what happened, because I never understood all the ins and outs of it myself; but they don't matter as far as the chief thing is concerned—the tragedy. Bertha called it a tragedy, and she was right."

"Who is Bertha?" Rosemary questioned.

"Your aunt, your father's sister. She

never really liked me, because I didn't belong to the sort of people to whom they all belong. They are County, and very important. They had always been landowners, besides having this old, old business. Grenlake Manor had been in their tamily for generations and generations, and you would have been born there if --- There is a picture at Grenlake for which you might have sat. You are so like the lady in the stiff periwinklecoloured brocade, the lady who used to look out at me with such clear grey eyes. And at the foot of the steps to the garden, just at the end of a long flagged path, there are rosemary bushes-great bushes of rosemary with its grey-green leaves and soft blue flowers, and the smell which is just rosemary and nothing else. I gave you your name because the thought of the old garden and the rosemary bushes was in my heart when you came to me."

"But I was born at Dragnon," Rosemary said in mystified tones. Her mother's explanation so far had merely increased her bewilderment; and at her words a shadow fell over Grace's face which had grown soft with old memories.

" I only stayed a few months in the old Manor House," she said abruptly. "We were so happy, so unspeakably happy, Geoffrey and I. And then -the blow Something went wrong in the business; I don't exactly know what. I told you I could not explain the details to you-I never had a head for business. But something went wrong about money, and it was found that the books had been fraudulently dealt with; and then they found that Mr. Denis Sterndale's name had been forged. He was Geoffrey's uncle and the head of the firm. and Geoffrey and his cousin James were the two senior partners, and they accused Geoffrey of doctoring the accounts. They accused him of forging his uncle's name.

"How absurd!" Rosemary exclaimed in her fresh young voice. "Is it likely he would have done such a thing?"

"I believed in his innocence—I have always believed in it." Rosemary's vehemence seemed to put fresh heart into her mother. "But everybody else thought him guilty, even his own people. It came to me as such a terribly unexpected blow. Even now the very thought of the day when I first knew about it makes me feel sick. And the forgery and the fraud about the books was not all—was not the worst." Her voice faltered.

"Not the worst?" Rosemary left her chair and knelt down beside her mother. "What more was there, Mummy? What more could there be?"

"Old Mr. Sterndale, Geoffrey's uncle, was found dead in the office one evening; he had been working there late, and the carctaker found him dead." Grace shuddered. "And somebody had killed

him." Rosemary's arms went round the shrinking form. Rosemary's eyes were still clear, although a little horror dawned in them.

"But it couldn't—they couldn't say my father——" she began, and broke off, unable to finish her sentence.

"They did say so. They accused Geoffrey of forging his uncle's name and then of killing him, and all the world was against him—all the world, excepting me. You see, Rosemary, he had been the last person in the office with his uncle, and they declared there must have been a quarrel and so——"

"I know he could never have done such things." Rosemary lifted her head proudly. "The man with the dear face, whose portrait you showed me, could never have done anything wrong and disgraceful like that, never!"

"They came and arrested him in the hotel where he and I were staying in town," Grace went on in dull level accents. "He wanted to be in London to look after the office better, and he and

his cousin were working hard to get everything in order, and one afternoon the police came and arrested him. He asked for leave to say good-bye to me before they took him, and they left us alone in the hotel sitting - room. There were violets in the room, and that is why even now I cannot bear the scent of violets. He went directly they told him our time was up, and before he went he looked into my eyes, and asked me if I thought he was innocent or guilty."

"That was easy to answer," Rosemary exclaimed, her eyes shining strangely.

"Oh, yes! I never doubted him—I never doubted him—I never doubted him for a single second. I loved him." A little smile flickered over Grace's face. "I told him nothing would ever shake my faith in him, and nothing ever has. I am weak and silly about some thing s, but I never doubted Geoffrey, and I told him so."

"It must have helped him in all that came after," the girl said gently.

"He says it helped him never to lose heart; he always says that. But nobody else thinks as I do. They brought in a verdict of guilty, only—the evidence was so circumstantial that they made the punishment penal servitude for life, instead of the worst of all." Again Grace's voice shook pitifully, and Rosemary's strong young arms drew her closer.

"And is he in prison now?" she asked. "Is my father still in prison, suffering a punishment for something he never did?"

"Oh, Rosemary, if you only knew how blessed it is to hear you speak with such certainty!" her mother cried. "It seems as though your faith might help Geoffrey more than my poor weak faith has done."

"Of course I am certain about it," the girl said, with a glance of surprise. "The man whose picture you showed me couldn't have forged and murdered. If every person in the world believed he had, I should still be sure it wasn't true."

"I wonder whether you realise what a comfort you are," Grace said wist-

fully. "How your father would love you."

"Can't I go to see him? Can he see people?"

"My darling, I have come over to see him twice in every year since they first sent him to that horrible place. But he has always begged me never to take you with me. He didn't want you to hear the story until you were grown-up, and he doesn't want you to see him in prison. He doesn't want you to see him in that dreadful dress."

"I should like to go and see him. I believe in him," Rosemary said wistfully. "But I will never do anything he doesn't like or wish. Have you seen him now, since you came over?"

Grace nodded.

"And I told him about you and your school, and how you are growing up, and all about you, and he wants us to go back to Dragnon, if we like that best. He always thinks first of what is best for us. It was I who wanted to go and hide myself in Dragnon after it happened.



"IT CAN'T BF ANYTHING BAP IF IT HAS TO DO WITH YOU."

Drawn by Harold Copping.

Jimmy's Feelings

well at the seaside, and a fourth had died

For the first time, death had become something more than a name. He had escaped the fever, and could not even excite pity by a sore throat. He was disgustingly healthy, but he wondered what would happen if he died as Jack had done.

Perhaps his family would be sorry then for all the unkind things they had said and done. Perhaps May would wish she had held her tongue. He believed his mother would be really sorry, but she was so taken up with Irene's baby—silly howling thing—that he could not even be sure of her. His sisters would be glad of an excuse to buy new clothes, even if they were black. He saw a funeral procession, with his friends following him to the grave. It was most affecting.

A month before, a belated war memorial had been unveiled at Jimmy's school. It was a pity the war ended before he had a chance of taking some glorious part in it, like the hero of the occasion, who had once been a scholar. He saw himself, covered with medals and glory, talking to rows of small boys. His family would recognise his greatness when other people acclaimed him as a hero. Perhaps he would marry Dulcie, who would sit and admire him. He could almost hear her excited, "Oh, Jimmy!"

It was irritating to be consumed by ardent longings to be a hero or a martyr—both, if possible—and be treated for indigestion, with hints thrown out that it was unwise to partake of too much unripe fruit. It jarred when he planned great deeds, and his fits of abstraction were called "mooning round." It was worse, it was an insult.

So Jimmy fretted and fumed in a maze of awakened ambitions and quickened imaginings for a chance to show his family what stuff he was made of. He waited for a month, then decided to take action. The strain was becoming too great.

Miss Paterson would have sympathised, but she was visiting friends in London. Why didn't he have friends who would invite him to London? Things might happen there.

Dulcie would have understood, but Dulcie was recovering from an illness by the waters of the Mediterranean. Why couldn't he be ill, ill enough to worry his people and make them send him abroad to recover and

see the beautiful places Dulcie went to as a matter of course?

Everyone had gone away. He came to the momentous decision that nothing else remained for him to do.

His reading during the summer suggested Australia, the land of gold, bushrangers, kangaroos, and boomerangs. He would go there and dig for gold.

Jimmy enjoyed the next few days. He enjoyed making plans, and was amused at the suspicious alarm of his family at this new phase. Ah, if they only knew! He was very gentle with them in a patronising way, which exasperated May to taunts he endured quietly, and thumps which he bore meekly.

He spent many hours in the woodshed with his savings and his chief treasures. He knew that certain people labelled these rubbish, therefore he must hide or bury all he could not take with him. The task of selection was tremendous.

He made small canvas bags to hold his money—£1 7s. 8d. in all. He would dispose of these on various parts of his person. Accidents might happen, and it would not do to be stranded in a strange land without capital. He understood that the possession of a certain amount of ready money made all the difference between success and failure.

He knew Australia was at the other side of the world. He intended to walk to the nearest port, find a liner which was going there, and go on board as a stowaway.

Then he quietly waited for a favourable opportunity to start.

He realised that the time was at hand when his mother said to him one evening—

"I suppose you will take your dinner and tea to-morrow?"

Jimmy, who was killing bushrangers in Australia, frowned and started guiltily.

"Aren't the Scouts going to Langholme?"

"Yes; I forgot." Jimmy's scowl disappeared. Here was his chance.

"What would you like?"
"Oh. I don't mind, as long a

"Oh, I don't mind, as long as there's enough of it."

Mother beamed. Evidently Jimmy was getting over it. Appetite was a good test.

Jimmy made his final plans. He would wear his Scout's uniform; that would be a passport anywhere. He would carry his food in his knapsack, his treasures in his school-bag.

These included a pocket-knife, nailscissors, screwdriver, ball of string. three famous marbles, and a packet of snap cards. He packed a map of Australia, which he had drawn in school, and a compass. He would write home as soon as he landed, so a scrap of pencil and six sheets of notepaper went in. He had a cherished book on gold digging, and one called, What To Do When You Can't. In his Scout's Guide he placed two photographs—a family group and a school group. There was a hole in this, from which the face of one boy, for the time being a bitter enemy, was cut out. remembered that he had a long tramp and a longer voyage to cater for. He would fill up the bag with extra articles of food. He set out to explore the kitchen regions. Fortunately for his purpose they were deserted, and he reached the pantry unseen.

He gazed thoughtfully at the wellstocked shelves. Bulk was a consideration, and he must take things which were "good food." Olive had a craze for making nut cakes. He had discovered the week before where the nuts, shelled ready for use, were kept. The fact that they were hidden implied a lack of trust that hurt his feelings. He emptied the jar into his bag. His eye fell on a bag of raisins. They were good food. The fact that he was fond of them was a detail. A basket of eggs met with an approving glance. They would be splendid on board. He put half-adozen into a saucepan to boil while he continued his search. He found a big piece of ox tongue. He put this between two slabs of bread in some grease-proof paper. Fish and meat pastes were added to his store, a tin of sardines, and some biscuits. His bag was full, and his pockets bulged with his loot. He looked longingly at the rows of jam jars, and turned his back with an effort on some tempting cakes and pastries. He remembered that May had a big slab of chocolate in her box. It was a birthday present, and she was saving it. She had a mania for saving things. Jimmy decided to annex it. hoped the gold nugget he meant to send her in payment would be sufficient. Chocolate was good food, and she shouldn't be so silly about making things last.

He retreated with his spoils, packed them, and hid the bag under a bush by the garden gate. People always wanted to know such a lot, and he might be questioned on the need for a school-bag when scouting.

The next job was to make a chart containing clues to the hiding-places of his treasures. The chart itself was placed in his empty cash-box, which was wrapped in oilskin, and put in its usual hole in the floor of the woodshed.

The next morning Jimmy set off in good spirits. He woke late, and everything went wrong. Father scolded him for rushing about and getting so impatient. Mother fidgeted and worried him with needless directions. Olive laughed at him. Bob teased him. May snubbed him.

It was only the knowledge that all this was for the last time that enabled him to keep his temper. When he stepped across the threshold and heard Olive say, "Thank goodness, we sha'n't see him again for the day," Jimmy hardened his heart. They would have years in which to repent of their unkindness and lack of consideration

At the bend of the road Jimmy turned and waved. No-body was watching, but it was the correct thing to do when you left the old homestead. Then he walked cheerfully towards the main road which led to the port sixteen miles away.

It was a very hot day, and the wide straight road was dusty. Motor-cars flashed by and smothered and nearly choked him. It seemed a long way when you had no one to talk to. He was disgusted when he reached the third milestone. He ought to have been ten miles away by that time. A motor-car stood outside a public-house. He crept behind the car, and

hung on. By good luck he was not discovered. Two men came out of the house, and the car moved on. This incident quite restored Jimmy's drooping spirits. He saw four milestones flash by. When the car slowed up on nearing some cross-roads, Jimmy jumped down and slipped away unseen. He watched the car, which turned to the left, out of sight, then walked steadily to the right which a signpost assured him was his way. At the end of a long mile another thought cheered him. He would turn into a field, rest for a little while from the heat and dust, and investigate the contents of his knapsack.

He eagerly unpacked his parcels. Mother always knew what a fellow liked when he was out. Sausage rolls—good. He ate one while he explored farther. Jam tarts, mother's special three-cornered ones, in which the jam penetrated to every corner, but never boiled out. There were four substantial slices of seed and sultana cake, a bag of biscuits, bananas, sherbet, some acid drops, and a cake of chocolate.

Jimmy sampled everything, stretched himself on the grass for a rest, and in two minutes was fast asleep.

He was in a sandy hollow, a dry

paused, and heaved a sigh of rapture. In the valley below, where a farm-house nestled among trees, there was a most satisfactory blaze. The tree-tops were covered by a pall of smoke, from which tongues of flame leaped into the air.

Jimmy gave a yell of delight, and raced down the hill. His mind was full of thoughts of heroic deeds, exciting rescues which might be awaiting him there. If anyone was still in the house, forgotten, he hoped that the flames would not reach them before he came. It was too hot for thoughts of a martyr's fiery death to be pleasant,



"SAUSAGE ROLIS" ALWAYS WAS FOND OF THEM FROM A KID"

Drawn by Gordon Browne.

river bed which wound between hills. He was digging beneath a burning sun, and had nearly unearthed a lump of gold as big as a football, when one of the hills exploded. Jimmy sat up and rubbed his eyes. There was a clatter in the road, a clanging bell, and something roared past. He rushed to the gate just in time to see the fire-engine from the town dash by.

Jimmy ran after it, following its tracks in the dust. He forgot Australia, and went out of his way, excited, almost breathless. He had never seen a fire. He must not miss this. At the top of a long hill he

but he did want to be a hero. He'd show them.

Jimmy was fascinated, and edged his way through the crowd. A hand rested heavily on his shoulder. A familiar voice told him to "hop it." He turned in disgust. The one policeman with whom he had a serious difference of opinion was also a fireman. As he was forcibly led to the outskirts of the crowd, his feelings received a rude shock and his visions fled.

What was the good of trying to do a good deed, when every man's hand was against him? If anyone was burnt to death, it would be that

Jimmy's Feelings

policeman's fault. It was hard when heroic motives took one into danger zones and it was taken for granted that one was only bent on mischief.

Jimmy was filled with helpless wrath. He jolly well hoped there were no policemen in Australia.

As Jimmy was pushed about among the onlookers, he felt the various packages containing his wealth. You could not be too careful in a crowd.

This was tame. He wandered to the back of the house. The dairy was only damaged by water, and was deserted. Jimmy walked in and explored. He saw a cat, and pounced on it with glee.

"You silly thing," he said, "you'll be burnt."

He had saved one creature, performed one good deed. With the struggling cat in his arms he again joined the crowd. A crying child attracted his attention.

"I want Fluffy! I want Fluffy!"
Jimmy stalked towards the little
group of children, anticipating the
change from tears to smiles, the
thanks, the praise. But the child
pushed him away, and turned eagerly
to a woman who held out a shabby
golliwog.

Jimmy, in disgust, spoke to the cat firmly and decisively—

"If you'd rather be burnt to death, you can. I don't care," and threw the animal from him. The cat hastily vanished, and Jimmy went sadly on his way

When he was out of sight of the crowd, he thought of his money again. It was all right, until he put his hand in his trouser pocket. A bag, fastened to the lining by a piece of string, was gone. He had put five shillings in it. He felt very much like crying. It was bad enough not to be allowed to do heroic deeds, without being robbed as well.

He dejectedly climbed the hill, and as he neared the top heard hurrying footsteps. A tramp who had been an onlooker in the crowd lurched to his side.

"Goin' my way, sonny?" he asked, with what was intended for an amiable grin.

Jimmy glanced at him with scant favour. He had not been impressed with his appearance previously. Perhaps his precious money was at this moment in the man's pocket. He looked the sort of man who would rob a boy who was going to emigrate. He felt like running away, but after a swift scrutiny of the bulky form,

thought he had better wait for a chance.

The man talked about the fire, the weather, the difficulties of an honest man in search of honest work, the ingratitude of people in general, and of a few who had treated him harshly in particular.

Jimmy bore it patiently, and answered the other's questions curtly. He thought it best not to mention Australia.

They plodded on for a mile and a half, until they came to an inn. The man stopped instinctively and looked at Jimmy.

"Well, I don't know about you, but looking at fires this weather is uncommonly thirsty work. I haven't much money, but I daresay I can stand the price of a drink for a pal. That bag of yours looks as if it might hold some grub. We'll go shares. See?"

The pal saw, and thought he was likely to have the worst of the bargain.

It was no good protesting, so he followed the other to a table under a tree at the back of the inn, congratulating himself that his other parcel did not suggest grub to his companion.

Jimmy drank the lemonade, while his pal opened the knapsack.

"Sausage rolls! Always was fond of them from a kid," he said between large mouthfuls; "and cake—mother's home-made, I bet—and bananas."

Jimmy, watching miserably, saw his jam tarts disappear down the capacious throat. He found difficulty in disposing of the one which was his share, as he reflected that by the time he came home, mother might be too old to cook. Still, in Australia you lived chiefly on dampers, which sounded exciting and—er, things.

Then Jimmy had a brilliant idea. He stooped down and took some money from the inside of his stocking.

"I'll stand treat. I expect you could do with another drink," he said recklessly.

"I could," said the man solemnly.
"You're a real pal."

Jimmy ordered some more, and again some more. The man became effusive, vowed he would stick to him for life, that together they would roam the country and wrest a livelihood from its stubborn soil.

They left the inn at last, Jimmy white-faced and trembling. It was evidently impossible to make the man sleepy. It was now the hottest part of the afternoon. He suggested a rest in the shade.

"Just five minutes," said the tramp, as they entered a field.

Jimmy yawned and closed his eyes. He opened them a little every few seconds, hopefully. The droning voice stopped at last, and a snore made Jimmy sit up. Five minutes slowly passed. Jimmy stood up cautiously. Two more minutes. He gave a last look at the prone form, and fled.

He rushed along, across fields, over hedges, through gates, anywhere away from that horrid wretch. He stumbled into a maze of lanes at last, and felt safe. High hedges shut out all view of the country. Jimmy plodded on, depending on his compass. He thought gloomily of the time he had wasted. If only he could have fought the wretch who had hindered and, he was convinced, robbed him. Would he be a match for the bushrangers of the wilds?

Houses at last! He was tired of fields and woods. He passed a farm, some cottages, a post-office, over which the name of the village was inscribed. The name brought memories, although he had never seen the place. It was the home of one, Bill Holt, noted through the countryside among smallish boys as a terror-Jimmy knew the champion by sight. and had once been on the losing side in a pitched battle between the boys of his school, and Bill and some of his friends. In Jimmy's state of mind he would have welcomed an encounter. If he was no match for a man three times his size, he would have cheerfully sprung at someone only a size and a half larger. He was burning to retrieve what he felt to be a disgrace.

He turned a corner made by a triangular patch of garden, and over the low hedge he saw Bill, quietly weeding. He could not resist a little grunt of pleasure, and seated himself on the hedge. Bill scowled as he recognised a Grammar School brat. Jimmy made a grimace. Bill advised him to make himself scarce, but Jimmy ignored this excellent advice. Jimmy remarked pleasantly that it gave him delight to see people so industrious on a hot afternoon. Bill retorted with threats. Jimmy laughed. At last, taunted beyond endurance, Bill gave a stealthy glance in the direction of his home, and before Jimmy realised his intention, he found himself in Bill's grip on the other side of the road. His precious luggage was hurled into the ditch, and he was informed that he

Jimmy's Feelings

was about to have the biggest his compass had lost all sense of direction. He hurried along the main road he had now reached, until feelings found expression in the first-blow he aimed at Bill, who, taken by surprise at the force of it, went down.

He was soon on his feet, and with rage in his heart at being even momentarily beaten by such a kid, set to in earnest. Jimmy succeeded in capturing his cap. A scuffle ended in its recapture by the owner minus its lining. Jimmy held on to this, for thereon was the owner's name. This inspired him to greater efforts, but his opponent's strength would have told in time.

Suddenly an angry voice called—"Bill!"

Bill shuffled back to the garden, and meekly resumed his work.

Jimmy followed and made faces, until, in his eagerness to pursue his advantage, he came within range of the eye and temper of Bill's father.

After hearing a few remarks, he judged it wise to resume his journey to Australia.

The contents of his knapsack were scattered on the ground, and some fowls were investigating them. His compass was broken, but Jinmy marched triumphantly on. What a tale he would have to tell. Scouting was nothing to a victorious encounter with Bill Holt. He had the cap lining to prove the truth of his story, and imagined himself waving it before an admiring crowd. Then—he remembered. Of course, he could write and tell them, but it wouldn't be the same

He began to wonder how much farther he had to go. He was still in unknown parts, and with the loss of his compass had lost all sense of direction. He hurried along the main road he had now reached, until startled by a low rumble. He looked up to see black clouds rapidly covering the horizon. A thunderstorm was coming. Jimmy was not afraid, but if he had known, he would have postponed his trip. There was no place for shelter, nothing to do but go straight ahead. The storm broke. Lightning flickered across his path. The rain fell in torrents, and in a few minutes Jimmy was wet to the skin. This seemed the crowning disaster, but worse was to come

Half-an-hour later, Jimmy realised with a shock that his surroundings were familiar. Surely he knew that pump, which had supplied many a drink on hot days. The next bend of the road would bring a church tower into the range of vision. It did, and the tears trickled down Jimmy's grimy cheeks. All his wanderings had brought him within two miles of his home. A big struggle went on in his mind. He was wet through, tired, disappointed, disillusioned. Home seemed to be a much to be desired haven. He hated to give up cherished plans, but his people were not so bad, a bit irritating, but they did not rob him.

He thought of his friends. There was still a chance of being a hero in their sight. He thought of his sodden food with loathing Supper would be just about on the table at home. He could go to Australia a little later. He still meant to, but he would wait until he was bigger and better able to cope with robbers and bullies.

A meeting with a band of wet happy Scouts settled the matter.

"Where've you been, Jimmy?"
Jimmy assumed an air of conscious superiority, as he loftily replied—

"I've been having adventures."

"All by yourself?"

Jimmy noted the sarcasm underlying the simple question, and gave an eloquent account of his day.

He forgot his discomforts as he enlarged on the magnificence of the fire, his daring rescue of the neglected cat His friends listened with doubt, which gradually changed to envy.

Then Jimmy told of his meeting with Bill Holt and the result.

He calmly waited for some expression of unbelief. It soon came.

Slowly and triumphantly Jimmy took out the incriminating cap lining from his pocket, waved it before their wondering eyes, and rose to heights of fame previously undreamt of.

He shook off the last admirer at the gate, and walked quietly to the woodshed. He threw the school bag in a corner, and stalked blithely up to the house.

Mother was waiting at the door.

"Oh, Jimmy, are you all right? Where were you in that dreadful storm? Are you very wet? Hurry upstairs and change."

He submitted patiently to her attentions; it was rather nice to be fussed over. He would have to explain certain things, suppress others, but with May's chocolate safely restored to her box, the chief load was off his mind.

He decided to forgive everyone, forget the past, and stay at home a few months longer.

With which dutiful sentiments he buried his feeling for a colonial life and went down to supper.

"The Best is Yet to Be"

Concluded from page 170

Equally, we can do much to direct our own destinies as they lie ahead. To cast off the works of darkness and to come out in the armour of light is a possibility to all who will make the effort. There is assuredly some worthy object we can set ourselves to achieve, and its attainment means real encouragement to essay something further. In this way self-confidence grows, whether the effort is spiritual or intellectual; and in very many instances it is mistrust of one's own powers that lies at the root of the forebodings and despondency that cloud prospects.

It is from those who can look back upon years of experience, across which the lights and shadows have played in the measure that falls to the majority, that the message of uplift can be most sincerely given. They have passed the disappointments that youth often resents so keenly; and they have learned to appreciate them in relation to the greater sum of life. And it is they, looking back, who know what courage and faith mean towards the attainment of happiness and the "best yet to be." Sursum Corda.

A New Year's Thought

Prose Poem

HIRAM M. GREENE

GOOD-BYE to the Old Year! A hearty welcome to the New! Like the dusk that dims the path in the woods, the past lies always behind us; the future is always

before us-a great and glorious dawn that flames the eastern sky with its golden promise of even greater golden days.

We vainly mark off the pathway of Time with the milestones of the years. But Time is beyond computation by man-it always was; it always will be. How many thousands of years has the sun come up and the sun gone down, we do not know; we cannot even guess. How many Happy New Years have fled into illimitable space, we do not even think about. All we know, the greatest thing we have learned about it, is that what has seemed an end has been only a new beginning.

It is customary for all of us to look upon the passing of the years with an eye inclined to melancholy. We think it means the conclusion of something which we in our unwisdom imagine is very dear, very precious, very necessary. We feel in it sometimes the cold hard hand of tragedy. And there are those who, in a sudden consternation, cling blindly. madly, to youth as though all, everything, was in that thoughtless span; and the rest of life here nothing but a wearisome, burdensome, unsteady and fearful step, step, step, down into the grey mists of the unknown valley.

But it isn't true at all. There is, indeed, a certain gaiety in the spring of life. But, too, there is a certain satisfaction in the summer. And as the fruit is ripe

when the leaves turn with frost, so in the glorious autumn there should be joy and contentment. And if it should be our good fortune to come into the purity and calm of winter, we should find in it a peace that can come only to the few who have known and loved life in all its wondrous seasons

And so in many ways the quiet transition from the old year to the new symbolise life itself. It never ends, it only passes on to newer things. At any time of the vear somewhere there is sunshine and flowers. wind in the trees, and white-capped waves running and falling along wide reaches of white sand.

The great tree crashes its majestic length upon

the ground, and soon its limbs are fashioned into tables and chairs, and its great heart is bared for a ship to sail the seven

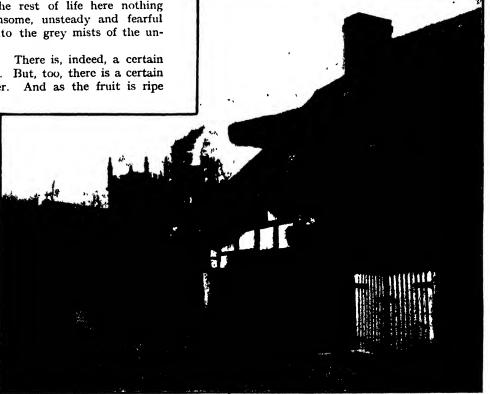
No leader totters but one stands ready to take his place. No star falls but another falls into its place in the firmament. blossom withers, the seed falls; and ten flowers bud where one has died. We are always going on and on to greater things, to more beautiful things, to better things, to more wonderful things. The end (if there can be an end) of one thing is but the beginning of something better than that which was. is what I think; that is what I want to believe; and it is

with these thoughts about life and you and me and those of us who are near and dear to each other, that I wish you, from the bottom of my heart, the best year you have ever had, and I earnestly believe you will get it.

To a Dandelion

If there were just a few of you, how carefully we'd treasure you! But you are such a common thing, as plentiful as anything, just like a million other things, like kindly thoughts and songs and things we never think of till they go, and—then we always love them so. But you're too fine to mind us folks, who make mistakes and have our jokes. We love you, but you do not know it; it is just our way, we rarely show it.

And yet we know that most joy springs from God's great little common things.



NORTON, NEAR EVESHAM, WORCESTERSHIRE.

WITH the season of fancy-dress balls for children already upon us, the mothers in our midst are turning their attention to the baffling question of what their youngsters shall impersonate at their forthcoming costume dances. To think of something "appropriate" is by no means an easy task, for, indeed, it is questionable whether-in the case of a child whose primary interest is in a romp and not in impersonation at allfancy dress is ever really appropriate in this connection. However, since it is as amusing for the ingenious mothermind to devise and carry out pretty fancy dresses for its offspring as it is for the little girl to fashion new frocks for her doll, juvenile fancy-dress balls are likely to continue to flourish, and it is therefore up to us to think of ways in which we may render the wearing of costume as little trying as possible to the youthful impersonator.

Ever since I once attended a children's costume ball, whereat I met with a youthful Sir Walter Raleigh, who shed bitter tears because his sword would trip him up at unexpected moments, and with a Dresden shepherdess who sulked for the greater part of the evening because she found her crook and flower-

basket so terribly in her way, and was not permitted to relieve herself of them lest the perfection of her get-up be marred. I have had the greatest sympathy with the youthful recipients of all such invitations. I can myself remember spending, at a tender age, an evening of acute discomfort in the costume of the Virgin Queen, Elizabeth's bejewelled ruff scraping my neck and making me dreadfully hot and flustered. while my farthingale proved most unmanageable in the dance, and I felt plainer even than usual in the carroty wig with the pearl entwinements that suggested to me the bedizenment of the prize beef in the Christmas shops. 1 have a vivid recollection of registering a mental vow that should it ever be my lot to have a daughter of my own, never should she be put to such distress in the name of entertainment.

For even if the costume itself be not actually uncomfortable in the wear, I doubt very much whether any child derives real enjoyment from the assumption of a character part, into whose inner meaning he can possess small insight. Moreover, the child's natural self-consciousness surges to the surface when he is made the cynosure of critical eyes, and admonished from time to time for not bearing himself in a fashion becoming to his rôle. The unusual trappings, the unaccustomed cut and colour, often occasion depths of shy diffidence that the adult consciousness can scarcely credit, and the actual outing which the ignorant and inexperienced mind has long anticipated with pleasure, resolves itself into an evening's veritable torture. It is only when the dance is so far advanced that costume is forgotten, and sceptres, fans, wigs, and head-dresses are abandoned, that real festivity sets in.

Should we, then, give up the idea of fancy dress for our children? Not at all, for if carried out on the right lines, such entertainments may be provocative of the greatest fun and merriment. Give a child but a costume that it can understand, and which really represents something familiar to him, and see how readily he will enter into the idea. Let him choose for himself, say, from the stories of Jack the Giant-Killer, Blue Beard, Aladdin, or Peter Pan, and let the little girls select for themselves from the ever-young histories of Cinder-

ella, Red Riding Hood, Alice in Wonderland, or Mother Goose, and notice how they will help you in making suggestions appropriate to the dress, and how they will throw themselves into the part, and unconsciously act it in a way which would be conspicuously absent had you asked them to represent an abstraction such as Night, Summer, or Fire, or masquerade as an historical personage with whose reputation they have but a passing acquaintance.

Perhaps, on the whole, the most successful fancy-dress parties for children are those in which each child is asked to carry out a similar idea. A very jolly entertainment may be manœuvred by asking the guests to a Bunny's teaparty. All the mothers will be invited to send their little ones dressed as rabbits, but details will be left to their individual choice, so that there will be rabbits of all colours and breeds, lop-cared and long-eared, Belgian hares, and common Ostenders. Or take a book that all the children know and love, such as Kipling's Kim, or Louisa Alcott's Little Women, and let the invitation-card contain a request that the costume be drawn from the characters therein. From the first will come a plentiful choice of

> animal parts, from the second numerous Victorian impersonations that will produce a charming whole, and necessitate very little expense to the parent.

One could go on multiplying instances indefinitely of costumes that will bring pleasure and not distress to the heart of the youthful wearer, but one must go a little out of the beaten path to find them. I should much like to see a juvenile costume ball based on Longfellow's Hiawatha, for instance. How the children would love to come as squaws and braves, and papooses, wearing befringed and beaded trousers and coats of hessian, bandeaux of quills, and with valiant "property" knives stuck into fearsome leather belts. Was there ever a boy or girl who did not revel in Red Indian dress, or assume it without alacrity or doff it without regret? Such, I feel sure, would be the enthusiasm for such a project, that there would be little trouble in inducing the children to share in the work of making their costume, sewing on the big china beads, and neatly preparing the strips of cloth for the deep fringes.

The After-Christmas Refrain

"You doesn't know our Auntie May?
The other day she came to play
Wiv me and Joan and baby-boy;
She gave us each a lovely toy.
They're broked now.

"When Uncle Willie came to tea
He brought a baby doll for me;
Its eyes could shut and open wide;
I poked it, and it 'queaked inthide.
It's broked now.

"The shopman sent a folding cot;
I jumped on it an awful lot,
And played I was a bouncing ball;
I don't see why it had to fall.
It's broked now.

"And once I had a Teddy bear,
I used to cut his yellow hair;
They said, 'Take care, for goodness' sake!'
But I forgot, and made a 'stake.
He's broked now.

"I've nuffen to amooze me wiv.

My Mummie's purse is 'like a sieve,'

She says. 'The money's all runned out.'

So now we'll have to do wivout.

She's broked now!

GERTRUDE M. FOWELL.

Don't make your Child Uncomfortable

Where one style of dress is decided on for all, the children prove less self-conscious, and derive immense satisfaction from comparison of details and effects. The wise parent will provide only such extra impedimenta as can conveniently be carried on the person, and will develop the idea on such inexpensive lines as will render the question of subsequent damage to the dress of minor importance.

One is reminded in this connection that a good deal of unnecessary tribulation of spirit is occasioned in every-day life by the mothers who render their children unduly conspicuous by reason of their garb. I have had confidences made to me from time to time by unfortunate boys, doomed to face the world in Highland dress, and by little girls who had to endure the chaff of

their school companions, on account of the obstinacy of the mother in adopting for them an outlandish style of hairdressing, erroneously believed to be quaint.

When next your daughter receives an invitation to a costume dance, or needs to replenish her stock of clothing, why not take her into your confidence before making a fatal purchase?

Picture Patchwork

A New Use for an Old Craft

By A. M. NADIN

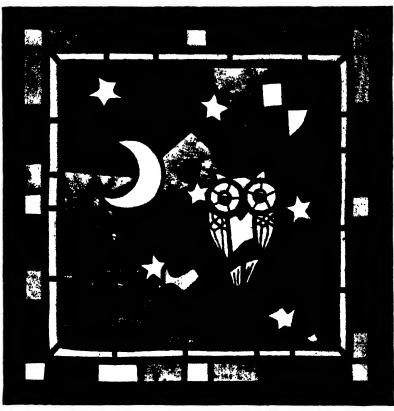
An example of oldtime patchwork, with its countless tiny pieces of brightlycoloured silks, satins, and velvets elaborately joined together with the minutest stitches, is a very different affair indeed from a modern specimen of this favourite form of needlework. which will never go out of fashion not only on account of its quaint charm but also for economical reasons no scrap of good material being too small to be made use of by the clever designer-and we are all bound to practise economy in these days

The patchwork of the moment appears in the form of decorative panels, bands, and motifs adorning the black bags, cushions, tea cosies,

and boxes that are so highly in favour just now. Pictorial subjects can be carried out in this fashion, and have a decidedly novel effect, the outlines of the different colours being concealed beneath narrow black ribbon velvet, black silk braid, or thick black embroidery thread, the latter being couched down.

In this way it differs widely from the old style, and takes much less time to do, as the former method entailed hours of laborious labour, each patch being neatly joined by exquisite stitchery. To be entirely successful the work must be carried out on a frame or embroidery-hoop, and is usually done on a foun lation of strong white linea tightly stretched, on which the design can be traced from a carefully-prepared drawing of the exact size required.

The idea of the nocturnal scene on the cushion cover illustrated was inspired by an old stained-glass window in an ancient Devonshire church, the fine colouring and curious arrangement of the moon and stars being followed as closely as possible. The dark art blues, purples, and mauves of the



A Nocturnal Scene on a Cushion Cover.

night sky contrast well with the rich greens of the conventional tree with brown satin branches. The owl, which is of grey satin slightly padded, was added to lend interest to the picture: the eyes are round black buttons, and feathers are suggested by a few stitches worked in black embroidery silk. The moon and stars are carried out in pale yellow washleather, an ideal material for the purpose, as it can be cut with a neat edge. The shield in the righthand top corner, quartered gules and argent, adds heraldic interest to the design, while the bordering, with its small brilliantly - coloured divisions spaced with studied irregularity, completes the

resemblance to stained-glass mentioned previously.

In working a similar design every separate piece—and there are many—must be sewn flatly and firmly in place, the pieces fitting into one another like the parts of a jig-saw puzzle.

Then the outlining must be commenced, bearing in mind the fact that all ends of narrow velvet or braid must be carefully concealed; it is extremely interesting to find out just how far you can continue to go without coming to a full stop. If velvet is used it must be sewn down on both edges throughout the work. Broad velvet ribbon is used as an outer edging, and completed panels look well mounted on black satin edged with plain black silk cord.

Any bold decorative design with few details may be adapted to this novel form of patchwork, which is very suitable for fire-screens, trays, and large objects generally.

Quite delightful little old-world pictures of cottages, windmills, and seascapes can be done in this original manner, while for quite small things, groups of toad-stools in vivid colourings are new and decidedly artistic.

On Buying a House

Are you thinking of buying yourself a let hi house? If so, it is well to ponder on dition

your signature to the final documents. The preliminary payment of ten per cent. of the agreed purchase price (and remember that the price signified in the first instance is usually in excess of that which the owner will actually be willing to accept) should be made subject to the drainage and builder's report being satisfactory. The acceptance of the cheque involves the vendor in the legal obligation of selling to the potential buyer, in the event of the reports being to his liking; so that you will have sufficient time in which to investigate without risk of the owner accepting another offer. If the property is being sold at a reasonable figure, and is what is known as "marketable," it is perfectly likely that before you have concluded the bargain you may have the opportunity of making money over the deal by re-selling to a second party. Profits of anything from £50 upwards are often made in this manner, but unless one has a reasonable prospect of

securing another equally desirable house.

they are not, of course, worth taking.

certain points and to take expert advice

in certain directions, prior to affixing

The Drains should Receive First Attention.

Your first step, after providing the deposit, will be to call in a drainagesurveyor. And here you must be on your guard, for in the hope of being commissioned to undertake all suggested improvements and repairs, many an unscrupulous firm will, in the report, make a number of wholly frivolous and unnecessary recommendations which. to the lay mind, always ready to take alarm at the mere mention of drains, may seem requisite, though from the practical standpoint the needful alterations may be almost negligible. For this reason it is often wise to seek the advice of the house agent in the matter. provided he be of reliable standing, and ask him to put you in touch with a practical man, whose word may be relied upon. Drainage alterations are frequently made by the incoming tenant in his ignorance, and later on prove entirely detrimental to the system as a whole.

Next comes the Ruilder.

Leave it to the builder to find the proper persons to test the electric installation, the boiler, and the cisterns, and

Points the Intending Purchaser should Bear in Mind

let him report in detail as to the condition of the roof and the possibility of damp and of dry-rot. If much is needed to secure a satisfactory condition of affairs, you will do well to get some sort of rough estimate of the cost (it is often difficult to obtain anything more than an approximate figure for this, but it is advisable to insist on some sort of guiding indication), and then decide whether the house is sufficiently attractive for you to conclude the bargain under these conditions.

No house that bears obvious signs of damp is worth securing, for this is a defect that is most difficult to remedy satisfactorily. The condition of wall-paper and skirting-boards in the basement or ground floors will give unmistakable signs, if damp exists; while on the top story it is the ceilings which you will need to examine with the greatest care. As regards the floors in the lower story, a knife thrust between the boards will soon show whether or not the wood has rotted. Window-frames may be similarly tested.

On the outside walls, the nature of any mossy growth which may have attacked the bricks, is worthy of note, for anything of a fungous character at once suggests the presence of damp and the absence of a proper water-course to carry off the rain-water. A wall that has sunk is in itself a warning to the prospective purchaser.

The Internal Lighting

With regard to the internal lighting of the house. If there are many dark corners where the provision of larger or extra windows would be advisable, the house is hardly worth acquiring unless its price is very moderate, for structural alterations cost dearly nowadays. Even the alteration of the existing electric light installation is fairly costly.

For the uninitiated a great danger lies in the attraction of the eye by superficial qualities rather than by concentration on the practical and essential points. Just as a pretty lining will often sell an inferior coat, so attractive fittings will often get the deciding vote when it comes to the purchase of a house. It is a good plan to view the house under the most unfavourable conditions—on a dark, pouring day, for instance, when there is little sunshine to give a cheery impression to delude the critical faculties of the buyer. Similarly, it is an advantage to be able to examine the house

By MRS. GORDON-STABLES

unfurnished, rather than furnished, for under the latter condition one is often carried away by pretty curtains and furnishings, so that one forgets the essentials.

The Legal

After the builder comes the lawyer. Title-deeds are befogging things for any mind that is not of legal bent, to peruse; and for this reason careful inquiry must be made of the man of law as to the exact liability that one is incurring. The terms on which one undertakes to leave the house as to repair at the close of the lease, and the frequency with which one has to paint its exterior and point its brickwork are points that one has to ascertain with care. The extent of the ground-rent and the proportion of the local rates in relation to rateable value are other important items.

Study the Characteristics of the Neighbourhood.

And, since there is often a "catch" even in the most alluring transaction, have a chat with neighbouring tradesmen (if you do not happen to be on speaking-terms with any of the neighbours), with a view to ascertaining something of the drawbacks of the site. It may be that a railway runs beneath the property, shaking the house to its foundations at intervals, or that about four o'clock in the morning market carts rumble along in front of it on their way to buy produce. It may be that it is anything but burglar-proof, and has already sustained many a nasty attack from the light fingered gentry.

Examine well, too, the environs. If in close proximity there are rows of sordid streets and ugly byways, it may well be situated in a neighbourhood that is doomed to "go down." In that case a long lease would be a poor investment, for when you wish to dispose of it, there may be no buyers at a good figure.

What, too, is the nature of the shops or workshops near at hand? A steam-laundry, or any yard in which hammering, sawing, or other noisy operation is carried out, will be found highly objectionable, even though the nuisance only be noticeable at stated hours. Too close proximity to a high road also is undesirable; for even if one is indifferent to the hum of traffic in the ordinary way, in cases of illness it is much to be deprecated.

The Lost MS.

Chapters VII. and VIII.

By LADY SCOTT

SOCIETY and the stage crowded the Dancers' Club to the doors; there is no longer any distinction that can be safely drawn between the two. Dukes' daughters perform on the variety stage and for the kinematograph, and actresses are, in private life, peeresses! A wellknown prize-fighter stood by the door, and not far off the Olympic lawn-tennis player was talking to his partner. It is a joyous hurly-burly, or so the people who take part in this mad dance would like to make others think. They pretend very hard to enjoy themselves. Some really do so. Violet Cornford was among them, because it was all so new to her that she had not yet had time to discover the tinsel quality of this sort of gaiety. She twirled and stepped and tripped with one of the best dancers of the club, a brother officer of Guy's, called Cecil Grey.

Violet was dressed in a peculiar shade of yellow, which she had made her own. It was more apricot than anything else, but had deeper fire and less opaqueness than what is usually called by that name. The dress was merely filmy sheaths of material, arranged one over the other, but so cleverly cut and hung that, as she moved, the lines continually changed and the colour intensified or lightened as if there were a living fire beneath.

Violet had been a good dancer from childhood; she was light and sure of foot, and had a fine ear for time. Since her coming of age she had taken lessons in the newest dances, which she had never even seen before. She had brought to the intricate steps that thoroughness of purpose which characterised her as well as Evic, and all were now equally easy to her. Apart altogether, therefore, from the splendour which her greatly exaggerated fortune gave her, she was popular for her exquisite dancing and finished manner. She was not a girl with whom anyone could take liberties. Those who were introduced to her had to approach through an accredited channel, such as her brother or a friend, and had, so to speak, to bring credentials.

A well-known politician from the Upper House secured her after Captain Grey. In spite of his rotund limbs and almost hairless head he was as light on his feet as a cat. He did his best to entertain her, and he did not usually fail where women were concerned, but he could feel through all her courtesy that Violet was not thinking about him in the least, and at the end he relinquished her rather regretfully to her brother, feeling he had been a failure.

"Have you arranged it?" Violet asked Guy directly she got hold of him.

" Yes."

"With whom?"

"The pale-faced youth at the end of the room by the big mirror. He's the Hon. Algy St. Clair. He runs it."

"That youth?" she asked, taking a wary glance his way as she and Guy, starting off together, swung to bring him into the line of sight.

"Yes; he runs it, with his wife. She was here a moment ago in a dress of poppy colour, with grapes in her hair."

"Poppy colour! Oh, Guy! Why is it men have no sense of colour?" laughed Violet. "I saw her. It's tomato red—the new shade. I noticed her. Too vivacious."

"She's American, I think. Anyway, we're in for it now. But I warn you, Vi; I don't think you're wise to go to this gaming place. You can get deeply dipped."

"I wish to taste all experience," said Violet grandly.

"You're always so jolly sure of yourself," said Guy admiringly. "I wish I was." In truth he was a nervous highly-strung youth, subject to fluctuations of mood, and vacillating between better ideas and worse conduct all the time

" Are we going soon?"

"After the seventh dance St. Clair's leaving. We can follow when we please."

"Anyone else coming on from here?"
Guy's glance followed hers, and he saw Hawke, the publisher, standing by the door. He had evidently just arrived, and was scrutinising everyone through a single eye-glass.

A slight pressure on Guy's arm made him pull up near the door. Violet flashed her eyes on the new-comer as they stopped.

"I've not seen you here before, Mr. Hawke," she said in her queenly

"It's the first time I've been here," he replied, and his tone and manner left no shadow of doubt as to the lode-star that had drawn him there.

"Do you dance?"

"Not these dances. An old-fashioned waltz alone falls within my compass. I suppose you despise them?"

"No. But they rarely play them here."

"We'll soon arrange that if you will dance with me," he answered.

"I like audacity," said Violet challengingly. Then she turned to her brother. "Shall we go outside a minute, it's so hot in here?" And bowing slightly she passed on into one of the resplendent lobbies. She felt Guy's hand tremble suddenly on her arm, as a youngish woman with bright black eyes and a

most fantastic style of dress bowed to him in passing on the arm of a cavalier.

"Who is it, Guy?" Violet asked, sinking down on a settee.

" It's Mary Meadows."

"Mary Meadows! It should have been Daisy Meadows to complete the absurdity," she mocked. "Crystalline Rubies would be more appropriate."

"It's her stage name. She's the leading actress at the Columbine."

"Of course, I know. She does the inginue parts. I saw her in 'A Bid for the World' the other day. She looked like a haloed saint. How comical! Nothing could be more unlike her appearance in real life."

"This is ours," said Hawke, standing before them as the strains of a simple waltz came out of the dance-room.

"A miracle, old man!" cried Guy, springing up.

"I made no promise," said Violet.

"But now your brother has deserted you," suggested Hawke, as Guy left them, hastening after "Mary Meadows" into the dance-room.

"Needs must," assented Violet roguishly.

The difference in the room was astonishing. During the last modern dance space had been so restricted that the steering was a grave difficulty; the whole room had been a frothing kaleidoscope of colour and movement. There was hardly an inch of polished floor visible. Sixty couples had been hard at it from start to finish. Now not more than ten were gliding about together.

Though she enjoyed the intricacy of some of the newer dances, Violet found herself slipping back with real enjoyment to the well-known movements of her early girlhood. The very music-a waltz tune popular some ten years back -seemed to shower warmly on her and melt something of the ice which had encased her heart. She gave herself up to the mood, swinging over the shining spaces in perfect time and rhythm with her partner, and involuntarily her mind went back to Evie, with whom she had shared those county dances to which they went once or twice a year, when they knew almost everyone in the room. Evie was proud, but Violet's pride was a match for it. At the moment when her cousin had definitely refused to take anything from her, and had turned her back on her offer, Violet had felt herself to be the aggrieved one. She was savagely, furiously angry with Evie for throwing this slight upon her honour. She had asked herself hotly, was it to be supposed that any girl who had just come into great possessions would immediately and without thought sign



' WHO IS IT, GUY? VIOLET ASKED, SINKING DOWN ON A SLTILE "11'S MARY MEADOWS'

Priwn by P b Hickling.

away half of them? The idea was pie posterous! She had salved her con science by saying that when she had time she had meant that Tvic should share in all her pleasures and have a real good time, but I vie's attitude of "spiteful envy"—she called it that to herself-had given her no chance so she had shut down the door on her irre vocably and never mentioned her name Nevertheless, there was a hard lump at her heart, which was apt to ache when ever she was not engaged in some new thing or diverted by some entertainment It was the remembrance of that girlhood passed together that softened her a little this evening, and made Hawke find her more approachable than ever before,

He had met her a good deal since they had both returned to London, but he had made no headway with her whatever and, being a wise man had not imperilled his chances by a rash essay. But to night, as they sat out in two lounge chairs after the dance sufficiently removed from the rest of the company not to be overheard he had a chance

' Are you going on anywhere after this?" he asked

Violet looked at him dubiously Then in a way very unusual for her, she trusted him a little

We are she said 'But it's not the sort of place one talk, about "

I know Young St Clair," he said with lowered voice "I've met your brother there"

"Do you go to those places where they play high?" Violet asked

Why not? As a matter of fact I had vowed I never would enter his doors again, for his reputation is none too good. But I'm going to-night"

'What has made you change so resolute a determination?"

' You know," he said very low But he did not look at her

There was a silence between them

'What does your wife say to these escapades?" she asked at last, and do what she would, there was the faintest tremor in her voice

"My wife!" He laughed ironically "You know there isn't one"

"I didn't know Guy has only met you occasionally, and so have I lt seems most natural there should be a Mrs Hawke"

"There will never be that," he said very gravely

"Please, why not?" She leaned forward a little

"I'll tell you I have always had an ideal of the sort of girl I wanted to marry I have lived for a number of

The Lost MS.

years and never found her. So I contemplated marrying -well, anyone who would promise a certain amount of domestic happiness and give-and-take, for I'm a sort of man who doesn't look upon a single life as the best there is."

"Well?" she said softly.

"Well, that phase has passed too. I can't do it now."

She was silent.

"You don't ask me why not, because you know," he added, and there was that tensity in his voice which is only to be heard when a man speaks from his heart. "I have met the ideal. She is impossible for me, but she has made anyone else impossible too, so I must remain as I am."

There was so long a silence that he thought she was going to say nothing, and then in a very low voice she asked—

"What is the barrier? Is she married already?"

"No. The barrier is, that being a man, I could never contemplate accepting more from a woman than I could give her in return."

"You speak only of material things?"

"Yes; I meant money."

Violet saw her brother approaching, and stood up.

"We are going, Mr. Hawke, but we shall see you again at——" She put her hand on Guy's arm and went off, leaving him there.

"Violet," said Guy, as they drove off in her motor-car which was waiting for them, "I have something to tell you. I didn't know whether to or not, but I think I will. You're not going to throw yourself away on a man like Hawke, are you?"

Violet leaned back on the cushions and laughed merrily, but there was a note in her mirth that did not ring true.

"You absurd boy!" she exclaimed.
"You say you have got something to tell me, and then you ask a ridiculous question like that! Well, to clear the way, I'll answer you. I have not the least intention of marrying Mr. Hawke."

"But you like him, don't you?"

"I'm sorry my manner has given away so much. Yes, I like him; but to marry a man in business—— Why, Guy, you know my ideas about that."

"Yes, I do; and that's why I'm going to warn you. Lord Uplands is dying to propose to you, but doesn't quite dare."

There was a silence, then Violet asked in rather a strained voice—

"Did he tell you that?"

"Not in so many words, of course; but he was so anxious to know if there was a chance, he showed me what he meant. He'll be the Earl of Mantown after his father."

"Yes," said Violet dully.

"He's quite a decent fellow." Guy

went on. "I've seen a good deal of him."

"He's so uninteresting," said Violet at last.

"He's supposed to be one of the most eligible men in Society. Besides, he's a solid man, not just a youth. You'd feel safe with him."

"May be. Oh, yes, Guy"—as he was about to interrupt—"I know all that. One can't have everything. I believe Aubrey Moreways, Lord Uplands, is quite a decent fellow. I believe he really cares for me, so far as it is in him to care for anyone. He would give me all he has. So far as the money goes, it would be a fair bargain," she went on. "He is not too well off for his position, and what I have would be a great help. In exchange I should have the family name, and eventually be a countess. It would be fair enough that way, but the other way--- I have so much that I could give-" She stopped again, and her voice had a note of emotion in it that Guy had never heard there. "What I could give, compared with what that dull man could give in the way of love, would be as the universe compared with the earth! If I agree to marry him, all that would have to be smothered down, and the sooner it died the better for us both, and then we'd get along quite well."

Guy was uncomfortable. He did not understand this.

"Then if Uplands approaches the subject again, what am I to tell him?" he asked.

"Oh, you can tell him to try his luck," said Violet carelessly. "If one has to make the plunge, it's no use shivering on the brink."

Chapter VIII. Hiram Buyer.

At last! At last! After weeks of waiting and patient asking at the little shop at the corner, Evic found a letter there addressed to her, bearing the firm's address stamped on the back. Joyously she snatched it, paid the due, and hastened to her own room to read it. The fact that it was a letter, and not the returned MS., confirmed her highest hopes. She hardly waited to tear off her hat before she sank into a chair and with trembling hands opened the letter. It was fairly long.

"MADAM,—Our reader has reported on the MS. sent for our consideration, and, as it contains promise, we quote some part of his opinion, which may be valuable to you in view of further work.

"'This book shows signs of promise. The writer has the power of visualising scenes so as to make them live before other eyes than her own. She has

vitality, and knows how to manage incident. But the plot is one that might have been taken from any old-fashioned novelette, and the characters are mere lay figures copied from other books, with no resemblance to living human beings. As, however, the book is lively, and in spite of its obvious defects carries one on, it is safe to conclude the writer has that one precious quality, which is indefinable, yet without which no writer can hope to succeed-I mean the knack of gripping the attention of the reader. If she would take advice, and follow her own highest interests, she would destroy this MS. altogether, and try to forget it, then start afresh with a very careful study from living models.' The MS. is returned herewith.

" We are, madam,

"Your obedient servants,
"Watson and Hawke."

Instead of being gratified that a publisher's reader of experience had spent time and trouble in giving valuable criticism—a most unusual course, and one which showed he thought she might have the root of the matter in her—Evic was filled with fury.

Her characters lay figures, indeed!

She mentally reviewed them. The splendid Philip Leverton, with his "inscrutable eyes and square jaw denoting an iron will." The strong silent man of fiction! The herome Gwendoline. " with a wealth of chestnut hair, which showed gleams of gold when the sun glinted on it. Her deep violet eyes under long fringed lashes." Her curls had a knack of coming loose and floating about: some were even "wafted" on one occasion across Philip's face in the garden, so that he was " maddened by the fragrance." Gwendoline had, in all innocence, engaged herself to the villain, who was madly desirous of marrying her, and by the time she met Philip she was breaking her heart over it, having found him out, but she was determined to stick to her pledged word and be an unhappy wife.

Evie looked again at that outrageous reader's opinion, which had evidently been handed to him for confirmation before being sent, for underneath, in tiny handwriting, was added: "That villain must have had some good in him if he was so anxious to marry a simple penniless girl, when he had nothing to gain by it. Why should he?"

Why? Because that was the way of villains, of course! They always did it!

Evie flounced out of the house again, and went to demand the MS. at the little shop. It was there, and was handed to her with an apology; the woman had forgotten it, as she had put it away on a shelf behind her.

When Evie got back to her room and

began her usual preparations for tea, she several times stopped and waved the fork or the frying pan -for she was having a fried egg that evening-exclaiming-

Idiot! Fool! I knew he had no perception! Why did I ever entrust it to him? No wonder all Watson and Hawke's books are dry as dust, if they have to pass through that sieve!" and such-like exclamations

After tea she opened the precious book, and found some indelible pencil hieroglyphics on the front page So she tore it off, re-typed the title and address, and, writing a short note with it, re placed the whole in its box She remembered having seen that day in the per sonal column of the paper an advertisement asking for original MSS of novels, " of love and life with a powerful dramatic plot" She hunted this up, and, without more ado, addressed her novel there, and went out and posted it at once

"Charlotte Bronte s novels were refused again and again " she told herself, the tears coming to her izes as she returned to the empty room, "or was it Jane Austen's? Inyway, somebody very cele brated I was a fool to entrust it to such a narrow unemotional reader, but he shall see!

She missed the excitement of expectation the next day and was dull and tired. When she came out of the office soon after six o clock, she saw standing at the corner of the street one of the clerks, a young man of two or three and twenty, called Percy Gold He was a good looking shy youth, and Lvie had haidly ex changed a word with him in the course of work She nodded to him in passing, and he raised his hat, then, to her surprise, began to walk along beside her. He said nothing, and she supposed that he was just going the same way by accident But when they reached the omnibus it Charing Cross he helped her on and as she scated herself on the top she found he was still beside her

" Do you come this way too?" she asked, a little disconcerted

"Yes," he answered Just that and nothing more

It was obviously impossible to sit in dead silence all the way, and as he volunteered no conversation she began to talk She was so sore, and longed so much to unburden her soreness to someone, and receive balm for her selftelling her companion all about it. He listened gravely, even when she began

esteem, that presently she found herself to try to tell him something of the plot in the endeavour to prove it was good



HE RAISED HIS HAT, AND, T WALLED QUIETLY AWAY. WNING,

The Lost MS.

"Sounds very interesting," he remarked when she stopped. "That's just the sort of story everyone wants."

"Then why did they refuse it?"

"I'm not surprised. Watson and Hawke is a straight firm; you never find any mean tricks there, as they say there are in other publishing houses. But all the same, they don't seem to publish popular books."

Evic's spirits began to rise.

"You think it would be popular?"

"I've no doubt of it. I should like to read it, and I'm just like hundreds of other people," he said modestly.

Evie usually got down at South Kensington and walked to Earl's Court. When they stopped there she made a movement to pass her companion, but he too got down, and began to walk beside her. She felt uncomfortable.

"It's very curious you should go this way," she began uneasily.

"I'd like to see you home, if I may."

"Oh, there's no harm; but I hope I'm not taking you out of your way."
"Not at all."

He parted with her at the end of the street where her house was.

Evie was much refreshed by this conversation with one so near her own age, and her spirits rose. She possessed that blessed temperament which always rises naturally, unless any abnormal weight presses it down. There are people who, on the contrary, always remain at the bottom of their little pool of life unless some unexpected piece of good luck sends them temporarily to the surface.

For the next two days Evic did not see Percy Gold, but on the third day he was waiting for her at the corner of the street as she left the office. She was childishly glad to see him, for all day she had been bursting with a great secret that she did not care to confide to anyone. She took it as a matter of course that Percy should sit beside her on the omnibus, and she thrust at him immediately a letter from Hiram Buyer, the publisher to whom the novel had gone.

"We have had our reader's report on the MS. entitled Honour Before All, which you were so good as to send us," the letter ran, "and we are happy to tell you that for plot, characterisation and style, he thinks very highly of it indeed. In these days of high costs it is, unfortunately, almost impossible to take the risk of bringing out the first work of an unknown author, which we imagine you to be. But with your co-operation, we think that that difficulty might be got over. If you could call upon us any time in office hours, any day that suits

you, we should be glad to discuss the question."

"Characterisation!" said Evie, with a shining face. "Characterisation specially noted! What about Mr. Forest now?"

She looked triumphantly at Percy Gold, and something in the boy's rather melancholy dark eyes gave her a shock.

"You will be a best-seller," was all he said, however, as he folded the letter and returned it to her, and it was she who fell silent.

As they walked down the last street she asked abruptly—

"Where do you live?"

He paused a moment, and then answered in a rather queer tone—

" Hendon."

"Hendon!" She stood stock still in her surprise. Then added, "But that is miles away!"

" Of course it is."

"Then why——" She stopped and blushed furiously.

"Because," he stammered, coming very near to her and speaking low and fast, "because to be with you is the greatest happiness I can have; because I want you to let me take you home every day."

"Oh!" Evie started back, and then began walking on very fast, but he kept step with her. "I am so sorry," she blundered out, as agitated as he. "I did not mean anything like that at all."

"I thought perhaps you understood; you were so kind in letting me come. You seemed to like to talk to me"

"I'm so sorry," she cried again, her cheeks aflame. "I didn't understand. Such a thing never entered my head. You must never come again, of course."

"Please don't say that. I don't expect anything. I won't even hope anything, if you say I mustn't. But don't say I'm not to come any more." He had found his tongue now.

"No, no, of course you can't come. It would never do. It's all my fault; I see it now. But it never entered my head."

They had reached the place where they had parted before.

"Don't be so distressed," said Percy.
"I wouldn't have you distressed about anything to do with me for the world. I only want to help you—to serve you. If I can just see you in the distance at the office I can live on that. I ought not to have been so quick; but it didn't seem quick to me, because I have thought of you night and day ever since I saw you first."

"Stop, stop!" cried Evie. "It's all wrong." Then out of a noble desire to make him understand how final were

her words, she added with an effort, "There is someone else I care for."

He raised his hat, and, turning, walked quietly away. In great distress of mind Evie returned to her room. It was the first proposal, or beginning of a proposal, she had ever had, and she took it very much to heart. She did not know how far Percy would have gone if she had not stopped him. Presumably he was getting about three pounds a week, and he might have expected her to marry him and go to live in some little house up Hendon way for the rest of her life. And it would have been natural enough. Why should he look on her as so different from the other girls? She was earning her living too. But she realised then, as she had never done before, that she had no intention of living this life always. It was only temporary. She was going to get money -lots of money-from her beautiful book! She had read of people making hundreds of thousands out of a successful novel, and this publisher said it had all the qualities to ensure success. Then she would go back to Crossways and patronise Violet-not a very noble ambition! She would not mind meeting Dick then. It had been the thought of him that had nerved her to make the final break away from home. thought of his return to find her there as "penniless little Evie," to whom he might be chivalrous enough to ofter marriage, though he only regarded her as a sister, was intolerable.

Thus she built her castles in the air. And the next day, with beating heart and shining eyes, she went, in her lunch hour, to interview the great Hiram Buyer, and take the first step towards turning them into reality.

When she had given her name, adding that she was "E. G." who had sent a MS, she was taken up at once to the sanctum of the great man. He was tall and thin, with a white face and a shock of thick reddish hair. In some way his personality very strongly suggested a cigar, though it was difficult to say how. He was deeply absorbed in a pile of papers when Evie was ushered in, and his manner was preoccupied as he indicated a seat.

"E. G.?" he said, looking at the pencilled card. "And the real name, Miss Glennan?"

"Yes," she assented, too nervous to get out more than the one word.

"Well, Miss Glennan, we told you in our letter that our literary ad-

viser is very favourably impressed by your work—er—er—Honour Before All"—refreshing himself by a glance at the MS. before him.

be continued.

Old Sussex Firebacks

Illustrated by Permission from Specimens in the Victoria and Albert Museum

In the days when Sussex was the county of the ironfounders, a great portion of their most decorative work was lavished upon the adornment of the firebacks, which formed the feature of attraction in the open fireplaces of the time. As is frequent when the craftsman is both peasant and artisan. the ornament applied to ironwork of this description was largely drawn from native legend and from local themes, rather than from deliberate patterning; so that the various styles in which these old firebacks were fashioned are eloquent of the times and people which produced them.

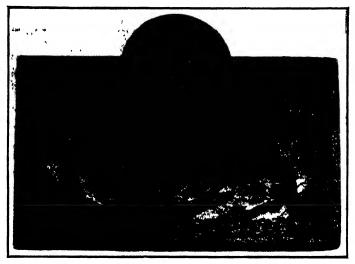
Collectors of antique furniture, who like to have their rooms en pièce, are

keenly alive to the value of a genuine old fireback set in the fireplace of a room furnished in Jacobean or farmhouse oak. In many instances modern Dutch replicas are bought under the impression that they are old Sussex work, although careful examination would reveal the fact that the casting is coarser and the design altogether clumsier than would be the case in the authentic specimens.

Just as the carver of the mediæval



An Eighteenth Century Fireback with a Basket of Fruit and Flowers.



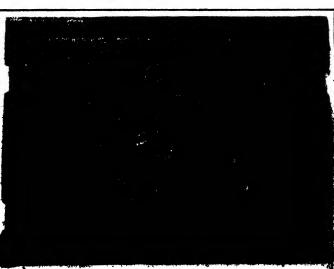
A Sixteenth Century Cast-Iron Fireback, with the Royal Arms, France and England Quarterly, and Supporters a Lion and Dragon, as used by the Tudor Sovereigns, except Henry VII.

gargoyle worked his Biblical figures and his local legendaries into his stone, so the Sussex founder of the late Middle Ages loved to take such Bible stories as those of Moses and the Brazen

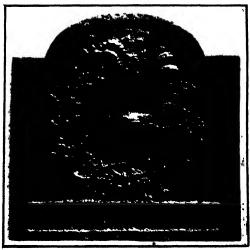
Scrpent, Eve and the Serpent, and Jacob and his Ladder as subjects for his skill. The archaic treatment of these themes, partly due to the simplicity with which they presented themselves to the mind of the ironworker, and partly to the limitations imposed by the medium in which he was working, forms a great part of their charm; one gets the story without any excrescences or elaboration. Another favourite form of ornament is to be found in coats-of-arms and heraldic crests, as well as in cartorches bearing either initials or devices of more or less decorative kind. Not infrequently the patriotic feeling of the founder would find expression in the embossing of

the Tudor rose, the royal crown and arms, the intertwined thistle, rose, and shamrock; while in certain parts of the country the backs tend to one particular pattern, ordained by the local magnate for the use of his tenants.

A rough symbolism is characteristic of the early ironwork. The bird, a symbol of the human soul, is a frequent feature, while the emblems of faith, hope, and charity often occur either as central ornaments or as details in the bordering. As befits (Concluded on page 193.)



A Sixteenth Century Cast-iron Fireback, representing the Marriage Feast at Cana of Galilee-



An Eighteenth Century Cast-iron Fireback, showing a Cock within an Oak Wreath.

In the Big Outdoors

The Snowdrop.

A friend of mine each year buys the first bunch of snowdrops he sees. No longer

young, to him these little flowers have become very precious. They are the year's first flower gift, heralds of hope, and foretaste of the beauty that shall be. In them already has winter turned to spring and life has conquered death.

There may be cold days and postponed hopes, but somehow when the snowdrop comes he feels the worst is over. In them the year has definitely set its face summerwards. And having come thus far on his way he seems to feel the summer also shall be his.

They are certainly a precious gift, the more precious because so timely. For in life timeliness adds worth to all gifts. When kindness is shown matters not less than how it is shown. To be at a friend's side in the hour of her utmost need is friendship's crown of friendship.

There is the merit of the snowdrop and other early flowering bulbs. Instead of coming when the great flower clans migrate from their underworld, they make a more lonely and daring pilgrimage. They do not crowd round us in summer-time, but hold themselves back, content to remain unseen, as though they knew of flowerless days far off and a need that will be. Has someone told them that the summer "song of the blossoms" will cease and the world will be glad for any little song of hope?

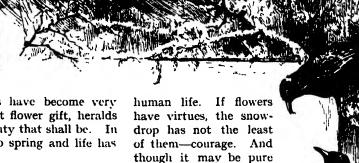
Their secret is really one of deferred flowering—deferred, doubtless, for their own sake, with no thought of us, for there is no sentiment in Nature. Yet is sentiment part of life, an enriching of life; and, dwelling as we and the flowers do in the same world, the heart dreams of kindly relationships.

Whatever the ultimate purpose of that postponed flowering, it turns out at least for our advantage and cheer. And though Ruskin thought it less than just to make so much of the snowdrop, it having an unfair advantage in coming first—or shall we say last—we shall doubtless continue to cherish its memory and speak its fame for that very reason—the timeliness of its coming.

Long ago I saw an account of a flower-show somewhere in Europe. There were blooms of every variety, cultivated with the finest skill and care. Yet these

children of fortune were not the most prized. The little Edelweiss was crowned queen of the flowers—prized just because her beauty had been won from the storm and the cold. On exposed heights that tiny flower of the snow blooms, making beautiful the tops of the mountains.

To bloom in winter or on mountain heights is not the easiest task—at least, not so when one comes to



have virtues, the snow-drop has not the least of them—courage. And though it may be pure sentiment, the wee flower of the snow will continue to be to me what it long has been, a symbol of courage and of kindliness, a sacrament of hope.

FRANK GARIH.

Sky-Pictures.

Have you a little window in your house from which you can watch the sunset? Then, happy you; for you can leave earth altogether for a while and roam strange sky-lands where carps and

cares are left behind. And they are never monotonous or dull—unless, perhaps, on a drizzle evening when the grey mist is unbroken; and even then there is a quetude about the dull silvery stretch which has a half-fascination all its own.

But the squally stormy skies, how grand they are! There is a bank of white and dun with a deep black mountain set steep against it. And a ray of sunshine comes creeping, turning the shadows into gold; while a rose-glamour touches the edges of the peak; and feathered angels, white and filmy-winged, drift swiftly across the black. Perhaps a rainbow falls athwart the sky-cape, and we watch it dipping down towards the earth.

The sunset hour of a peaceful day is another lovely picture. We are rather tired with mundane happenings, and we climb the dozen stairs and peep out of the little window near the roof.

There is a blush over the western heavens—a pink

blush, very pale and shading into primrose. There are wonderful palaces of rest built of cool blue stones, with here and there a crimson wall where the sky flowers ramble in coloured splendour. White marble steps reach up and up, and there are gardens and glinting fountains, and a shadowing forest or two of deepening greens. I think there is a stretch of fairysea and a sand-beach of gleaming glory beside it.

Holiday-Memories

I think some spot of holiday stands out for you and me, With something of a glamouring about its memory; It may be in our little isle, or in some foreign clime; We never shall forget those scenes of "once upon a time"!

Perhaps it was where cool winds swept across a silvern bay; Perhaps it was a heather moor with thrushes' carols gay; Perhaps it was some olden town of legend-lore sublime— We set that holiday apart in "once upon a time"!

And looking on the slushy street, we quite forget it's there; We beed no traffic-shrieking din, 'tis peaceful everywhere. For we, we've left it all behind, the fog and neise and grime. We're living still that holiday of "once upon a time"!

ILLARY BROWN.

In the Big Outdoors

And winged babies (fairies or angels, who can say?) play with the shimmering sand. The sun itself is a wonderful gateway—rounded at the top—which is disappearing behind the hills, and we think if we could only fly right through its glory, we should find life's dreams the other side.

A bird sings a vesper-song on the roof below, and we look at its throbbing brown throat. When we raise our eyes to our dream-gate again it is gone, and only a radiance remains. And we go back to life rested a bit; even with a spirit that can cope with the small petty worries of everyday life.

IANTHE DRAGE.

When it Rains.

We need a lot of patience, sometimes, on a wet day. We have donned our gayest garb to go for a joy-ride, and down comes the rain! And we sit down and say, "It will clear presently." We take a book and read for half-an-hour. Still it rains! We do three rows of

knitting; the rain sweeps across the garden and thrashes the rose-stalks till they flop, flop against the window. At last we go up and put away our "happy clothes," and descend once again—in our shabbest turn-out-cupboardest attire. At the moment we turn to the door to shut away the drip which annoys us—out comes the sun. We rush off and haul out the pretty hat and cloak, and off we start, feeling twenty and a bit, where we had felt sixty and a bit before.

Sunset Colour

Touching the black horizon's jagged edge Crimson the fierce sky flames, and golden-red: Orange and saffron, lemon and pale green Pass into turquoise-blue and lavender. The rainbow's many-coloured beauty shines Along the brim of Heaven, and pearly clouds Float lightly flecked upon her dark high dome.

Behind me in the East the patient hill
Stands waiting, sorrowful and lonely there,
Crowned with tall firs, gloom-shadows of the night;
Behind her, piling up the eastern sky,
Thundering clouds, blue-black and ominous,
Gather about her, darkening all the air;
Yet, turned towards the sunset's radiant face
A faint reflection of its glory falls
Upon her, lighting up her grass and trees
A tender green, her soft earth warmly brown,

E'en so may we, o'ershadowed by despair
When cruel sorrow draws her heavy veil
Around us; or when ignorance and wrong
In threatening clouds darken the face of life,
And light seems fled; then, steadfast, waiting, we
To some far gleam of Beauty or of Truth
May turn our weary eyes; when least we hope
Some coloured Star of Love will shine near by
And give us cheer throughout the lonely night.

The sky burns on; the darkening land, the hill, The stars, the fields, watching, await the end The sunset lingers still—and fades—and dies. Amongst the trees the wind comes calling low—Whispers, and flees—and peace is over all, And stars come out above God's quiet earth.

V. HINCKLIY.

There's a lot about life which is a reminder of wet-days. We are so gay and glad and happy, often, and our hearts are holiday dressed, with brightest hopes of the good time coming. don't bother about the clouds which are creeping near; we hardly see them. The rain can't last, we say; and we hum a little, and sing a little, and admire the cheery vesture we have chosen. A storm comes driving along - our spirits droop, and we wonder if our "going out" is to be spoilt. We set to work at the knitting of pluck-strands, and our needles click steadily and strongly. But-we did want that bit of gladness which the tempest is spoiling. By-and-by we lay away our brave clothes of holiday texture; the jaunt of happiness is not for us.

And drab-gowned, we glower at ourselves in the mirror and brush the bits of curl out of our hair until we look as grey and shabby-souled as we feel. Then down we go to life's front door—we mean to slam it:

slam it hard! And, just then, God's own bit of sunshine scampers over the hills and bursts into the hallway. We look up the road and down; the dinge has gone out of the sky and the clouds are golden-backed. Before we know where we are we are rose-clad once again, and we call ourselves stupid and thankless and faithless. We tell ourselves we ought to have known that the Keeper of the Sunny Hours of Life has His own bits of gladness to shed on us in His own good time!

L. GARD.

Old Sussex Firebacks

Concluded from page 191

the rude art of the man of the soil, as distinguished from that of the town-dweller, the common implements of agriculture—hoe, rake, and spade—likewise appear in deference to the obligations which they have placed upon mankind.

Occasionally the peasant art expresses itself in a simple humour. The parson performing the marriage service over a bride and bridegroom whose expressions forebode anything but a placid future, forms a subject which evidently appealed to the bucolic mind, for one nuds compositions of this character in various parts of the country, the whole being supported by the legend "He laughs best who laughs last," or by some other simple cynicism suggestive of matrimonial infelicity.

Among the later firebacks one finds

a number of well-defined types of ornament copied from Continental originals. Thus a pot of tulips is a common type of decoration taken from the Dutch ironwork, while from Flanders come allegories such as that of the Dance of Death and the Birth of the Phonix. The Victoria and Albert Museum possesses a large and varied collection of firebacks proper for the most part to the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, from which one can trace the influence wielded on our own foundries by the styles predominant in the Netherlands, Germany, and Flanders. But despite the debt which our native workers owe to the Continent for the introduction of fresh ideas, their own original themes still remain the most attractive. There is nothing in the Museum so splendidly

cast as a certain fireback of extensive dimensions portraying St. George and the Dragon.

Many of the old firebacks have suffered considerably from rust, their decoration being largely corroded by its action. If finely moulded, however, such backs are worth repairing, though it is wise not to attempt too much in respect of restoration, but to be content with a plain sheet of metal affixed to the back of the old. With open hearths once more the vogue for country cottages, these old firebacks will be found to serve a double purpose, for not alone are they extremely decorative, but they form a real protection to the brickwork. Flanked by andirons also of Sussex origin, they form a feature of great interest in the room.

Princess Mary's Engagement

An Occasion of Imperial Rejoicing

Never has the news of a Royal betrothal been received with greater interest and pleasure than that of the approaching marriage of the Princess Mary to Viscount Lascelles. D.S.O. It has been understood for some time past that it was unlikely that any suitor from foreign courts would find any welcome from Her Royal Highness, who is, before all things, British in her tastes, sympathies and amusements. She has in her future husband a gallant soldier, who would already have filled a more prominent place in public life but for the call to active military service.

The Princess's Studies.

THE WOMAN'S MAGA-ZINE enjoyed high distinction when, in 1917, the first authorised account of the Princess's life appeared in its

pages. The Queen herself read the proofs, and the article appeared in October of that year. Hence there 15 no occasion to repeat here the details of the education, directed by Mlle. Dussau, of Her Royal Highness. But there were two subjects to which more than usual attention were directed. One was the study of history, not in the narrow sense of learning mere dates and names, but in the same way as it has been pursued by the Queen all her life. This is the reading which tells of the making of nations, and the movements that have gone to the progress of the world, forming the factors and influences that lead forward. Geography was taught in relation to this, and in that way had a wider value than the length of rivers or the height of mountains. Incidentally, the Princess developed extraordinarily keen perception as a reader of maps, and frequently during the war was of great assistance to the King as to changes of positions.

Princess Mary as a Nurse.

When the Princess had obtained all her certificates in examinations conducted by Sir James Cantlie, for the V.A.D., she undertook a long spell of daily service in the Children's Hospital, Great Ormond Street. Her observations there have given her a very practical insight into the lives of nurses and their working conditions, and whenever the time may come that her advocacy on their



HFR ROYAL HIGHNESS THE PRINCESS MARY.

Photo by Alue Hughes.

behalf is needed, they will have in her one who can speak with authority, and not from the merely sentimental aspect.

Outside Interests

Of the Princess's many outside interests, the movement on behalf of the Girl Guides, of which she is President, enjoys her special watchfulness, and she has on many occasions inspected large contingents of them. It was, perhaps, significant of her open-air tastes that the Auxiliary War Service that claimed her particular support was that of the Women's Land Army. It was on the formal disbanding of the organisation, in the late autumn of 1919, that, at the beautiful hall of the Drapers' Company, she made her first little speech in London. It was charm-

ingly delivered, and entirely to the point. Since then, she has on two occasions addressed the Royal Scots Regiment, of which she is Colonel-in-Chief, a military distinction of which she is very proud, and does not regard as a merely honorary responsibility, as she bestows real concern in its welfare and in that of the wives and children of the men. The last effort before her engagement was announced, with which she associated herself is that of the "Not Forgotten" Association, which has assumed a gracious charge in caring for the 8,300 men, many quite friendless, who are still under treatment in the hospitals of the London Regional Division, and has promised to be present at a great teaparty to one thousand of them on December 20th, for which the King has lent the Royal Riding School at Buckingham Palace.

The Princess is a Keen Rider.

Riding is, perhaps, the Princess's keenest enjoyment, and a day with the hounds is sheer delight to her. Let it be added, too, that she uses always a side saddle, and has never adopted the fashion—now becoming discredited—of the cross-seat. She plays, too, a very good game of lawn-tennis, and none have followed Mlle. Lenglen's wonderful strokes at Wimbledon with closer admiration, or more technical appreciation of their purpose, than she has done.

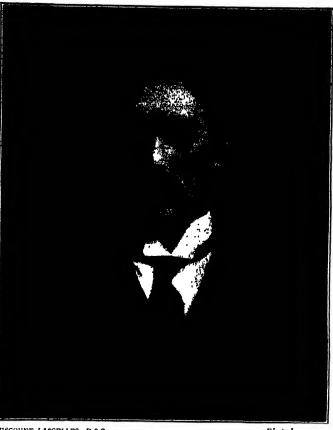
Princess Mary's Engagement

At the end of November the annual display of the London Needlework Guild took place. and for the first time in its history the Queen's own "group" fell into second place. Princess Mary's "group," largely composed of her own girl friends, surpassed it, and reached the tremendous total of 12,500 items, Her Royal Highness's own handiwork in it including some knitted "woollies."

Viscount Lascelles.

Viscount Lascelles is nearly fifteen years older than his Royal bride-to-be, and has heen exceedingly popular and well known in Society. The wiseacres nodd d their heads and wondered whether there was "anything in it" when he stayed some time at Balmoral in the autumn with the Royal Family. and still more so when

he was included in the house-party at Chatsworth, during the Princess's visit there at the end of October. The bridegroom-to-be had entered upon public life as an attaché of the British Embassy in Rome from 1905 to 1907, when he was appointed A.D.C. to Lord Grey, Governor-General of Canada. This fact will revive the hopes of the Dominion that the Princess will herself pay them an early visit, where everyone wants to welcome her. So far her Royal Highness has had very little travel outside this country, but her opportunity bids fair to come in due course, as the probabilities are that Lord Lascelles will be called to high service overseas. He contested, in the Conservative behalf, a by-election very fiercely fought at Keighley, in 1913, when Sir Stanley Buckmaster (afterwards Lord Chancellor) defeated him by 872 votes



VISCOUNT LASCELLES, D.S.O.

Photo by Lafavette, Ltd.

His Notable Military Record.

At the outset of the war he held a Commission in the Reserve of Officers, and was sent early to the Front with the Grenadier Guards. Thrice he was wounded. and once very severely gassed, and his military record is a very notable one. Not only does he hold the Distinguished Service Order, but the French Croix de Guerre -a much-prized decoration-was conferred upon him. All who come into contact with him speak most warmly of his personal bravery and consideration for his men.

Princess Mary's New Home.

Princess Mary will enjoy the possession of one of the most beautiful mansions in all London -Chesterfield House. This was bought a few years ago by Lord

Lascelles, who inherited an enormous fortune and many pictures and works of art from his uncle, the Earl of Clanricarde, and he has made of it a dwelling worthy of a royal bride. In due course, when Lord Lascelles succeeds his father as Earl of Harewood, there will be also for her the splendid palace some eight miles from Leeds, known as Harewood House.

The announcement of the engagement has called forth great tributes of love and loyalty to the throne. To the King and Queen, however, the happy event will inevitably cause the sense of impending loss from their own circle of the bright and charming daughter, at all times her father's loved companion and her mother's most helpful assistant. To the Princess herself the best of good wishes go forth, not only in this country where she is well known, but from Greater Britain overseas. All the Dominions hope ere long to see her.

Our January number had gone to press, and most of it was printed, when this Important Event was made public. Next month we shall be publishing many pictures and further details of the Princess and Viscount Lascelles, and the lovely houses which will be "home" to our Princess after her marriage. We are sure readers all over the world join in wishing long years of happiness to the Royal bride, who has endeared herself to the nation by her womanly, sympathetic qualities

On Being a Christian

The Questionings of one who is Perplexed

By FAY INCHFAWN

"WHAT does it mean? What does it really mean To be a Christian? It must mean more than some would seem to think; And this is why I linger on the brink, Afraid to say My faltering feet have really found the way. Yet, if I can, I want to reach and grasp the truths unseen, But there are many thoughts that come between. So many things! Such harrying fears; such wistful questionings; My heart condemns me every day I live. And yet, I'd give All I possess to realise indeed That I have just the saving faith I need.

"I'm not a Christian! When I try to pray I have no words—I know not what to say. And even as I kneel beside my bed The household plans run riot in my head. I find I'm thinking out The meals; the shopping; how to set about The daily round. But, if I loved the Lord, Sweet thoughts of Him would of their own accord Blot out the earth-life; overbear the worry; And I should never be in such a hurry To set about my tasks, and get away. But what's the use to stay, When I find nothing—nothing—on my lips to say?"

Nothing to say? But you could tell Him that. Just that! Just how you long to grip Eternal things, and not to let them slip.
And you could tell your plannings for the day—The cookings, cleanings, and the tidyings;
The little trivial things
Which always fret you. You can ask that He Will over-rule and keep you, perfectly,
From all known sin. Then you can slowly name Those dear to you, and confidently claim
His interest in them all. . . . And, for the rest,
Lean back on Him; trust Him to do the best.

"But still, I cannot be
A Christian; for, you see,
I never can remember just the day
When first I started on the heavenly way.
I cannot lay my finger on one hour
When earth broke into flower;
When the wild birds sang sweeter, and the trees
And all the humming bees

Spake of His glory. Yet, I've heard of such. Have heard—ah, yes—and envied overmuch! Because, to me,
There was no revelation such as this;

No wondrous ecstasy;
No rapturous bliss;

No strange deep peace, like that vouchsafed to some. I wonder, have I ever really come?"

Oh! go upstairs alone and shut the door,
And humbly say:
"Lord, Christ, suppose I never came before,
I come to Thee to-day.
My want of feeling, and my fears, I bring to Thee,
So make me just what Thou would'st have me be."

"But surely, if I served the King of kings I'd be more taken up with heavenly things. My heart within me does not always burn At thought of His return.

I want so much to see my plans mature;
To know my bairns secure.

Instead of waiting, watching for His feet,
I find my earth-life sweet.

And can I dare to hope that such as I

Will be caught up to meet Him in the sky?"

Do you remember how you went away And left the bairns at home? And how one day You sent a trumpet and a concertina For little Bunty and for Baby Lena?

And were you angry that they found delight
In the new toys? And were not heard to say
They wanted you; nor clamoured for your coming;
Nor grieved for you; but hugged the playthings tight,
And even took them up to bed at night.

But when you came! They heard your taxi humming! Down went the concertina! To the floor The trumpet fell unheeded! While once more The little loving arms were clinging round you. You felt the shouts of welcoming surround you. They touched the hungry wistful soul of you. They satisfied and reached the whole of you. For now you knew That you were more to them than all the joys Of all the cherished sweetly-precious toys. . . . And shall the Greatly Understanding be

And shall the Greatly Understanding be Less loving, and less tender unto thee?

Lean back on Him, from morn till set of sun.

A "Christian" really means, "Christ's little one."

Poems that are like no others ever written

Fay Inchfawn's New Volume is Now Ready

"VERSES OF A HOUSE-MOTHER"

Price 3s. net

Finishing the Bed-Sitting-Room

The "Chintzy" Room is to be Recommended

By
Mrs. GORDON-STABLES

THOUGH the room that is designed on strictly "period" lines may look exceedingly well in the furnishing catalogue, we know from experience that this style of room, like that which slavishly follows a particular

slavishly follows a particular school of decoration, is apt to prove extremely hampering to its owner, debarring her from making additions at will and turning a very discouraging face upon all accessories that are not entirely of its particular way of thinking. This is an article for those who prefer to be comfortable rather than correct, and adaptable rathe than rigorously æsthetic.

A room that will permit one to introduce practically any type of furniture and any description of picture is the "chintzy" room, an admirable style, especially for the bed-sitting-room, where it is essential that all be kept fresh and simple.

A Desirable Bod-Ottoman.

The chintzy room, too, enables the problem of the bed (always the first question to call for attention in the equipment of the room with a dual rôle), to be satisfactorily settled at the outset, for I have lately met with a bed-ottoman that by day tucks its mattress and bed-clothes into its interior in a way which gives no hint of its useful work by night. This ottoman can be covered in any cretonne or chintz selected, its price being three pounds ten when an eighteenpenny material is chosen, and proportionately more when a more expensive fabric is used. Well sprung and soundly constructed. this is an excellent investment for the bachelor girl. With its head let down and its little lengthwise ledge inserted to give support at the back to the pillows (which, needless to say, will wear by day chintzy covers to match) it will afford her as cosy a night's repose as any bed of the conventional order.

Comfortable Chairs are an Essential.

Rush-bottomed chairs are always a safe purchase for the bed-sitting-room. They are accommodating in character, for one can place equally well "sporting" prints, pre-Raphaelite photogravures or coloured woodcuts in conjunction with them. Nor is one obliged to acquire them in sets; one can pick them up at divers times, as occasion presents itself, secure in the knowledge that no matter how they may differ in the details of rails and legs, one and all

will accord with the rest. Indeed, I am inclined to think that even for the bedroom, that is not actually of the bedsitting-room order, but which is required

To have to do with nothing but the true, The good, the eternal; and these, not alone In the main current of the general life, But small experiences of every day, Concerns of the particular hearth and home.

BROWNING.

to prove a haven to which its owner may sometimes fly for solitude during the day, and whither she may likewise take a chum for a private confabulation, these rush-bottomed chairs are far and away preferable to those uncompromisingly upright and inhospitable concerns that rightly go by the name of "bed-room chairs." For these I have but little use at any time.

In the collection of pewter there is, for those interested in antiques, a really delightful hobby. Any collector's handbook will provide information as to the leading pewterers' marks, and the novice will soon learn to distinguish between Britannia metal and pewter proper, the initial stumbling-block for the amateur. Nothing will look better on the walls of the chintz-cum-rush room than a few old pewter-plates for the tops of shelves and a tankard or two for the mantel-Cleaned every fortnight with plate-powder (a far better medium than brass polish for this type of metal), the old pieces will soon permit their silver alloy to shine forth and illumine the little apartment.

For the Floor.

For the floor of the chintzy room I would commend a certain "bungalow matting," made in the twenty-seven inch width at five and sixpence a yard. and of great durability as well as of particularly pleasing cheery appearance. It is fashioned in various colour combinations, and is very suitable for simple furnishing effects. Or again, the washable and reversible wool rugs, which are now made in the most excellent of designs and colourings, are deserving of attention in this connection. Mats of prairie grass, cleverly woven into a smooth surface that is pleasant to the tread, present another inexpensive way out of the floor-covering problem.

The Dressing-table and Wardrobe.

For the chintzy room that is also to be a "den" for the girl that is growing

up to the age when one appreciates the value of a "room of one's very own," the dressing-table that is merely of common deal with a petticoat of full chintz and a stretched cover of the same for the top, will form a picturesque feature, at a small cost, its petticoat providing a convenient abiding place for hatboxes, shoes, and other necessary items that are best stowed out of sight.

If the room can boast no cupboards to do duty for a wardrobe, the cheapest method of providing hanging. room (barring the corner hanging-cupboard, which at best is but a makeshift) is by means of a fitment of three-ply wood which any carpenter should be able to contrive for one. Using the wall itself as the back of the cupboard. and, if possible, an adjacent wall as one side of it, it remains for him to fit a top, front and second side, hinging the door and providing a lock or other fastening. The room with a conveniently-sized recess will, of course, necessitate merely the provision of a front and top. If one is certain of a fairly long tenure, this method of securing a wardrobe is an extremely economical one.

The Treatment of the Walls.

As for the walls themselves, a soft distemper, say in grey or cream, with a chintzy bordering, either to divide them into simulated panels or to outline wainscot and cornice, will throw into relief the open rails of the ladderback chairs. Or if you happen to be in funds and a reckless mood be on you, you can patronise in this connection a firm which makes a speciality of carrying out to any scheme of decoration, paperpanelling in a particularly attractive style. Unlike most firms that deal in this type of paper, they will provide just enough to dcorate a single room, even if of modest dimensions, adapting the panels and their borders to the dimensions of the walls.

With such a room as a working basis, it should not be difficult to add delightful finishing touches later. No doubt in our walks abroad we shall come across many additions that we shall be glad to acquire for its embellishment.

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When Dorothy Furniss Writes a Letter

Some people can put a ½ pint of ink on paper and manage to say nothing. Others, in quite a short letter, will tell us everything we want to know. And occasionally—alas! only very occasionsliy—one meets a genius who, with a few strokes, conveys more information than pages of writing would ever do; and Miss Furniss—the daughter of that brilliant Punch artist, Harry Furniss—is one of those rare souls. Like her father, she can give all the essentials of a situation, plus some humour, in a few dashes of the pen; and ahe seems unable to write a letter without such delightful additions.

It should be explained, however, that the sketches we reproduce were never intended for publication, but were merely scribbled on private letters written only for the Editor's consumption. Nevertheless, Miss Furniss's many admirers will agree that they are too good to be lost for ever in the vortex reserved for done-with letters. We are, therefore, publishing a few — under strong protest from the perpetrator!

The above letter was written after a parcel of Miss Furniss's sketches had gone astray in the post, and failed to reach our office. Miss Furniss lives near Hastings. Note the trio at the bottom of the sketch "pilgrimaging" over Castle Hill, Prince, the dog, tearing on in front, Mr. Furniss pelting after, and our artist striding upward in the rear. It almost makes you feel breathless to look at them rushing up the hill to the post-office.



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Miss Furniss is first and foremost an outdoor girl, and very keen on gardening. Her letters never devote space to discourse on the weather; but often a little scribble, such as the one on the left, will convey much that will be understood by the sympathetic garden lover. And everyone who has any garden, no matter what its dimensions, will remember the desert that "garden became last summer, and how sadly we, too, looked at our parched and dejected rose trees!

On page 201 will be seen the refreshing result of a shower of rain on that same parched garden.

When Dorothy Furniss Writes a Letter



ho: the does not represent Bedlam let love (as yel') how self preparing the family hearfast after the receipt this postand this resume - 9 am I glad to hear in like the Epamon articles

From the above sketch one concludes that it would be better for an editor's letter accepting a MS. to arrive by the midday post, rather than first thing, when the author is responsible for the family breakfast! At any rate, the poor cat seems to think so!

The sketch below represents one of the hottest days last August, when those of us who lived within sight of gorse constantly saw it burning. The sketch was to explain the express rate at which 'Miss Furniss was working just then.





This water-colour sketch is on a acrap of paper, beside which is written, "I stayed up last night reading your new Flower-Patch story before going to bed till the candle burnt itself out." The ahadow on the wall is a particularly clever touch.



The above sketch appeared on a letter written a few weeks after the one containing the illustration shown on page 200. It speaks for itself. Though not even her own sketch would make me believe that her MSS, comes back to her in shoals: they are far too brilliant for any such fate!

THE girl on the sunny side of work gets the post. For to be on the sunny side of work is to be technically efficient, interested in the job, adaptable, responsible. It includes ability to advance and grow.

Of first importance to the girl who intends to succeed is the question of what the employer wants. Yet many a girl has slipped to an uninteresting defeat because she did not, or would not, recognise this.

Employers ask for many curious things; but in the end they all want the same qualities, and those are few. They may phrase it as "go" or "a knowledge of social usages," "an easy flow of speech," "ability to keep her mouth closed," "high character," or "tact." One employer calls for "maturity and dignity," another demands the quality he describes as "brainy."

All these varying terms come down to the primary thing, which every employer wants and must have—a girl who knows her business. As a rule the employer is not conducting a school, a training-class, or a home for incompetents, but a business which demands technical proficiency.

The board of directors which engages the head resident of a settlement, the physician who employs a laboratory assistant, and the employment manager who takes on a new telephone girl, all ask and expect that this new employee will know

on the belief that he will know how to prescribe for your allments. If you hire a chauffeur the supposition is that he knows the difference between the carburettor and the steering gear, and the man who employs a new woman worker expects her to know her business.

The Three R's are still Important.

Sometimes a young person is employed in a sort of apprentice-

ship job, and then the test is not what she can do to-day but what she may be able to do to-morrow. The shrewdest employers, in interviewing candidates, always have one eye on the present and the other on the future. But even the untrained employee engaged for future values must be able to do the thing that she is expected to do at the outset. She must have a certain amount of technical proficiency. In the eye of the employer technical proficiency means really two things: First of all, it means a thorough knowledge of the exact profession, science, or business for which the candidate is engaged; and second, it means a knowledge of English, spelling, and arithmetic.

Only a short time ago, a very brilliant woman, head of a large social service organisation said to me—

"I want a girl to do some filing and record keeping, really to lay the foundations for a statistical department, but she must know the alphabet and how to add. The girl who had the post is leaving because she could never be depended on to add a column of figures and get the same answer twice in succession, and because the letters she should have filed under M were often under N. and chaos resulted."

Probably most employers, in mentioning minor but essential qualifications, ask for a knowledge of English before anything else.

You should be Able to Take Responsibility.

The next quality which the employer wants is responsibility. By this he does not mean merely the cut and dried attributes of punctuality, honesty, and other virtues which one rather takes for granted, but he means besides this something much more colourful. He wants a person who can be allowed to go her own way, and can be depended upon to come out at



Miss Furniss (called "Buzz" at home) having just read The Lure of the Pen, sent an illustrated letter to the Editor explaining why she had forgotten to acknowledge a cheque from the office.

What Every Employer Wants

the close of the day having held up her end of the business. He means someone who has what he sometimes calls "intelligent co-operation," for the average good employer to-day would much rather you worked with him than for him.

The responsible person is, of course, discreet, does not discuss her employer's affairs with every friend over the luncheon table; she has loyalty and integrity—those things go without saying. But most of all she must be willing to take the responsibility of her own work.

What the employer wants in the head of a department is someone absolutely responsible for the work placed betore her, who will meet her own problems, and handle them herself, without taking up the time of the employer. This applies to the smallest as well as the largest positions. Every post offers its departure from the regular run of

the day's events, and the ability to meet and handle these new situations is essential.

How High can you Grow?

The third attribute in importance is the ability to grow. Young men are chosen very largely with a view to their future worth; and girls, more often than they realise, are picked for this same quality. "In my firm," said one man, "a girl can go just as far as she wants to. There are no limits to her promotion if she can do the work."

It is the settled policy of many organisations, both commercial, scientific, social, and religious, to fill their more important positions with employees who have come up through the organisation routine. It is thought to be good policy to promote employees—good both for the employee and also for the business. Now, in such an organisation there is not much place for the mechanical worker who counts the hours till the close of day, and who measures the delights of her work by the money she can save to get away from it. Heads of such organisations must necessarily choose people who have the ability to advance.

The head of a large organisation who had heard two of his assistants criticised in a kindly way rose to their defence. "They are very capable girls," he said, "they do their work excellently. I have no fault to find with them." And then he catalogued all their readily accessible virtues.

"Wait a moment," said the friendly critic; "will either of those girls ever rise to fill a big position in your firm?"

"Well, no," he admitted.

"Will either one even head a department?"

"Probably not," he said; and then added, after a moment's thought, "And, after all, that is the measure of real ability—the power to go on."

Courageous and honest employers sometimes state

openly that they want employees who will take criticism, a quality that is part of the ability to grow. One employer suggested that the person who would advance was the one who was not afraid to say that she didn't know, because the time and effort of everyone were saved when the new employee was willing to admit ignorance.



The adaptable girl, according to the employer's definition, is not the jack-of-all-trades; she is not the girl who can write advertisements to-day, great drama the next day; she is not one who can be transferred from the stenographers to the bookkeepers, to

the library, to the filing-room, and back again, without missing a stroke, wasting a minute, or making a mistake. But the adaptable girl comes in with the purpose of fitting herself into his organisation, or conforming to the plans and principles which he has evolved for his business. She has a sort of mental agility and suppleness that make it possible for her to fit into the machinery of the place where she has cast her lot. She does not sacrifice convictions, but she can give up habits. The adaptable person is usually the co-operative one, because she finds it possible to fit herself in with other ways, habits, and opinions.

Only two other qualifications are left in the employer's list, and one of these he lists as "interest in her work." The employer who asks that the candidates whom he interviews shall be "keen," "bright," "alert," means that he wants people interested in their work. The successful head of an organisation always has a keen interest, a youthful enthusiasm, for the work, and finds it very difficult to carry out his ideas successfully when assisted by people who work for nothing but wages, for only the hours they are employed, and who have not enough concern or interest in their employer's affairs ever to have a constructive idea or to make a suggestion.

Last of all there is a shining jewel in the crown of the perfect employee that is hard to define, but easy to recognise. The employer has this unclassified attribute in mind when he asks that the candidate must be "presentable," or when he pleads for someone with "poise" or "tact," or for someone who is "wide awake" and "meets people well."

This additional quality is sometimes a matter of that elusive attraction which we call charm; or it may be manner and clothes; in many cases it is an unflagging



When the Drought broke up.

What Every Employer Wants

and never-failing tact. Frequently, it is a high order of mental ability or unusual proficiency in work. And often it is fine health and vigour, and the charm of looks that accompany them. But always this thing that means so much is some quality which is not necessarily identical with any of the others which the employer demands.

Health Goes Without

I have purposely omitted from the list of the employers' demands the question of health, because almost all firms and almost all individual employers take that now as a matter of course. The sickly girl, even with the best intentions in the world, finds it difficult to be responsible,

because of absenteeism. She is not adaptable, as a rule. Her lack of health precludes any real interest in anything, and her ability to advance and to grow with the business is seriously affected by lack of energy and vigour.

The perfect person is the girl who is healthy and enamoured of her work, who knows how to do it, and who fits into the organisation, who carries her end of the load and comes up at the end of the day without whining, who will go to the top of something and let no one stop her, and who will make every other employer who knows her want to engage her—"the girl on the sunny side of work."

The Twenty Minutes' Blouse

No Seams: No Sewing-up

You have only to look at the little, diagram on the left of the illustration on this page to appreciate at once the simplicity of the construction of this attractive blouse model. A quick worker could easily make it in twenty minutes, and even an amateur dressmaker couldn't possibly be very long over the work of making.

The design has a becoming shawl appearance, and, as will be seen from the diagram, is cut from a square of material. A portion of the square is cut away, the corners slashed in about four inches as shown by the dotted lines on the diagram. There are no seams whatever; you merely catch it together under the arms with buttons and loops.

Quickly made, and easy to pack, it is just the blouse for the business girl who has not much time for her blouse-making, but is

often in need of a cressy blouse that she can carry with her to the office and slip into quickly when going straight off to some entertainment in the evening.

Any pretty soft silky material would make up well for this. If a plain-coloured crêpe-de-chine or taffeta is used, embroider some simple design on the collar and pockets as illustrated. But the blouse would also look particularly effective made

BUTTONS LOOPS

A Blouse you can make in twenty minutes.
Pattern No. 9287.

in a brightly-patterned foulard or dyed Shantung, and would then need no further ornamentation.

Face the fronts well in so that the revers can be folded back to any depth desired, and also the point at the back of the neck. Neaten all other edges with a narrow bind or facing.

Make your loops for fastening of a fold of the material; the under-arm loops should be fairly long to allow of freedom of movement, and a lap facing of the material can be placed to extend underneath the loops to prevent any gaping. Ball buttons covered with the material always give a garment a more professional appearance. Any fairsized diapery establishment will now undertake the making of these from the veriest scraps at a very small charge.

When cut from our pattern the blouse ex-

tends a few inches below the waist-line at front, but the depth could easily be added to by applying a band of material, which might then be converted into pockets, instead of using the little patch pocket given in the pattern.

Pattern No. 9287 is supplied in the medium size only. Address to the "Girl's Own" Fashion Editor, 4, Bouverie Street, Fleet Street, London, E.C. 4. Price 9d., postage extra.

In my Walks Abroad

Household Utilities I have Seen

Mrs. GORDON-STABLES

If you wish to purchase any of the items mentioned in our Household Articles, the Editor will tell you where you can procure them, if you write to her enclosing a stamped addressed envelope for reply.

For Curtains

In buying ready-made curtains of Bolton sheeting or of velours, a difficulty often arises in connection with the absence of material for a valance. I find that a well-known firm makes a speciality of providing a deep bordered valance to the curtains themselves, a feature which gives them a delightful finish, whether they are seen drawn or open. If appliqués are employed in the body of the curtain, a similar effect is produced in the valance.

A Saving in Time where Curtains are Concerned.

Don't you always dread the day that will bring back the smaller curtains from the cleaner's, and with them the necessity of sewing on all over again the metal rings that have had to be detached for fear of ironmould? Of course, all that trouble may be avoided if in the first instance one has had the commonsense to employ the useful "Two-Kord Gathering Tape," duly eyeleted so that one has only to detach the festoon-rings from the eyelet holes when washing or cleaning is afoot. These rings are made with two angular arms that spring into the holes, and have only to be slightly pressed together in order to spring out again. They cost 2s. 9d. a gross, a price that not even the most confirmed economist could call dear. The eyeleted tape with the two cords that enable it to be gathered up to any fulness one likes costs but 3s. 9d. a dozen yards in the width suitable for casement curtains, 45. in that applicable to lace curtains. and 4s, od. in that appropriate to heavier makes. All busy women, please note!

Headings for

I often hear it deplored that really nice brise-bises are so highly priced. This is true if the little curtains are bought outright in the form in which they are to be put up. But there is a way of circumventing expense in this as in most household matters. There are now obtainable exquisite fancy-headings for brise-bises, complete with little rings to fit on to the rod, and finished beneath in a pretty scalloped design. To sew on to the lower edge a fall of plain filet net or of transparent fine muslin is only the work of half-an-hour, yet the result will be a curtain that looks expensive but in reality costs but a few shillings. The headings cost just under 3s. a yard, and are of a strong make that

will probably outlast a number of the two and a half yards length, at muslin falls.

Curtains for the Nursery.

Does your nursery need new curtains? If so, your child will probably like to have a pair of the "scooter" curtains, made of Bolton sheeting of deep cream, and stencilled with scooting children and birds scuttling off from their onset. They are wholly delightful in their naiveté and humour, and are priced, in £3 tos. 6d. a pair, the width being fifty inches.

At the same price is the " Jack and the Beanstalk" curtain, with a very attractive Jack climbing up the side, and a dado of toadstools springing up at the foot, with some convivial frogs having a cosy chat beneath their shade. I wish my nursery curtains had been half so intriguing in the days of my vouth!

For Fires and Lights

An Economical Fire-brick.

As a means to coal economy the firebrick is an indispensable adjunct to any grate that is not constructed on modern slow-combustion principles. But the selection of the fire-brick calls for more expert knowledge than is usually accorded it, for there are species of bricks that absorb rather than radiate heat, and prevent the air circulating duly from below. One of the most successful of the improved bricks is known as the Incandescent Fire-Cone, and possesses the advantage of an air-flue hollowed out at the base, so that the fire cannot become choked up or the draught impeded. Triangular in form, its sides are corrugated, presenting a glowing surface almost as soon as the fire is lit. To secure a good warmth, the cone needs but to be just covered with fuel, it being computed that the contrivance itself replaces four pounds of coal during the whole time of its use. When placed in position, the air-flue must face the bars and be set close up to them so that coal may not fall between and block the passage. The price is 2s. 6d., and the cone can be bought from any good ironmonger or stores.

To Revive a Sulky Fire.

When one is servantless, is there any annoyance, I wonder, equal to that of finding that the fire in one's room has been allowed to become moribund, and nceds to be thoroughly raked out before it can be induced to cheer itself up? Even the most philosophic amongst us is apt to become ruffled under such circumstances. I was delighted the other day to find a simple contrivance costing but one shilling, which is specially adapted to meet such contingencies, and also to help one in lighting a fire which is constitutionally averse to being ignited in the first instance. This patent fire-lighter, called "The Tiger" Fire Lighter, does away with the necessity for firewood, for the metal container is filled with a packing which, on being moistened with petroline, gives a fierce flame lasting several minutes. Placed between the bars of a grate with bits of dry coal round it to secure a draught, it soon brings about the required blaze. With one application of the spirit one can obtain a sufficiently lengthy flame from the lighter itself to boil a small quantity of water, so that a member of the household who requires an early breakfast can by its aid procure a cup of tea and a boiled egg without the necessity for invoking the kitchen stove. There is no risk of danger in its use, if controlled by a responsible person. This also can be obtained from any well-equipped ironmongers or stores.

Hot Water from the Dining-room Fire.

Having perfected one's different methods of circumventing the kitchen fire by means of fireless cookers, oil-stoves, and hay-boxes, there still remains the problem of the family's bath. Should you be considering the question of a new grate for your living-room (I do not regard this in the light of a daily occurrence, as do many writers on these topics!) it would be well to investigate the question of the sitting-room grate which is fitted with a high-pressure boiler large enough to provide an ample supply of hot water. You can see the grate in working order in a London show-room and judge of its merits for yourself. The presence of the boiler does not interfere in any way with that of a cheerful open fire, nor does it necessitate the consumption of any but a minimum of fuel.

Is your Radiator Shabby?

The great disadvantage to heating by means of radiators is that, as a

In my Walks Abroad

general rule, the apparatus is extremely unsightly. One may counsel radiatorcases formed from Empire wirework of dull gold, or advise a zealous search for old ironwork of suitable dimensions, or even draw an alluring picture of an ambush formed from choice old panelling, but one knows very well that these desiderata are by no means easy to achieve. For the ordinary humble housewife, aluminium paint represents the easiest solution of the difficulty. Its cost is 8s. a quart, and a quart will transform quite a wonderful amount of shabby metal into a pleasing dull silver. Good aluminium paint snaps its fingers at heat, and does not lose its colour with time.

To me there is something hypnotic about the use of paint. Having once begun on it, I have the greatest difficulty not to succumb to the temptation of applying it to everything within reach. Should you be of the same disposition, you may use any of the aluminium paint left over on a shabby wicker fern-stand (should you happen to possess such a thing), on offending hearthtiles, or even on shabby area-railings. Balcony rails, garden steps, street railings, all respond splendidly to treatment with this medium, and excellent effects may be achieved for the outside of one's house by combining this method of requienating the ironwork, with paint for the door and window-frames of some warm tone. Sapphire blue is particularly successful, and lacquer red is also worth consideration.

The Lustre Light

Electric-light shades of silk and of parchment are by nature ephemeral things, submitting themselves to the cleansing process only at the expense of loss of tint and beauty. I have at long last discovered the secret of securing at a most moderate cost shades both for the wall lights and for the central pendant that, barring earthquakes or a revolution, will in all likelihood last longer than I shall, and lose not one iota of their attractiveness in the meantime. They are fashioned from the old glass lustres, taken no doubt from some ponderous chandelier of Victorian or even Georgian days, a bowl of clear glass being used for the top and a number of small holes pierced all round its circumference from which to hook the glass buttons, from which again hang the long elegantly-shaped drops. Two rows of these buttons there are, the uppermost of white glass like that of the pendants, the other of sapphire blue, which, when lighted up, give a really exquisite jewelled effect. For the central light, there is carried out the same type of shade on a larger scale, a strong flex being provided by

the electrician to support its extra weight (about three and a half pounds).

These shades, which give a peculiarly soft yet radiant light, have cost me 15s. for the small wall-lights and 25s. for the central half-Watt light-a price which will compare very favourably with the more ephemeral type of shade on which I have touched. Their maker, who deals only in old lustre-work, will adapt his design to meet any individual design and use buttons of amethyst, emerald, or amber in place of the blue, if desired. A weekly dusting by means of a soft hat-brush is all that is required to keep the crystals in good form. After the winter fogs, I shall no doubt submit them to the ministrations of a leather moistened with methylated spirit. The annual immersion in soapy warm water. to which our foremothers submitted their elaborate lustre chandeliers, is, I am informed, unnecessary for their well-being.

A Portable Gas

A thing which I am often asked to

recommend is a portable gas oven of modest dimensions, such as may be removed from one room or house to another without the necessity for mechanical aid. A good little oven of this description, which gives baking heat in five minutes, has lately come to my notice. It is priced at 55s., and is heated by means of a gas-ring, placed inside it and connected by means of piping to the gas-supply.

A Cheep Nightlight

Half-a-crown is the price of the new "Kandlet," which will provide you with a hundred hours' light for the cost of 1d. In the form of a small bed-room candlestick, its light is adjustable from a small glimmer to quite a strong flame, its wick being nourished from a container which, if overturned, will refuse to part with a drop of its paraffin, of which the two tablespoonfuls will last the time specified. The little nightlight gives forth neither smoke nor smell, and so is very suitable for sick-room or nursery.

Some Useful Oddments

For the Glass Cooking Utensils,

The new metal holders to fit the various types of glass cooking utensils complete the attractiveness of this type of casserole and baking-dish, for it enables the ware to be easily removed from the oven without risk of damage, The holders are of strong galvanised metal such as will bear the heat of the stove, and are made at prices ranging from is, for every size of vessel. Another innovation in connection with glass cooking-ware takes the form of five glass mixing-bowls, sold at 8s. 6d. the set, a distinct drop in price. The ease with which the glass can be cleaned, and the fact that it does not absorb the flavour of the food, nor give forth its odour, has rendered oven glass increasingly popular ever since its introduction. In times of dear fuel it represents great economy, for while an enamelled metal pan shuts out the heat to a great extent, glass readily admits it. A glass dish filled with cold water and placed in a heated oven will rapidly come to the boil, whereas a metal pan needs to be placed above a burner before its contents will similarly rise to boiling-point. Custard glasses, pieplates, bean-pots, ramekins, and servingdishes are among the latest utensils to be expressed in glass

Needlework

Have you a corner in your sittingroom for which you cherish a particular affection, or is there a view of your garden that gives you especial joy? If so, you can have a needlework picture made of either at a cost ranging from a couple of guineas, according to the size selected. The work will be carried out by a lady who specialises in decorative needlework, and will be a distinct asset among your possessions.

Does your Door Slam?

If your door has a tendency to slam, or you happen to have a small boy who has a tendency to slam it, you may be pleased to learn that a famous firm of lockmakers have perfected a Door-Closer which positively refuses to allow a door to become closed in anything but a quiet ladylike fashion. It gives it a swing and then a slow push, so that no matter how ill-tempered or careless may be the person going out, there will be no noise to announce his exit. For front doors, which for some inexplicable reason, many quite harmless folk insist on slamming every time, it is really a boon, saving quite, a lot of wear and tear on nerves and temper.

Convenient for the

To hang a heavy picture at exactly the right height is often a troublesome matter, so that the new automatic picture-holder which enables one to adjust a picture or mirror either upwards or downwards and to right or left without the use of cords, chains or nails is a useful innovation. This holder is in use in many of the leading Continental galleries, and should have a great future in this country. Its price is 3s. 6d.

The Only Right Guide for Human Society

A Fourth Article for Girls on the Spiritual Life

By LILY WATSON

I Myst seriously warn my intelligent readers to beware of something they may have observed already in the pages of one and another novel or magazine—a superior attitude towards Christianity as of an outworn system. "This was all very well, but we know better now."

What religion—what inspiring force—is in the field to-day that can compete with Christianity? Are men not coming back to it, if not to act it out, at least to realise that in its principles lies the only salvation for human society?

Let us, for a little while, leave the main question of "personal religion"—the relation between the soul and God—to look at the laws of life laid down by Jesus Christ as they affect the relation between man and man. It is all quite simple. An illustration may be of use here.

Many years ago there was a large boarding-school in the North of England, which exercised a unique influence over the sixty or seventy girls within its walls. Certain well-defined principles governed the corporate life, and achieved a striking result. The first of these principles was *Love*.

In spite of an austerity of *rigime* and a strictness of discipline unknown nowadays, the girls felt that love was the guiding force of the community. "Children," we were tenderly called, and the noble women who were responsible for us watched with affectionate care over our development of character. The result was a unique spirit of devotion between pupils and teachers. And also among the girls themselves mutual help was the law of life. Rivalry, in the ordinary sense, did not exist at all. The object was to do one's best, through conscientious devotion to the work, pride and delight in it—not to surpass somebody else. I hardly remember how it came about, but competition and emulation were never held up before us as motives. Yet this did not discourage effort.

Any infraction of the law of love was felt to be a blunder that spoilt the corporate life. And yet I do not wish to suggest an insipid sentimental state of things,

There was plenty of mirth in its season, not excluding good-humoured raillery. But the prevailing atmosphere was that of love.

After I had left the school itcame to an abrupt end through the illness of one of the principals. It was a large and flourishing concern, but I was told that the idea of selling the "goodwill" was repudiated with horror, in these words—

"We can't sell-dildren!"

Whatever may be thought of this from an economic standpoint, its significance is plain.

Another law was Faith.

We believed in our teachers; they believed in us. Through our belief we obtained the best results their teaching could give us; while they were seldom disappointed in trusting to our honour.

If by chance one governess entered the school who could not inspire this confidence and loyalty, or a girl came who could not be trusted to accuse herself of infringement of rules, neither was of much use.

The third great principle was that of Self Abnegation.

The joy that comes through sacrifice was early learnt.

"Love thyself last." In the simple routine of school life the law of service found a chief place.

The elder girls were chosen out by younger ones, whom they laboured to help, ungrudgingly giving leisure and devotion to the "school child." To put it shortly, we were taught to "remember the words of the Lord Jesus, how He said: 'It is more blessed to give than to receive.'"

Now the spiritual effect of these three guiding principles—Love, Faith, Self Sacrifice—for the good of the whole, in this little community was so wonderful, that I venture to take what is very small, as an example of what is very great. It may seem trivial to quote a girls' boarding-school, by no means perfect, with its obvious limitations, as an illustration of the world of human society. But it may help to render my meaning clear.

To begin with, these principles made for cohesion. There was a wonderful "solidarity" in the school. Even now, if I met a woman who had been trained there as a girl, there would be a close link at once between us. And for example, a school companion—her children, her grandchild—are close friends of myself and my own family. Years of separation (which intervened in this case) counted as nothing when two members of that community were thrown together in later life.

The principles I have mentioned also made for happiness. They made for efficiency. And are they not the very principles set forth by our Lord as the right guides for human society.

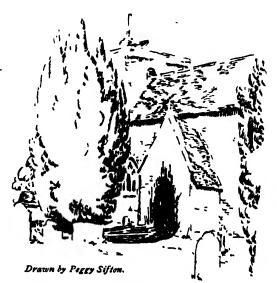
In the *Times* of June 25th, 1921, this passage occurs: "All who profess the Christian name will share the conviction that if the hopes of a better and a happier

world are to be realised in any adequate measure, it must be through a frank acceptance of those laws of life which the Founder of Christianity announced and imposed on His followers. We have tried other ways. It is time we turned elsewhere in penitence and hope."

The laws of corporate life He promulgated are mainly those I have been describing — Love, Faith, Self Sacrifice. And love comes first of all.

I observe another saying in the current Press: "We need to re-discover the Law of Love." In other words, we need to emphasise our Lord's teaching.

Christ came to reveal that God is our Father; that,



The Only Right Guide for Human Society

consequently, all men are brethren; that what we wish them to do to us, we, in our turn, must do to them. Have we ever thought what a world founded on such lines would be like? Human society welded together, not by self-interest but by love! And love, as He taught and inspired it, does not mean a wild ill-regulated emotion, but the real cherishing, the longing to do the best for one's fellows.

Perhaps we are learning something of this, but we have not gone very far in the lesson as yet!

Secondly, there is Faith.

The word constantly recurs in Christ's dealing with men. It is the condition on which His gifts of mercy were given. And is it not essential to any great conception of human society?

It is sometimes wrongly assumed that faith and know-ledge are opposed. This is not the case. I am tempted to quote once more from an article in the *Times* (July 16th, 1921) entitled, "A True Unity." The writer says that through his *faith* the believer is always attaining more and more *knowledge*.

"The rules he obeys are the plain laws of all true life. What he enjoys all may enjoy. The higher knowledge of faith is offered to all men who will become scholars of the Spirit."

"The pure in heart shall see God," and it is they alone who can look forward to the realisation of high ideals. "Where there is no vision the people perish," and this "vision" comes through faith. Taken in its lowest sense, we know by experience that faith is the condition on which we receive the higher benefits of life.

You will not gain healing of body, or at least you will find it retarded, if you do not "believe" in your doctor and his treatment. You will make little progress in study, unless you "believe" in your teacher. You will achieve little unless you believe in the possibilities of your work.

Take a simple illustration. After long practice, you have to play, perhaps, at a school concert or before an examiner. You have worked yourself into such a condition of nervousness and self-conscious terror that you can hardly feel the keys under your fingers. "Oh, I can't!" you say inwardly. And you don't! If you escape the disgrace of breaking down, at least you fail to interpret the composer's meaning, and leave the piano in discomfiture.

But if you say to yourself, "I believe I can"; if you think of the music, and of the genius that inspired it, instead of doubting and trembling, all will be well.

Belief—this, no matter how it is regarded, is all-important.

Of all attitudes of mind the most fatal to progress is a sneering contempt. "There's nothing good, and there's nothing true, and it doesn't matter!" It is so terribly easy to scoff! And despair is poisonous. But the rules the believer obeys "are the plain rules of all true life," and without faith that life becomes a poor and uninspired thing, while with it "all things are possible."

The words of Bishop Westcott are a wonderful motto. Every girl may take them for herself; and they surely apply to society as a whole—

The vision of the Ideal guards monotony of work from becoming monotony of life."

The third law on which a better world depends is that of Self Sacrifice.

This self abnegation is perhaps the most striking lesson Christ came to impart, because it is very unlike the prevalent doctrine of His day. "He that loveth his life shall lose it," was a contrast to the conviction that to love one's life and preserve it was the first duty of all. Yet, down through the ages the truth has become manifest, that the sublime paradox of gain through loss is true. As the hermit in *The Holy Grail* says to Sir Percivale—

"Thou hast not lost thyself to save thyself As Galahad."

If the world is to progress, it must be by means of those who can look beyond their personal happiness to the happiness of a larger self.

In a remarkable book, The Science of Power, the author, Benjamin Kidd, sets down that "the fittest" to survive are those who possess the power to sacrifice most efficiently the interests of self. He works this out in a way that differs from former conceptions of society, and yet how true this is! It is in accord with the teaching of Christ.

I may seem, in this paper, to have wandered somewhat far from the subject of the series: "The Spiritual Life." And I have not dealt here so much with individual as with corporate experience. I shall return to the personal aspect of the subject later on.

The point I have tried to emphasise is briefly this. The teaching of Jesus Christ contains within itself not only that which is necessary to personal salvation, but that which is necessary for the salvation of society.

In a fine story by R. D. Blackmore, perhaps not read so much as it deserves to be, *Cradock Nowell*, this passage occurs—

"True Christianity, like hope, cheers us to continual effort, exalts us to unbounded prospect, flies in front of our best success. Let us call it an outworn garb when we have begun to wear it; as yet the mantle is in the skies, and we have only the skirt with the name on it."

And again, in the words of Whittier-

"The world sits at the feet of Christ, Unknowing, blind, and unconsoled; It yet shall touch His garment's fold, And feel the Heavenly Alchemist Transform its very dust to gold." To be continued.

An Important New Book

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By J. C. CURTIS, B.A.

A history that is complete down to the disruption of the Empire. It includes a valuable chapter comparing the religious system of Pagan Rome with Christianity

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THE EDITOR'S PAGE

We announce this month the names of the successful competitors in the Photographic Competition. The entries for this have been very large, and owing to the late date we gave for closing the Competition, readers in many distant parts of the world were able to compete.

On the whole, the general level of the work submitted was not so good as it used to be in pre-war days; but this is not surprising seeing that most amateur photographers had to abandon their hobby during the war years, and have only recently been able to take it up again. I do not mean to imply that all the work was poor—certainly not! Some of it was excellent; indeed, in some cases the work was so good that the adjudicators decided to award quite a number of Extra Prizes; and instead of Four Prizes of Half-a-guinea each being awarded, as we promised in our first announcement, we are giving Nine Prizes at Half-a-guinea each; and instead of Four Prizes at Five Shillings each, as we promised, we are giving Twenty-six. So there should be quite a number of happy people, when the lists are read.

But in spite of the number of photographs that pleased the adjudicators, there were very many that failed because the photographer had simply snapped anything, anywhere, and in any sort of light, without stopping to think whether the portion photographed would make in itself a "picture." Many scenes are very delightful when looked at as a whole, with the sun shining, and plenty of colour in trees and fields and sky; but when a small camera tries to take in such a view that extends for miles and miles, the result, when seen in black-and-white (mostly black), is not necessarily as gratifying as the photographer hoped it would be.

My advice to all who are anxious to improve their photography and enter for some of our future Competitions is this: Study how to make beautiful "pic-

tures"; get an idea what balance means; choose a subject that has an individual interest; a cottage window, a church porch, or a tree by a stile, may make a better "picture" than an attempt to photograph the Alps, if the latter fails to be clear and balanced and shapely.

Then, again, many amateur photographers fail to understand that there should be a

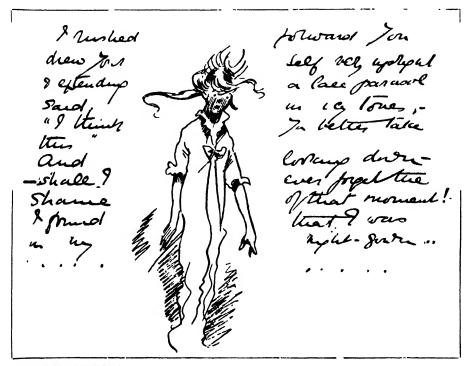
certain fitness in the subject of their photographs, if it is to be a "picture." And particularly is this the case when they photograph their friends. One hesitates to say much on this score because, after all, we value our friends for what they are, not for the way they do (or do not) fit into the landscape. And when you see their photos you are pleased with them because they are the photos of your friends.

But, alas, the adjudicators, knowing nothing of their personal good qualities, merely study them as portions of a picture, and truth compels me to say that sometimes they spoil what might otherwise have been a very fair picture. For instance, there was one photo showing a pretty thatched Devonshire cottage-the sort of Dream of Peace that we love to think of when we are very tired. So far, good! But leaning against the cottage gate was an up-to-date motor-bicycle, and, being in the foreground, it took up more than its share of photographic space; and standing beside it was a leather-clad girl-at least, one presumes she was a girl, but she might have been her own grandmother for all one can see behind her goggles and leather coat and cap-a very desirable equipment for scorching up hill and down dale, but not at all in keeping with the atmosphere of the rest of the photo.

And, in the same way, there were portraits of "dear friends" in the most gorgeous apparel—gathering black-berries! till it made one quite nervous lest the floating sleeves would get torn in the brambles; and others trying to look like mermaids on the rocks, when in reality they only looked like—well, what most people look like when they come out of the water in the more homely cut of bathing costume! Yet in one case, at least, the rocks and sea might have been quite successful as a picture, if only they had not been almost eclipsed by

the ample form of an unduly enlarged lady in the foreground, smiling brightly, I admit, and this was much to her credit, considering how her bathing-cap did not suit her, and how large her feet had become: but all the same, she did not help to improve the picture as a whole.

Speaking of water, reminds me that photos of waterfalls



ANOTHER EXTRACT FROM A DOROTHY FURNISS LETTER.

The Editor's Page

and photos of ducks and geese were the outstanding features of this Competition—and very charming subjects they made, too. It was curious, however, to notice these constantly-recurring subjects; while shipping, which usually lends itself to very picturesque portrayal, was quite in the minority.

I am sure this Competition has been very popular, judging by the enormous number of photographs submitted. And any we may reproduce in our magazine will be paid for, if they have not been awarded a prize.

Another Letter Competition.

our Letter Competitions are much liked. I am pleased to tell you that a new Letter Competition is announced in the January number of Stitchery, No 38, our Quarterly Supplement. It is on a subject that will appeal to every woman and every girl, I verily believe. The First Prize is Three Guineas; the Second Prize Two Guineas, with a number of other prizes of less value. Full particulars will be found in Stitchery No 38, which is now ready. You can get it from any bookseller or newsagent, price sixpence net; or if you have it posted to you from this office, the postage will be an extra penny.

A Clever Artist

our readers, and I know they will be interested in the extracts from some of the letters she has written to me, which I have reproduced on another page. But one of the sketches seemed too "intimate" in character to be blazoned on an ordinary page—it seemed to require a chaperone! or to be in a secluded spot, like the Editor's Page. Hence I have reproduced it on page 207. This is the portion of the letter it illustrated—

"I dreamt that I was shopping in a huge emporium situated directly opposite St. Paul's Cathedral (and apparently in the very centre of Ludgate Hill), when I saw coming towards me—Miss Flora Klickmann. I rushed forward. You drew yourself very upright, and, extending a lace parasol, said in icy tones, 'I think you had better take this.' And looking down—shall I ever forget the shame of that moment?—I found that I was in my nightgown!"

What use the lace parasol would have been under the circumstances, I do not know (judging by the illustration), unless she had used it as a boudoir cap. But, at any rate, I evidently meant well in that dream!



WASDALE,

Photo by Miss Penrice. Submitted in our Photographic Competition.



CAMEKEEPER'S COTTAGE, LOBHAM WOODS, KENT.

Photo by
W. M. Dodson.

For the Would-be Journalist.

Next month we shall be starting a series of articles for the girl who wants to be a journalist. This branch of work makes a very strong appeal to the girl with literary tastes, and it seems so easy to sit down and write a few paragraphs, or a short article, and send it to a newspaper. Thousands and thousands of girls and women make an attempt every year to get into journalism, but very few succeed; this is largely because they have no idea of the requirements of the profession.

The fact that some newspaper that uses snippets has bought some short article on one, or even two, occasions, does not necessarily mean that the writer of those articles is a journalist, or that she will ever make a living at it, for it takes something more than a few paragraphs to produce enough money to live upon—and to earn a proper livelihood should be one's aim when taking up work; the girl who wants to earn "just a little pocketmoney" is no use at all in this business, for she never takes her work really seriously, nor brings any very useful material to an editor, as a rule.

The articles we are starting next month are being written by Miss Mary Frances Billington, who is acknowledged throughout the newspaper world as standing unrivalled at the top of the long line of women journalists who work in Fleet Street. Miss Billington is one of the most valued members of the staff of this magazine, and she holds a very important position on the staff of the Daily Telegraph. No one can speak with more knowledge or more authoritatively on the work of the woman journalist than Miss Billington. She also knows where and why so many fail in this work. She is going into the matter in detail, and I advise any girl who desires to get on to the staff of a newspaper or magazine to study these articles very carefully, for they are packed with wise advice and useful information for the uninitiated. The first of the series will be published next month.

"Stitchery" No. 38.

Our last "Jumper Number" of STITCHERY sold right out of print within a few days of publication, and people have been writing for it ever since.

Our new "Jumper" number is a very attractive one; the designs we show are very pretty indeed, yet quite simple. If you are wanting a copy, please order at once, as we cannot reprint it when it is sold out. You will find more particulars about the contents on another page.

A Blouse that takes no Making.

For a blouse that can be put together while you wait it would be difficult to beat the one we show on page 202. I commend this to the notice of the girl who makes her own blouses. Incidentally, it would make a comforting wrap for an invalid or elderly lady if made of some fine woollen material. But no matter what the age of the wearer, it is a blouse that can be put together in the minimum of time, and with next to no trouble. Send for a pattern and try it for yourself.

"The Career I Most Desire."

The result of this Letter Competition will be announced next month. Some very interesting Letters have been submitted, and a very fine standard of sound common-sense characterises most of the Letters that I have seen so far. The entries are heavy, and it takes time to read them all. But what we have read thus far are really very interesting, and reveal much deep thought. Don't forget the Letter Competition that is announced in STITCHERY No. 38, just published.

Our Cover.

The picture on our Cover this month is a study of Pyrus Japonica (also called Cydonia Japonica), by Miss Maude Angell. This is one of the few flowers to give colour to the garden in February.

For those who do, and for those who do not, read Poetry

By COULSON KERNAHAN

It is possible that some of my younger readers are not yet all "awake," in the sense that the glory, the glamour, and the enrichment which a love of poetry brings to life, is, as yet, only latent in them. Some women and girls have told me, with a frank sincerity which I admire, that poetry "does not appeal" to them. To awaken the sense of poetry in the one, and to give the other cause to ask herself whether she be not mistaken, both about herself and poetry, is the purpose of this paper.

By the very refinement of her nature, by the innate love of all that is beautiful, whether in the outer or the inner world, by her intuitive recoil from all that is evil or impure, by her greater tenderness and emotionability, and by her exquisite sensitiveness, a woman or a girl is surely more poetical by temperament than a man. That there are so few great womenpoets, as compared with men, I attribute partly to the fact that woman's life has too long been dwarfed by smaller issues, by domestic details, by the petty social precedences concerned with making or receiving calls-her chief knowledge of the outside world often not extending far beyond her own church or parishwhile her menfolk are abroad in the world, bread-winning, battle-fighting, and with wider interests in public, political, national, or world events.

All that is fast changing, and in the next generation I expect to see greater changes still, and many more women-poets.

Another reason why there are fewer women-poets than men is that women live the poetry which men write. "The House Beautiful," "the Happy Child"—to name only two-might well stand as the titles of poems which every true woman has lived in her own home, but never published. Just as F. W. Robertson says that "To teach a few Sundayschool children, week after week, commonplace simple truths-persevering in spite of dulness and mean capacitiesis a more glorious occupation than the highest manifestations or creations of genius which edify or instruct only our own solitary soul," so many a woman or girl, unknown to fame, is inscribing on the walls of her home, possibly on the hearts of other women, or of men and little children, the lived, if not the written poetry which, hereafter, shall be accounted greater and more enduring than some of that which wins the world's applause. As poetry is to prose what music is to speech, I will let Oliver Wendell Holmes express, in the music of tender poetry, what I have, in prose, striven to say"We count the broken lyres that rest
Where the sweet wailing singers
slumber.

But o'er their silent sister's breast
The wild flowers who will stoop to
number?

A few can touch the magic string,
And noisy Fame is proud to win
them—

Alas, for those who never sing,
But die with all their music in
them!

"Nay, grieve not for the dead alone Whose song has told their heart's sad story—

Weep for the voiceless who have known

The cross without the crown of glory!

Not where Leucadian breezes sweep O'er Sappho's memory-haunted billow.

But where the glistening -night-dews weep

On nameless sorrow's churchyard pillow.

"O hearts that break and give no sign Save whitening lip and fading tresses,

Till Death pour out his cordial wine, Slow-dropped from Misery's crushing presses—

If singing breath or echoing chord
To every hidden pang were given,
What endless melodies were poured,
As sad as earth, as sweet as
heaven!"

Longfellow's "Simple and & Heartfelt Lays."

When an eminent authority on poetry was asked, "Who is the most widely read poet?" he replied, "Longfellow, unfortunately." The expert's mistake, as a marksman, was in using a doublebarrelled gun. Had he contented himself with a direct and single rifle-shot, and said no more than "Longfellow," the man at the butts would have signalled a bullseye. The second and qualifying shot was surely a "miss." Had he replied, "Longfellow, who is not a great poet," or "Longfellow, whom I do not hold to be a poet at all," one would say no more than that each of us is entitled to his own opinion. But whatever Longfellow's merits or demerits as a poet, I see no cause why even the most fastidious critic should regret the American singer's popularity. We do not go to Longfellow for sublime conceptions, for the creation of great poetry. We do not even go to him for perfection of artistry, nor for the bird song and lyric loveliness of the Elizabethans. He has given us no new revelation of Heaven er Hell, nor even of the heaven which may reign, the hell which may rage, in the tranquil or tortured little world of a human heart. But of the joys and sorrows, hopes and fears, aspirations, failures, and overcomings of that same human heart, Longfellow has given us poems of such unaffected truth, purity, tenderness, sweetness, and simplicity, as to endear him for all time to those of us who, first as girl or boy, thereafter as woman or man, have read, and still read our Longfellow.

I know no better introduction to the study of poetry than "Scott, the delight of generous boys," Longfellow the beloved of dreaming maidenhood. Nor, in saying this shall I guard myself against the sneer of those who affect, preciously, to belittle Longfellow as a poet, or Dickens as a novelist, on the score of sentimentality or art. What, in art and in literature, is to-day called "preciousness," is little more than priggishness run to seed. Your "precious" painters, critics, or poets-selfassertive as most of them are-wish to impress the world with their superiority and their aloofness, from what they consider "the crowd," by their attitude to "things as they are." Nature, as made by God, is too commonplace for them, so they would improve Nature out of all recognition, and improve on human nature, by distorting it into weird angles or cubic forms. Pictures, as painted by the acknowledged masters, are too natural in conception, in colouring, and in composition; poems, as written by the great poets, are too normally human in subject, passion, and appeal, to attract the instant attention of the curious. As pictures or poems, they do not leap to the eye, or shout to the ear, but abide recognition, on their

That, however, takes time, and the painter and poet of the "precious" school, not content to wait for appreciation by merits (which they know well they do not possess), must needs advertise themselves into notoriety by what is abnormal in subject and passion, or grotesque and eccentric in art. A mere clique, for all their noisiness, and something of a mutual admiration society at that—

"They crown each other with boughs of bay,

Each unto each do they bend the knee.

They all write poems that never will pay,

Because they are better than poems should be."

My only reason for writing of them here is that they enviously assail the simplicity and sincerity of such true and natural writers as Longfellow and Dickens

Anthologies and Selections

Now, to express an opinion which not a few critics of eminence, and by no means of the precious school, will count heretical. They hold that a poet should be read only in the volumes which bear his name. They would scorn to take a quotation from an anthology, and they have a fine contempt for those who reduce poetry to the level, as they think, of wares offered—as wares are offered by a bagman—by means of 'samples," and they would have you to read a poet

in the original, or not at all. To know him only by anthologies or selections they consider unworthy of the serious student of poetry. So in a sense, it is. None the less I do not counsel the youngereader, in beginning the study of poetry to occupy herself too exclusively with the work of any one poet (atholicity of taste cannot too early be formed.)

Acquaint yourself with the great poetry of all time as is fortunately possible with the aid of anthologies -Palgrave's Golden Treasury, and Sir A T Quiller Couch's Book of Oxford Verse, to name only two of many There you will find-I am not writing now of poetical drama, which must be read in the original and as it stands—the supreme lyrical achievements of our greatest poets Better to familiarise yourself with that, than to plod laboriously through all (much of it inferior) that one poet has written If, however you prefer a ' one man" study, I do not think that my younger readers can do better as a start, than to select Longfellow As their taste and their sense of poetry both widen and narrow (paradoxical as may seem my wording) -- " widen," because of larger vision "narrow," because more finely critical, and impa tient of all which is not of its kind the best - they will read Longfellow less, and certain other poets

more But they will always gladly and gratefully remember that what was best for them at that youthful and so receptive time, he, more than any other poet, gave Of its kind, the 'simple and heartfelt lay," they will know it for that best which they seek, and they will continue in certain moods to turn to him, as to an early and tried friend who can never be entirely displaced

Longfellow's may not be the poetry with 'its own incommunicable magic' It may not have the genius which makes out of two or three words, not a phrase, but a star," and in which per fection is seen "flowering in a lonely word" None the less, there are poems of his which in times of trouble are "like soft hands, stealing into ours in

the dark, and holding us fast without a spoken word"

A First Love in Poetry.

In poetry, most of us have a first love, and in poetry, at least, it is not always our destined mate with whom we first think ourselves in love "In heaven" marriages are said to be made. In neighbourhood, and because of neighbourhood, not a few fancied first loves have their beginning. Because she lives near by, and he sees her almost daily because she is his sister's friend, or attends the same church, art school musical society, or because he and she meet often in social circles, or are in the same office—a young man sometimes finds himself attracted by one of the



SNOW UPON THE FIR-CLAD HILLS

Photo by Donald McLeish

other sex, and fancies himself, may conceivably be, in love with her. In poetry, too, proximity plays a part. There chances to be a volume of Tennyson, but none of Milton in the house. We do not, in those days, seriously inquire whether Milton or Tennyson be the greater poet, but read the volume near at hand, the one which a wise parent has perhaps given us, that was awarded to us as a school prize, or that an elder sister, with a taste for poetry, has left lying upon a table. And so, to dreaming maidenhood, with the volume of Longfellow; to imaginative boyhood, with the volume of Scott, on which girl or boy has thus chanced, comes something of the glamour and the exaltation of a first love.

Not only is the world made new, but a wonderful new world is opened before them. For those with an ear for wordmusic, poetry throbs with harmonies more haunting and more rare than those of lute, viol, or harp. The spell may be of the senses, but to them it seems the awakening to self-consciousness of an immortal soul, which finds in every high or beautiful thought, in every poetical sentiment, an echo of its noblest self.

Not all which is Poetical in Sentiment or "Form" is Poetry.

But this sense of poetry, once awakened, they come, if only dimly at first, to realise that not all which is poetical in thought and expression is necessarily poetry; that much, which they had once so counted, is no more than beautiful thought expressed in equally beautiful and melodious verse. The incommunicable magic is missing.

Then, perhaps, they chance—it may be in prose—on some such saying (for instance) as Sir James Barrie's, of Stevenson: "He was ever the spirit of boyhood, tugging at the skirts of this old world, and compelling it to come back to play." A catch comes in their breath as they read. As if revealed by a sudden shaft of light, they see the true Stevenson, more nearly than in whole chapters in which his personality was described, the soul of him analysed. "Prose or Poetry," the readers say, "the incommunicable magic is there!"

Or, if the awakening come by poetry, it may be by the reading—to take an illustration from minor poetry only—of some such slight but perfect lyric as Louise Chandler Moulton's The House of Death—

"Not a hand has lifted the latchet Since she went out of the door; No footstep shall cross the threshold, Since she can come in no more.

"There is rust upon locks and hinges, And mould and blight on the walls, And silence faints in the chambers, And darkness waits in the halls"Waits, as all things have waited, Since she went that day of spring, Borne in her pallid splendour,

To dwell in the Court of the King;

"With lilies on brow and bosom,
With robes of silken sheen,
And her wonderful frozen beauty,
The lilies and silk between."

Reading this lyric, in which the music deepens to diapason in the third verse, and recalling the lines—

"And silence faints in the chambers,
And darkness waits in the halls,"

"And her wonderful frozen beauty, The lilies and silk between."

one says, "Here, again, is the incommunicable magic. I do not find, nor do I miss, the beautiful thoughts and musically-expressed sentiments which I once thought to be poetry; this does not describe, but in some strange way I realise the loneliness, and yet the majesty of death."

And if the reader be acquainted with the work of Stephen Philips, she will perhaps recall companion lines of his which make us see (as clearly as if we had stood in the very death-chamber) the cold serenity, the calm, even awful acquiescence, as it were, in the laying down of life, which is visible upon the dead face, and is symbolised by the carven-ivory of hands that are folded upon the breast—

"Beautiful lie the dead; Clear comes each feature. Satisfied not to be, Strangely contented"

To make clear even to the youngest reader that in poetry there is an indefinable and incommunicable magic which is missing from, and that means infinitely more than, the loftiest or loveliest sentiment, beautifully expressed, I have purposely taken my two illustrations from minor poetry, which has in each case its own limitations. Now let us turn for our illustration to the great poetry of one who has sung of—

"The light that never was on sea or land,
The consecration and the poet's
dream."

Most of my readers can lay hands at once on Wordsworth's Ode to Immortality, beginning—

"Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting;

The soul that rises with us, our life's star.

Hath had elsewhere its setting,
And cometh from afar,
Not in entire forgetfulness,
And not in utter nakedness,
But trailing clouds of glory do we

come From God Who is our home."

Can girl or woman, man or boy, read this without feeling that here is more than incommunicable magic, that here is something recalling—

"Music heard ere birth,
Some spirit lute, touched on a spirit
sea,"

and akin to angel music rather than to the human speech which it transcends?

In regard to the study of any particular period, I commend to the reader's attention the words of Matthew Arnold in his preface to Johnson's six chief Lives of the Poets: "We do well to place our pride in the Elizabethan age and Shakespeare, as the Greeks placed theirs in Homer. We did well . . . to put aside the poets and poetry intervening between Milton and Wordsworth. Milton, in whom our great poetic age expired, was the last of the immortals."

Except to say that I think the stern grandeur of Dryden, and the glorious vision of Blake, entitle them to a place with the immortals, and that I cannot altogether "put aside" my Goldsmith, Gray, and Cowper, I have no quarrel, sweeping as it is, with Arnold's condemnation of the period in question. Not all Pope's marvellous but mechanical command of poetic art, nor the sincerity, sometimes the nobility, of many poets of the eighteenth century, can altogether compensate for the fact that from their work inspiration is so often missing.

With those who think, with Arnold, not only that there are no immortals between Milton and Wordsworth, but that there have been none since Wordsworth, I am not in agreement.

Victorian Poets.

There were immortals in Victorian days, and I believe that there are among us to-day poets already assured of immortality. Upon the altar before which one generation knelt reverently, the next generation may turn a disregarding back. To-day, some whose fathers burnt incense to certain Victorians, swing their censers in honour of divinities alien to those of their fathers, and would cast down the Victorians from their high place. They may or may not be right in so judging. False gods there were in Victorian times, as in all others, but in number they were few. and of the high gods there were many. My own opinion is that, as time goes on, the Victorian age will shine with increasing splendour. We are as yet too near those days to take their measure.

Poets of To-day.

Again and again one hears the Georgian poets belittled, and the question asked: "Where are the great poets of to-day?" The reply surely is: "They are, or at least

the full measure of their reputation is, in the making." The same question was asked under Victoria, under the four Georges, under Anne, even in the Augustan age, the rising of which saw Elizabeth upon the throne.

Britain herself (because of the unrest and reaction which invariably follow war), as well as Britain's poets, are belittled by some, and for no other reason than that Britain and they are the Britain and the poets of to-day. And that when our country is, in soul, at her greatest, when her sons and daughters have shown fortitude, and made sacrifices, unexampled in history, and when we have lived, and are still living, in what centuries to come will count the Heroic age. Of Britain I say no more than that, because she is Britain, her troubles will pass. Of her poets of yesterday and to-day, I would remind the reader of the many who fought and fell in the war. Never did poetry nerve women and men-at home and in the field-to greater sacrifice and more glorious deed, than between 1914 and 1918. The war revealed Britain to herself, not only as a nation of soldiers, but (to her own surprise) as a poetry-loying nation, and it revealed the trenches and

dug-outs of her sons as nests of singing birds. Turn to Mr. A. St. John Adcock's For Remembrance: Soldier Poets who have Fallen in the War, and you will find poems and letters as knightly, in their ideals of love, honour, purity, chivalry, as ever were penned, even in the days of Sidney or of Lovelace. Or turn to the last stanza of the noble poem, Before Battle, by W. N. Hodgson, M.C., of the Devons, who fell on the Somme—

"I, that on my familiar hill
Saw with uncomprehending eyes
A hundred of Thy sunsets spill

Their fresh and sanguine sacrifice, Ere the sun swings his noonday sword

Must say good bye to all of this: By all delights that I shall miss, Help me to die, O Lord."

Though I do not say with Wordsworth (in a letter to Lady Beaumont) that "To be incapable of a feeling of poetry, in my sense of the word, is to be without love of human nature and reverence for God," I am sure that Wordsworth was right when, not in prose, but in poetry, he shows us how near our human nature may, by Nature and by poetry, be brought to God—

"For I have learned

To look on Nature, not as in the hour Of thoughtless youth; but hearing oftentimes

The still, sad music of humanity,

Not harsh nor grating, though of ample power

To chasten and subdue. And I have felt A presence that disturbs me with the joy

Of elevated thoughts, a sense sublime Of something far more deeply interfused,

Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns,

And the round ocean, and the living air,

And the blue sky, and in the mind of man:

A motion and a spirit that impels All thinking things, all objects of all thought,

And rolls through all things."

Can anyone, not all insensible to the thrill of high poetry, read this, for the first time, or any time, without feeling that here is more than incommunicable magic, here is that which is mysteriously akin to the reverberating grandeur of rolling thunder?

Our New Letter Competition

Open Only to Readers Outside the British Isles

is entitled

"Interesting Customs in Our District"

LETTERS must not exceed 500 words in length, and the Editor will be especially interested to hear of customs connected with household management, entertaining, cooking, etiquette, or education. Every country has its own particular methods of doing things, such as shopping, or observing birthdays, or serving refreshments. Write about any of your every-day occurrences that are different from the British methods and British customs as observed in our little islands.

We like to know how other girls and women manage their houses, and their recreations, and their games, and their schools in other lands. Now let us hear about your own neighbourhood, and the way you work and play.

The following Prizes are offered for the best Letters:

A FIRST PRIZE of £3 3s.

A SECOND PRIZE of 2 25.

A THIRD PRIZE of £1 1s.

TWO PRIZES of Half-a-guinea each. EIGHT PRIZES of Five Shillings each.

Payment will also be made for any Letters we may print that have not been awarded a prize.

Competition Letters must be endorsed "Interesting Customs," and reach our office not later than April 30th, 1922.

Each Letter must bear the NAME and ADDRESS of the sender at the top of the first sheet; and the Coupon from this (January) number of our magazine, which will be found on the advertisement page facing the first page of text.

The Editor reserves the right to withhold either prize should the adjudicators decide that no Letter comes up to the required standard for that prize. No Letters can be returned.

Address to the Editor, THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER AND WOMAN'S MAGAZINE, 4. Bouverie Street, London, E.C. 4.

Breakfast and Supper Dishes

Savouries for Breakfast

Nuremburg Eggs.

2 tablespn. dried eggs.

Soak for I hour in the required amount of warm milk. When ready, take a fork and beat briskly until the eggs froth up. Add I teaspn. chopped onion, a little pepper and salt, and I small piece of chilli pepper finely chopped; mix, and pour into a double saucepan. Whisk over a gentle heat until the eggs begin to thicken. Remove from the fire, and pour over 4 small slices of hot buttered toast. Place in a hot oven for 5 min. to become golden brown.

Fried Savoury

1 lb. lean ham, 1 small onion, 1 lb. shredded vegetables, breadcrumbs, and remains of any meat, parsley and seasoning.

Put all through mincer, using a coarse cutter first and then the finest you have. Have ready some thick slices of brown bread spread with dripping. Spread the savoury ham thickly on the bread, and fry in good fat, with the bread side turned to the bottom of the pan. Put two slices together, forming a sandwich, and cut diagonally so as to look like sandwiches. These may be eaten either hot or cold.

Tomato

½ lb. tomatoes, 3 or 4 slices toast, 1 tablespn. flour, 1 egg, salt, milk, 1 small onion, dripping, pepper.

Spread toast with butter or beef dripping. Sprinkle with salt. Sift the flour into a small basin with a good pinch of salt and a little pepper. Whip the egg, and add to the dry ingredients with sufficient milk to make into a thick cream batter. Dip the toast in this, and take care thoroughly to coat it all over. Fry a nice golden brown in hot dripping. Dip the tomatoes in boiling water, and peel. Cut in halves, and fry with 1 or 2 slices of onion. Spread on the batter toast, and sprinkle with a little chopped parsley.

Eggs on Tortu.

3 preserved eggs, 1 oz. breadcrumbs, 1 tomato, 1 tablespn. milk, 1 dessertspn. butter.

Break eggs into saucepan with milk and butter. Cook until they begin to thicken, and when well scrambled set aside, as they are, in the pan. Cut the tomato into slices and fry. Divide the eggs into 3 portions and place in scallopshells. Put a slice of tomato on the top of each. Place in the oven for a few minutes to become thoroughly hot.

Shirred Erga

I egg to each person (they must be new-laid eggs, as otherwise they will not answer the purpose), I tablespn. cooked rice, butter, pepper and salt.

Crack a small piece of the shell from the top of the egg about the size of a shilling. Drain it without breaking the yolk. Put the white into a saucepan with the rice and a small piece of butter, pepper and salt to taste. Cook gently for I or 2 min., until the mixture clings together. Put about 1 teaspn. of the mixture in the bottom of the eggshell and stand each egg in an egg-cup. Next pour in I teaspn. milk and, lastly, put back the yolk without breaking. Steam in the cups for 5 min., or until the yolk is set without becoming hard. Send to table in the cups in which they have been steamed.

Savoury Omelette with Brown Gravy.

3 eggs, 2 tablespn. milk, 1 tablespn.

By SALLY ISLER

minced ham, I oz. butter, salt, pepper, pt. good brown gravy.

An omelette can be a very difficult thing to make, nevertheless I have never known the following recipe to fail, and it is most simple and economical. Allow 3 eggs to two people. Break yolks into basin and whip with a silver fork. Whisk whites stiffly with a pinch of salt. Add milk to yolks. Add more salt, pepper, and either a little chopped ham, meat, fish, or onion and parsley. Lastly, add the whites. Give one quick whisk round with the fork, and pour into a frying-pan with boiling butter in it. Put over a low heat for 3 min. To save the difficulty of turning, place in the oven for another 3 min. until the omelette is lightly browned. If a gasstove is used, place for 3 min. under the grid. Fold over with a knife, and serve immediately on a hot plate, before it has time to fall. Pour round the omelette, but not over it, a little thick brown gravy and a few nicely fried croutons.

Hot Breads for Breakfast

Breakfast Scones

½ lb flour, 1 teaspn. baking-powder, 2 oz. butter, ½ pt. milk, salt, and a little

Sift the flour, baking-powder, salt, and sugar together, add the milk very gradually and knead into a soft dough. Knead into a long roll-shape, and bake in a moderate oven for 30 to 40 min. Cut into slices about 1 in. thick. Send to table in a serviette.

Hot Breakfast Bread

½ lb. flour, I teaspn. each salt and baking-powder, and sufficient milk to make into a stiff smooth dough.

Put the flour into a basin, and sift in salt and baking-powder. Add milk, and work gradually into a stiff dough with the fingers. Turn out roughly into a shallow pan, and bake in a good oven for 50 min. Allow to cool slightly before serving, and if pricked with a skewer the steam will escape.

Corn Bread.

cup maizemeal, cup flour, 1 tablespn. sugar, a pinch of salt, 3 teaspn. baking-powder, cup milk and water mixed, 2 tablespn. bacon-fat.

Mix the meal, flour, and sugar together, and add the baking-powder. Stir well. Add salt and milk little by little. Beat well. Melt the bacon-fat and add to the other ingredients. Give a final beating, and pour into a well-

greased batter-pudding tin. Bake in hot oven for 20 min. Cut into 3-in. pieces, split and butter them.

<u>A</u>merican

½ lb. flour, heaping teaspn baking-powder, 2 oz. margarine, ½ teaspn. salt, a little milk or water.

Sift the flour twice, the second time adding the baking-powder and salt. Rub in the fat, and knead well with the fingers. Add sufficient milk or water to make into a smooth dough. Roll out on a floured board three times, folding the dough in three between each rolling. When finished it should be about I in thickness, and full of bubbles. Cut into 2-in. diameter rounds. Put on a floured baking-sheet, and bake for 15 min. in a moderate oven.

Italian Bread.

½ lb. self-raising flour, I teaspn. salt, cold water.

Mix the flour with the salt, and add sufficient cold water to make into a stiff dough. Knead well with your fingers. Lay on a well-floured board and roll out. Knead again well, and then pinch off pieces about the size of a small sausage. Roll these in the palms of your hands, and let them become as long as possible and about \(\frac{1}{2} \) in. thick. Put on flat sheets in a good oven and bake for 15 min. These may be served either hot or cold, but should look like a crisp roll on the outside.

Breakfast and Supper Dishes

Seasonable Supper Dishes

Mutton Pie.

1 lb. neck of mutton, 2 kidneys, pt. good stock or water, 1 teaspn. salt, seasoning, short pastry.

Remove bones and most of fat from mutton, place in a saucepan with sufficient water to cover it. Add salt, and simmer gently 1½ hours. Set aside and allow to cool. Place meat in a pic-dish and cover with thin slices of kidney. Cover with the stock from the meat, season, and cover in with a good short crust. Before baking make a deep incision with a knife in both ends of the pie. Brush over with a pastry-brush dipped in white of egg or milk. Decorate with a rose and leaves on the immediate top, and bake for I hour in a moderate oven.

Kidney Pasty

1 lb. ox kidney in one piece, ½ pt. water, 1 onion sliced.

Put the kidney, onion, and water into a stewpan and cook gently for about 1 hour, or until the meat is very tender. Have ready some good light pastry and roll out to about ½ in. in thickness. When the kidney is cool, spread with butter and wrap round with the paste. Roll as you would a parcel and tie with string. Place in the oven and cook for 30 min. To the stock which remains from the kidney add sufficient flour to thicken nicely. Season to taste, and serve in a sauceboat.

Boof Roll

 $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. lean beef, uncooked, $\frac{1}{4}$ lb. cooked ham, $\frac{1}{4}$ lb. breadcrumbs, 1 egg, salt and pepper to taste.

Put the beef and ham through mincer, using first a coarse cutter and then a fine one. The reason for this is that by so doing the meat retains considerable of its juices instead of looking-and tasting-like wood-pulp. Mix the minced meat with the breadcrumbs, add the salt and pepper. Add well-beaten eggs. If the mixture is too stiff or dry to mould well, add a very little milk. Roll into a long shape and wrap in a floured pudding-cloth. Boil for 3 hours, and serve cold. This roll may be glazed, if liked, and it certainly adds much to its appearance, but at the same time it is in no way necessary for its tastiness. .

Rabbit Soufflé.

1 small rabbit, 1 onion, 2 eggs, 1 oz. flour, $\frac{1}{2}$ pt. milk, currant jelly, 1 bouquet herbs, 1 dessertspn. salt. $\frac{1}{2}$ saltspn. pepper, 1 dessertspn. butter.

Stew rabbit until tender with onion and seasoning. This might be done the day before. Remove meat from bones

and pass through mincer. Put into a mortar with a little butter, and pound until smooth and free from lumps. Put into a basin with the milk. Beat the eggs, yolks and whites separately, and mix the flour with the yolks. Add to the rabbit. Season well, and add the stiffly-beaten whites of eggs last of all. Stir all together, and pour into a well-buttered soufflé-dish and steam for 30 min. Wrap a serviette round the dish and send to table. Hand red-currant jelly with the soufflé.

Grilled Liver and Lemon Sauce.

I lb. liver, thinly sliced.

Rub with olive oil and roll in breadcrumbs. Grill over a clear fire. Have ready a lemon sauce made of I cup milk, I cup stock brought to the boil, the peel of ½ lemon, and I dessertspn. flour to thicken. Simmer until the flour is cooked, then remove the lemon peel. Add a few drops of brown colouring, and pour round the liver. Garnish with fried parsley.

Pillau of Rice and Kidney.

I cup rice, I cup milk, I kidney, 3 or 4 strips bacon, I tablespn. good gravy or stock.

Boil the rice in the

sufficient water to cover it well, for about 1½ hours. Drain well, and add a plentiful supply of salt and pepper. Keep hot. Meanwhile, fry the kidney in the pan with the bacon, which should be rolled tightly, and when the bacon is removed add the gravy to the kidney. Bring to the boil, and allow to cook I min. Chop the kidney finely and place in small heaps in a dish. Add alternate heaps of rice and rolls of bacon, and pour over all the gravy from the pan. Serve very hot, with a pinch of cayenne.

Oyster Batter.

15 oysters, 1½ pt. milk, 2 eggs, butter, flour, 2 tablespn. breadcrumbs, salt, pepper.

Sift 4 tablespn. flour and 1 teaspn. salt, add lightly-beaten eggs, mix to a smooth batter with 1 pt. milk. Well grease a pie-dish; pour in batter. Bake 20 min., then draw to oven door, lay 12 oysters on surface (saving liquor). Cover with breadcrumbs, dot over with butter. Bake another 10 min. Meanwhile, strain oyster liquor, and bring to boil with \$\frac{1}{4}\$ pt. milk; thicken with 1 teaspn. flour; add 1 teaspn. butter, a dash of pepper, \$\frac{1}{2}\$ saltspn. salt, and 3 oysters chopped small. Boil 1 min. Serve in tureen.

Some Supper Sweets

Banana Pancakes.

1 lb. flour, 1 oz. melted butter, 1 tablespn. milk, 2 eggs, a pinch of salt, a little warm water if necessary, 2 bananas, 1 tablespn. red-currant jelly, 2 oz. lard.

Sift flour into a basin, add salt, yolks of eggs, butter, milk, and, if too stiff, about 1 tablespn. warm water. Stir until quite smooth. Set aside for 1 hour. Beat whites of eggs and add. Slice 1 banana and add to the batter. Have ready a frying-pan with boiling lard. Pour into this about 2 spoonfuls of the batter and run it quickly round the pan. Fry for 5 min., then remove and set aside to keep hot. When all the pancakes required are cooked, slice the other banana lengthways, and lay one slice in the centre of each pancake. Add a little red-currant jelly, sprinkle with sugar, and roll up. Serve at once.

Strawberry Whips.

Into tall custard-glasses place I tablespn. liquid raspberry jelly. Allow to set slightly. Add I teaspn. strawberry jam and a little more jelly. Allow to become firm. Cover with whipped cream. Serve with these ice wafers or light luncheon cakes.

Lemon Cornets.

1 pt. lemon jelly, a few stewed prunes and blanched almonds.

Make a cornucopia of grease-proof paper about 6 in. deep. Partially cool the jelly and allow to become slightly stiff. Pour into the cornets to within 2 in. of the top. Drop in a prune and an almond, and fill with the jelly to the top. Set in an upright position to set. Remove the paper, and lay the cornets in a dish in the shape of a star, with the points in the centre of a plate. Heap prunes in the centre of the star, with a little whipped cream on top.

Apple Clare.

Ripe juicy apples should be used, and allow I to each person. Pare thinly, and core. Rub the hole in the centre with a little powdered cinnamon, and fill with raisins split, and with a blanched almond inserted in each. About four will fill the cavity. Take \(\frac{1}{4}\) lb. loaf sugar, I tablespn. water, a pinch of cream of tartar, and \(\frac{1}{4}\) teaspn. cochineal. Boil until the ingredients form a thin toffee. Allow to cool slightly, then dip the apples in and coat with the toffee. Allow to become quite cold before serving.

The Result of Our Photographic Competition

The following are the names of the Prize-

First Prize: Three Guineas.

MISS PENRICE, Lowther Road, Bournemouth.

"Wasdale, Cumberland."

Second Prize: Two Guineas.

George A. King, Kingsland Road, Birkenhead.
"Lynmouth, Devon."

Third Prize: One Guines

HAROLD JENNINGS, Aston Road, Dudley. "Cottages, Tong, Salop."

Four Prizes of Half-a-Guinea each.

- M. D. LUNN, Hda Urco, Calea, Peru. "A Round-up of Cattle on the Andes."
- L. Noble, Dunkeswick, Harewood, Leeds. "Oak Beck, Harrogate."
- II. EssEx, Havelock Road, Southampton. "Scenting Danger."
- WM. P. FAIRWEATHER, Forfar Road, Dundee.
 "The Pass of Killiecrankie."

Five Extra Prizes of Half-a-Guinea each. W. PARKINSON, Hackness, Scarboro. "The Pines."

- H. AKEROYD, Station Road, Castleford. "Kisdon Falls."
- H. G. GRAINGER, Brudenell Grove, Leeds. "Watching Mother."
- LESLIE M. CHRIMES, Brighton Road, Purley.
- "Torrent Walk, Dolgelly." E. WARREN, Queens Road, Loughborough. "Homeward Bound."

The following were placed immediately after the Prize-winners:

V. Onslow, Bournemouth; Gertrude Osborne, Tenterden, West Australia; Muriel Pout (aged 14), Brighton; Mrs. Boshell, Norbury; Mrs. Taylor, Walsden; Clarice V. Freeman, Birmingham; M. Campbell, Leyburn; Mrs. Reed, Upton Manor; E. Bate, Brierley Hill; Amy Parker, Flixton; Miss Smithson, Woking; W. H. Evernden, Faversham; Rachael Leighton, Lancaster; Mary Hazlett, Dubin; T. M. Brust, Harrow; Margaret Hall, Crook; Florence M. Fairbrother, Alperton; Julia Haynes, Brighton; Kathleen Newman, Cheltenham; J. E. Gameson, Bournemouth; H. Reeves, West Bromwich; Kathleen M. Kind, Woodford Green; Alwin Nicholas, Newport; F. Parkin, Sheffield; Ida Frenchen, Horsens, Denmark; A. F. Golder, Walsall. V. Onslow, Bournemouth; Gertrude sborne, Tenterden, West Australia; Golder, Walsall.

The following were Highly Commended:

S. G. Russell, Barbados (B.W.l.); Claire Ferguson, Bournemouth; H. Reeves, West Bromwich; Dorothy Hitchcock, Enfield Wash; M. Thomas Darlington; Olive Austin, Limpsfield; A. G. Ryeland, Plymouth; O. F. Amsden, Carperby; E. M. Moon, Lewes; Dorothy Hobday, Dover; Dorothy Rosling, Newburg; Margaret Scrymgeour, Edinburgh; N. E. Grayston, Ioswich: Doreen Gahagan. Sydney. Australia Scrymgeour, Edinburgh; N. E. Grayston, Ipswich; Doreen Gahagan, Sydney, Australia; F. W. Sagence; P. M. Plummer, Tooting Bec; H. P Allison, Bassenthwaite; Maria R. Rula, Cadiz, Spain; Francis Pentelow, Kettering; Kathleen Ellis, Hessle; Jessie Goad, Sparkhill; A. Gibbons, Babbacombe; D. Woods, West Wallsend, Australia; Ethel M. Baines, Morley; M. Woolgar, Havant; E. Wilson, Leyburn; Francis M. Kerfoot, Sheffield; Mrs. Stansfield, Middleton; Mrs. Garnett. Leeds: field, Middleton; Mrs. Garnett, Leeds;

Four Prizes of Five Shillings each.

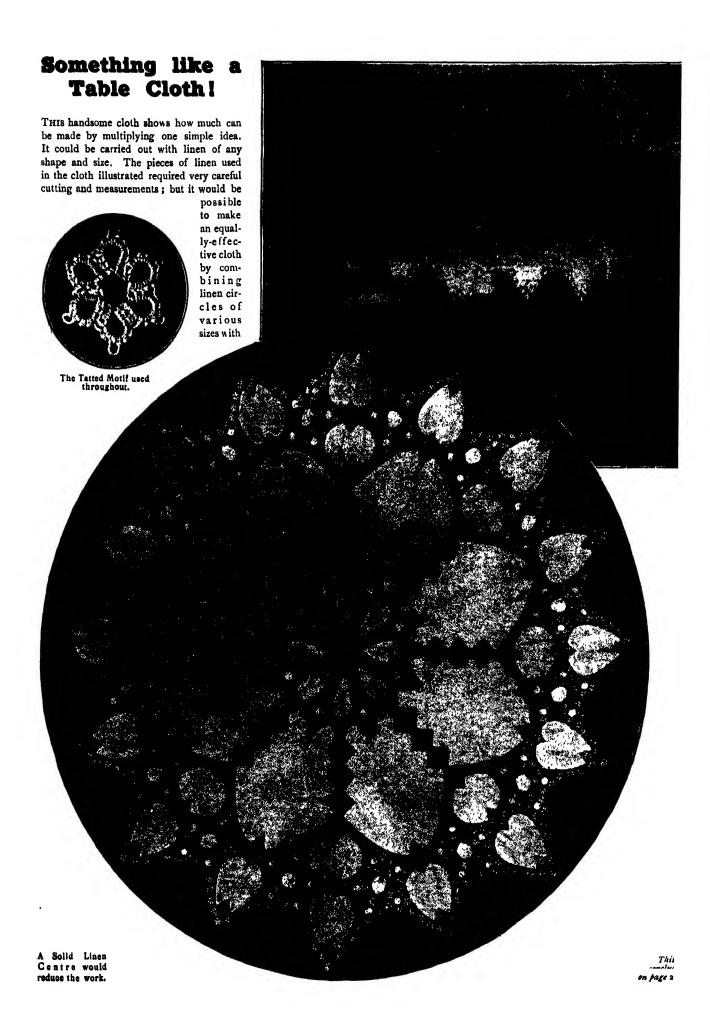
- FREDERICK BEAL, Kibokolo, Naquala de Zombo, Belgian Congo.
 - "Crimson Striped Lilies of the Congo."
- R. K. Balls, Bellevue Road, Southampton. "The Lucky Number."
- MRS. H. Fox, Hyde Park Road, Portsmouth. "Moggie,"
- WM. C. WATLING, Smilter Lane, Sheffield. "Apples."

Twenty-two Extra Prizes of Five Shillings each.

- RITA MITARAGGA, Piræus, Greece. "The Parthenon, Athens."
- MRS. H. S. HANCOCK, JUNIOR, Northmay Street, Fort William, Ontario. "Young Canada."
- MISS AULT, Brooklands, Ashby-de-la-Zouch.
 "An Ancient House."
- J. WISEHAM, Ahlone, Rangoon, Burma. "Among the Palms."
- A. C. STRANGEWAYS, Devonshire Terrace, Ventnor, I.O.W. "Youth."
- E. F. MASSON, Belvedere, Kent. "The Goyt near Buxton."
- E. M. TATLOCK, India Street, West Glasgow.
 "Aberglaslyn Pass."
- H. SMITH, The Hollies, Green Lane, Harro-" Montreux."
- R. LAURENCESON. (Please send address.)
 "An Emu's Nest."
- C. M. Metcalf, Tunbridge Wells; Winifred Robinson, Stockport; M. E. Kirk, Dalkeith; Ellen G. Baird, Helensburgh; Marjorie Fox, Banbury; M. Smith, West Kirby; Olive Chamberlin, Hampton Court; Hilda Anderson, Dursley; L. Stedman, Natal, S. Africa; L. N. Mowat, Liverpool; Mrs. Watson, Meltham; Barbara Allison, Ogmore Vale; Mrs. Gaze, Walmer, S. Africa; G. E. Stoddart, Ottery St. Mary; Margaret Dean. Derby: Edith Brydon. Cheadle
- Ogmore Vale; Mrs. Gaze, Walmer, S. Africa; G. E. Stoddart, Ottery St. Mary; Margaret Dean, Derby; Edith Brydon, Cheadle Hulme; May C. Robson, Alloa; R. Mears, Auckland, New Zcaland; Ella White, Liverpool; Mrs. Leigh Spencer, Winchester; Muriel Philip, Edinburgh; B. Stoddart, Durham; M. Murdoch, Glasgow; Ethel Holliday, North Finchley; Margaret Hill, Crewe; Teresa Brown, Ealing; M. G. Ingram, Dewsbury; Ashley Haynes, Brighton; R. Hartley, Bedford; E. Smith, Reading; Mrs. Skelton, Finchley; Mrs. Grainger, Leeds; E. M. Butler, Leicester; Lydia M. Rand, Rayleigh; E. J. Daniel, Walthamstow; J. Shankes, Glasgow; Elsie Angrove, Tooting Bec Common; Mrs. Hitchen, Hyde; Ruby Morse, Tunbridge Wells; Albert Hodges, Birchington; Mrs. Hay, Bangalore, India; E. Graham-Porter, Canterbury; Wm. Harbutt, Birmingham; N. G. Taylor, Cromer; Francis Whatley, Cowden; S. M. Faulkner, High Wycombe; N. M. Ingamells, Maidenhead; Miss Holsworth, Forest Gate; S. Whatmough, Birkenhead; Ivy Hughes, Earlsfield; C. R. Beaumont, Holloway; B. Eastwod, Headingly; M. Leyland, Halifax; Murielphilio. Edinburgh: Lilian Gundry, Portsworth, Forest Gate; S. Whatmough, Birkenhead; Ivy Hughes, Earlsfield; C. R. Beaumont, Holloway; B. Eastwod, Headingly; M. Leyland, Halifax; Muriel Philip, Edinburgh; Lilian Gundry, Portsmouth; Dorothy Hoad, Minchead; Dorothy Sellers, Newlyn; L. J. Lister, Enfield; Winifred Foster, Heaton; Elsie Starling, Norwich; Mrs. Aitchison, Cupar; Albert Duffield, Alexandra Park; A. K. Chapman, Auchenflower, Australia; E. C. Whatmough, Anchan; Daisy Steadman,

- MARJORIE LEE (aged 14), Belsize Lane,
- C. J. VINSON, Stanway, S. Farnborough. "A Country Lane."
- BEATRICE H. JONES, Brookfield, near Glossop.
 "A Scottish Breeze."
- ETHEL K. PIM, Carilla, Cuyco, Peru. "An Outdoor Inca School.
- EDITH MARLOW, Hoby, Leicestershire. "The Round Chimney."
- YVONNE MOULIN, rue Duhamel, Lyon, France.
 - "The Valgodemard Valley and Mount Olan."
- A. M. HALL, Nightingale Road, Wood Green, N. "The Waterfall at Trefriw."
- LOUISA KRUCKENBERG, Dunsforth Vicarage, Great Ouseburn. "Appleblossom."
- H. G. HARDING, Bethany House School, Goudhurst.
 "A Rabbit."
- N. TAYLOR, Charles Street, Weymouth. "A Group of Swans."
- B. BLONDEL, Esplanade, Guernsey "Chums."
- J. D. BENSON, Kineton Road, Olton, Warwickshire.
 "Thomasin Foss."
- W. W. WILLIAMS, Callcott Road, Brondesbury. "A Sunny Corner."

Evandale, Australia; Edith L. Cullum, Market Weighton; Basil Douglas, Swindon; Lucy Jennings, Bradford; E. M. Colebrook, Bournemouth; Winnfred Paynter, Newcastle; M. Shearer, Penicuik; Hilda Smith, Harrogate; Elsie Upton, Norwich, Winfred Sharples, New Mills, Derbyshire; G. S. Hill, Sheffield; L. Jackson, Forest; Gate; Leila Tompkins, Chippenham; E. G Charlesworth, Shepley; M. Fletcher, Sparkhill; Jessie Keil, Kilwinning; A. BindlossBrewer, Manchester; O. O. Hogben, East Sheen; L. M. Faulker, Downley; G. Reast, Bolsover; E. G. Garlick, Windsor; Hilda Maltby, Nottingham; G. W. Arnold, Guernsey; Betty Kerridge, South Norwood; F. J. Williams, Victoria, Australia; Florence E. Bient, Imvani, South Africa; May Deuchars, Greenock; Florence Lecse, Newcastle; F. Goulden, Egremont; Amy Bridle, Hove; L. A. Evans, Acton; Mrs. Jeffrey, Brighton; Lydia Rand, Rayleigh; Nora Batne, Banbury; Rev. I. Clarke, Inch, Co. Wexford; Hilda Stratton, Southampton; Piera Arrigonia Milano, Italy; Muriel Leech, High Barnet; Mrs. Jackson, Wallasey; Edith Carnell, Bristol; C. E. Clarke, Coalville; Sophie R. Ranch, St. Anne's-on-Sea; Dorothy Hutchinson, Wylam; L. Newcomb, Wellingborough; Phyllis Ponsford, Forest Hill; M. Calland, Cheam; Kathleen Carter, Caversham; M. W. Mallett, Doddiscombsleigh; Mabel Bastin, London, S.E. 18; Rose Collier, Phyllis Ponsford, Forest Hill; M. Calland, Cheam; Kathleen Carter, Caversham; M. W. Mallett, Doddiscombsleigh; Mabel Bastin, London, S.E. 18; Rose Collier, Wandsworth; E. Moxham, West Green; M. M. Tongue, Northampton; Christian Milne, Fraserburgh; F. E. Ashworth, New Bedford, U.S.A.; Ethel Broadbent, Grassington; Mildred Glanville, Hoey's Bridge, B. E. Africa; Emmie P. Loxton, Keynsham; Nurse R. Baydon, St. Albans; Norah M. Amor, Calne; Mary Greaves, Cairo, Egypt (aged 10); L. M. Harbutt, Bearwood; Francis Clarke, Rathmines, [Concluded on page 219.] [Concluded on page 219.



Practical Frocks and Overalls



No. 9161. A SCHOOL FROCK WITH SIDE POCKETS .- Sizes for 2, 4 and 6 years. Material required for size 4 years, 2 yards of 36 inch delaine.

No. 8959. A SCALLOPED PARTY FROCK. -Sizes for 2, 4 and 6 years. Material required for size 4 years, 13 yards of 36-inch Jap silk.

Paper Patterns of all these me can be obtained, price 9d. each, postage 1d. eac tra by unsealed packet post, or 2d. by letter post. Address "Girl's Own" Fashion to the Editor. 4, Bouverie Street, Fleet Street, London, E.C. 4.

No. 9169. A PRETTY EMPIRE FROCK. - Sizes for 4, 6 and 8 years. Material required for size 6 years, 2 yards of 36-inch serge, with 11 yards of check material for facings.

No. 8957. A SQUARE-NECKED SLEEVELESS ROM-PER.-Sizes for 2 and 4 years. Material required for sizes 2 years, 11 yards of 27-inch cretonne.

No. 9132. A PANEL FROCK WITH SIDE PLEATS. -Sizes for 2, 4 and 6 years. Material required for size 4 years, 18 yards of 40-inch gabadine.

No. 8956. A MAGYAR OVERALL.-Sizes for 2, 4 and 6 years. Material required for size 4 years, 17 yards of Tobralco.

No. 9167. AN EMPIRE DRESS FASTENING AT THE CENTRE FRONT.—Sizes for 6, 8 and 10 years. Material required for size 8 years, 21 yards of 36 inch cloth.

No. 9162. A Boy's MAG-YAR ROMPER SUIT .- Sizes for 2, 4 and 6 years. Material required for size 4 years: blouse, I yard of 36-inch casement cloth; knickers, 1 yard of check gingham.

No. 9173. A Cross-over FROCK WITH SASH FAST-ENING .- Sizes for 8, 10 and 12 years. Material required for size 10 years, 4 yards of Tootal velvet cloth.

No. 9178. A LONG-SLEEVED OVERALL.-Sizes for 2, 4, 6, 8, 10 and 12 years. Material required for

size 6 years, 21 yards of 32-inch cretonne. No. 8958. A ONE PIECE APRON AND CAP. -Sizes for 4,6 and 8 years. Material required for size 6 years, 2k yards of 36-inch zephyr.

Something like a Table Cloth: Concluded from page 217

the tatting. This cloth, while seeming very elaborate, has the advantage of being made entirely of one very simple tatting motif, composed of rings of (3 d s, p) 3 times, 3 d s, close. Join the rings by side picots, and the motifs to each other by the middle picots as illustrated, arranging them to fit the spaces between the linen inserts. The one larger motif in the centre of the cloth

is made of r I d s, p (2 d s, p), 7 times, I d s, close; draw thread through 1st picot, then make 8 r as in small motifs, drawing thread each time after closing the ring through the next picot of centre. This is a very convenient little motif for many

To make the cloth, cut out each piece of linen according to whatever shape or size

you wish, and work a row of double crochet closely over the raw edge, then a second row into the first, taking in the picots of the motifs as they are reached.

The cotton used should correspond in some measure to the thickness of the linen

Ardern's No. 14 crochet cotton is a very useful size for this work.

"Stitchery" No. 38 is a New Jumper Number

STITCHERY No. 38 is now ready, and readers would do well to secure their copies early. Our last Jumper Number sold out of print very quickly, and we anticipate a similar run on STITCHERY No. 38. It contains some delightful things to make, and is sure to be popular.

A Jacket and Jumper with Crochet Braid.

The two illustrations shown here are samples of the interesting contents of the number. They are knitted, but a

very distinctive touch is given by the crochet braid that trims them. These are very delightful little cold-weather comforts.

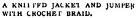
A Short-sleeved Dressy Jumper.

This is a dressy little jumper knitted in "Star Sylko." It is worked in two pieces that are joined together on the shoulders, with plackets left for fastening, making it an easy garment to get into. The bottom of sleeves and jumper are trimmed with a very pretty knitted border.

A Girl's Jumper Frock.

The school-girl of nine years of age is sometimes rather difficult to cater for with regard to clothes. But she will be well







These are described in "Stitchery" No. 38. Price 6d, net; by post 7d.

supplied if you make her the frock shown and described in STITCHERY. It is knitted in plain smooth fabric, and has a diamond pattern introduced into the hem and yoke.

A Sleeveless Jumper shown in a Black-and-White Diagram.

This is something of a novelty, but it is quite easy to do when you have the key, the idea being the same as filet crochet. A pretty and unusual sleeveless jumper is shown in this kind of work. Knitters on the look-out for something novel will enjoy making this.

Waistcoats for the Costume Coat.

But perhaps you don't yet know much about knitting, and the making of a jumper

seems rather a big undertaking to you. Then why not start by making yourself a knitted waistcoat to wear with your costume. Two pretty designs for waistcoats are given in STITCH-ERY, one with a square neck and one with aV-neck. These are worked in a straight piece that cannot present any difficulty even to an amateur.

Trimmings for Jumpers.

Another useful article in STITCH-ERY is that giving various trimmings in knitting, and

crochet for use on fabric jumpers. These are fully illustrated and described, so that if you do not feel inclined to knit yourself a jumper, you could make one in silk or woollen material, and trim it prettily with a knitted or crocheted insertion,

A Letter Competition.

Among other items in the number are some Old-Time Quilt patterns in knitting and Knitted Bed-room Slippers. And last, but by no means least, an important Letter Competition is being announced.

STITCHERY No. 38 is published simultaneously with this issue. Price 6d. net; by post 7d.

The Result of Our Photographic Competition

Concluded from page 216

Dublin; A. K. Barron, Lurriff; Sarotsa de Lipthay, Racrkeve, Hungary; Agnes C. Strangeways, Ventnor; C. Hanser, Upper Norwood; C. Adamson, Ardrossan; D. Woods, West Hallsend, Australia; E. M. Draper, Manchester; Ida Massie, Edinburgh; E. M. Gorden, Herne Hill; Ella Strachan, Edinburgh; A. Harrison, Brighton; Marion B. Finlay, Glasgow; Mrs. Cartner, Newcastle; N. C. Grayston, Ipswich.

The following received Honourable Mention:

Mrs. Alfred Lilley, Huddersfield; M. Blythe, Woking; I. Bowles, Dover; M. E. Hendry, Bury St. Edmunds; Violet McIntosh, Jordanhill; M. E. Wright, Bollington; Kathleen Chutey, Bognor; Robert Fanstone, Romsey; Margaret Telfer, Edinburgh; S. Kirkham, Clay Cross; Mrs. Usher, Bristol; K. M. Bracey, Letchworth;

Margaret Porter, Wimbledon Park; L. Kimber, Ipswich: E. Evans, Tottenham; Beryl Lynn, Cobham; Matthea Arnold, South Shields; D. Holman, Canterbury; D. J. Burgess, Lewes; Bertha Mawson, Silsden; Miss Parneli Edwards, Dursley; B. Lill, Ottery-St.-Mary; E. Merrick, Colchester; Theo. Lovgreen, Wavertree; L. Britton, Balhan; C. Rothwell, Hindley; Ella White, Walton; D. Savage, Manchester; C. L. Peck, Willesden Green; Jessie Marks, Harrogate; Florence E. Spark, Great Malvern; Miss Lee, Strood; M. Scott, Sunderland; E. E. Munro, Edmburgh; M. Aldridge Oliver, Royston; M. E. Gameson, Westor-super-Mare; Phyllis Payne, Rotherham; F. H. Coad, Callington; Mable Ireland, Higher Bebington; D. Phillips, Manor Park; C. Brown, Nottingham; Gladys Marsh, Afreton; C. L. Peck, Willesden Green; Mrs. Deyns

Page, Brundall; Lillie Ward, Cheadle Hulme; M. Squire, Barnstaple; Mrs. Hoyland, Brnstol; Ellen M. Caines, Wembly; Gladys Cragg, Baldock; Jean Calder, Malvern, B.W.I.; Lihan Gundry, Portsmouth; Miss Child, Watford; D. Pumfrey, Norwich; L. M. Forbes, Coventry; A. Innocent, Kinkiang, China; Evelyn J. Foster, Manor Park; Grace Dollin, East Finchley; L. Jackson, Forest Gate; C. M. Kumber, Sandown; Mrs. Mann, Barnstaple; Mary Parry, Cheltenham; Dorcen Ross, Rangitikei, New Zealand; Reba Renton, Glasgow; Kate E. Newman, Halifax; I. Batey, Jarrow-on-Tyne; L. P. Marlow, Shirley; J. Porvell, Sheffield; Marie Walker, Balham; F. E. Rogers, Johannesburgh, S. Africa; Mrs. Burns, Hawick; E. H. Warren, Wood Green; M. Dandy, Chester; C. K. Lewis, Lyminge; Erica M. Thomas, Beckenham; Una Feneton, Edinburgh.

Pretty Styles for Girlish Figures



A Lady's Stocking with Replaceable Foot

By this new method of knitting stockings a great saving can be effected We all know that the heel and toe of a stocking or sock are the first parts to wear out. and that when these portions are darned too often they become uncomfortable as well as unsightly But by knitting the heel and toe in such a manner as to allow of the worn parts being almost instantly removed, and then replaced by new pieces similar to those removed, the entire stocking becomes almost new again.

I he dark thread defines the portion of the stocking which is knitted separately, then joined in place with a row of chain stitch on the wrong side.

Clark's "Anchor" I il d'Ecosse Thread No 20 was used in making the sample, which can also be made in pure knitting silk thread of similar thickness Use No. 17 knitting needles

Cast on 35 st on each of 3 needles, join round and k I inch plain

In the next row, * thread over, k 2 together, repeat from * all round

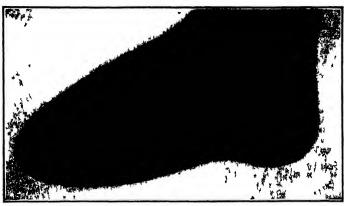
K each st, and each over

K another inch, and fold back the first inch to form a hem with the row of openwork along the edge

In the next row pick up the loops from the cast on edge with the stitches to join the hem

k 12 inches from the top edge, forming a back seam on the centre st of one of the needles

* k to within 3 st of the back seam, slip 1, k 1, pass the slipped st over, k 1, purl the back seam, k 1, k 2 together, finish the round K 4 rounds plain *. Repeat 9 times more



A darker thread has been worked in to show where the separately worked foot is joined on.

K 6 inches without decrease.

Divide for the heel, putting 21 on each side of the back seam, that is 43 st on the heel needle. Take these off on a piece of thread, and leave for the present. K 50 rows on the remaining 42 (divided on 2 needles), purling every alternate row to preserve the plain knitting on the right side. Take over the st on a piece of thread as in the heel

Now cast on 43 st on a needle with the "loop" casting, that is, make a loop of the thread round the thumb of the left hand, and take it over, without knitting, on the needle, k 30 rows, purling every 2nd row, then close the heel, k 30, slip I, k I, pass the slipped st over, turn, slip I, purl 17, purl 2 together, turn, and slipping the 1st st, k over to the side st and decrease as before, taking in the next st of the 11 left after the first decrease Repeat the 2nd row, then the 3rd row, and so on until all the st left at the sides are decreased

Pick up the st down each side of the heel, and continue knitting and purling for 4 rows, in next row k 2, slip I, pass the slipped st over, k to the last 4, k the 3rd and 4th together, k 2, purl next row, and decrease in every plain row until there are

43 st again on the needle. K on until there are 50 rows from the side of the heel

At the end of the last plain row cast on 21 st as in the heel on each of 2 needles, and joining round k 4 rounds

In the next round on the sole needle k 2, shp I, k I, pass the shpped st over, k to last 4, k 3rd and 4th to gether, k 2, decrease in the same way on the 2 front needles, that is, in the 3rd and 4th on the 1st needle and 3rd and 4th from the end of the 2nd needle.

K 3 rounds, then decrease, and decrease after every 3rd round until there are 7 de creases at each side, then decrease after every 2nd round until there are 11 st remaining on the front Cast off by knitting a st from the back and front together, k next 2, slip the 1st st over the last, and so on to the end

Turn the heel and sole piece inside out, also the main portion, and, placing the edge of the toe piece to the edge of the front, join the 1st cast on st of the toe piece to the 1st st on the front with a ch st worked with a crochet hook, make another ch st after the joining, then repeat into every 2 st, one from each side together. Continue down the side, joining corresponding st together, then round the heel, and up the other side to the beginning. Fasten the thread and cut it

Press the stocking on the wrong side with a hot iron, and press the seams down flat. The joinings should not show on the right side.

By undoing the end of the ch st and pulling the thread, the sole with the heel and toe piece can be almost instantly removed, and this portion re-knitted and replaced in the same way

Descriptions of the Patterns Illustrated on page 220

No 9157 A SIMPLE JUMPER —Material required, 2 yards 36 inches wide

No 9054 A SIMPLE CROSS-OVER BLOUSE

-- Material required, 2½ yards 40 inches wide

No 9159 A PRACTICAL SHIRT BLOUSE

Material required 21 yards 36 inches wide

No 9051 A BLOUSE WITH SASH FASIEN-ING —Material required, 21 yards 40 inches wide No 9158 A TUCKED BLOUSE I ASTI NING ON 111L SHOULDERS—Matchal required 22 yards 36 inches wide

No 9170 A SQLARE NECKED FROCK WITH GALHERED SKIRT —Material required, 4½ yards 36 inches wide

No 9171 A BEITED COAT FROCK — Material required 44 yards 40 inches wide

No 9230 A MAGYAR DRESS WITH LONG TUNIC AT BACK—Material required 5 yards 36 inches wide

No 9229 A SI II ON DRISS WITH SQUARL OR V NLCK — Material required 41 yards 36 inches wide

No 9172 A CROSS OVER HOUSE I ROCK
—Material required 5 yards 36 inches wide

Lach in sizes 34 and 36 inches bust measure

Paper Patterns, price 9d. each, postage 1d each extra by unsealed packet post, or 2d by letter post. Address to the "Girl's Own" Fashion Editor, 4, Bouverie Street, Fleet Street, London, E.C 4

Serviceable Indoor Styles



Useful for Motoring

This useful motoring cap is made in emerald green wool with an open-mesh white veil that can be tucked up fitly round the crown when not needed.

Materials Required.

4 oz. of the "V. W." Co's 5-ply Fingering, 2 oz. of 2-ply White Vest Wool of the same make, and a set of No. 7 bone needles pointed at each end.

The Cap.

Begin at crown, using the emerald wool and 2 needles. Cast on 20 st, and k in plain garter st, increasing 1 st at each end of 3rd, and every 2nd row thereafter, until there are 32 st in row (7 ridges). K even for 3 ridges, then decrease as 1st rows were increased, reducing to 20 st in final row (17 ridges in all).

At the end of last row, turn and work 20 st as usual, then pick up and k 1 st in end of each ridge along side, in each of 20 cast-on st, in end of each ridge at other side, 84 st in all.

Divide st on to 3 needles, knitting round to centre ridge of first side, to have rounds begin there. This is the centre-back of cap.

K plain, increasing in every 6th st around, k I round plain, and increase over every increasing of preceding round, II2 st in round.

This should make head size right; but if it is not right, the increasing may be continued until it is. Then k plain until



cap, from last increased round down, measures 32 inches. K I, p 1 for 4 rounds,

and break off emerald, but do not cast off st.

The Veil.

1st Kow.—Using the white wool, k 2, over, and repeat around.

Hereafter the work is done in rows, and as soon as possible with 2 needles. The first 3 or 4 rows must be done with the usual number of needles, then the st may be divided on 2 needles, and shortly may be put all on 1 needle.

2nd Row.—Over, p 2 together, and repeat around.

31d Row.—Turn, purl to end of row. Repeat these 2 rows until work is 2 inches deep.

1st Narrowed Row.—Work as usual to within 2 st of end, and turn.

2nd Narrowed Row.—Work as usual to within 4 st of end, and turn. Continue in this way, always letting 2 extrast stand at end when turning, until centre part of veil is 6 inches deep. Finish with a purled row, worked to end of needle, k I, p I, all the way across, for 6 rows. Cast off, and sew back edges of veil together.

Band for Cap.

Use the emerald wool and 2 needles. Cast on 18 st and k 1 row. * Turn, k 15, turn, k 12, turn, k 15, turn, k across entire row. Repeat from * until band is long enough to go round cap,

sew ends together, and slip over the cap to hold veil in position when not in use.

Description of the Patterns Illustrated on page 222

No. 9271. A SLEEVELESS OVERBLOUSE,—Sizes for 32 and 34 inches bust measure. Material required for the larger size, 12 yards 36 inches wide.

No. 9272. AN ALL-DOWN JUMPER DRESS WITH GUIMPE.—Sizes for 32 and 34 inches bust measure. Material required for the larger size: jumper, 34 yards 54 inches wide; guimpe, 2 yards 36 inches wide.

No. 9273. A JUMPER DRESS WITH DEEP TUCKS.—Sizes for 34 and 36 inches bust measure. Material required for the larger size: jumper, 42 yards 36 inches wide; blouse, 12 yards 40 inches wide.

No. 9274. A JUMPER DRESS WITH SHORT-SLEEVED BLOUSE.—Size for 34 and 36 inches bust measure. Material required for the larger size: jumper, 3½ yards 36 inches wide; blouse, 2 yards 36 inches wide.

No. 9275. A SQUARE-NECKED JUMPER DRESS.—Sizes for 34 and 36 inches bust measure. Material required for the larger size, 43 yards 36 inches wide. A pattern for the blouse is not included with this design.

No. 9276. A V-NFCKED OVERDRESS WITH SHORT-SLEEVED BLOUSE.—Sizes for 36 and 38 inches bust measure. Material required for the smaller size: overdress, 34 yards

36 inches wide, blouse, 2 yards 36 inches wide.

No. 9277. OVERDRESS WITH REVER CLOSING.—Sizes for 34 and 36 inches bust measure. Material required for the medium size: overdress, 3½ yards 32 inches wide; blouse, 2½ yards 36 inches wide.

No. 9278. A SLEEVELESS OVERBLOUSE.—In the medium size only. Material required 17 yards 44 inches wide.

No. 9279. An All-Down Jumper Dress.—Sizes for 34 and 36 inches bust measure. Material required for the larger size, 3½ yards 36 inches wide.

Paper Patterns of all the above designs can be obtained, price 9d. each, postage 1d. each extra by unsealed packet post, or 2d. by letter post. Address to the "Girl's Own" Fashion Editor, 4, Bouverie Street, Flost Street, London, E.C. 4.

Will Correspondents please note that stamps sent in payment for Books or Paper Patterns must NOT be stuck to the letter or order.

Answers to Needlework Queries

A Knitted Cot Quilt.

The design at the top of this page makes a very effective cot quilt. Directions will be found in *The Modern Knitting Book*, price 2s. 6d. net, or 2s. 1od. if posted from this office. The design shown here would have to be repeated for the desired width, or the stripes alternated to any width required. It is a good wearing pattern, and quite simple to master.

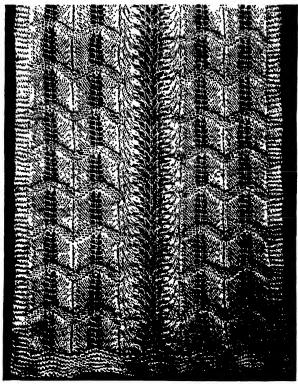
Arum Lilies in Crochet.

You will find designs for arum lilies in filet crochet in Beautiful Crochet on Household Linen, price 2s. 6d., by post 2s. 10d. There is a handsome triangle for a table cloth corner, a single arum flower as a small panel, an insertion which is illustrated on this page. In the same volume you will also find a very beautiful deep design for a table cloth showing natural drooping fuchsias.

Hem-stitching Linen.

I do not advise you to put hem:stitching or drawn-thread

work on the sheets you are geting ready for the "hope chest," as this will add to the cost of laundering; and, after all, though it makes a very attractive finish to the sheet, it is not often seen, and is therefore scarcely



A GOOD DESIGN FOR A CHILD'S KNITTED COT QUILT.
See "The Modern Knitting Book." Price 25, 6d. net; by post 25, 10d.



A FILET CROCHET INSERTION SHOWING ARUM LILIES.

Further studies of Arum Lilies in Crochet will be found in "Beautiful Crochet on Household Linen." Price 2s. 6d. net; by post 2s. 10d.

Mrs. N. wants a crochet lace suitable for the bottom of a blind that could also be repeated on the casement curtains. Several deep designs are published in "Artistic Crochet." Price 2s. 6d. net; by post 2s. 10d.



A GOOD DESIGN FOR BLINDS.

worth the extra charge that laundries put on nowadays for hemstitched anything! The same applies to large table cloths. I advise you to reserve the hem-stitching and drawn-thread work for the small tea cloths and tray cloths that you will have washed at home. Make these as elaborate as your fancy dictates. In any case, if you have them washed at home you won't send the iron clean through the open work the first time they are washed, as I have known the ironer at the laundry to do! Have your bolster case made extra long and open both ends: this enables them to be slipped on and off the bolster so much more easily than when one end is closed. In this case have a couple with hem-stitched ends "for best," but have the rest plain, unless you have no need to consider the laundry bill. Many poople are dispensing with the nightdress pocket at present, since every item needing to go to the laundry is a consideration, and they merely slip the folded night dress be-

neath the bed'spread. At the same time, where the washing is no difficulty, a pretty nightdress case adds to the look of the bed and gives an opportunity for the display of a piece of good needlework.

The lace on the left is just the thing for blinds and curtains. Directions are in "Distinctive Crochet." Price 2s. 6d.; by post 2s. 10d.

WOMAN'S MAGAZINE



So many of a girl's problems and difficulties in these days arise, it seems to me, from a lack of adaptability.

Here is a girl who as a college girl loved the com-

panionship of other girls, and had it in plenty. Then she married and went to live in a town where she knows no one. Moreover, she has now a little child, who takes most of her time; and as her husband's means are slender she is obliged to do most of the housework. "Please don't think," she writes, "that I do not love my husband and baby. I adore them. Yet I'm the loneliest soul you ever knew. Other girls might think this was heaven! A home, a devoted husband, a baby that is the darlingest you ever saw; a garden, a dog and chickens, and plenty of books besides—but there are days when it is unendurable to me, and I think, 'Oh, if only I could see the college, and the professors, and the girls once more!' What in the world is the matter with me! Won't you tell me?"

Inadaptability.

Yes; that is clearly the matter, as it is with hundreds of others who feel they want to get away to somewhere—they don't know where.

Here is another girl, who was once wealthy and is now poor—

"It was good of you to write me of the 'other riches'—riches of the spirit. I know it's true; but when you've lived for twenty-two years in one way, it is difficult to be transplanted, as it were, and to an entirely different climate and soil. Most plants die when you do that. Sometimes I feel as though I were half-dead, too."

Here is still another who has had the reverse experience. Brought up in the simplest manner of living, this girl has married into a rather wealthy and formal family—

"Most people would think me the most fortunate girl in the world. Well, I'd like them to live in my shoes for a while, and then tell me what they think. I'm certain there were times when Cinderella would have loved to go back to her pots and pans. This life has no heart in it at all. I find myself wanting to shock these people all the time. I can't get on with them. They all seem to me false and insincere, and I am fearfully unhappy most of the time."

Are you Adaptable?

By ANNE BRYAN McCALL

All these problems could be solved, or would probably never have arisen if these girls had had adaptability; if they had known how to bend to changing circumstance instead of re-

maining rigid. That is the fault and the mistake, it seems to me, of so many lives, their rigidity. They are not flexible, fluent, adaptable.

I marvel sometimes that we can be so dull; that we can fail to learn to be adaptable; for adaptability is a lesson that life tries to teach us, a hundred times a day, as though she herself never, never tired of it.

I walked a little way down the street the other day with a blind man. He was making his way about alone, waiting at kerbs for happier people to become aware of him and take him across the street; dependent absolutely on the notice and kindness of others. He was a powerful, simple man without much education. I walked a few yards with him, and finally saw him safely on a street car that was to take him home; and in that little while, it seemed, I know, to onlookers, that I was helping a helpless man! Helpless, indeed! I would be proud to have such powers as he had, such magnificent power of adaptability. For, to the seemingly fearful conditions of his life, he had been able to adapt himself so as to develop strength and dignity and peace and joy.

He told me that he had been blind since he was seventeen; but that, nevertheless, he was one of the happiest men alive. Some woman, it seems, had loved him well enough to share his fate with him. He made baskets, she did sewing. In this way they were able to make a living together.

Such magnificent adaptability as that makes our problems seem for the most part little and trifling enough, does it not? Where we sit inert, and complaining, strong spirits adapt themselves and create out of the conditions you and I call unhappy or hopeless, things beautiful and to be remembered.

Practically every great and noble life has been a life of magnificent adaptation. Look into the lives of famous men and women and examine their early years. How little most of these people seem suited in their childhood to their future fate. But follow the history of their lives, and you will see that all of them loved life

Are you Adaptable?

and were constantly adapting themselves, day by day, to the demands it made upon them, and the opportunities it offered them.

Adaptability is not a thing that can be attained at once; it is a thing that grows and develops by tending. And the seed of adaptability is, I think, sympathy; and those who are day by day cultivating sympathy and understanding are, day by day, becoming more adaptable. The great men of the world—who have most adapted themselves to the world's needs and opportunities—are, in nine cases out of ten, "greathearts" as well. The adaptable girl is the girl with the willing loving heart; the girl who is ready and eager to see the rights of other people, willing to yield a point generously; cager to adapt herself to the needs of the moment if she can honourably do so.

Begin in a small way. Try adapting yourself a day at a time—to-day. Try to be willing each morning when you get up to adapt yourself to every emergency or opportunity that the day may offer you. Try every day being a little less positive in your opinions. Say over to yourself, whenever you are discontented or

opinionated, "Of course, I may be wrong about this." Instead of fretting over little matters and losing your temper, try to-day to adapt yourself to that event or person who has irritated you; try to use your difficulties instead of rebelling against them.

To the girl who is adaptable, life offers all her manifold riches, and for her one door never closes that another does not open.

Under our feet each day is gold and treasure, but because we have not sufficiently willing and loving and attentive hearts, we do not hear these things calling to us, we hear only the voice of our own opinions, our own narrowmindedness, our own discontent; and the day goes by dull and profitless. There are immense forces around, about us all the while, with which we have only to put ourselves in contact.

The gracious and graceful life, like the gracious and graceful body, is the one that is flexible. Begin to be gracious, generous, willing, yielding in little matters, so that when the need for some larger adaptation comes you will be ready for it; then life, instead of being a series of difficulties and shocks, will become a series of extraordinary opportunities.

"My Place"

A Thought to Carry through the Day

By MARY E. TONGUE

"PLACE" is one of those words that are rather difficult to define. It has so many meanings, as reference to a dictionary will show. But the range narrows somewhat if it is prefixed by the word "my." "Come round to my place," meaning her flat, says the bachelor girl to her friend. And if it is a comparatively new place, she says it with pride.

"My place" may be the place that I own, or it may be the place that owns me—the part assigned to me in life.

We hear a little child say, "That's my place," and to the small person it usually means a seat at the table the one next to father or mother, probably. That position means something to him, and woe betide the brother who tries to secure it for himself!

"My place" goes on meaning something all through life. In school it represents position in form, and brings with it a sense of competition. It means, to the schoolgirl, "how I stand with regard to my fellow-scholars." It is a test of character or ability. The one whose place is always at the top is usually either clever or hard-working, while the one whose place is habitually at the bottom is often rather dull or notably lazy.

Later in life "my place" means my work; my sphere; my position in the home; my seat in church; "that state of life unto which it shall please God to call me," as our Church Catechism quaintly has it. And we are filling that place somehow. Either we are making it the better for our occupation of it, or we are cumberers of the ground. The thought of that responsibility is a solemn one.

Perhaps "my place" has its touch of bitterness when the word "same" is added. A friend comes back to visit you after an absence of ten years. She has travelled a good deal, or married, or been particularly successful in her business or profession. And she says to you, with, perhaps, a hint of patronage: "Still in the same place, then?" "Yes," you say brightly, gulping down, for the moment, the rebellious thought. You will enjoy that little bit of misery presently, when you are alone. And you do! And instead of being thankful to God that He has permitted so little change to enter your life in those years—no great bereavement, no uprooting, no serious illness, no monetary loss—you have your little private moan, the refrain being: "Yes, I'm still stuck here in the same old place!"

Or you attend a missionary meeting at which the speaker is well known to you, a girl with whom you used to study five—or perhaps ten—years ago. You had interests in common, among them a love for foreign missions, and a desire to serve in that sphere one day. For her those years have meant training, followed by service in the mission field. For you, they have meant—the same place! And your heart is sad as you think how fruitful have been her years compared with yours. But did you choose your place? Did she choose hers? Were not both your path and hers planned by an All-wise, All-loving Father? And if, in each case, the "place" has been faithfully filled, dare we attempt to estimate the fruitfulness or fruitlessness of the work done there?

One day our place—yours and mine—will be empty, so far as we are concerned. May it be that we shall only have exchanged it for "a Place" prepared in the "Father's House" of "Many Mansions." And it will be well if it can be said of us then that the place we have left is the better for our having been there.



"WE ASK THE AUTHOR TO PUT DOWN THE PRICE OF THE FIRST FIVE HUNDRED COPIES."

Drawn by P. B. Hickling.

The Lost MS

Two Books are Published by two New Authors

By LADY SCOTT

Chapter VIII. (Continued) Hiram Buyer.

EVIE watched the great Hiram Buyer anxiously, as he glanced again at her MS

"Yes, our literary adviser is very favourably impressed with your work, but what with compositors demanding eight-and-six an hour, and paper worth its weight in silver, and so on, we cannot speculate in an unknown author to the extent that we should like to do," the publisher went on, while Evie listened with strained attention to his verdict on her beloved story. have returned a great many MSS,-quite reasonably good-on these grounds alone," he continued. "But we do feel inclined to bank-you know that expression?-to bank, on your novel up to a point. Provided, for instance, that you feel the same confidence in it that we do ourselves. You do feel, no doubt: that it carries in it the seeds of success?"

Evie did not like to say so, it sounded so conceited, but her manner gave assent.

"Well, then, what we propose is this—it's a very great concession, Miss Glennan, and I can tell you that some of the authors we have turned down would be

glad enough to get such a chance—we will undertake the whole cost, the very considerable cost, of production—that is to say, the printing, paper, binding, advertising and so on—if you will, for your part, give us a little guarantee as to sales. How many copies do you think will sell?"

He fired the last question at her so suddenly that she started.

"Come now," he went on, as she did not answer—"you know that a successful novel often runs into hundreds of thousands — what is the very least number of copies you would suppose a novel, even by an unknown author, might sell?"

"It could hardly be less than a thousand," said Evie, trying to look business-like.

"So we think. But we shall not ask you to guarantee a whole thousand, even; five hundred would be enough."

"I don't quite understand."

"No? I will explain then. Supposing the book is brought out at seven-and-sixpence—a usual price now—we should only get from the booksellers roughly two-thirds of that; to put it low, say four shillings a copy. Now what we say is this: 'This book is certain to sell, but just to make up for what we are prepared

to stake on it—the cost of production, etc.—we ask the author to put down the price of the first five hundred copies. That would work out at about one hundred pounds."

"One hundred pounds!" Evie was aghast. She was not even sure she had this amount still left in the bank.

"It is only a guarantee," he explained, looking at her reproachfully. "You said yourself that you were sure at least a thousand copies would be sold, in which case you would get back your money. Of course, if we sold, say, ten thousand, you would make a very considerable profit, as we are prepared to go on the half-profit system with you, if you become an actual partner with us in the manner suggested. We advise the helf-profit system because it brings in much more money to the author if the book is a real success."

"I thought a royalty----"

"So you know something about it, do you? Well, a royalty, as you say, is a fair agreement, too; some prefer the one, some the other. But we choose the half-profit system because, as you doubtless know, the cost of producing a book gets comparatively less and less as the sale of the copies increases; the initial cost is the heaviest."

The Lost MS.

"I see," she agreed meekly, feeling quite bewildered, but she said no more. He sprang to his feet and looked at his watch.

"Forgive me, Miss Glennan, I have an appointment, I'm beginning to think you haven't such a high opinion of your own work as we have. In that case take it back, by all means."

"Oh, no, no! But may I consider your suggestion?"

"Why, of course. We have no desire to run risks over it if you don't wish to. Think it over, and if you decide to bank on it, send us your cheque for a hundred, and we will forward you the agreement immediately. Good-bye!" As she got up, he added, as a kindly afterthought, "Perhaps you have friends whom you desire to consult?"

"No: there is no one."

"My dear Miss Glennan," he said, springing forward to open the door for her with more politeness than he had so far shown, "you are, then, your own mistress? A very fortunate position."

"Perhaps. What about fifty?" Evie jerked out, encouraged by his kinder manner.

He looked at her reproachfully,

"What do you mean? Fifty pounds? And we are putting into the cost of production more than double what we are asking you as a guarantee—merely a guarantee. This trifling sum——" He stopped, overcome by righteous scorn. If Evie had had a blank cheque in her pocket she would have filled it up there and then, to prove she was not a mean creature who dared not "bank" on her own work. As she hadn't, she blushed scarlet and stammered—

"I beg your pardon!" and got out into the passage as soon as possible.

Chapter IX.

Face to Face.

EVIE'S natural intelligence, good education, and conscientious work at the office quickly led to her being entrusted

with more than mere matters of routine. One day Mr. Hawke, who had spoken to her once or twice on office details, himself asked her if she would like to take charge of the books for sale in the educational section, of which the firm made a speciality. This meant that she would have to read them up, as if for an examination, so as to be able to answer questions about them to the teachers and others who came to see them. She might even suggest to them what books would suit them.

She gladly accepted this proposal, as it was interesting work, giving some scope for personality. She began it that very day, and at the end of the week she found her salary augmented to two pounds.

The samples of these books were in a little slip of a room upstairs, and she spent some time every day up there absorbed in the pictorial geographies, attractive readers, and well-illustrated histories designed for the lucky school-children of to-day. But she had still to be downstairs a good deal, and, as a rule, only went up when some educational buyer appeared, and she was called for.

This happened in the ten days after she had been to see Hiram Buyer the publisher, and she had still not made up her mind whether to send him the cheque he required or not. One day she had been in the small room upstairs with an elementary school-teacher, a very intelligent man, who told her more about the books than she had discovered for herself.

When he left, she stayed on to replace the scattered volumes on the shelves. The door on to the passage was open, and so was the door of the room beyond, where either of the partners interviewed visitors they wished to get rid of quickly without admitting them to their own private rooms. As Evic's hands moved silently among the books, she heard Mr. Hawke, who was there with a visitor, exclaim very decisively—

"No, I cannot do that!"

As conversations about small business matters were carried on all round her every day, it never occurred to Evie that she might be overhearing anything private. In fact, she hardly understood what followed at first, though, as her mind registered it, something of its nature dawned upon her.

"I have no means to compel you, Mr. Hawke," said the man who was with him, speaking in a high aristocratic voice; "but as it is a debt of honour, I

thought you would immediately take it up, even at some inconvenience to your-self."

"It is an altogether irregular proceeding, St. Clair; most unwarrantable for you to come here and dun me on such a matter in my office."

"It is an altogether irregular proceeding for the cheque of such a man as yourself to be refused by the bank," replied the other smoothly. "I have told you I am going abroad and want the money immediately."

"As you know, from the fact of the cheque being 'referred to drawer,' I have no money in my private account at the moment."

"That I understand. But you have your share in the firm's account—a substantial amount, I imagine—and you can draw me a cheque on that."

"I assure you I cannot. Until I and my partner make up our accounts halfyearly that money belongs to the firm, and not to either of us individually."

"You mean, then, that you are going to do me out of this amount which you lost to me at cards, and which is a debt of honour?"

"If you talk like that I shall chuck you downstairs, and there's an end of the matter," said Hawke, with fury in his tone. "If it comes to that, I consider I am stretching a point in paying you at all, considering in what shady circumstances the money was won by you."

"You hound!"

"Steady! You won't get anything by calling names."

"You refuse to draw a cheque on the firm's account then?"

"To settle a private debt? Most distinctly I do. You can wait, and I shall pay you in due time."

"I have told you I cannot wait."

"That is your own look-out."

Evie had been kneeling by the bookcase, and at this juncture she suddenly sprang to her feet; in doing so she was unlucky enough to knock some books

off the edge of the table, making a noise that she felt was loud enough to disturb the whole staff.

She stood trembling in the dead silence that followed, a silence broken by no sound from the next room. Every moment she expected her employer to break in on her and scarify her for having played the part of an eavesdropper, but as no one came, she made a bolt for the passage. There she stopped. Mr. Hawke stood by the open door of the next room expectantly.

The Gnat and the Camel

"I swallow a camel and strain at a gnat! No, certain I am I would never do that."

So spake I in youth, when I panted for Truth, And thought I had found her and held her, forsooth! "I know what to swallow and what to refuse, What things to reject and what things to choose."

But as I drew nearer, and vision grew clearer,
I saw I had been as blind as a bat,
And I cried out in wonder, with heart torn asunder,
"Lord, which is the camel, and which is the gnat?"

LILLIAS LOGAN.

"Oh, it's you, Miss Glennan," he said coolly "Come here"

With a burning face and trembling hands Evie went to him, certain that she was going to be dismissed on the spot.

"Kindly show this gentleman downstairs," said Hawke affably, flinging the door still wider Whereupon Mr St Clair came sheepishly forward and followed Evie down the staircase without further protest

Evie was by no means sure she had heard the last of this disagreeable incident She had a confused notion that Mr Hawke had disgraced himself somehow, and she feared that he would be unwilling to tolerate a girl in his office who knew of that disgrace She was not reassured when, a little later, he came downstairs and began working at the desk be side her He had done this before sometimes, and she had learned something indirectly about the making up of books from watching him She had seen him get the printer's estimate of the length of a MS from Bretherton and then heard him and Bretherton consulting as to whether it should be set in the style of an already printed book they handled, which would make it come out at so many pages, or in another, of a larger type, which would mean so many more She had heard them consult about bindings, and had seen a row of bindings, all in different colours, with the same title emblazoned on them, set up to get an effect

This afternoon she felt as if she were an unhappy mouse

and a cat were playing with her Hawke certainly took no notice of her, but what might there not be in his mind? Suppose next week when her money was handed to her, there should be a note of a week's dismissal? What then?

The afternoon seemed very long, stretched out interminably by suspense About four o'clock, when Evie had begun to feel a kind of desperate resignation to the longest day of her life, the outer doors of the counting-house swung inward with unusual vivacity, as if thrust forward by someone who would say, "Here I am, come to honour your office, take note of me!"

Evie was at a high desk, two rows inward, facing the doors directly, and as she was who the visitor was she turned



MR HAWKF S VOICE SAID AT HER ELBOW, "POETRY SEEMS TO ATTRACT YOU, MISS GLENNAN"

PB Hickling.

a sickly white For there not many yards away, stood Violet in a soft dark coat showing a flash of orange lining in front, which was exactly matched by the orange-tailed bird of Paradise in her coquettish hat Violet, the incarnation of dainty refinement, who had just stepped out of a luxurious car which awaited her outside, and now unexpectedly confronted her cousin leaning over a clerk's desk in an outer office, working the weary hours of the afternoon away with a heavy heart lest she might lose this employment through a mischance for which she was not responsible!

Evie had started, with a tremor that ran through her whole frame, at this extraordinary apparition. Her first thought was that Violet had somehow found out where she was and had come to seek her. A faint smile dawned on her lips, and had it met a glad answering signal, would have broken out in welcome all over her face. But as she stared and Violet stared, it was quite obvious that the meeting had not been planned, and that Violet was as much startled as she. Her lips shut tightly on one another, with a face like marble she averted her glance, and turned to greet Mr. Hawke, who, after a pause of glad surprise, had hastened round to meet her, and lead her upstairs to his private room.

Evie felt as if someone had poured ice down her back and shoulders With a great effort she turned her head on a

The Lost MS.

Miss Cornford. She is anxious to have them brought out in the best possible style. No expense spared. They must be set up with wide margins, and on hand-made paper." Then followed a long discussion by these two experts, sampling various sorts of paper, measuring margins, and choosing type, including ornamental headlines. They were both experts in the matter, and they spent a great deal of valuable time over it, giving that time practically for nothing, because, after all, though Violet might pay the whole cost of the book, and a percentage for the "office expenses," the affair was very small, and there was nothing "in it" so far as the firm was concerned. In fact, they made it a rule to shun MSS, of this kind, paid for by authors, because it was wasted time so far as they were concerned. It was really a favour that they had undertaken the commission at all, but they would turn it out to be worthy of their reputation, and would have done so even if no personal feeling had entered into it.

Nothing could have been farther apart than the methods of the two publishing houses with which Evie had now come into touch. The one made a speciality of publishing the works of those whose vanity led them to invest in this expensive form of self-gratification, and never, as a matter of fact, produced anything else, slipping the major part of the "costs" into their own pockets. And the other generally refused such MSS., unless they were books of a technical kind, or likely to enhance the firm's standing, but not likely to attract a large audience, so that it was obvious someone must guarantee them.

Little did Evie know of this, but as she stood there she realised that she and Violet were both making their first literary essay. However, she thought, Violet was paying for hers, whilst she, Evie, had found a publisher!

She knew that Violet had occasionally

written poetry, but she had been very reticent about it, and had never let it be seen. As these verses were to be published they were presumably no longer private; and Evic, seeing an opportunity to glance over some of the type-written sheets as they lay on the desk beside her, crept a little nearer, and began to look at them. The first piece was a short song punning on her name, "Violet." She gently raised it after reading it and became absorbed in the next, then started violently as Mr. Hawke's voice said at her elbow—

"Poetry seems to attract you, Miss Glennan?"

She had not heard a sound, and her wholesale confusion was the result of yesterday's, as well as to-day's episode. What a prying odious creature he must imagine her to be! She looked up at him, and in spite of herself her eyes were full of tears.

He laughed kindly.

"Nothing to cry about," he said good-humouredly. The office was for the moment almost empty, as many of the girls had gone to the back premises to get a cup of tea. "I would like to hear a woman's opinion. What do you think of these poems?"

Thus encouraged, she turned one page after another. How startled he would be if she said, "I am interested because they are by my cousin." But Violet's action had for ever prevented that. If she were ashamed of her cousin for working in an office, then Evie was much too proud to give the relationship away. She read on awhile, and murmuring something non-committal, returned to her own place as the others came back.

The next day Evie received by post a bulky package. It was the "Agreement" from Buyer and Co. She had not at that time, seen any publishers' agreements, and it interested her much.

After the usual preliminary, the document ran—

"The author agrees to transfer to the publishers all her copyrights, and her other rights in a novel written by her entitled *Honour Before All*, and the publishers agree to publish the said novel in one volume.

"All expenses incidental to the cost of publishing shall be undertaken by the publishers, in consideration of which the author agrees that the publishers shall be at liberty to sell five hundred copies of the said novel for their own benefit and without accounting therefor. Subject to this the publishers agree to pay to the author one-half of all profits from the sale of the said book, after deducting all expenses incurred in producing, publishing, selling, and advertising the same. It is agreed as part of the expenses that the publishers shall be at liberty to include fifteen per cent. on the gross profits, in lieu of specific charges for carriages, booking, insurance, postages, travelling expenses, and establishment-expenses. The author shall receive twelve presentation copies.

"The author indemnifies the publishers against any action brought on account of anything contained in the said book.

"The publishers shall make up accounts to the thirty-first of December of each year, and settle with the author for the same after three months."

There was nothing about the hundred pounds, and Evie read that clause about the five hundred copies several times to try to find the missing money there. But she could not find it. All the same, the document was signed with great ceremony, witnessed, sealed, and even stamped, so it was too late now to do

anything. Anyway, Buyer and Co. were going to pay all expenses, and it was quite clear that on the half-profit system she must very soon get her money back, so she put it away and made no expostulation.

To be continned.

A NEW LETTER COMPETITION

is announced in "STITCHERY" No. 38, our Quarterly Supplement. The subject will appeal to every Reader, no matter what her age or occupation. The First Prize is £3 3s.; Second Prize £2 2s.; various other Prizes of £1 1s., 10s. 6d. and 5s. are offered for the best Letters

THERE IS STILL TIME TO ENTER FOR THIS

"Stitchery" No. 38, price 6d. net; or by post, from this office, 7d.

HAVING recently transferred a small son from a high-brow school, at which the entire system of marks and of prizes was regarded as little short of immoral, to a regulation preparatory school, from which he will pass on to a public school, at which individual enterprise will be stimulated to its utmost by prize days and other kindred devices for encouraging the young idea to shoot. I feel just now peculiarly qualified to discuss the question as to whether the prize system can legitimately be held to develop in the budding intellect, incentives and aspirations of which the moralist may not wholly approve.

In this case, the child may be said to be of good average capability, neither unduly precocious for his age nor unduly backward. At the high-brow establishment, where every effort was made to stimulate the pupils to work well for work's own sake, and to seek neither to gain approbation by climbing over the heads of contemporaries nor by displaying tangible evidences of prowess (in the shape of prizes), gained at the expense of a certain humiliation on the part of those less successful, he was described in his reports as being of undoubted intelligence, and stated to be progressing favourably. It was observed, however, by watchful parents, that little or no effort was made towards improvement in subjects in which he was obviously weak, and that small response was made by them when special pressure was brought to bear in the case of problems difficult of solution. In the trimmings of education he was certainly making a good advance, that is to say, he was conversant with the greater number of the classical myths, he was familiar with the northern sagas, and had made many of the nature legends, proper to the folklore of the different nations, These had been painlessly his own. inculcated in him in the form of fairystories, and they had stuck, much to his advantage, just as the stories of Cinderella and Robin Hood will stick when less picturesque tales have faded from the memory. But of the solid drudging groundword that most of us would escape if we could, but may only evade at our ultimate peril, he had assimilated remarkably little. Dates were weak, even the multiplication table would " gang all agley" at times, and the Latin pluperfect would on occasions somehow take the form of the future without his noticing it.

When, however, this very ordinary specimen of erring humanity became a pupil at the well-known preparatory school, and was placed in a rather

humiliatingly low class owing to his lack of familiarity with the "I before E, except after C," aphorism, and other useful little educational formulæ, a quite remarkable change was speedily observable in his outlook. For the first time the competitive instinct was aroused, and with it the sense of personal pride in his work. It is unbearable that he should find himself taking a lower seat in class than boys even slightly his younger, and the presentation to his mother of a weekly class list was accompanied by a very real heart-burning when that list did not reflect to his credit. The game of the high-brow school had given place to another type of game, far more thrilling and with far greater possibilities of satisfaction at the end. If it was amusing to have one's instruction wrapped up in the form of pastimes, it was even more amusing to play the jolly game of going up or going down, according to the accuracy of one's answers. If simply setting one's mind on the memorisation of a new declension or an extended vocabulary

meant that next morning one was going to sit above Jones Minor, instead of below, and take a little of the swank out of Smith Major, well, that little job was going to be done to the very best of his ability, no matter if he did have to put on one side the new birthday book to secure the proper time to get it perfect.

Now the ordinary Briton, even though he has only just begun to count his age in two figures instead of one, is a sportsman. If he likes to do better than his neighbour, there is no thought of "crowing" over him in the unpleasant sense. He is purely subjective in his view of the situation, and if he should happen to go up to the top, he is thinking merely how happy he is in the achievement and never how foolish the other man is. His pride in carrying off a prize or in heading a mark-list is not based, as the high-brow school assumed, on selfconceit, neither is it concerned with scorn for the less efficient. It is the same joy that comes to the winner of a race, or the champion of a tournament. Is not all life rather in the nature of a race? Are we not all more or less participants in a tournament?

I greatly fear that with the majority



A Competition Photo by

of us abstract maxims work less freely than does concrete encouragement. Nor is extreme youth so idealistic as budding adolescence. At the early "a, b = ab" stage, I much fear me that the bribe of a chocolate may do more in developing memory than the instillation of maxims regarding the beauty of work well done without hope of rewards. And so does it work for some years ahead. It is only as the intellect begins to mature and to realise that the prize and the mark are but symbols of that which is spiritually of far greater worth, namely, of the knowledge that one has used one's talents to the utmost and, in the parlance of the boy scout, "done one's best," that we begin to regard work as an end itself. And when that time shall arrive we shall have learnt the habit of work.

"Man's aim should ever exceed his grasp, or what's a Heaven for?" sang Browning. Human nature, especially in its earlier stages, seems to want its Heaven defined in such a way that its aim is ever clearly in front of it. There is something so literal about youth's conceptions that high-flown efforts to stimulate its powers on pure abstractions

[Concluded on page 241.

WE have been thinking together about the results that would follow if the teaching of Jesus Christ could only be applied in its fulness to human society. Love—Faith—Self-Sacrifice would soon make a new world!

These guiding principles were regarded as acting between one human being and another.

Now let us look together upon the relationship, not between man and man, but between man and God.

And the link between ourselves and The Unseen, of course, is Prayer.

There has been much discussion from time to time upon the efficacy of Prayer; and long ago a suggestion was made, not in any spirit, I believe, of wilful irreverence. A test was proposed.

Two hospitals were to be run. In the one, Prayer (together, of course, with all medical and surgical aid, and the best nursing possible) was to form an element in the treatment. In the other hospital the same advantages were to be found, with the exclusion of Prayer. "We shall see," said the inquirers, "which patients will recover most quickly; and if there is no difference between them, we shall know that Prayer is useless"

It was shown that this bold experiment would be of no use! You could not ensure a prayerless hospital, for the patients themselves could not be hindered from Prayer.

No one can be trusted not to turn to God in dire extremity.

I do not know if the experiment was seriously suggested in the first place, but it was universally acknowledged by believers and unbelievers alike that, for this reason, it would be useless. Prayer is instinctive in the human heart. And surely this is significant as a proof.

Now in all probability those for whom I am writing do not need me to urge upon them the efficacy and importance of Prayer.

"Of course I say my prayers," a girl would reply, if I were talking to her on the subject; and she might be somewhat indignant did I ask her: "How often do you really pray?" But let us look at the matter, affectionately and practically, without any wish to descend to trivial details. And first take the evening season; surely a time for solemn thought, and

the turning of the soul to God after the activities of the day, and before the rest of the night.

No one would deny that this is, above all, the hour for prayer.

It is also the hour for confidences between one spirit and another. How easy it is, and how delightful, to be shut up with a sister or your intimate girl friend, from the pressing occupations of the day, and, with the soothing accompaniment of a hair - brush through your loosened tresses, to embark upon matters too intimate to bear the light!

It is tempting to prolong such confidences; but at last they must cease. A good-night embrace is exchanged, with perhaps strict injunctions as to secrecy, and you are left alone.

"Oh dear! I must say my prayers!"

This is an unuttered, but it is often a reluctant sequel.

You fall on your knees beside the bed and bury your face in the coverlet, possibly an enderdown quilt. A few hurried sentences, framed mentally, are gone through, and you seek repose, feeling that a duty has been performed.

Now this is a mere travesty of Prayer.

First of all—it may conflict with accepted notions, but in many cases it is a mistake to leave evening prayer till the *very* last thing. This may, of course, be unavoidable. But when one is thoroughly tired, the mind cannot work properly, and if, as in the case of my illustration, it is full of the recent friendly chatter, it is not fit to approach the Divine presence without preparation.

Then—it may seem heresy—I do not think the side of one's bed is always the best place for prayer!

"What does it matter?" some reader may indignantly exclaim. "Can it signify where, or how, I say my prayers?" It only matters in so far as the posture, and the surroundings, help true devotion. One can pray, of course, standing, walking, sitting in a train, tram, or omnibus, in a crowded street, on a hill-top, or in a lonely wood.

But does the diving of the head into a soft quilt aid devotion, or does it not rather connect it with a general sense of somnolence?

I think it has a distinctly sleepy

effect, and should advise the reader who wishes to find more help from her prayers, who is perhaps coming to see that she might alter things with advantage:-firstly, not, unless it is inevitable, to delay her nightly prayers till the moment before getting into bed. Pray in the evening, of course, but do not let it be at the very end of the evening. Secondly, I advise her to have some recognised place in her room for prayer, where she can kneel upright, and where the associations are not those of sleepiness and languor. These little things are not of themselves important, but they do help or hinder.

Prayer is of many different kinds. There is the "common prayer" of Christians worshipping in public; and the "private prayer" of the individual. It is this, of course, about which I am writing now.

And of what unspeakable importance it is!

I may say here that it is of great consequence to train children from the first in habits of prayer. Some form is helpful, but care should be taken that the child really can enter into it as his own. I suppose the hymns most usually taught for the purpose are still: "Gentle Jesus, meek and mild," and "Jesus, tender Shepherd, hear me." Of the two I much prefer the latter. As a little creature, I fiercely resented the third line in the first-named hymn—

"Pity my simplicity."

Why, I inquired mentally, should my simplicity need pity? Ought not children to be simple? Then, if so, why did it need compassion? Consequently I altered the line into one that did not rhyme, and was perhaps hardly applicable to a suppliant of very tender years—

"Help a guilty sinner, pray."

This illustration is only given to show what unspoken thoughts come into the child mind.

Children that have been trained to speak to God as to a Father, and who have been encouraged to use their own words, as well as a form, will find help in later life.

And yet, unhappily, there are some who used to pray as children, perhaps at a mother's knee, but who dropped the habit when the childish form became too simple for them, and there was no one any longer to prompt their devotions. This is all wrong. For the spiritual life cannot exist without prayer. Therefore, if any one of my readers has ceased to pray, or has allowed her prayers to degenerate into a merely formal exercise, let her at once resolve that a change shall be made. For there is no need to wait in this matter.

If you are bewildered—uncertain what to do—longing to find Christ, yet doubtful how you can do it, tell Him so. Put all your difficulties, your perplexities, before Him.

This I have already urged, as the first step in the Spiritual life.

Prayer must be the expression of real, genuine feeling and must come from the heart.

The words of the King in Hamlet always strike me as of terrible force—

"My words fly up, my thoughts remain below,

Words without thoughts never to Heaven go."

Resolve, then, first of all, that your prayers shall be *in earnest*. And with this end, clear away from them all that is insincere, perfunctory, only formal; choose, as I have said,

the attitude, the place, that helps you most.

Do not fall upon your knees and rush, so to speak, at once into the presence of God.

A preliminary moment or two of recollectedness, of silence, is helpful. Remember *Whom* you are approaching. Do it with reverence, trying to realise the nearness of the Divine. Lift the desire of your heart and the thought of your mind into the atmosphere of the Presence of God. Even if you have but a short time for prayer, a portion of it is not wasted by being thus spent without words, even inarticulate words, just letting the thought of God steal into and possess your soul.

It is of absolute necessity to dedicate some regular time to private prayer. The danger of hurrying it over and letting it degenerate into a mere form, the last thing at night, has been touched upon. But it is equally dangerous to hurry it over in the morning before the work of the day begins. How easy it is to lie a little too long in bed, and to think, "Oh! I can pray at any time!" deferring prayers till some indefinite moment, which never comes at all!

The fact that we can pray at any

time and in any place has, perhaps, allowed us too much laxity in the matter of private prayer. We know in our daily work that what can be done at any time is often not done at all. It is, therefore, of real importance to have times for prayer, and to be strict with ourselves about observing them, always remembering that we need not keep only to such times. They are the "minimum" of what we do.

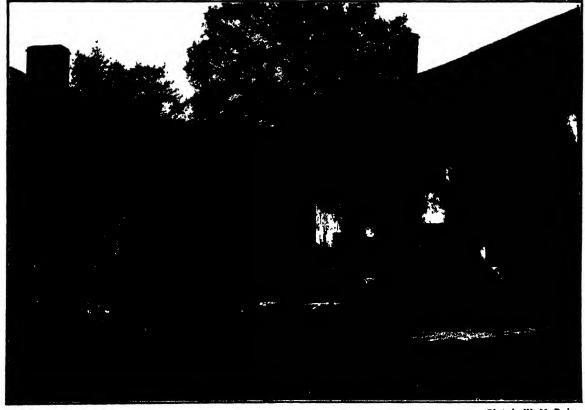
Then there is the question of utterance.

After the moments of silent recollection, shall you articulate the words of your devotion, or let them form themselves quite silently in your mind?

I think utterance, in secret, is a great help. It has a tendency to control the wandering thoughts that seem to fly into the mind as soon as one tries to concentrate in prayer. Those who live most in communion with God have left it on record that to speak aloud, however faintly, is what aids them most in the all-important matter.

When one begins to write on the subject of Prayer, fresh thoughts suggest themselves, and I must put off much that I would like to say until another month.

To be continued.



DUNSTER, SOMERSET.

Photo by W. M. Dodson.

Rosemary

Chaps. IX. and X. Two Travellers Arrive Unexpectedly

By L. G. MOBERLY

It was Rosemary who opened the door to the tall stranger who stood on the threshold. When the little tinkling bell rang, Marie was in the very act of making an omelette, and Rosemary, sitting on the kitchen table swinging her daintily-shod feet and prattling to her old nurse in fluent French, jumped down exclaiming—

"I'll go. Don't spoil that heavenly omelette for the sake of some old carrier or somebody."

But no old carrier faced her when she opened the door. There was a carriage in the dusty road, and a tall man, who had evidently just alighted from it, lifted his hat as he saw the girl.

"C'est la maison de Mme. Sterndale," he began in very halting French, with a strong English accent.

"Yes," she answered in English, at the sound of which language a look of relief crossed his face. "Mrs. Sterndale lives here. Did you want to see her?"

" Very much." There was a restrained eagerness in the visitor's voice and manner, and over his face, which Rosemary noticed was very lined and tired, there flashed a sudden smile. Something in his smile and the shining of his eyes -brown eyes, sunken and tired-stirred some memory in Rosemary's mind; it seemed to her that in some inexplicable way this stranger's face was familiar to her, and yet not familiar, that was not exactly the word. She was sure she had never before seen the man who now stood before her, the man who stooped a little, as though it were an effort to hold himself upright; whose eyes, dauntless and shining though they were, held something else which the girl could not quite define, something of infinite sadness; whose face was so haggard and so tired; yet whose smile. when it flashed out, seemed to her the sweetest she had ever seen. If she and the stranger had ever met before, she would not have forgotten his smile. All these thoughts went through her brain at racing speed whilst she held open the door for him to enter; and with the thoughts there came again that feeling of curious familiarity.

"Please come in," she said in her pretty gracious way. "I will go and find mother."

"Mother!" the word dropped from the stranger's lips in accents of profound astonishment. "You can't be Rosemary!"

It was the girl's turn to look astonished, and her frank eyes stared into his tired ones with a question.

"Do you feel as if I had gone stark staring mad?" he asked, with a low laugh that had the same quality as his smile. "My dear, I ought to have introduced myself formally, but somehow I have grown stupid and dull in all these years, and at the first moment it never struck me that you were Rosemary —my daughter Rosemary."

"Your daughter Rosemary?" She repeated the words mechanically, then put out her hands with a little impulsive gesture. "Oh, have you come back to us?" she said. "Have you come back to mother and me?" And with a child-like movement very natural and very sweet she lifted her face for his kiss. "Mother has gone to see Mère Belluse about some chickens," she said, as she ushered their visitor into the sitting-room; "I will soon find her. And oh, how glad she will be."

Geoffrey Sterndale looked round the small room, and out at the open window, with a little sigh.

"Has Grace lived here all these years?" he said.

"This is our home," Rosemary answered. "We love it; and the view out of the window is more beautiful than anything else I ever saw."

Across the garden where the anemones and big rosy-tipped daisies starred the grass, his glance wandered to the woodland that sloped down to the valley and climbed the valley's farther side; to the blue-grey mountains outlined against the April sky, and a smile broke up the haggardness of his face.

"Very lovely," he said softly. "Very restful. But I have come to see whether—"

His sentence remained unfinished, for at that moment Grace's form came into sight, moving slowly across the daisied grass towards the house. At sight of him standing by Rosemary's side the colour drained from her face. She held out her hands with a curious appealing gesture, and if the visitor had not gone quickly to her side, she would have slipped down upon the grass at his feet. He steadied her, and, with his arm round her, drew her into the house, where she stood clinging to his arm, breathless and speechless.

"I oughtn't to have come without letting you know beforehand," he said remorsefully, "but I wanted to tell you the wonderful news myself."

"Wonderful news?" She still clung to him as though she could never let him go. "What news? What has happened? You are not—— They haven't set you free?"

"Can you bear what may be a great shock—only a shock of happiness?" he asked tenderly. "Can she bear it?" He turned to Rosemary standing by the window, a silent spectator of the scene.

"I think she can bear good news and happiness," the girl answered softly. "It is unhappiness that is so hard to bear."

"Don't look so frightened, my poor little wife." Geoffrey drew his wife closer into the protecting circle of his arms, and smiled down at her white bewildered face. "There is no more need for fear and misery. Everything has come right."

"Come right?" Grace was only capable of echoing what he said. "Come right? Do you mean they have found out the truth?"

"Have they found that you were unjustly accused all the time?" Rosemary exclaimed.

Geoffrey's smile was good to see as he turned towards his newly-found daughter.

"You are quick in the uptake, my dear,"



SWANS.

by N. Taylor,



"1 AM AS FREF AS EVER," HE ANSWERED.
"ABSOLUTELY MY OWN MASTER AGAIN."

Drawn by Harold Copping.

he said, with something almost of gaicty in his voice. "The truth has come out at last, after all these years."

"And I always believed in you—always, always!" Grace exclaimed passionately. "'My king could do no wrong'!"

"Your king didn't certainly commit the crimes imputed to him! Thank God, you never doubted me."

"Never—never for a single instant. I knew you were incapable of even thinking of such things. The judge and jury who found you guilty were just fools—nothing but fools."

Geoffrey laughed softly.

"The evidence was hopelessly against me," he said, "and we mustn't be too hard on the judge and jury. They did their best according to their lights."

Grace sniffed a scornful little sniff.

"Anybody who looked at you twice would know you couldn't forge and defraud and murder," she said.

"Oh, but judges and juries are not guided by the personal appearance of the prisoner," Geoffrey answered, putting his wife upon the low couch by the window, and seating himself beside her. "Now come and make a third, Rosemary," he went on. "I have to get accustomed to the possession of a grown-up daughter. Sit down here and let me try and realise the wonderful phenomenon."

Rosemary perched herself upon the arm of the couch, and her father laid one hand over hers, whilst his other hand was closely clasped by Grace.

"I can't take it in," Grace said wistfully. "I simply can't grasp that you are free, really free. Can we be together again, Geoffrey? Does it mean that you can do as you like, go where you choose? I can't understand it."

"I am free as air," he answered.

"Absolutely my own master again, and you and I can take up our lives

again where we left them off more than eighteen years ago."

"Oh, Geoff, I can't realise it even now." Grace's voice was shaken, eyes dim with tears. "It seems so wicked, so dreadful, that all these years of our lives have been lived apart—that we have wasted them."

"Not wasted them," he said gently.
"I have tried to learn the lessons the years brought; and these words stuck to me: 'Who going through the Vale of Misery use it for a well.' Queer how these words helped me, even when things were at their very worst."

Rosemary looked into her father's face with quick understanding and sympathy. She liked the simplicity with which he had spoken—the simplicity of the whole man was made clear to her by his words.

"But we have been apart, Geoff," Grace said tremulously. "Nothing can ever give us back the years."

Rosemary

" Nothing can give us back these years, but we shall have the rest of our lives together: and all the experience these vears have taught us will make all our life greater and better." He spoke almost dreamily, and again it was Rosemary who most quickly grasped his meaning. Her eves, as they met his, showed that she understood

"I still feel dazed and strange," Geoffrey went on. "The outside world seemed so noisy and glaring after the quiet prison life. At first I could hardly bear it. When they set me free, I went to a London hotel. I felt like a fish out of water. Everything was so new, and strange, and puzzling, and as soon as ever I could, I came to you"

"But even now I don't understand it all," Grace said helplessly, whilst Rosemary gave her father's hand another sympathetic squeeze. "Why have they set you free?"

"Because the person who had done the things for which I was punished owned up," Geoffrey answered gravely.

"Do you mean that somebody else has let you be punished for him all these

years?" Rosemary exclaimed vehemently. "What a horrible shame! How could anyone be so wicked, so cruel?"

"He's dead now, poor chap," Geofrey said quietly; "and perhaps we oughtn't to blame him overmuchthe temptation was overwhelming I mean that the temptation to fraud was overwhelming I find it hard to forgive him taking dear old Uncle Denis's life. But it seems to have been the result of a violent quarrel. I don't think James meant to do it. I am sure he had no intention of doing it "

" James " Grace sat upright, and stared at her husband in almost speechless amazement. "You aren't trying to tell us that it was James who did all the things of which you were accused? James, who has taken your place at the Manor House? Oh, Geoffrey, how could he? How could he? And he seemed so anxious that I should not suffer. When they condemned you, he insisted upon sending me an allowance, because he said he had come into the estate in your place, and he felt he must do all he could for me and Rosemany."

"The Manor automatically went to James as the next heir. Under the circumstances the least he could do was to keep you and the child. I fancy his years at Grenlake must have been uneasy years. Conscience doesn't ever seem to have left him alone " "I should hope not," Rosemary put in breathlessly.

Geoffrey laughed a little grimly.

"He was ill, as of course you know, for a very long time," Geoffrey continued, "and I imagine that during that illness conscience awoke into still more active Then the illness became acute, and finally-when he was dying-he told the truth, the truth which has made me a free man It seems that nineteen years ago he was in serious money difficulties, up to his eyes in debt, with moneylenders pestering him, and altogether at the end of his tether. None of us knew anything about this He appeared prosperous enough, but he was really at the last gasp And then there came a chance—a fatally easy chance—of tampering with the books in the office, of transferring money from the business to his own pockets; finally, of forging Uncle Denis's signature Well, there's no need to go into detail He took advantage of his chance, and saved himself from ruin Somehow Uncle Denis's suspicions were aroused, and he taxed lames with the crimes. They had a terrific row in the office late one afternoon after everyone else had left, and in a moment of passion and heat, James lifted a heavy weight off the table and flung it at Uncle Denis, hitting him on the temple. He seems to have been overwhelmed with horror and dismay at what he had done, and he stole out of the office as quickly as he could Nobody had seen him go in. Nobody saw him go out, and as far as the caretaker knew, I was the last person with my uncle after office hours. There is the story in a nutshell—an ugly sordid story about which we need never speak again. James has done his best to undo the wrong he did, and now he is dead Don't let us think evil, or speak evil of him now"

For very many minutes there was silence in the little room, but from the garden outside there came the fluting notes of a blackbird's voice, and in Rosemary's mind the song of the blackbird will always thread itself into her remembrance of that strange and wonderful day.

"And now I have come to you," Geoffrey said, after the long silence, "to ask whether you and Rosemary will come home with me."

"Home!" A choking sob caught Grace's voice. "Oh, you mean that we can go home to the Manor House? Home to Grenlake? It is so like a



"THE PINES."

A Competition Photo by W. Parkinson.

dream that I can't believe it even now Can we go home? And can we show Rosemary the garden and the flagged path between the rosemary bushes, and the dear room where she would have been born? And her ancestress in the periwinkle dress? Can we really go back?"

"We can go back as soon as ever you like Grenlake Manor is mine again, and whenever you like we can show it all to Rosemary"

Chapter X. From the Back of Beyond.

ROSFMARY sat upon the low wall that shielded Mère Belluse's olive garden which was on the side of the road farthest away from the farm The wall was a pleasant place upon which to sit and meditate, for the sun prured warmly down upon it -so warmly that two lizards basked upon the grey stones close to the girl, the gnarled old trees in the olive garden shut away the wind that blew off the mountains. and, furthermore, that particular piece of wall was a good point of vantage from which to survey the white road that wound up into the little town, and down into the valley leading towards Camelines And Rosemary liked to be able to see the road Then, if any of the neighbours came trudging along, she would jump down and talk to them, for she was a gregarious soul, and every hving creature in Dragnon was her friend

She had a book in her hand, but her eyes were more often on the road than on her book, and her thoughts were busy over the unknown future that lay before her. What would it all be like—the home she had so often pictured to herself, the life with a strange father, and a mother who was no longer exclusively hers?

To have such a father as hers was, without a doubt, a joy beyond all words, for Geoffrey Sterndale had firmly liveted his hold on his daughter's heart

"And there are lots of ways in which he will help me you see," she said aloud, addressing her remark to one of the lizards, who kept a wary eye upon her every movement, "though my godfather's letter has been like a wonderful guide. He must have been a very wise boy,' she ended reflectively, still addressing her words to the watchful lizard. "He knew such a tremendous deal about what girls had better be and not be"

Little phrases out of the treasured letter, the whole of which she practically knew by heart, recurred to her.

"The face and appearance attract a man's attention, but it's the character that hes behind with which he really falls in love. . . . Stick to the man you choose through thick and thin Set yourself an ideal, and try to live up to it"

Why just these particular phrases out of her godfather's letter should have stayed in her mind. Rosemary would have been hard put to say Still, there they were, and other fragments, too, started at intervals into her memory But it was the sentence about an ideal which appealed to her most just now Of men she knew little Her life so far had not brought her into contact with those of her own generation, and Mr. Merraby, her schoolfellows' fathers, and the clergyman and the doctor who visited Miss Thrampton's school, represented to her the masculine element with the exception of course, of the male inhabitants of Dragnon, and these consisted of peasants and small shopkeepers, the

pasteur, and the elderly man of medicine "My idea for you is that you should become the kindest and most lovable of women and you'll have to be very kind and very lovable before I grant you the highest rank 'The last sentence of her godfather's letter unrolled itself before her mental vision. The words seemed to spread themselves out across the grass under the olive tices, where the little grey shadows of the leaves danced and played hide and seek with the gleaming particles of sunlight that wove themselves into all sorts of fantastic patterns amongst them.

"I would give anything to be what he wanted" she said softly, so softly that even the lizards did not stir "And though he sets a high ideal, I mean to try and follow it—I can try to be kind, and I'd love to be lovable But, anyhow, I can be loving to start with"

She said those last words a little more loudly, and, with a flick of their tails, the lizards vanished in that flash of-lightning like fashion which lizards have And at that identical moment a tall form came round the bend of the white road, and paused rather wearily just opposite the wall on which Rosemary was perched

Rosemary noticed that the stranger was dressed in rather odd badly-cut clothes, but the eyes that were turned towards her were very gentle, and when the tall man smiled, as he did on meeting her glance, his smile was very kindly.



THE ROUND CHIMNEY SELWORIHY, SOMERSLI

A Competition I hato by Edith Marlow,

He wore a beard closely cropped, and its brown hairs were thickly sown with grey, as also was the hair beneath his cap There were dark shadows under his eyes, and the eyes themselves were deeply sunken, as though the man had been through some terrible suffering, indeed, there was an expression in his eyes, gentle as they were, which seemed to hint at some great trouble or fear Rosemary was not sure that it was not fear which lurked in their glance-fear of something unknown and very dreadful There were a great many lines upon his face, deeply carved lines, and as he walked he stooped as though he were tired

"Is this the way to Dragnon?" he asked in slow and difficult French, spoken with a strong English accent, and Rosemary at once slipped off the wall to his side

"That is Dragnon—just round the bend of the road," she said, and hearing the English words a look of relief crossed the stranger's face "Did you want to find anybody there"

"No-o," he answered, with a certain hesitation, and his brows drew together in a frown "I am staying down there at Camelines". He nodded over his shoulder along the valley road up which he had come "I made some good friends on the voyage, and I am staying with them"

His voice was very refined, very gentle, having a singularly charming quality.

Rosemary

Some of the gentleness of the man's soul seemed to be shown in his voice, reflected in his eyes, and words Rosemary had learnt at school only a little while ago came flashing into her mind: "He was a very parfit gentil knight." For some unexplained reason they seemed to fit the tall stranger who stood looking down at her.

"It is very beautiful here," he said presently, lifting his cap with a gesture that looked to the girl like one of thanksgiving. "Very beautiful and very restful. The violets under those trees are like purple pools." And again a smile hovered over his face as he went to the low wall and leant against it, looking at the gnarled olive trees, the grass that was dappled with sun and shade, and the splashes of vivid purple where violets bent their heads to the breeze. The air was sweet with their fragrance, and from somewhere farther down the road

there came, too, a waft of sweetness from the crimson roses that made a hodge about Monsieur Jordain's farm.

"It is all so green and fresh and beautiful," the stranger went on dreamily. "So—different."

"Different from what?" Rosemary asked. She was standing beside the tall man, who stooped a little as though he were tired. "Different from what?" she repeated, when he did not at once answer.

"From bare rocks, from mountains that are like a wall—a great wall." He shuddered. "Bare grey rocks, bare grey mountains, a sun that burns like a furnace, or icy blasts that pierce to your very bones. So different from this." And his eyes once more travelled over the olive garden's dappled light and shade, to the violets swayed by the breeze.

"Have you come from the sort of

place you describe?" Rosemary questioned; and his eyes came back from the soft greenness of the olive garden and looked down into her upturned face with a glance she could not quite interpret. It still seemed to her to hold something of fear, or of a great shrinking.

"Yes—I—came from the mountains." He spoke with hesitation. "There was a way out—I found a way out—at last. But—everything is so strange—so strange." His voice dropped, he looked away from her again, and this time his glance turned across the valley to the elephant-blue mountains mistily outlined against the sky. "A way of escape," he went on, more as if speaking to himself than to the girl. "Some words I once heard keep running in my mind, but I don't know what they are. 'A way of escape, that ye may be able to bear it.'"

"You are quoting the Bible," Rose-

mary answered. "It is about God giving people a way of escape."

"Is that it? Well, He gave it to me at last. But I think it only came after a long time—a very long time."

"Why do you say you think it only came after a long time? Don't you know what happened, if it happened to you yourself?"

The man's blue and sunken eyes looked full into hers, and their sadness gave her a sudden wish to cry.

"I can't remember," he said. "That's just the worst of it all. I can't remember. Even the memory of my own name has gone. I can't get hold of it, try as I will. Sometimes I think it is coming back to me. I feel as if in another minute I should remember, and then it eludes me again."

"Did you have an accident?" Rosemary asked sympathetically.

"An accident? No-I don't think so. I don't know. It all comes back to that, you see-I don't know. All I can see is that mountain wall of barren greyness, bare rocks scorching in pitiless heat, or swept by icv blasts; and myself creeping along goat tracks or the edge of precipices, clambering down steep hillsides where the stones rolled from under my feet, walking through gorges that were so lonely and so frowning they



"IS THIS THE WAY TO DRAGNON?" HE ASKED IN SLOW AND DIFFICULT FRENCH.

Drawn by Harold Copping.

made me shudder. And behind all that remembrance there is a darkness, a darkness which holds in it some sense of nightmare, of horror, which I can neither define nor recall."

"How strange. But at last you came away from that loneliness on the mountains? You spoke just now of a ship."

"I got into civilisation at last, after wandering in those awful mountains." Again came the shiver which seemed to indicate a quality of fear which Rosemary had never before come across in her peaceful young life.

"And yet he doesn't look a coward."
The thought flashed through her brain.
"Not a bit of a coward."

"I came to villages and people," the stranger's voice went on. "And there was an Englishman in one of the villages. He was visiting the district. He took me into his camp, and I went down with ilim to the plains; and there other people were good to me, and I got to Bombay, and they shipped me off to England. But the friends I made on board begged me to stop with them at Camelines until perhaps my memory came back. You see, I shall be stranded when I get to England. I know nobody. I have no clue to my friends or relations I am just a bit of flotsam and jetsam." And he smiled a queer whimsical smile which brought a lump into Rosemary's throat.

"Oh, I am sorry!" she said, putting out her hand to him with an eager gesture. "It must be horrible for you, horrible not to know anything about yourself. It is like being cut off from all your past."

"I am cut off from all my past," he answered. "A great black cloud hangs between me and it. But some day it may lift. Who knows? And meanwhile I just live a day at a time. When I am less of a crock I shall try to get some work—if anybody will employ a semi-imbecile."

Rosemary laughed.

"I don't think you look much like a semi-imbecile," she said, her cycs again meeting his eyes, which, in spite of their sadness, were so quiet and steadfast. "And I am sure you will quite suddenly remember everything. And then—won't it be exciting picking up the threads?"

"I wonder," the tall stranger answered slowly. "I—wonder." He rested one

hand upon the rough stones of the wall, and his gaze again wandered over the valley to the soft mountains. "Sha n't I be like a kind of Rip Van Winkle? Shall I find that everybody I cared for is dead or has forgotten me? Will my place in the world have been filled during all these blank years?"

"There will be another place for you," Rosemary answered with confidence. "There are places for everybody. You will find you are wanted somewhere. I am sure we are all wanted somewhere."

"What makes you so sure?" The stranger smiled down into her flushed eager face, the certainty of her tone gave him an odd sense of comfort.

"I don't know," said Rosemary slowly. "I just do feel sure. You see, it isn't likely God would have showed you that way out, that way to escape, if He hadn't any place for you afterwards. He doesn't do things at random. I expect He has some work all ready for you somewhere, and presently you will find out what and where it is."

"You are very comforting," the tall man said abruptly. "Will you tell me your name? And do you live here in this green place of peace?"

"What a lovely way of describing it!" Rosemary's eyes shone. "Yes—I was born here, and I've lived here nearly all my life until now. Now I'm going away from it. And my name is Rosemary—Rosemary Sterndale."

"Rosemary," he repeated. "I like the name Rosemary. It makes me think of some place I once saw." His brows drew together again in a painful effort of memory. "There were great clumps of rosemary beside a flagged path, the leaves were very grey-green, and the flowers very grey-blue in the sunlight And somewhere—close by "—he spoke more slowly, piecing together the picture in his mind—" somewhere close by there was an arch covered with pink roses. The petals fell upon the rosemary bushes."

"There, now, you see!" Rosemary exclaimed. "Your memory is beginning to wake up, and by-and-by there will come other little links to help you, and you will be able to tell where you saw those rosemary bushes. And then you will get the missing clue you want."

"I wish I could! I wish I could!" came the vehement reply. "If only

I could tear down the curtain, the black curtain that hangs between me and my past, how thankful I should be! But it hangs there like a pall. They have even had to invent a name for me," he added bitterly. "I couldn't tell them my own."

"What have they called you?" Rosemary asked gently. "And you mustn't mind about it, because, you see it is only for a time—only just till you remember"

"You are a born comforter," he answered impulsively. "And perhaps you are right. Perhaps I shall soon remember. Meanwhile, for all practical purposes, my name is Smith—John Smith. They felt—we all felt—I had better take a name that was quite non-committal, quite ordinary. Smith does as well as any other."

"What's in a name?" Rosemary quoted gaily. "By-and-by you will be able to laugh over your John Smith name. I don't see that it matters what you are called. Nothing can prevent you from being you"

"If I only knew who I was!" he said ruefully.

For a few moments longer the stranger lingered, talking to the girl whose young freshness charmed him as much as did the peacefulness of the countryside. And when presently he turned to make his way back to Camelines, they shook hands as though they had been old friends.

"Some day, when you are in England, will you come and see mother and father and me?" Rosemary asked. " And perhaps when you see the clumps of rosemary bushes in the Manor garden you will remember where you saw those other bushes and the pink roses. This is where our home will be." She tore a scrap of paper from a letter in her pocket, and, writing upon it her name and address, handed it to him. "And I believe father could help you,' she added. "He and my mother are away now; they have gone away to the mountains just for a few weeks, as a kind of grownup honeymoon! When they come back we are going home. And if some day you could know father, I be-

lieve he might be able to help you to find yourself again. He is the very kindest man in the world, and always ready to help everybody!"

To be continued.

Prizes or No Prizes?

Concluded from page 233.

As soon as we withdraw the competitive stimulus we are in danger of encouraging such stagnation as we find in the ordinary Government office, an institution that has become a byword for slackness and inefficiency. It may be that when we have attained a higher plane of being we may be able to ascend without its assistance, but until that day has arrived let us not seek to deprive our children of its undoubted influence for good.

school career, competition, so long as it be not carried to a pitch at which it dominates the finer susceptibilities, makes for efficiency and advancement.

are apt lamentably to come to the

ground. As in business life, so in the

IF you called Mimi a laundress she would be furious. Her professional cards and the smart little closed motor which goes round Paris to collect her orders

bear nothing but one word: "Mimi." To get a garment "Mimi-ed" is to have it wondrously restored to its first freshness, and that without any of the horrid smelliness which often spoils cleaned goods. When people ask her, with admiration, if she works charms upon the things, she smiles in her mysterious way.

But to me, her friend, she speaks the blunt truth: "Charms! I just wash them—wash them the right way."

There are as many different kinds of washing, she tells me, as there are countries. Mimi travelled a good deal in her youth, and picked up all sorts of odd notions here and there. For examp'e, her wonderful washing of black woollen dress materials was searned in a convent high up on the snow line in the Italian mountains.

"The nuns unpick their habits and wash them once each year," she told me. "The habits always look new, and yet a nun has only two, which last her whole life."

First, the thing must be ripped apart and the lining and trimming taken away. Then it must be well brushed and beaten, to get rid of the dust. Next it must be put into a big tub of cold water to soak till next day

In the morning put a big boiler on the stove, with two gallons of cold water in it. Pick two large double handfuls of ivy leaves—common ivy which grows on the house. Wash them well. Put them into the boiler and let them boil rather fast for two hours. Take them out, put in the soaked material, and boil that in its turn for two hours. Lift out the pieces with a couple of sticks and hang them from a line in the open air and shade, fastening them by their edges only. You must not wring or squeeze them, just leave them to drip themselves dry.

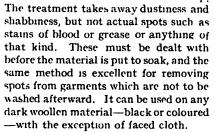
Her Woollen Cloth is Never Green.

At the end of one day in hot weather, or two days in moderate weather, you will find that they are comparatively dry. Now lay on the floor a board, larger than the largest piece of stuff, and cover it with a smooth old towel which will not give off "fluffs." Spread

the pieces on this, pulling each into shape as you do so, and arranging them in such a way that you make a flat smooth packet of them. Cover them

with another towel and another board; weight the top board heavily with stones or irons, and leave the whole thing to itself for a week.

You will find that the stuff comes out exactly like new, not the least bit faded or "greened"; not the least bit shiny; and with none of that horrid stiffness which spoils washed woollen materials. It has exactly the same texture and surface as if the pattern of the garment had just been cut from fabric new from the shop.



If you think that grease is present in the spot, lay a sheet of blotting-paper over it and press with a hot iron. It is well to do this to all doubtful spots, for the ironing does not hurt the stuff, and it is always possible that some amount, at any rate, of grease exists in the stain. After this, spread the stuff out on a clean board, and rub into the mark a finger full of dry soft soap, the best flakes that can be bought. Rub it in as hard as you can, and leave it for twenty-four hours. It literally eats up the dirt. Wash it out again with a strong nail-brush and plenty of clean cold water. When you have finished there will be no trace of the stain left at all.

Even Silk can be Washed.

Drawn by

Doroth

Furniss.

MIMI PICKED UP

ALL SORTS (

There is a wrong way as well as a right

one of washing or rubbing out a stain. The wrong way is quite an ordinary one; the person begins on the stain itself, and rubs round and round working outward. Naturally, she pushes the dirt outward as she goes, with the result that, when dry, there is a watermark all round the cleaned patch. The right way is to draw a fair-sized circle all round the mark with your wet finger or wet rag, letting it

be a full inch away from the mark at all points. Start on this circle and rub inward, dabhing up the moisture when you get to the middle, so that the stain is removed rather by dabbing than by pushing. A stain cleaned in this way dries right off, and no watermark is left at all

Mimi gets—literally by the dozen—dresses and coats and costumes of taffeta, stiff silks, poplins, and so on, which cannot be washed in the ordinary way, and would smell if cleaned. She does them beautifully. This is the way she manages silk things—

First, take away any trimmings of a different stuff, and undo anything in the way of gathers, so that the garment may fall flat. In ripping, Mimi takes care to leave in the stitches as far as possible, so that they may guide the person who is going to make the garment up again. One seam, up the whole length of the garment, must be undone in the case of a dress, so that the silk may lie flat on a table.

Next, prepare (1) three big baths or buckets, filled with clean cold water; (2) a clean wooden table; (3) a clothesline in the garden, or in some other place where you can throw water without doing harm; (4) a new nailbrush, not too hard; (5) the cleaning preparation, which consists of a quarter of a pound of honey, three ounces of soap flakes, and half a pint of denatured alcohol. Dissolve the flakes in the smallest possible amount of hot water, then add the other ingredients, and stir in a pan set in boiling water in the sink. As soon as they are thoroughly mingled, let the mixture cool, stirring it from time to

Spread out the silk on the table. Dip your brush in the cleaning mixture and brush all over the garment, gently and steadily, taking care not to crease the silk into little pleats as you go. You must brush both sides of the material, using enough of the cleaning mixture to soak it thoroughly. Much strength in rubbing is not needed, but very great care must be taken that all parts are touched.



NEVER WRING OR

Drawn t_. Dorothy Fur**niss.**

Mimi Washes Silks and Woollens

If a small piece is jumped over it will come up as a mark when the silk dries.

Take your dress by the shoulders and plunge it right into the first bath, taking care not to crease it. Don't rub it in the least, only dip it in and out about six times. The water will become full of soap and dirt. Pass on to the next bath, and do the same there. The water will be soiled again, but much less so. Repeat the process in the third bath. The water will remain almost, if not quite clean.

Hang up the dress from the clothesline, pegging it only by the tops of the sleeves, so that it hangs down its full length. Throw over it three or four buckets of cold water, just to complete the rinsing, and then leave it to drip.

As soon as it stops dripping take it in, and if you see that any parts still have water in them, wipe them gently with a soft clean rag. Have ready your ironing-sheet, spread with a smooth covering of wool. You cannot iron silk on a cotton sheet; it comes up all hard and shiny. Neither can you iron it on fluffy wool—it gets lots of little hairs. Mimi uses for her silk things a sheet of white cashmere, well washed and ironed. It answers perfectly.

Use frons that are only just warm enough to dry the stuff. If too hot they will crinkle it. Iron slowly and rather heavily, going always in the direction in which you feel least resistance, taking care not to make little pleats in the silk. For a dull surface, iron all the time through the covering. When the dress is ironed, hold it up by the shoulders and shake it well. You will then find it as brilliant as new silk and soft and supple.

Infinite Care is

The same treatment can be used for hat trimmings, scarves, children's sashes—anything, in fact, that you like. Do each thing separately, for fear that the colour may run a little in the rinsing water. As a matter of fact, it hardly ever does, but it is always best to keep on the safe side.

If you have different pieces of silk to do, wash the first and get it out on the line before you start the second. To leave the cleaning mixture soaking into the material, even for a few minutes, might damage the colour.

Coloured washing silks, such as shantungs, jap silk, and so on, are much easier to do, although they need a certain amount of care, particularly when they are patterned, as the pattern is apt to run. Soak them for half-an-hour in cold salt and water first, as this sets the colour. Never wash together two silks of different

tints. Take fresh water for each new

Make a good lather of tepid water and soap jelly. Squeeze the silk well in this, pounding it up and down with your fists, but not rubbing or wringing it in the least. Never use hot water, and never rub any soap on the material.

After washing, rinse the silk in tepid water, and then hold it under the cold tap and let the cold water run on it for a good three minutes. It is most important that all the soap should be cleared out from the weave of the material.

Now rinse it finally in salt and water. If it seems at all faded add a teaspoonful of vinegar, which will brighten pinks, greens, reds, or blues. If you are dealing with a shantung or tussore, rinse in cold tea instead of in salt and water, letting the strength of the tea depend on the depth of cream or yellow tint that you wish to give to the silk. If it is a material that wants a gloss on it- add

one tablespoonful of methylated spirit to one pint of cold water and squeeze the silk in this after rinsing it in the salt and water.

Never wring or twist silk in the least, and never hang this kind of silk out to dry. Squeeze and thump it well between your hands, to press out as much water as possible. Then fold it evenly, wrap it in a soft, smooth, clean towel and beat it well, or put it through the clothes - wringer twice or three times. If you see

that the towel is getting soaked, change it. The silk may lie wrapped up in the towel for a while, if you cannot conveniently iron it at once. But you must take great care that it does not get too dry, for it cannot be sprinkled as cotton clothes can. Each drop of water makes a sort of dimple on it, so sprinkling is out of the question. If, by chance, it gets too dry, it must be entirely dipped into water, and then beaten out in the towel again.

Setting Colours.

Have ready the ironing-table, with the woollen ironing-sheet on it. Pull each piece of silk into shape, spread over it a clean scrap of the same stuff as the ironing-sheet, and use a moderately hot iron. Never press heavily on silk when smoothing it. Glide over it quickly and lightly.

Sometimes a silk which has not been properly rinsed turns hard in the ironing and becomes almost like paper. In this case shake it most thoroughly and rub

it vigorously between your hands. Then re-dampen it by dipping in water, and begin the drying-and-pressing process all over again. This generally brings things right, though the wear and tear is serious enough to make one wish to avoid this remedy.

When washing new muslin, soak and squeeze it first in cold water to take out the dressing. Afterwards wash it in tepid soap and water, just like washing silk, the only difference being that a pinch of borax should be added to brighten the colours. Never rub or wring it.

All cotton goods that have a coloured pattern on a contrasting ground should be washed on a windy day, when they can be hung out of doors and dried at once. The faster they are treated and done with the less chance there will be that the design will run into the background. If the design has started running do not wring the thing. Lay it between two clean towels and use them just like blotting-paper, to take up so much



COTTON GOODS SHOULD BE

Drawn by Dorothy Furniss.

of the wet that the stuff no longer drips. Then hang it out in the shade and wind

To set the colours in black-and-white or grey cotton things, mix a little pepper into the rinsing water. For blues and purples put in a little citric acid. For greens and pinks use a drop or two of sulphuric acid—about six drops to a gallon of water. If the thing is faded use one tablespoonful of vinegar to one pint of water for rinsing.

If it is a deep cream or a champagne colour, rinse it in a gallon of water in which a big double handful of hay has been boiled. The hay must be washed in cold water before use, and, after it has boiled for a quarter of an hour, must be strained and cooled.

If you have a garment in those strong rather crude contrasts of colour now fashionable, melt one teaspoonful of sugar of lead in a bucket of water and soak the garment for one hour before washing. This treatment must not be employed for delicate things.

"STITCHERY" No. 38, a New Jumper Number,

is Now on Sale. Price 6d. net; by post, from this office, 7d.

I HAVE always had great fellow-feeling for George Eliot's Mrs. Poyser, who wanted so badly " to begin all over again and begin different." There are times when one views one's household gods. even those for which one cherishes the most real affection, and could find it in one's heart to scrap the lot, beginning all over again with some definite scheme that shall be free of the heterogeneous blight that in the course of years has fallen on one's furnishing. But since in compromise and adaptability lie the secret of much of life's comfort, most of us have to set our wits to work to fit in that which we happen to own with that which we would fain achieve.

Happily some of our leading firms are keenly alive to the necessity for adapting old-fashioned (a very different thing from antique) pieces of furniture to the modern taste. Thus, if you should happen to have inherited from your family some ponderous pieces of nineteenth century mahogany, too excellent as regards quality and condition to dispose of, yet too out of sympathy with the more modern feeling for decoration to prove acceptable, a really wonderful transformation of this into pleasing bits of Georgian furniture may be effected. No alteration is made in the actual structure of the sideboard, table, or cabinet. The smoothly-rolling drawers, the commodious cupboards, are left as the excellent cabinet-maker first turned them out, save that a little light ornamentation in the manner of the famous eighteenth century designers is added in the solid. A little delicate carving is conferred upon the edges of the table or the chiffonier, and to the panels of the cupboard-doors are added delicate applied ornaments in similar wood, in the form of the garlands, rams' heads, or urns, so beloved of the Brothers Adam, Chippendale, and Hepplewhite-What this method can achieve in the transformation of a heavy piece of Victorian mahogany has to be seen to be realised. Nor need the fastidious complain in this of an immoral introduction of the spurious or the faked. The chiffonier or the wardrobe remains structurally exactly as it was; one has merely lightened its effect, just as one may lighten a frock by adding some

dainty trimming to it. The firm in question will draw up schemes of adaptation to suit any particular piece of furniture

Thus, if one begins with Victorian mahogany, great is the success one may still achieve. As a background for its deep brown tones I feel that something other than the heavy reds and rather oppressive blues to which it is usually condemned, is desirable. Once introduce a French grey or a soft coffee tone as a background and it will be found to have shed at least half its Victorianism. Really good shades of grey, not so light as to be insipid, yet not so dark as to be depressing, are, in my experience. the most difficult tints to meet with in a pattern-book of wall-papers. Far better results are to be gained by having the walls first hung with a cheap lining paper in white and then treated with a couple of coats of water-paint in a shade selected from the very comprehensive little book of pattern colours issued by the large manufacturers of this medium. I say water-paint from motives of economy. Naturally one prefers the greater solidity and quality of a wallpaint based on oils, but the difference in cost is great, and, so far as colour effect goes, there is not sufficient difference between the two to render the extra outlay in every case justifiable.

If not already possessed of a sideboard, there is no need to go to the very considerable expense which so ambitious a piece of furniture represents. If one is using the room for other purposes than merely to take one's meals in it, a dining-room cupboard, sufficiently low to admit of trays being rested upon it, is less likely to brand the room as one for consuming one's food in Such cupboards are now being largely sold in place of dressers and sideboards, for in comparatively few small houses and flats does the accommodation allow of rigid specialisation, so that preference is naturally given to the furniture which is not directly connected with any particular function.

The dining-room, therefore, which is also a sitting-room, need boast no set suite. It may be composed from single items in the same way as one's drawing-room, and look all the more congenial

for it. The only suite which is at present generally in vogue is the "three-piece set" of couch and easy chairs. These are for the most part fashioned on far less ponderous lines than in the past, the framework being frequently either of lightly-carved wood, enclosing caned sides and back, or of open slats of oak. The cushions are of coloured corduroy or of velours, according to the calibre of the set, and are in most cases of the loose variety.

In regard to curtains, unity of effect is to be achieved by matching these in tone with that of the sofa and chair cushions. Golden brown velveteen in the cushions would combine well with curtains of warm brown poplin (the mercerised make of cotton has all the appearance of heavy silk) and with filet net of daffodil yellow for the windows. Against walls of the coffee tint suggested, these could not fail to be harmonious; but supposing grey walls to have been selected, a deep sapphire blue would both look well and prove practical in wear.

In regard to the carpet, one's preference hes with plain colours, expressed in good pile, yet one knows from experience that such carpets are too much disposed to show footmarks to be really successful in use. A good plan is to select a patterned carpet for the centre and have this bordered in plain pile, which shall match in colour the prevailing tone in one's walls or hangings. This plan often works out, quality for quality, more cheaply than the purchase of a "made" carpet, and at the same time enables one to develop one's colour scheme satisfactorily.

When choosing the woodcuts for the walls, don't forget that these too are designed nowadays with a view to enabling you to continue in them your scheme of colour decoration. This is important, for many a good landscape or flower-piece can be totally deprived of its beauty by being placed amid surroundings that annihilate it. Especially nowadays, when bold effects dominate our furnishing ventures, is it essential to take into consideration the environment in which one is about to place one's works of art. Hence the vogue which the good-coloured woodcut is to-day enjoying.

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By COULSON KERNAHAN

Books which are Among our National Possessions

NEITHER the Bible which, as everyone knows, Queen Victoria once described as "the secret of England's greatness," nor Shakespeare, whose "greatness" is so far above all other Englishmen as still to remain something of a "secret," was in my mind when choosing a title for this article.

The books of which I propose to speak as among our national possessions are the Encyclopædia Britannica and the Dictionary of National Biography.

The "Encyclopædis Britannica."

The Encyclopædia Britannica, which has been in existence for a century and a half, is as much a national institution as the British Museum. It is, in fact, the British Museum of encyclopædias. But the Museum-that great collection of "exhibits" in Bloomsbury-has set limits, specialises on certain subjects, and does not claim to cover the entire field of knowledge, as the Britannica does. Were I to liken the Encyclopædia Britannica to the condensation, within the space of one shelf, of the stored knowledge of all the books in the Museum Library I should be nearer the mark. The longer and more important articles form a library of text-books-summarised textbooks, necessarily-upon every concervable subject, and by recognised experts whose verdict carries authority In the House of Commons, when a statement made by the Prime Minister was disputed, he replied, "I refer those who challenge it to that impartial authority, the Encyclopædia Britannica," thereby giving the astute business manager of the greatest educational work of its kind in the world, an opportunity for an excellent advertisement, of which he was not slow to avail himself. To advertise the Encyclobadia Britannica is not my business. Here I write of the volumes not as advertised, but as I have found them: and unless one is so fortunate. which I am not, as to possess authoritative text-books upon all branches of human knowledge, to possess a set of the Britannica is to come within measurable distance of that favoured condition. In times of leisure, when reading casually, no less than when engaged on the stiffer work of "reading up a subject," I find myself uninformed upon some point bearing upon the matter, I take down a volume of the Encyclopædia Britannica from my shelf and there, without difficulty, I discover just the information I require, or at least sufficient to "carry on "until I can consult some even more highly-specialised work. On literatureunless on some "abstract" question or for general information—I consult works other than the Encyclopædia, perhaps

because, on literature, I happen to possess a greater number of authoritative volumes than on any other subject. Nor must one expect an Encyclopædia of Universal Information as exhaustively to specialise on any one subject as do works dealing with that subject alone. For the same reason, an electrician, a chemist, a biologist—and the same holds true of other specialists—will turn for what he requires to a standard text-book, rather than to the Encyclopædia Britannica. But for the general reader of either sex, no work known to me is so valuable or so indispensable.

As an eleventh edition, in twentynine volumes, containing 30,000 pages (44,000,000 words), the work of 1,500 distinguished experts, has recently been issued, and the publishers (125, High Holborn, W.C. 1) announce that they will be happy to send an illustrated booklet giving the fullest information regarding contents, as well as specimen pages of both issues (one of which costs just half the price of the other) on receipt of a postcard. I shall do better to record that fact than lengthily and unnecessarily to enter into further details.

The "Dictionary of National Biography."

As a biographical dictionary (excluding the living, and confined, as the title indicates to our own countrymen and countrywomen) the *Dictionary of National Biography* is another national institution. Edited first by Sir Leslie Stephen, and, later, with the assistance of Sir Sidney Lee, who finally became the editor, with Mr. Thomas Seccombe as his assistant-editor, the work is unequalled in this or any other country.

I was myself working almost daily at the British Museum when some of the volumes were in progress, and met all three editors there, and occasionally elsewhere. When my reading desk



OAK BECK,

Photo by Louis Noble.

Books which are Among our National Possessions

happened to be next or near to one of them, I remember the feeling, akin to awe, with which I regarded the closeness of their labours, the appalling number of books consulted, and the thoroughness with which each volume was searched. My wife's first husband, Professor G. T. Bettany, M.A., B.Sc., of Caius College, Cambridge, and my one time senior editorial colleague, was a prominent contributor, and as the proofs of his articles were frequently in my hand, I had opportunity of seeing for myself how unsparing were the pains and care on the part of the editors to ensure accuracy and completeness. Again and again Professor Bettany showed me queries as to a fact or a date, or inquiries for the authority for any statement made.

The great undertaking was in preparation at the end of 1882, but the first volume appeared two years later. When Leslie Stephen was at work upon it, he was pressed to write the Life of Henry Fawcett, and Sir Leslie's sister wrote to him: "Well, happily, there need be no hurry about this!" To which Stephen replied: "You might know me better by this time, Milly! Don't you know that I'm like a hoop? When I'm not going at full speed, I drop." The wonder is that Sir Leslie did not drop--not for lack of impetus, but from sheer overspeed, for at that time he was revising, checking, and curtailing, or elaborating the articles of his contributors, and reading all proofs himself. When I add that there were nine hundred biographies all under the initial "A." the amount of work involved may be realised.

There were, too, difficulties with the contributors, for Stephen wrote to his friend, Professor Croom Robertson, that the "dictionary must be kept going, though I begin to long for the day when it shall appear and have its fate decided one way or the other. The antiquarian is a more troublesome creature to tackle in some respects than the average contributor to a magazine." (Stephen had been editor of the Cornhill, and so spoke with knowledge). "He is not so humble. He thinks me an inferior animal, because I don't care for the obscurest sweepings of minute information, and treats me from a pinnacle of moral complacency. I don't know that he is worse than a poet, but he is nearly as bad." To Mrs. W. K. Clifford he said that the "dictionary is about my bed and about my path, and spies out all my ways, as the Psalmist puts it."

In March, 1890, the name of Mr. (now Sir Sidney) Lee appeared as co-editor; and in May, 1891, Stephen told Sir Sidney that the work must thenceforth appear as "Edited by Sidney Lee," and Sir Leslie Stephen's own name be withdrawn.

Sir Sidney celebrated the completion of the Dictionary by giving a dinner to the contributors, at which, I believe, King Edward, then Prince of Wales, was present—an unprecedented happening, surely, in the history of literature, and signifying the national importance which the future King attached to the completion of so great a work.

Wherein the Dictionary of National Biography differs from all other works of the sort, is as follows. If the reader wish to inform herself about some fellowcountryman or countrywoman of only ordinary eminence, she will search other biographical dictionaries in vain. She may count among her own forbears someone of distinction in his own day, but unless he were of outstanding eminence, he is not likely to be mentioned. still less included. The Dictionary of National Biography throws a wider net. and aims at the inclusion of every distinguished Briton who in his or her own day and time did work, or held position, of note. A supplementary volume which has since been issued brings the work fairly up to date. Recently an abridged edition of the biographies has been published in a single volume. Thus a work which is a national Roll of Honour, of which every Briton has cause to be proud, is within the reach of all

"The Best Books" and "A Reader's Guide."

I conclude, as it were in an appendix, with a tribute to two works - one to all intents and purposes—which if not "national possessions" in the sense in which the term is applied to the Encyclopædia Britannica and the Dictionary of National Biography - are scarcely less monumental in the labour involved. The Encyclopædia Britannica and the Dictionary of National Biography are the work of many hands, under the most competent of editors. The Best Books and A Reader's Guide. published in London by the firm of Messrs. Swan Sonnenschein, in New York by Messrs. G. Putnam's Sons, and in Boston, U.S.A., by the American Library Bureau, are the work of one man, Mr. William Swan Sonnenschein.

Whether to possess or to consult at a public library, they are invaluable, both to the student and to the general reader. The first named, The Best Books (published in 1887), has the title of the second, A Reader's Guide (published in 1895), as a sub-title, and the later work, which deals with "Contemporary Literature," is supplementary to the other. Both volumes have been reprinted

When I say that *The Best Books* was in the printer's hands for three years, and runs to more than a thousand pages of small type, some idea of the work

involved may be gathered. Following the example of *Punch*, which occasionally reviews books in terse rhyme, instead of in the more usual prose, one distinguished critic wrote of *The Best Books*—

"With blank amazement—almost awe---we ask.

How could one life yield time for such a task?"

Here, in short, is a reader's guide to the choice of the best books in every department of Literature, Science, and Art, with copious indices, both of authors and of subjects, that of the latter being grouped into sections, subsections, and paragraphs, to assist in consultation.

Among those who ask my advice upon literary subjects or upon some course of reading, very few "general readers," and by no means all students, are as much as aware that such invaluable works as The Best Books and A Reader's Guide have been compiled. Yet the value of the two books is priceless. Whether general reader or student, each of us is likely to have occasion to wish to know what are the best books upon a given subject. Until my own attention was drawn by a friendly librarian to Mr. Swan Sonnenschein's volumes, 1 spent many precious hours in search of what I wanted, ransacking among other volumes, the British Museum Catalogues, in which books are grouped under subjects. One reader in a thousand, or in many thousands, may wish to inform herself of all the books upon a specified matter, and her I refer to the British Museum Catalogues. But for the remaining thousand, or many thousands, to whom I address myself, to be supplied with an easily accessible list of the very best books is exactly what she needs, and this she will find in Mr. Swan Sonnenschein's two volumes.

Of The Best Books, one of the greatest critical journals in America says: "The student will do well to postpone the consultation of other books of reference to this which will tell him at once where to find the best in the whole existing literature of our language." Of the first edition of the same work, the verdict of the Athenaum (then the leading critical journal in England) was: "It is a book which even a man of great learning may be glad to consult, and a man, beginning to learn, will find invaluable."

If this article—a rough-hewn wooden sign-post, set by the way for the direction of travellers—do no more than bring to a reader's notice, and for the first time, the stores of information to be found in Mr. Swan Sonnenschein's two volumes, the Editor of The Girl's Own Paper and Woman's Magazine, by whom my subject was selected, is likely to be justified of her choice.

The Appeal of Journalism

A Profession that Girls want to Enter

By MARY FRANCES
BILLINGTON

No. 1. Education and Attributes that are Essential Preliminaries.

HARDLY a week passes that I do not receive letters from girls who aspire to become journalists. The experience of the Editor of The Woman's Magazine is the same, I know, though in an enhanced degree. Soon after the end of the war the Ministry of Labour did me the honour of placing me upon their Advisory Board in connection with applicants desiring to be prepared for newspaper work, under the Government scheme of training for girls and women whose employment was ceasing upon the Declaration of Peace.

Whether, however, it is the girl in a sheltered home circle, or these more sophisticated erstwhile war-workers, the first impression that such applications always make upon me is, how amazingly little these people realise of the conditions that prevail in the office of a great daily or important weekly newspaper. The "lady journalist" that flashes across the pages of inexpensive fiction is a being that never was on sea or land! She wears lovely frocks and hats, she goes to Court balls and exclusive ceremonies. When the editor is taken suddenly ill she dictates the leading articles, and covers her paper with glory in a grand "scoop" as to a plot to kidnap and conceal the Prime Minister. And she is always described as having "a salary that a Cabinet Minister would envy."

But in more years of Fleet Street than I like to count up, I have never met her or anything like her!

The Aspirations, Introductory. Commendatory.

Many and various are the reasons that a girl will put forward in support of her claim to come totally unprepared to a post on the editorial staff "I am quite ready to read through the papers and make cuttings that I think would be of interest," she will write, when applying for such an appointment. Or, "I could arrange manuscripts in order; see that the desks were supplied with paper and pens, and make myself useful in many ways if I could only have a trial."

But the writers of sub-leaders and editorial notes prefer to do their own reading and select their own subjects. The professional journalist numbers each sheet of "copy" in readiness for the printer, and marks what is to be inset as well as changes of type to be employed. In every office is the useful working individual who lights the fires, empties the waste-paper baskets, fills the inkstands, and does all the rest of the humbler tasks that make for the comfort of the members of the staff.

Then there is the young lady whom you instinctively feel is a merely dreamy reader of anything she can pick up, from a text-book on the study of conchology to the last and gloomiest novel translated from one of the Scandinavian tongues. Her plea is that "she loves literature, and feels that the only vocation in which she could hope to succeed would be one in which she could always browse among books."

To those of us who know the drive and strain at which so much newspaper work must be done, the vision of leisured ease, an armchair, and all the latest works as they come from the publishers is oddly entertaining. The paths of the reviewer do not pass along pastures that offer such easy grazing. It is one of the curiosities of the mental outlook of those who want this kind of work

that they feel themselves equally competent to pass judgment upon a volume dealing with military strategy or antique oriental porcelain.

Sometimes, too, there comes the offer of the young lady to improve the columns of the paper. She tells the editor how they might be made so much better. The periodical that is serious and critical might have a weekly section upon jazz music and dancing; the popular weekly concerned with the interests of the home ought really to pay more attention to the League of Nations, and she would be equally prepared to undertake either of these amendments. Moreover, she thinks it very discourteous that she receives no reply to her suggestions.

From Parents and Teachers.

Sometimes it is the parent or teacher who puts forward the aspirant's claim to attention. There is the mother who, on the strength of having stayed in the same seaside boarding-house with a distant relation of the editor feels sure she may venture to ask him for an appointment on his staff for her darling Doris. She proceeds to explain, "The dear girl is so clever. She made notes during the rector's sermon last Sunday, and you could hear him saying the things; while her diary is full of all she hears and sees. She sent some verses to the local paper on 'Our Flower Show' with such lines as—

"'And there you saw the daisies pied, Whose beauty has no lazy pride,'

that everyone said was such perfect poetry."

The elementary school-teacher discovers a prodigy who has, at fourteen years of age, begun to record her impressions "quite like Marie Bashkirtseff." Her mother, it appears, is the biggest gossip in the place; her father knows the inside of the county gaol for offences conveniently classed as petty larceny. "Here, indeed," says her enthusiastic monitor, who prides herself on taking in a weekly literary review, "you will have one who will be able to give you the true tranche de la vie as it is being spread before us in these moving times."

The Place of Education.

Into these examples has been condensed the kind of typical applicant whose variation is merely in the matter of details. Not one of them assigns the slightest importance to the place that education must bear in the equipment of the journalist who hopes to do anything better than the merest hack-work. To them all the profession appears to present a happy hunting-ground, unclosed by those barriers of examinations that must be passed ere one may enter the Civil Service, medicine, teaching, the training necessary for nursing, or any of the callings likely to afford a satisfactory livelihood.

Presumably even the most cocksure of these self-satisfied applicants would admit that a knowledge of English and the art of composition were desirable if any one proposed to write for publication. But to use the language to its fullest and most plastic advantage, and to construct sentences upon a definite and shapely form, a fair aquaintance with the classics is necessary.

It need not be altogether insistently urged that this

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should include Latin, desirable as that might be, but at least there must be wide acquaintance with the great masters of English prose and poetry. With our English Bible we have what no other language possesses—an absolute standard of comparison, by which can be judged what may or may not fittingly be employed. And whoever knows the magnificent phraseology of the Authorised Version, as well as that of Shakespeare and Milton, Addison and Johnson, and the newer masters of style of the Victorian period will never descend into vulgarity of expression. This is not to say that they will not employ modern forms—there are occasions when one may use a mere colloquialism or even an expressive slang word—but such will enter into the whole in its due sense of proportion.

Specialised Knowledge that is Essential.

Without a sound knowledge of history no one can hope to go far in newspaper work. It is not the history, as laboriously learnt in the class-room, consisting of familiarity with a number of dates, more or less irrelevant to one another, but it is rather the understanding that comes from the study of books bearing upon the social life and development, and the growth of national institutions. More is needed than a superficial cognizance of the names of a few Prime Ministers and statesmen, of decisive battles, or the places at which treaties were signed. There must be the further power to convey, if even by the lightest allusiveness, what was the line of policy of the men that brought them about.

As to geography, the need of thorough knowledge is too obvious to call for any emphasis. Only in recent months a good many of us have had to re-learn the division of Central Europe, and form some idea of the extent and boundaries of the newer States. Those of us to whom such knowledge is essential have secured the newest maps, not forgetting in this connection Lord Salisbury's sound advice to "use a large map," as conveying clearer ideas.

You may urge you have no ambitions yet to write the leading articles which may touch on these matters. But any day may turn up some question as to their exports and industries, and the capable journalist must have the basic knowledge upon which to add the facts gleaned from specialised experts, if her work is to interest and inform the general reader.

In these days it is absolutely essential to understand the problems of social progress. Such questions as how the co-operative movement arose, or what was the origin of trade unionism underlie matters of every-day newspaper concern, and it is impossible to deal adequately with these modern phases and manifestations without knowing what has been the trend of influences of wellmigh a century.

The subject of women's labour is one on which the average girl knows nothing whatever. Ask her who was Mrs. Patterson; to give a summary of Lady Dilke's efforts; or, when women inspectors were first appointed under the Factory Acts, and she will stare blankly. Yet there may be, sooner or later, a strike among any big body of women workers from pickle packers to tea-shop waitresses, when the woman journalist, set by her newspaper to deal with the affair, will do so with a general knowledge of industrial conditions that will put forward something of better value in the eyes of the outside public than some gasps about the leader's

bobbed hair, or the height of the heels worn by her followers.

As to a good working knowledge of shorthand, it is an exceedingly valuable addition to a journalist's accomplishments. The gallery of the House of Commons is now open to women, though it is a privilege that few of them use unless there is some exceptional event taking place. Yet I think it is not rash to prophesy that before long some really great paper will employ a woman regularly on its gallery staff to watch especially the matters that will arise of more strictly feminine concern. Such a position might well appeal to an ambitious woman. In any case, shorthand is useful in the matter of interviews or information from specialists on their own subjects. Typewriting is now demanded for the presentation of "copy" in many offices.

The Mental Equipment.

Not long ago the editor of a famous daily paper was addressing the students taking the journalistic course of the University of London—the most thorough scheme for the theoretical training for the profession that has ever been laid down in this country. This is what he said: "It is essential that the journalist should possess an education as broad, as deep, and as varied as possible, and, in addition, good shorthand, good typewriting, a mastery of foreign languages, a mastery of English—the most difficult language he had ever tried to learn—a training in the use of reference books, the power of compression, clearness of thought, and a sense of logic." I give the quotation as emphasising what I have already said, and I am in most complete accord with his views on other aspects of the subject.

He touched also on the point that "the journalist must have a strong grip on the realities of life; must have deep sympathy with and understanding of human passions, desires, frailties, and aspirations." Now these things are not to be expected from the girl whose vain imaginings would take her away from her high-school classes to the editorial office.

Yet everyone can gain some insight into these things from even the narrowest circle. Would you know what carried me, the daughter of the rector of one of the most rural little parishes of the south-west, straight into London journalism? It was a study of the lives and the housing, the thoughts and the hopes of the agricultural labourers among whom I had been brought up. It was a subject on which I had both knowledge and sympathy, and the editor to whom the little series was offered—the late Mr. Passmore Edwards—recognised the fact at once. From that day I have never looked back, though my ultimate professional ambition developed itself later.

Then there must be a sense of proportion, which can estimate how far the thing that seems so overwhelmingly important to yourself will appear to others. This, too, can be cultivated. You perhaps regard some local scheme in your suburb or town as superfluous and impracticable. But at least you can listen to the views quite sincerely held by others, and let them have their due consideration in relation to the views of which you have become the doughty champion.

Health is

The soundest health and constitution is essential to the journalist. Not only will this be necessary for the

The Appeal of Journalism

rulfilment of the daily task, but, as we are beginning to realise as never before, that the sound body means the mind that is balanced and can form right impressions and judgments. In a newspaper office there is no place for the faddy person who wants coloured environments according to the day's particular mood.

There is no place, moreover, for nerves or headaches, or such disabilities. The work has to be done and done to time. It used to be said by the late Sir Edwin Arnold in his brilliant years of editorship that he preferred a punctual mediocrity, to an unpunctual genius. Certainly, if the common-place person brought in the material to a newspaper office it could be put into some sort of shape by capable sub-editors, and is indeed sometimes done over a sudden accident or catastrophe, though it would be impracticable as to thoughtful articles or reviews. But the most magnificent piece of writing would be useless if it failed to arrive in time.

Therefore, there is a good deal for the aspirant to think over before she puts forward her claim to come into the profession. Perhaps if it were standardised, and brought into line with the other professions by means of examination and degrees, it would in the end be easier to enter than it is now, when each one has only his or her personal qualifications to offer. But the first and definite point that I want to urge is this: the vocation is not one for those who think it offers an easy road to anyone who cannot bring into it extensive general knowledge, and personality that stands distinguished and apart. And, moreover, there will be no joy, and only qualified measure

of success when the work is done as a routine task. The profession claims enthusiasm and ideals, over which we do not always take the outsider into our confidence. But they are there, as they must be with any who would offer truly conscientious work.

be continued.

A Matter of Opinion

My cousin Philip and his wife are highly cultured and artistic persons. Their tastes are far superior to mine. My own idea of comfort is to live in rooms well filled with solid mahogany furniture of the mid-Victorian period, and to gaze on terra-cotta painted walls plastered over with large oil paintings in heavy gilt frames.

It's well we do not all think alike!

My surroundings make them shudder, their flat being furnished with spindly-looking tables and chairs, with old Persian rugs and no carpets. This, they tell me, is the proper thing. Rooms should never be crowded, and the furniture should all be of the same period, apparently the older the better. Now, apart from con-

By PLORENCE E. TURPIN

siderations of comfort, I have never been able to see why one style should be superior to another; and age in a chair has always seemed to me a disadvantage, especially with regard to the legs. However, few of us think alike. Take the case of Philip and Aunt Emily's things, for instance. When Aunt Emily departed some



IT WAS LIFTED INTO THE VAN WITH ALL THE RESPECT DUE TO IT'S AGE AND INFIRMITY.

A Matter of Opinion

time ago she left the furniture, china, and general contents of her house to be divided equally between Philip and myself. The money for the most part was left in other directions, but Philip was cheered at the thought of the china and other valuables, so did not seem disappointed.

"She had some good old Worcester and Dresden, not to mention the Spode dinner service, which is complete," said he; "and the furniture was nearly all Sheraton or Chippendale."

After a long delay the legacy arrived on one of those very warm afternoons last summer. The four men in charge of the "Road or Rail " motor-van were most obliging and careful. Still, it was rather a trial. Imagine my feelings after they had gone to find the drawing-room filled with rolls of carpet and hearthrugs, seven tables, three pairs of winter curtains, a large eiderdown quilt, mountains of blankets, four sets of fire-irons, and a copper coalscuttle. A few weeks previously I should have welcomed these things with joy. As it was, it made me feel quite moist to look at them.

"What a comfort them blankets will be in the winter," said the charlady encouragingly. "You'll never know what it is to feel cold any more."

I quite agreed with her. Then cook put in a word.

"There's six large cases full of glass and china downstairs. The foreman is coming in the morning to unpack them. Oh, and there's two chairs, but one of them must have been sent in a mistake. It's such a curious crazy armchair. Wouldn't be safe to sit in it, I should think."

Cook was right there. She's a substantial woman, and the chair was very "crazy" indeed, I found. However, I decided to keep it for the present in the tool-shed with the idea of presenting it to the dustmen eventually.

The following morning Philip called. I was feeling very pleased with myself as a result of recent purchases at Brownsmith's summer sale, and, arrayed in a nice little cretonne frock, received my cousin in the drawing-room.

"We've shared the——"he began, then staggered back with a look of positive horror on his thoughtful countenance. "Isn't it pretty?" I asked innocently, turning round so that he should have the full enjoyment of the pattern. The shock restored his speech.

"Pretty!" he repeated with scorn; "a thing like that! Blue apples and mauve foliage on a pink background. Elizabeth, you really get worse. A person with your figure should dress in subdued tints, and, preferably, plain materials, or at most a very neat pattern."

"Well, this is neat and cheerful at the same time," I retorted; "but I have another dress even more so—life-size green parrots pecking at very large oranges on a grey groundwork."

Philip waved aside this feast of colour with a frown.

"You make me forget what I came to say. Something about—no, that wasn't it. Oh, I know now. Yes—about the furniture. We've shared the things up pretty fairly, only I find you have one tablespoon too many. Give it back, if you don't mind, and you shall have this instead."

"This" was a handsome silver butter-knife, which I had often admired on Aunt Emily's table. I felt quite touched.

"That is really very good of you," said I. "Are you quite sure you don't want it?"

Philip surveyed the butter-knife with some distaste.

"Why, no. It's good, of course, but rather too massive for my dining-room." He spoke absently; there was evidently something on his mind. "There are two more tables I want you to have," he went on. "One is for the hall. It'll look better than your present table, and go very well with that chair of Aunt Emily's. That's a good chair, you know. There's one just like it in the South Kensington Museum."

"Oh, but," I protested, "you are really giving me more than my share. Wouldn't you like some of the other things to make up? There are five cut-glass decanters and a very nice crimson plush table cover with yellow ball fringe."

His reply really surprised me For such a mild person he became almost vehement.

"No, thank you. What an idea! I've no use for decanters; and Minnie simply couldn't exist in a room with a crimson plush table cover, to say nothing of the fringe."

I subsided on to the South Kensington Museum chair in a crushed condition. Meanwhile Philip calmed himself, and resumed in a pleading tone, as of one asking a very great favour—

"No; what I should really like, if you can spare it, is the old English ladder-backed rush-seated armchair."

Under this ornate description I had some difficulty in identifying the broken-down object in the tool-shed.

"It used to be in Aunt Emily's back kitchen," I observed in a faint voice.

"I know—I know. What a desecration! It wants properly doing up, of course. It has a superb back. My dream," he continued, fixing me with the dreamy eye of a true enthusiast, "is that some day I may live in a place with only one picture—"

"On each wall?" was my interruption, feeling a better grasp of the subject.

"No; in the entire house. In the dining-room I should have a Welsh dresser, a table, and perhaps three rush-scated chairs. Even you would admire it, Elizabeth."

It seemed highly unlikely, but why inflict unnecessary pain by airing one's sentiments.

"Probably you would have rushes on the floor to match," I put in, beginning to feel my way. "It seems a modest ambition of yours, Philip. I always want such very expensive things, unfortunately, such as some really good diamonds, and—and I can't recollect now half the things. Well, you shall have the chair." And here I ventured on a regretful sigh. "At all events I shall know it is in good hands."

You will observe I did not refer to the dustmen. So very frequently does one find that silence is golden. Later on we parted in a gush of mutual gratitude and good feeling.

The next day I summoned Punnett, the local greengrocer, who came with his horse and van. He also brought his son to assist, a hefty youth, who was popularly credited with the slaughter of three Germans single-handed during the war. They flung the double doors wide open and seemed prepared to lift a full-sized grand piano if necessary. The first sight of the old English ladder-backed atrocity appeared to surprise them. I implored them to deal gently with it, and it was lifted into the van with all the respect due to its age

A Matter of Opinion

and infirmity The shades of evening were falling, and I was pleased to note that none of the neighbours were watching at their windows

After an interval the van returned with a moon-faced kitchen clock, two hearthrugs, a brass fender, a tea service, and several saucepans Mr Punnett unloaded these articles

and came upstairs for further instructions and his money I saw his gaze wander round my well-filled—but not crowded—drawing-room, as he said—

' If I may make so bold, ma'am, you seem to me to have nicer things here than what they have at the flat'

My eyes followed his and took in the scene, the seven tables, innumerable pictures, chairs, and much china

"Mr Punnett," I replied, "a great deal depends on one's point of view, but the principal thing is to have a contented mind. If my cousin is satisfied, so am I."

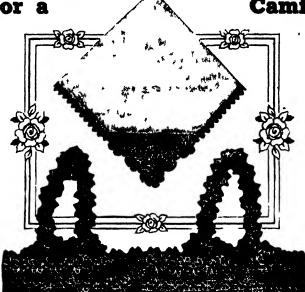
Pretty Tatting Handkerchief and Camisole

The Handkerchief.

Use No 70 Peri Lusta Cro

Ring (r) (5 d s, p) 3 times, 5 d s, close, ch 3 d s, p (2 d s, p) twice, 3 d s, turn, r 2 d s, join to last p of r, 2 d s, p, 2 d s, close, another ch like first, turn, another large r, joining first p to p of small r, and second p to middle p of large r. Repeat until there are 4 large and 4 small r, and 8 ch

Make 6 medallions joining by p of 2 ch as pictured, and fill the open spaces with small medallions, each r 3 d s, 5 p separated by 2 d s, 3 d s, joined



to large medallion by middle p of r

Make edge round handkerchief of r of (4 d s, p) 3 times, 4 d s, joining r by side p

The Camisole Top.

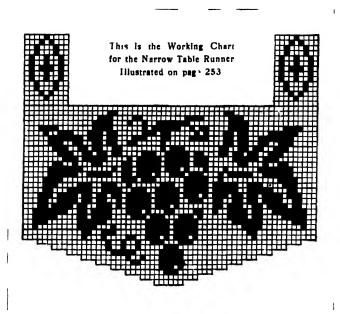
Ring 9 d s, p, 7 d s p, 9 d s, close, ch 11 d s, another r joined to first, another r, ch 11 d s, repeat r, joining to list r, make another r, ch 11 d s, r joined to last r, r, ch 11, r joined to last r, r Repeat for length required Make 2 mor rows, joining to p of previous rows Shoulder straps are made of a single row, or wider if preferred

A Narrow Table Runner

Design to for use on a side board, the filet trimmed run ner in grape design will grace any piece of furniture where a covering of this character may be used. As the side borders are formed of a simple repeating unit, it is an easy matter to make them the exact length required

Use Peri Lusta No 40 Crochet Cotton, or No 50 for a finer mesh

The panel ends and side strips may be made separately and joined, commencing the end pieces on the long straight side, or the crochet may be done in one piece, commencing at the tip of one end panel and adding spaces in cach row until the full width is reached. Continue working the narrow side border until as long as desired, break



thread, join to top of panel on opposite side 9 sp from the edge and make a second strip of equal length, connect the two sides with the necessary number of chain stitches, al lowing 3 for each filet mesh shown on the pattern, join thread on outer edge and work second panel. Made in this way the stitches will run the same direction from end to end

Straighten the ends with a line of chain statches, running from point to point, cover with doubles, and make a triple picot of 6 ch loops over each joining and 4 at centre. Side edges are finished with d c with 3 ch picots at regular intervals. To join, lay lace on linen and baste straight to a thread, overhand, then cut and turn linen to form narrow hem.

Supper and Breakfast Dishes for February

Derby Egg and Sausage.

3 eggs, 2 sausages, egg and breadcrumbs, frying-fat, a little good tomato sauce.

Boil eggs hard and shell them. Skin sausages and mash with a fork. Dry eggs carefully and cover with the sausage meat, pressing it firmly so as to cover the whole egg. Dip in egg and breadcrumb as though cooking a cutlet, and fry to a golden brown in boiling fat. Cut in half lengthways and lay face downwards on a plate. Surround with a good tomato purée.

Tomato Purés.

I lb. tomatoes, 2 shallots, I dozen peppercorns, a clove of garlic, bouquet garni, 2 oz. lean bacon, 1 oz. butter, a pinch of salt and sugar, I tablespin each of vinegar and flour.

Melt butter and put the chopped omon in, also the bacon cut small; fry for a few minutes. Add seasoning, garlic and tomatoes, sliced. Lastly, add i tablespin vinegar, and simmer gently 40 min. Remove garlic after the first 10 min When tomatoes are thoroughly cooked remove from fire and pass through a hair-sieve. Re-heat and pour round eggs and sausages.

Stewed Soles.

I sele filleted, I onion, \(\frac{1}{2}\) a blade mace, peppercorns, I teaspn anchovy essence, I teaspn tarragon vinegar, I oz. butter, I\(\frac{1}{2}\) tablespn. flour, 2 eggs or 2 tablespn. grated Parmesan cheese.

Put the fishbones in 1 pt water, add a pinch of salt, 1 small onion, the mace, 5 peppercorns, a little cayenne, and the anchovy essence, and stew gently for I hour. Put the fillets of sole in a stewpan with a little butter and the Tarragon vinegar. Allow them to simmer in this for a few minutes. Then strain the stock and add. Cook until the fish is quite tender, but not broken in any way. Put the remainder of the butter in a basin and melt over hot water. Stir the flour in and the well-beaten yolks of the eggs, strain the stock from the soles and add to the egg and flour, and cook over a gentle heat until nicely thickened. Care must be taken to see that it does not boil, as otherwise the sauce will curdle. Keep the fish in the saucepan until the sauce is ready for use, then lay in a deep dish and pour the sauce over the fillets. If liked, Parmesan cheese may be used in place of the eggs to thicken the sauce. A delicious method of cooking any white fish.

Savoury Kidneys.

4 kidneys, 4 slices bacon, a little savoury butter.

Skin the kidneys, cut them twice crossways, and through the eye cut them very deep, almost through. Lay them flat, and skewer them open with tiny skewers or sharpened matches. Fry them in some good fat in a frying-pan for 3 or 4 min. Also fry the bacon, rolled and skewered to keep in place. When cooked, remove the skewers, and in the centre of each put a roll of bacon on a bed of savoury butter. Serve with the gravy from the pan, to which a little boiling water may be added.

Savoury Butter.

r oz. butter, ½ teaspn. chopped parsley, a small slice of shredded onion, pepper and salt.

Cream the butter in a saucer, add the remaining ingredients, mix thoroughly, and put in the bottom of each kidney.

Chicken Cream

r chicken, eggs, seasoning, milk.

Take the raw meat of the chicken, pound it well, and pass through a sieve. To every 2 oz. meat, after it has been pounded, add the yolks of 2 eggs, ‡ pt. milk, pepper and salt to taste. Put into a well-greased mould and bake in the oven for 12 or 15 min. Serve with this the following sauce. Stew the chicken bones in 1 pt. water, with 1 onion, a bay leaf, a sprig of thyme, and strain. Take 2 shallots and cut into small pieces and



Sy SALLY ISLER

fry in I tablespn. olive oil. Add 2 mushrooms, also chopped finely, and ½ pt. chicken stock. Cook for 10 min., and flavour to taste. Strain through a hairsieve, rubbing the mushrooms and shallots through into the sauce. Add I tablespn. red currant jelly. This sauce should be handed with the chicken cream, but never poured round it.

Stewed Beef en

Fry large onion, cut into slices, in 2 oz. butter, and as soon as it is a golden colour, stir in 2 oz. flour; when this is smoothly mixed, add gradually, while stirring quickly with a wooden spoon, 11 pt. good stock. This should be flavoured with carrots, onions, and a slice of ham or bacon. Sprinkle with pepper and a grating of nutmeg. Bring to the boil and thicken. When this is done draw the pan to the side of the stove and add I teaspn. mushroom ketchup. I tablespn. tomato ketchup or stewed tomatoes, and simmer gently for 5 min. Strain the sauce into an earthenware casserole, and keep it warm until the meat is ready. If the sauce is not brown enough, add a little good colouring and a few drops of cochineal. This latter improves the colour of any brown gravy. Cut 1 lb. steak into neat pieces, about 21 in. square and I in. thick. Fry in I oz. butter until the meat is slightly browned on each side. Put the steak into the prepared sauce, cover with buttered paper, then put on the lid of the casserole. Cook in a gentle oven for about 2 hours, but allow an extra 1 hour if the meat is inclined to be a little tough. Take I teason, of some beef extract, mix with twice the amount of cornflour, and sufficient cold water to make very liquid. Stir into the casserole and allow to cook for 3 or 4 min. longer. Sprinkle with chopped parsley, and send to table very hot. Lamb or mutton cutlets can be cooked this way, and the more vegetables added the better is the flavour of the sauce. A few French peas put in about 10 min. before serving is very delicious with the lamb cutlets.

Stewed Tripe.

The following recipes are good ways of cooking this very valuable and nutritious food. Many people have an antipathy against tripe who have never tasted it. For these I suggest that the dish is cooked first and let them taste it without knowing what it is.

Tripe Fritters.

½ lb. honeycomb tripe, ½ pt. water, r onion, a good pinch of salt, r tablespn. milk, frying-batter.

Cut the tripe into squares about 3 in.

Supper and Breakfast Dishes

in size, and stew in the milk and water with the onion and salt, and set on the stove to cook gently 4 or 5 hours. Tripe takes a great deal of cooking, and this is the best method of ensuring its being really tender. When done, remove the tripe from the stock and drain and dry. Have ready a good batter made from 4 oz. flour, 1 oz. butter, 1 tablespn. milk, yolk of 1 egg and the wellwhipped white, a good pinch of salt, and a small cup of warm water. Sift the flour and salt into a basin and stir in the yolk of egg, butter melted, milk, and stir well. Add the water gradually. Beat well, and set aside for 15 min. or more. Add the white of egg last, and give a final whip before using. Dip the squares of tripe in this, and fry in boiling fat for 5 min. Pile on a dish, and sprinkle with salt. Serve immediately before the batter has time to cool, otherwise it will become a little leathery.

Curried Tripe.

I lb. tripe cooked in the method above, the pt. curry sauce, boiled rice.

To make the curry sauce take ½ pt. of the liquid in which the tripe has been cooked, I oz. butter, I dessertspn. curry powder, I teaspn. flour, I tomato, I onion, salt. Melt the butter and drop the onion in, sliced. Fry for 2 min. Sift in the flour and curry powder mixed together, and stir while it cooks for another 2 min. Add the stock, tomato, and seasoning and bring to the boil. Put in the tripe cut in small pieces, and allow to simmer gently for 25 min. Dish up with a ring of well-boiled, well-dried rice, and add I teaspn. chutney as a decoration.

Tripe au Bechmal.

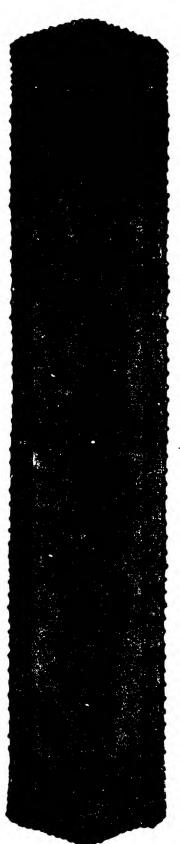
I lb. tripe, 4 onions, I oz. dripping, I tablespn. flour, 1 teaspn. powdered sage, 1 teaspn. pepper, 1 teaspn. salt.

Cut the tripe into small pieces and scald it; put the dripping into a saucepan and allow to become very hot. Slice the onions and drop in, and fry for a few minutes until a nice brown. Sprinkle the flour in and brown it, add the sage, pepper and salt, and about 1 pt. cold water. Stir this while bringing to the boil, drop in the pieces of tripe, and simmer gently for 1½ hour. Stir occasionally to prevent the tripe sticking to the pan.

Liver with Vegetable Goose.

I lb. liver, I small onion, a little chopped parsley, mustard, pepper and salt, ½ lb. breadcrumbs, I onion, I teaspn. mixed herbs, I teaspn. chopped parsley, I oz. butter, pepper and salt.

Soak the bread in warm water until quite soft. Squeeze nearly dry and break it with a fork. Chop the onion finely with the parsley and herbs, add to the bread, also the pepper and salt and butter melted. Stir thoroughly. Butter a batter-pudding dish and put in the mixture. Bake in a good oven for 40 min. Meantime, thoroughly wash the liver and cut into pieces 3 in. square. Dry and flour them. Rub with a



A NARROW RUNNER FOR DINING-TABLE OR SIDEBOARD.

Described on page 251.

little made mustard, and pepper and salt well. Fry in boiling fat. Slice the onion and drop in when the liver is removed. Brown nicely, but do not let the slices break. When the vegetable goose is ready, remove from the dish and cut into 3-inch squares. Put one piece of liver on the top of each slice and a piece of onion on the top of the liver. Garnish with chopped parsley, and serve with gravy made from the fat in which the liver has been cooked

Supper Sweets

Genoese Apple

4 oz. flour, 1½ oz. suet, ½ teaspn. bakingpowder, a pinch of salt, 3 apples, 1 tablespn currants, 1 tablespn. brown sugar, a little cinnamon.

Chop the suct finely with half the amount of flour. Put into a bowl, and add the remainder of the flour sitted with the bakingpowder and salt. Mix all into a stiff paste with a little cold water. Flour a board and turn the paste out. Roll about 1 in. in thickness. Peel and core the apple, and cut into thin slices and spread them evenly over the paste; sprinkle the currants on, which should be carefully washed, dried, and picked over; lastly, the sugar and the grated cinnamon-or, if preferred, nutmeg may be substituted. Moisten the edges of the paste and roll up neatly, tucking in the rough edges. Wrap in a cloth and steam for 11 to 2 hours Serve hot treacle round the roll when sent to table.

Aunt Alice Sponge.

2 sponge cakes, 1 egg, 1 dessertspn. sugar, grated nutmeg, 2 teaspn. jam, a glass of milk.

Split the sponge cakes into three length-ways, and spread with jam. Put together and place in a well-buttered pie-dish. Beat the egg, yolk and white separately, and add to the yolk the sugar and milk. Lastly, whisk in the white and the grated nutmeg. Pour over the sponge cakes, and bake in a very slow oven until the custard is set. About 30 min. will be sufficient. Garnish with red jam dropped at intervals on the top.

Cold Bread Pudding.

Several slices of bread cut $\frac{1}{2}$ in. thick, I lb. stewed figs, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. dates, lemon jelly.

Remove the crusts from the bread and pound flat with the rolling-pin. Grease a flat-bottomed soufflé dish or pudding bowl, and fit the bread evenly round the sides. Finish the bottom with a square, but it is not necessary for this to be exact in size. Stew the figs in a little water with a piece of lemon-peel until tender. Halve the dates and remove the stones. Add to the figs while hot. Turn all into the breadlined bowl and put a large slice of bread on the top. Place a saucer, deep side down, on the top and a flat-iron or heavy weight on the top of all. Leave for 24 hours. When needed, remove the iron and saucer and

Supper and Breakfast Dishes

turn the bowl upside down on to a dish. The pudding will come out intact, and a perfect shape. Melt a little jelly and pour round the edge when it is cool. Allow to become firm. If the pudding is a little dry, a custard should be served with it.

Tutti Frutti Fritters.

I orange, I banana, I apple, 4 dates, strip of angelica, frying-batter, a little caster sugar.

Peel and core the apple and cut into rings. Peel the orange and cut into slices. Cut the banana into thick slices and halve the dates. Cut the angelica into 1-inch squares. Take a slice of apple, and place upon it a slice of orange, then half a date, then a ring of banana, and, lastly, a piece of angelica. Run a sharpened match or small wooden skewer through the centre of them all, and roll in sugar. Dip in batter, and fry a golden brown in boiling fat, using a frying-basket for the purpose. Pile on a plate, and remove the skewers. Sprinkle with powdered sugar.

Kirkberry Soufflé.

I macaroon, a slice of cake, a slice of bread, I oz. butter, I tablespn. sugar, I oz. sweet almonds, grated peel of lemon, I oz. raisins, I egg, lemon, toz. raisins, I egg, lemon, I oz. raisins, I egg, lemon, I

Blanch the almonds, halve and brown in the oven, then chop. Halve the raisins and remove the stones. Grease a soufflé dish with the butter thickly, and crumble a macaroon in. Next crumble the cake, then the bread. Sprinkle the sugar in, chopped almonds, raisins, and a few scraps of butter. Beat the egg yolk and white separately, add to the milk and pour on the dry ingredients, taking care not to stir them in any way. Steam for I hour, or bake in a quick oven for 30 min.

Breakfast Dishes

Fish and Tomato

This dish can be prepared the day before it is wanted. Breadcrumbs, cold fish, 4 sliced tomatoes, seasoning.

Butter a deep pie-dish, bottom and sides. Sprinkle with a layer of bread-crumbs. Remove the bones and skin from the fish, and with a fork shred it into small pieces. Put a layer of fish on the breadcrumbs, next a layer of sliced tomatoes, and fill the dish in

alternate layers. Finish off with breadcrumbs. Drop small pieces of butter on the top and sprinkle with salt and a plentiful supply of pepper. Wash this in with ½ teacup milk. Brown in the oven for 15 min. or heat on the top of the stove, and then 3 min. in front of the fire to brown. This served alone, or with bacon, is a delicious breakfast dish.

Ursuline Eggs.

3 hard-boiled eggs, I oz. butter, I teaspn. flour, 2 small cups milk, a pinch of salt and pepper, buttered toast.

The eggs, which must be hard-boiled, could be prepared the night before, but care must be taken to keep them well covered, or else they will turn black. Put the butter into a frying-pan and add the flour, mix quite smoothly, and add 2 cups of milk, salt and pepper. Simmer gently until it forms a thick white sauce, then boil until the flour is cooked. Cut the eggs in slices and drop into the sauce. Cook until thoroughly hot. Have ready 4 or 5 pieces buttered toast, heap the eggs on top of each, and serve very hot.

Bacon and

2 oz. macaroni, 2 oz. bacon, ½ oz. butter, salt and pepper, and a little nutmeg.

Break the macaroni into small pieces and boil in salted water for 15 min., then drain. Cut the bacon into small dice and fry a nice crisp brown, then add the macaroni, butter, seasoning, and just a suspicion of nutmeg. Stir gently over the fire until the macaroni becomes a nice brown colour. Turn in a hot dish and serve immediately. If preferred, the bacon and macaroni may be divided into equal parts and served up in small ramekin cases. In this case it is as well to put them for a few minutes in the oven to prevent their becoming "sad."

Rice Omelette.

2 oz. boiled rice, 3 eggs, 4 pt. milk, salt and pepper, a piece of onion.

Break the eggs into a basin, keeping the whites separate. Whip the yolks well, and add the rice, pepper and salt. Whisk the whites to a stiff froth with a pinch of salt, and add to the other ingredients. Blend thoroughly. Have ready a frying-pan of boiling fat, rub

the sides of it with a cut onion. Pour in the omelette quickly and cook for 3 min. over a slow fire. When thoroughly risen, do not attempt to turn the omelette, but put the pan in the oven, or, in the case of a gas-cooker, under the grid, and brown for another 3 min. Fold in half and serve immediately, but do not cover.

Derbysh Breakfa

3 small sausages, 6 slices bacon, 1 kidney, seasoning, frying-fat.

Skin the sausages and halve them, rolling into six small balls. Skin the kidney and chop finely. Roll each ball of sausage meat in a slice of bacon and stand on end on a flat dish. With your thumb flatten the sausage in the centre so as to admit a little of the kidney. Put a sixth part of the kidney in each cup, sprinkle with pepper and a dab of made mustard, fry for 5 min. in good fairly deep fat. Drain and keep warm. Cut 6 rounds of thin bread, fry in the bacon-fat, drain and dish up the rolls of bacon, one on each.

Venetiar Fish

I or 2 fillets of raw plaice or white fish of any kind, 2 slices stale bread 1 in. thick, a few sprigs of parsley, salt, pepper.

Wash and dry the fish thoroughly and cut into strips $\frac{1}{2}$ in. wide and 2 in. long. Cut the bread into similar slices, and roll both the fish and bread in flour. Wash the parsley thoroughly and dry, and dip in salt. Have ready a pan of boiling deep fat and drop in all the ingredients. Pepper well while in the pan, and fry to a golden brown. Drain and sprinkle well with salt. Serve heaped up in a plate surrounded with a clean napkin.

Bacon and Tripe.

Several slices of bacon, fairly lean, i lb. tripe, parboiled, a little chopped onion, seasoning.

Cut the bacon in halves and the tripe into 1-inch squares. Fry in bacon-fat for 10 min. Just before dishing up add teaspn. finely-chopped onion and a touch of cayenne; stir all well in the pan and dish up while very hot. Unless you have tasted this dish you can never realise how good it is, more especially on a cold winter morning.

Our Cover Design is from a Painting

"HER FIRST LOVE"

By ELIZABETH EARNSHAW

A Hardanger D'oily in Ivory Tones

USE Cream or Ivory Congress Cloth and Rickard's Sylvan Embroidery.

The illustration below shows a section the actual size. You can use coarser canvage for a larger d'oily, or the design can be repeated and the piece of work enlarged to any size. The design is one that lends itself quite easily to repetition. The straight border round the centre square contains 37 stitches on each side, over 6 threads of the canvas, and the longer lines over 4 threads, widening at the middle of each side to form a small square, the longest stitch covering 12 threads.

The scrolls are groups of 3 and 9 stitches, taken over 3, 6 or 9 threads, arranged as illustrated, and the whole enclosed by lines of satin-stitch over 4 threads, terminating in curves at the corners, which are finished

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off with two solid squares worked over 7 and 9 threads respectively. Finish the edge in 'simple buttonhole - stitch in points over 4 threads.

If a large cloth is icquired, a very rich effect can be obtained as follows: Work the centre as it now stands in the middle of the cloth, finishing it with the straight lines intercepted with the diamonds, which form the square. Then work the outside border of scrolls at the edge of the cloth.

This detail is the actual size of the original d'oily.

There's Much to be Thankful for, isn't there?

Mrs. Subble on the Sright Side!

"If it isn't sunny enough to air the blankets it's a good thing the rain's come for the seedlings. And if

the wind nearly blows us off our feet, it does dry the tablecloths and sheets-so there s no denying it True, Molly is home with measles, but so are Tom and Irm, and they all amuse each other and if Molly had scarlet fever and lom had whooping-cough instead of measles how dull it would be for them all and more work to keep the infection of each from becoming general Pity Molly's exam mation is next week, and shell miss it but if the measles hadn't shown nou she might have sat with them in her head and got brain fever-so that s that As for the 'maid going home with quinsy—on the face of things one might call it inconveni-

ent Yet had she stayed and the quinsy been diphtheria we haven t much nuising accommodation for another invalid—so it's all for the best no doubt

If Mis kneebone hadn't broken her leg vesterday, she would have given a hand willingly, I'm sure. Yet, come to consider it she might have caught measles too. And what should I do with Mrs Kneebone ill in the kitchen and infecting the cat (who has a touch of flu' already) and perhaps suing me for allowing her to measle her eighteen grandchildren on her return home. Not that they all live with her but things spread.

'Jack's away at sea—or rather aas. But he's in hospital abroad with appendix trouble I heard this morning. And that has its comfort too. For such wind as it was in the night you never heard. Although the weather may be calm where his ship is one never knows. And what I argue is this—if it was squally here at 6.15 a.m. it might be a hurricane where the Saucy Sprat is, and what is appendix trouble to a watery grave?

The snow fell off the roof to-day and ruined the conservators. But what's a conservatory compared with the children. And what more likely than, if the children had been well and their father home on leave and Sarah the maid in normal health and Mrs. Kneebone hadn t broken her leg - what more likely. I repeat than they should all be in the greenhouse looking at the bulbs coming up. (That is, if the bulbs weren t killed by the frost, as they are)

"Really there's much to be thankful for, isn't there, now?"

A Game of Make-believe for Tired Mothers.

We have a beautiful white cane chair with a fan worked in the back and a lot of scroll work. It is a source of great delight and rest to me, although I seldom sit in it But I look at it and imagine things. On washing days I fancy it is in an old garden containing many gentlemen and ladies dressed in lovely silks and satins, with buckles on their shoes, long feathers in their hats, and

powdered wigs They walk about the lawns, which are as smooth and green as at Hampton Court Tea 1s brought out, and my guests and I sit among the old-world flowers and talk, I in my beautiful chair (The washing progresses meanwhile) Presently my visitors depart, some on horseback and some in carriages drawn by lovely cream ponies I do not get so tired while I am playing this game of make-believe

"Cold mutton days," when things might be rather drab, my game permits of a visit from Aunt Julia She brings something very nice and cooks it for me (I, in the meantime, turn out a couple of bed rooms) Last week it was a

small piece of pork with apple sauce and stuffing I had taken my beautiful chair on to the moors to listen to the larks singing and get a look at the gorse just coming out in bloom (It was in reality a pouring wet day)

On ironing days I just put the chair in the Flower-Patch among the Hills and, the better to smell the flowers I put a very little lavender-water on a handker-chief on the ironing-table. It is just delightful on these dark dreary days to have a chair that transports one as mine does

Some days Uncle Jack calls (I haven't one, but that doesn t matter) Being a sailor, he always brings me lovely beads or pearls (This is a sewing day, and I am stringing the beads all the time I am darning the boys' socks or mending shirts) Then, when they all come home in the evening I feel quite rested and ready to be bright with the family instead of being worn out with my work

To Fay Inchfawn

Oh, poetess, the woman that you are Is known to me. Your merry sisterhood Shines with the serving sun, and with Eve a star Makes fair the guardian night, to do the weary good. Earth s finer homes are lyrics that you write, The songs you sing aloud are surely those Which wase primeval children chose For pleasure or relief, or for a sweet respite When trouble from severest storms was theirs. Children these were who knew how life must grow Full with a flood of charming cares That, as time passed, should everflow The stream-beds of simplicity and lose Their first love lustred charm, So called the gods and bade them choose This splendid sisterbood of yours-In labour songful, mid life s dangers calm-To save the life of Hope, and build upon strong shores Sheltering havens for us all to use

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The Hoarder.

You've done it yourself, and you know what it is "We ll turn out the chest of drawers in the spare room," we say And we do It's awful! There are dozens, scores of things utterly useless to us—yet we hesitate to throw them away

Old photographs, old clothes, old hats, old books, old ornaments We put a heap of them on the floor—we'll give them to Mrs Dustbin when she comes to clean And we put most of the things back in the drawers—we don't know why exactly, only we think they may come useful, they've been there for years, some of them, but one never knows!

Then we scrutinise the heap That velour *might* dye, so the velour is put aside for further consideration.

Look! there's the birthday book Uncle Galahad won as a prize when he was five years old. Fancy letting Mrs. Dustbin have that! It's removed from the floor. That sweet little work-box—the cover's off, true—that Great-aunt Lavender used to keep her crochet in. Cousin Polyanthus would value that. (No one has Cousin Polyanthus's address; she left for India fifteen years ago, and hasn't been heard of since—still, she may turn up). The workbox is stowed away in the cupboard.

So the hoarding goes on—and the pack of useless odds and ends grows heavier with the years.

Rummage.

Isn't it strange how it accumulates! I'm half inclined to believe it's all to do with our friends and Christmas presents. Dear Begonia sends us a dear little work-basket, Dahlia Blunt sends a sweet—absolutely sweet—fourteen-inch by eight-inch box covered with cretonne, Laurina sends an exquisite pot of some kind of ware one can't remember, and Miss Bucket, who loves us dearly, send a plush bag. That's the beginning!

We put the work-basket on the table by our bedside, the box on the dressing-table (for handkerchiefs only !), the pot on the mantelpiece with an early snowdrop or two in it, and the bag with our knitting we hang on a nail just inside the door.

That's the day after Christmas Day. Early in February we peep at the gifts again. This is what we find In the work-basket are four hairpins, a packet of rusty needles, sixteen odd buttons, a pinless brooch, nine

shells, a scrap of torn lace, five worn-out linen buttons, a recipe for seed cake, a shoelace worn, another shoe-lace unworn, a broken suspender, a screw-driver, and a box of tacks.

The handkerchiefs-only box contains a cake of soap, a pot of tooth-paste. some nibs, a stick of sealing - wax, two stamps, a tube of "Mend-it," a thumb calendar, two coughdrops (going sticky), and a torn glove. That's the box!

The pot has shed its flowers. It holds a pencil, a tape-measure, a

curtain-hook, two nuts, and a farthing's-change-with-thanks of pins.

The knitting bag has gone altogether. We find it, next day, in the kitchen. How it got there we can't think—in fact, nobody can think; but there it is.

And then, at spring cleaning, we wonder how it is things accumulate so. We never blame our friends; it would be ungrateful, wouldn't it? But, still, if it hadn't been for the work-basket and box and pot and bag—well, "least said, soonest mended."

Alone-Time.

We all of us want it sometimes! There are the sad days when Mrs. Overwhelm comes dashing in to cheer us up She talks and talks and talks, until the set smile we have managed to conjure, to show her we appreciate her kindly efforts, gets thinner and straighter, finally disappearing altogether.

"Of course, you're going to the opera, dear," she chirrups. "Nothing like something bright to put new spirits into you! And what about your new spring hat? Did you get it? Run upstairs and bring it down. Of course, I told you about my shopping expedition, didn't I?"

There follows a half-hour crammed with descriptions of the frock she fancied; and the one she *nearly* had; and the other she couldn't afford, but wished she could; not forgetting the "dinky darling black collenne," and the crêpe-de-chine which was "the last thought of Fashion's loveliness." And you're not spared shoes. Eight separate and entrancing styles and colours are

touched on.
Stockings follow, and blouses and "undies" and furs. You feel a rag. But you're brave still You say "Yes" and "No" in more or less the right places; and "Certainly,"

and "Indeed" and "Never" when you lose the entire thread of the discourse, and realise you're a worm for not paying more attention. Then, just as you're getting numbed of feeling and dumbed of voice, away the lady flits. You hear her at the gate telling Miss Uproad that she, Mrs. Overwhelm, has left you a different woman.

And it's true. For you know that sad times can be made devastatingly nerve-racked by chattering well-meaners. You slip out of the back-door and down to the lane. You cross a bridge and find the riverbank. You lay your head against a tree-trunk and your feet upon the moss, and you



brush.

In the Workaday World

tell the ivy and the ferns all about everything in a wordless healing heart-talk. A sparrow sits on a stepping-stone and looks at you; he's a silent fellow—such good company for world-fretted folk. The wind kisses your brow and cheeks and the sun smooths the wrinkles from around your eyes. It's a bit of alone-time full of solace.

And the happiness-hour needs an alone-time, too

We see two kindly creatures hurrying along the street, and we flee Somehow we want our bit of joy to ourselves for a while, we want to take it out and turn it over and count the links in its girdled completeness. We want it with its undulled loveliness, where no one has breathed even kindly words upon its brilliancy. But there they are, Miss Chatterquick and Mrs Catchnews—so neighbourly, so full of congra ulations, so voluble in their inquiries.

Oh, that back door! It clicks behind us as the knob is pressed with a spirited hand at the front. And we're

off to the moorland beyond the bridge before the maid has tramped to the door-mat

There's the scent of violets, early violets, in the wood to the left, and pale-faced primroses on the bank to the right. The wind comes laughing bracingly and cries, "Good luck to you!" and the cloudlets in the blue above race on with never a word at all

We sit on the velvet carpet and live again our bit of goldentide And a beetle comes and looks at us; a blackbird peers from the brackened mound and pipes a greeting

It's the bit of alone-time which Nature never mars, and by-and-by we sing a happiness-psalm in unison with the rivulet and the thrush. They keep our gladness in a kind of sacred ecstasy, and pour it out so tenderly, so gently, that we know they've caught the spirit of our dreaming and will not violate the sanctuary in which we have shrined one of the treasures of happiness which the God of joyousness keeps for you and me



IN THE IRINCESS MARY S FUTURE HOME: THE LIBRARY AT CHESTERFIELD HOUSE.

Photo by

THE EDITOR'S PAGE

wing to the early date we are bound to go to press, in order to get our magazine out to the far corners of the earth at anything like a seasonable date, our Ianuary number was nearly all printed, and the major portion of our February number had gone to press before the announcement of the betrothal of the Princess Mary. It is inevitable, therefore, that a little time must elapse after the happy announcement, before the portraits of bride and bridegroom can reach our readers. But no good wishes are heartier than ours. We all readers and editorial staff-feel a very particular interest in our beautiful Princess. Our magazine had the honour of being permitted to publish the first authorised biography of Princess Mary. Her Majesty the Queen, and the Princess, read the proofs themselves, and evinced the most gracious interest in their publication.

Since then, the Princess has become known to the girls and women of the land as one who takes a sincere and an intelligent interest in all that concerns the betterment of the lives of girls and women. In this she is following in the footsteps of her royal mother, who, as a girl, was trained in a most practical manner by her own mother, the late Duchess of Teck, to an understanding of the problems and difficulties that beset the lives of girls and women.

It is a great satisfaction to know that the Princess

remains British after her marriage; and that in becoming the wife of a distinguished Englishman, she is forging stronger and still more intimate links to bind her to the girls and women of her native land. For, though she would have been an immense gain to any foreign Court, had she married a foreign Prince -for such Princesses are hard indeed to find! -she is as great a gain to our own land, since British girlhood and young wifehood can safely look to her to set a desirable example in regard to the everyday things appertaining to conduct, and home life, and the pursuit of pleasure. We believe that the Princess in her new life with its added responsibilities, will exert a most beneficial and steadying influence on the younger generation of to-day, and help in no small measure to re-establish the sane outlook that, until the war wrought such

social havoc, was a characteristic of British womanhood.

We publish further portraits of Her Royal Highness, with views of Chesterfield House, Lord Lascelles' town house, and Harewood Castle, which the Princess will probably one day number among her country residences.

The Result of our Letter Competition.

On another page will be found the names of the competitors whose letters on "The Career I Most Desire," were awarded prizes, or were sufficiently good to warrant distinctive mention.

There were a very large number of entries, and very many interesting letters were submitted. Also, I confess, that some of the careers our readers desire came as a surprise to me!

First in importance, and most frequently named, was the career of wife and mother—the most natural and desirable career. But, recognising that this is not possible for all, most competitors also gave the "next best," naming the career they would choose if it were possible, failing that of wife and mother. Now it is interesting to record that nearly fifty per cent. of the competitors (and their ages range from fourteen to seventy-five) name Authorship as the career they most

desire. The letters on this subject took various forms. Here is one

of them-

If I Could Choose.

" If I could choose-

If I were shod in fortune's silvern shoes, And all I wished would instantly be mine.

One boon alone I'd ask, the gift divine

Of golden words that in men's hearts should shine,

Thus would I choose.

" If I could choose.

smile:

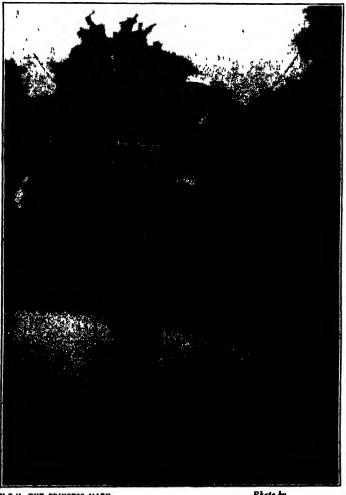
My brain, my life, all that I have I'd use To such good I know that (e'en for a while) Should men forget their cares and with me

And hopes, endeavours, dreams long since gone by

Once more should rise and courage still be high-

If I could choose!

" If I could choose. The mission mine to comfort and amuse-A song to sing to gladden this old earth, A tale to tell to render life well worth,



H.R.H. THE PRINCESS MARY

Photo by "The Daily Mirror."

And to tired eves a gleam of vanished mirth, The guerdon mine to know perhaps for me The little place I leave may brightened be—Thus would I choose!"

Some girls specially state that they wish to be journalists (Miss Billington's articles will be of service to these) Very many want to be successful novelists, a few want to make poetry their medium of expression and others look longingly in the direction of editorship. Here is one graceful tribute to our magazine—

' If I were starting again my frail barque on life's fluctuating tide I would aspire to become the editor of just such a magazine as our well beloved GIRL's OWN PAPER The mental training and discipline the artistic eye the discerning powers required for the editorial chair 'form a fine and noble pursuit for girl hood sambitious years and add to the true dignity of mature womanhood while the aim to create and foster good taste in literature dress and domestic life set off in attractive language by enthusiastic writers is a source of uplift to thousands outside the circle of one's intimate friends

'The editorial career though arduous is of great

interest. The editor is in a position to come in contact with so many interesting people perhaps to touch the hem of the garment of genius. Brilliant people, patriotic people, poets, 'dreamers of dreams' are part of her world, and thoughts of rare beauty strike sometimes upon her eyes and heart. Artists come upon her with their designs. Difficulties are overcome and friendships formed that will be a source of comfort to her, should she succeed in reaching old age.

'I would have the pages of my magazine replete with pleasure profit, refreshment for the weary soul, and good counsel for the erring one. I would have it to become the ever-welcome companion, in fact, the friend for life of an ever-widening circle of readers. I remember once hearing that the founder of a great publication in the ninetcenth century, received forty years after its first issue, a letter saying. 'If my life has been clean and useful it is, next to the goodness of God owing to the teaching of your great paper.' Oh, what recompense for labour, to have done something towards sweetening the lives of the girls and women of our own day!"

But no matter what branch of authorship is desired, nearly all these Would-be Authors state that it is useless for them to think of taking up writing while they are bound to their present occupations (some are mothers of young families, some are in offices, or are teachers, or in other professions). One girl writes that her

greatest wish is to have a house in the depths of the country, where she can have all the time there is to write, write, write all the day long, and then, she knows she could do fine work But as it is——, etc.



HER ROYAL HIGHNESS THE PRINCESS MARY.

Photo by Vandyk

Just here I want to give a word of enlightenment to all these readers who long to write, and yet feel it is impossible to do anything unless they can give their whole time to it While I admit that time is needed for steady work, if one is to write anything worth. publishing, it by no means follows that one's life must be devoted exclusively to writing On the contrary, some of the most successful works ever produced by women were written "after hours," so to speak, and in conjunction with the busiest of daily lives Mrs Beecher Stowe wrote Uncle Tom's Cabin at all sorts of odd moments, after she had put the children to bed at night, using any odd scraps of paper—even the empty grocery bags and wrappings-because she often

The idea of writing The Wide, Wide World came to "Elizabeth Wetherell" while she was washing

had nothing better upon

which to write her story

up the breakfast things, and she worked at it as best she could, in the midst of a multitude of household duties

Coming to modern days, we are told in that most fascinating book, the recently published Life of Florence Barclay, that the famous love scene in The Rosary was written by Mrs. Barclay in a third-class railway carriage while travelling from London to Hertford.

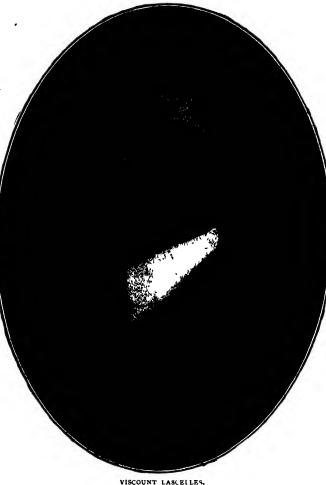
And yet another woman writer who has had a remarkable success, "Fay Inchfawn," is as busy and full-handed a housewife and mother as one could meet; and she literally has thought out her poems while cooking and cleaning and making and mending.

Had I space to spare, I could give you other instances to illustrate my point, namely, that the girl or woman who longs to write must invariably do so in addition to other work. It is only the rare exception who can sit down systematically and give the best hours of the day to her writing. With most of us, there are other matters having prior claim on our time; and our writing has to accommodate itself to the demands of our lifework as women. It is here that men score over women—they can make their writing their chief claim; but neither votes nor legislation can alter the fact that the average woman has to consider other people in mapping

out her life. I do not mean to imply that all a girl needs to do to become a successful author is to scribble in a haphazard manner at any odd moment. On the contrary, she will have to work, and work hard;

practising writing and re-writing; but it is useless for her to postpone beginning until she can call the day her own. The only way to become a writer is to write; and if you are ever going to write, start at once, and keep on writing, till you have something worth while to show. The mistake girls make is in thinking the first thing they write is likely to be of any use!

But I need not go into this matter any farther, as I have dealt with it in detail in The Lure of the Pen. I will only add, for the encouragement of the thousands who long to write: there never was a time when editors and publishers were more keen than they are now to get hold of good material. And some of you could reach the goal of your ambitions if you would only recognise that it is not so much "more time" that you need, as the determination to work hard and work systematically.



VISCOUNT LASCELLES.

Photo by Vandyk.

Next in order of popularity is the Nursing Profession.

Once more I can encourage those who long to train as nurses to persevere, as there are many openings for them at present; the profession is not overcrowded, and it will probably be some time before the supply of good nurses equals the demand.

Space will not allow of my going into details about every career named—they are so many and so diverse. A large number desire to enter the Medical Profession; Teaching is also very popular; likewise Poultry Farming came in for frequent mention.

Here are a few of the more ordinary careers that the competitors desire to take up: Modern Dairy Farming. A Florist's Shop. An Art Teacher. A Foreign Correspondent. A District Nurse. A Librarian. A Millinery Designer. A Teacher of History. A Dress Designer. A Gardener. A Sculptor. An Artist. The Care of an Institution for Girls. A famous Singer. An Architect. A Deaconess. Planning Gardens. Welfare Work.

Work connected with the well-being of children makes a very big appeal—and one does not wonder at this. So many letters state that the writer's desire is to be the Matron of an Orphanage; others specify a trained Children's Nurse; a Worker in a Crêche; a Children's Assistant in a Public Library; to open a Home for Motherless Children; and one writer wants to make a lovely Home in the Country for Unwanted Babies. Work among children is undoubtedly one of the most

soul-satisfying careers possible for a woman.

Foreign Mission work is named very frequently, and particularly Medical Missionary work. This, again, offers a magnificent field for woman's work. Nevertheless. I think we need to bear in mind the fact that we can do missionary work at home no less than abroad. The missionary's purpose should be to show Christ, and the Christ-spirit, to those who give Him no thought or place in their lives; to make her own life so attractive that others will want to know more about Him. There is need for such missionaries all over our own land to-day. If a girl cannot go abroad, let her look around and see what she can do for Christ in her home, in her office, in her social circle. Believe me, it is far harder, and calls for much more spiritual endowment, to live the Christ-like life here in Great Britain, at the present moment, than in many a heathen land.

And these home missionaries might be the salvation of our over-wrought distressed nation.

Outdoor life, and particularly farming, is the choice of many competitors—a healthy sign; and I hope these may have their hearts' desire, for it makes me sad to see the number of girls that break down each year under the devastating influence of life in our congested cities.

Many girls who give marriage as their ideal career mention the particular type of wife they desire to be, the main classifications being: the wife of a clergyman, the wife of a minister, the wife of a missionary, a farmer's wife; and one competitor desires to be the wife of a pioneer settler in the far north-west of Canada.

Many of the careers mentioned are less usual than those I have named so far. Indeed, after reading the thousands of letters, I thought: How few of us have any inkling of the ambitions burning in the hearts of other people! For instance, I had no idea that there was any girl in the world longing to be a Lighthouse Keeper! I myself have always wished I could own either a small uninhabited island out at sea, with a lighthouse



THE STAIRCASE AT

Photo by Topical Press Agency.

on it, if possible; but I never before met anyone who was hungering for the same thing. Yet the very first Competition Letter I looked at was from a girl whose great ambition is to be the Keeper of a Lighthouse. She will be in good company if she ever gets her heart's desire, for there are a number of women in various parts

of the world who keep those lights of friendly warning bright and burning. And I always think that the next best thing is to show a lighted window in a long dark country road, or in any place away from towns where there are no street lamps; the look of a lighted house is so welcome to the traveller. And sometimes the light can be made to serve a definite purpose. Do you remember that beautiful poem by Alfred Noyes, "The Cottage with the Kindly Light"? If not, read it when you have opportunity.

But this is wandering from the subject of "Careers." Two competitors desire to become detectives; one says she would revel in being a female Sherlock Holmes.

Several would like to design houses with a view to convenience and the reduction of labour.

Only one competitor selects the life of an Explorer as her ideal; yet quite a large number of women have hied them forth into the big Unknown in years past; and exploration is not the difficult task it was in the past. After all, if the worst comes to the worst, nowadays one's friends can always send aircraft in search of one, if overdue! I commend this career to the notice of the two blase competitors who say they cannot find any career sufficiently exciting to attract them!

One competitor's great desire is to be a boy; another would like "any career that would bring me in touch with beauty." Several state that their great want is unlimited money to distribute among those who are in need.

Naturally a fair number of girls wish to enter Parliament and become great speakers. These can start at once to train themselves for this work by accumulating all the knowledge and information they can about such matters as the methods of Government of great nations; the laws regulating international relationships, and particularly international commerce and finance; the complicated questions concerning Labour at home. We need women in Parliament who have knowledge of the business of Parliament, rather than women who are merely smart at repartee, or pert! And if girls aspire to high office in the land—and there is no reason why they should not—let them start early to fit themselves mentally for such office, and the probability is that they will succeed.

Among other less hackneyed careers, one girl desires to be a Custom's and Excise Officer; others name as their choice: to have someone to care for; to be a womanly woman; to be a general confidante and adviser to those in trouble; given to hospitality; to be a Preacher; to help lame dogs over stiles; to make a Home for Tired Workers—this is named by a good many competitors, and the idea was probably suggested to them by the story we published on the subject some months ago.

One competitor longs to be "an Interpreter of the Beautiful." "Uplifting the Working-Classes" is a career another reader chooses—by which, I hope, she means helping them to get purer air and cleaner healthier homes.



THE DRAWING-ROOM AT CHESTERPIELD HOUSE.

Proto by H. N. King.



HARFWOOD HOUSE WILL IROBABLY BE ANOTHER OF THE TRINCESS MAKY - HOMES IN THE FUTURE.

Photo by Topical Press Agency

One point is worth mentioning I notice that a number of girls have only a very limited idea of the work that would be required of them in certain careers I or instance, one girl wishes that she could be a Private Secretary to a great social leader or a rich woman of fashion, "so that I might be able to help her to see the needs of the poor, and introduce her to the world of toilers of which the wealthy know so little, and thus divert her from worldly aims" But this writer must remember that her employer would be paying her a salary to do specific work—such as answering letters. keeping a note of social engagements, sending out invitations, perhaps answering the phone, and even doing some of her shopping, there would be comparatively little time for conversation apart from the business matters in hand, and her employer would not be likely to allow her much time to discuss the subjects

One respects the desire that is in the back of this writer's mind, it is right to wish to interest the wealthy in those who have a hard struggle for existence, it is right to try to switch people's minds from small to great aims. But all such zeal must be tempered with discretion, or it will defeat its own purpose. All great causes, including Christianity itself, have suffered serious set-backs from unwise advocacy. It needs especial ability and very great tact if any employee is to make her employer see the error of his, and more particularly her, ways! Only in a most exceptional case could a private secretary to a society woman do the work this correspondent aims to do, and then it would have to be

a secretary who had been so long in the society leader's employ, and had become so invaluable to her that she could not afford to dispense with her services. Otherwise, I fear the private secretary would soon be dismissed if she made any sort of attempt to dictate to the society woman, or even to intimate that she might be making better use of her life

Most employers resent criticism from their employees, they naturally feel they are paying them for work and not for criticism. Moreover, it takes much knowledge, much experience, and much power of discernment to be able to read our fellow creatures aright, more particularly those with whom we come in daily contact

Many a woman who seems to be superficial and indifferent to the serious things of life is really doing some good work, and helping the unfortunate—only she makes no parade of this. The older one gets, and the more one knows of humanity, the more one sees the Divine Wisdom in our Lord's command. "Judge not"

I have gone into this matter here because several correspondents write on similar lines—desiring certain posts because they think these would present openings for the improvement and uplifting of the employers But such opportunity comes but seldom to the employee, and only then in an indirect way

Then there is the girl who desires to be Private Secretary to a famous author or operatic star, because she wants to get personally acquainted with the great writers and singers of the day She does not realise that her employment would be largely of a

business character, much of it mechanical and monotonous, and very little, if any, of it would be taken up with things social. Both author and musician are much more likely to leave their secretary at home typing out MS. or letters, than to take them with them to the haunts of the Famous! Moreover, the Truly Great seldom foregather in clusters. When a person has arrived high up in his profession, he usually desires a fairly quiet life in private. The work entailed in getting to the top of the tree has probably left him with no superfluous energy or time to waste on ordinary social gatherings; neither are these functions to his taste. And though celebrities do not cut themselves off from the fellowmembers of their craft (though there are some stars who prefer to be the only one that is shining in the sky!) they do not live in the centre of a social whirl, nor are they invariably in the company of other great ones. The person who is engaged on work that is really worth while is usually far too busy with that work to have time for much else besides; and the secretary is supposed to follow suit!

Nevertheless, for the encouragement of those who are taking up such secretarial work, I would add that the private secretary who makes herself invaluable to an employer of high standing, who does her work more than well, who concentrates on her employer's interests rather than on her own, has a chance of seeing and hearing much that is very interesting; only the secretary must bring unusual ability to her work if she is to enjoy exceptional experiences. Such good things do not fall to the rank and file.

One writer longs to be a Lecturer at a University, because she would so revel in being in a crowd of other girls, joining in their sports and boating and picnics. Another would like to be a Teacher, because she so loves getting up dramatic performances, and would like to organise performances of plays among the girls. While a number say that they want to be Teachers because of the very short hours and the several months' holiday each year that fall to the lot of the teacher.

Neither of these competitors recognises, however, that she is not suited to be a teacher if her chief interest centres in the playtimes and holidays rather than in the work itself. Recreation is good, also it is necessary; but work that is to lead one anywhere in particular must be undertaken for its own sake, not for attendant privileges.

I have felt a tinge of sadness, however, in reading certain of the letters—yet they were bright contented letters, and not in the least bit dull. I refer to the many that came from those who have nothing left them in the way of a career but their dreams. It is touching, indeed, to read the finale of these letters.

They begin by outlining such gay hopeful careers, pulsating with life and movement and big healthy ambition. Yet when one reaches the last page, possibly not till the last paragraph, such words as these await the adjudicators: "But, unfortunately, this can never be my lot, as I am obliged to spend my life on my back, in consequence of spinal complaint"—or some other incurable ailment.

There is never a word of complaint or a sign of grousing in any of these letters. To such brave ones I can only say, "God has work for you to do, as well as for the strong and active. A big career is open to you (and many of you realise this) as important as any that can be followed by those less handicapped. The world badly needs people who have time to be quiet, time to sympathise with others, time to listen to what others have to say. There is so much noise and whirl and self-centredness rife at the moment: the invalid who can create an atmosphere of peace and quiet resourcefulness is giving out strength from her very weakness, and making her sick-room a green oasis in the desert.

It is not easy to do this? I know that! It is very difficult work, indeed. But she who can make a success of this career is one of the greatest among women

Next month I hope to find space for some more of the letters; but I cannot close without sending best wishes for future happiness to one enterprising competitor whose great desire is to be the mother of a very large and very intellectual family! I fancy she will have her hands more than full!

And I want especially to thank the hundreds of readers who kindly sent interesting letters to me personally, in addition to the letters submitted for competition. I greatly value the appreciation expressed in the letters, and only regret that I am unable to answer each one individually, owing to the large number received.

Our Paper Patterns are Cheaper.

to 8d. each, unless otherwise stated. And I want to draw special attention to the apron illustrated on p. 270—a most serviceable style, and one that keeps the blouse clean both back and front, in consequence of its cape-like top. It is easy to make, and can be slipped on in a minute, with only one button to fasten, which keeps the back of the apron top in place, as well as the waist.

And mothers of small people will find the one-piece romper suit, shown on p. 277, a boon. The diagram we give shows how simple it is to make. If you are not wanting either of these items for your own use, you would find them most acceptable presents.

Another Book of Cheerfulness

"THE TRAIL OF THE RAGGED ROBIN"

By FLORA KLICKMANN

This is a Companion Volume to "The Flower-Patch among the Hills" (now in its 20th edition) and "Between the Larch-Woods and the Weir"

ONE OF THE BEST SELLERS OF THE SEASON



Drawn by Elizabeth Earnshaw.

The School "Club"

SCHOOL Debating Societies have, without doubt, grown immensely popular during the last few years; but whether they enjoy a long or short run it is just as well to put up the shutters as soon as interest and enthusiasm flags-there is certainly very little use in having a Debating Society when there is nobody who cares to "debate." But most school-girls feel the need of something that isn't play and isn't work, which will bring them into touch with their fellows. This is how it has come about, I think, that where a Debating Society has failed to appeal, a "Club" has been formed and found to be "just the thing." Usually it is most successful when run under a quaint name, such as "Scatterbrain Club," "The Pow-Wows," "Way-farers," "Wool-gatherers," and the like, members being drawn from not only one, but different schools, providing the scholars are about on equal footing as regards social position.

First, Appoint the Officers.

As no Club of this kind can ever be successful without a really good Secretary, this officer should be chosen carefully. Three or four names should be suggested, each accompanied, on "Voting night," with a brief account of the candidate's school record, so that Club members may vote the more intelligently. While the Secretary will naturally have the responsibility of Club correspondence, etc., she should also have the help of an efficient Treasurer,

How Girls Can Organise It

the two being ably supported by an "Event Committee."

Next comes the Programme.

As soon as possible after the election of officers, every member should receive a programme—a printed one if possible—though the Club must not be left so bankrupt that the postages, etc. will have to come out of Secretary's and Treasurer's pockets.

A Table-Tennis Tournament is always Popular.

The "first-night" of the session is, of course, an all-important affair, and possibly not a few members will send in suggestions; but in any case let me assure Event Committees that a " Table-Tennis Tournament" will prove as popular as anything. Those taking part should be asked to enter for a "double" as well as "single" championshipthe fun and skill of the former lying in each player being ready to grasp the bat which her partner immediately drops after she has served or returned a ball. Two bats only-one between each set of partners—is allowed in the table-tennis "foursome." While the scoring is on the same principle as "lawn" tennis, it is wise to fix no more than twelve points to a game indoors, so that all "entrants" stand a fair chance. The two highest "singles" will, of course, play a "final" -likewise the highest "doubles"; and I need hardly suggest that a couple of "trophies" and two inexpensive prizes

By Jessie March

will add greatly to the zest of the tournament.

Following this evening spent in play, something more on educational lines should be attempted; for instance, if a lady doctor can be found willing to give the time, ask for a practical demonstration on "Infant Welfare." In most towns it is possible to borrow from the local Welfare Centre a life-size "dummy" baby, and if a section of the room is arranged as a nursery, Club members will have a real treat.

One Evening for Personal Performances is Good.

Then a little wholesome competition might be considered, for doubtless among the girls are those who sing, play, or recite. Get such-as many as possible-to enter for vocal and instrumental duets, solos, short-story telling, etc., and arrange for a lady-preferably one who, with others, has acted as judge-to present prizes. Let the special feature, however, of this night be the issuing of invitations to parents of members. They will certainly appreciate the "thought," and also welcome the opportunity afforded for seeing the Club; while the prospect of an audience will act as a mighty stimulus to the performers. Try it and see!

Get an Outsider to Lecture Sometimes.

Now, in order that members be not drained dry at the very beginning, have an outsider in mind for the next Club night, and if you really want to

The School "Club"

listen to something that's inspiring as well as educational, get the editor or manager of your local paper to come and speak. The printing of the daily newssheet is one of the most wonderful industries of our time, and if you can get round a busy man, it will be well worth your while.

"Exhibition Night" is usually well Patronised.

Next, arrange for an "exhibition night," a fairly simple affair. Invite all Club members to send in exhibits, such as plain or fancy needlework, specimen of wood-carving, collection of choice flora, amateur photography - anything, in fact, which a particular girl has specially studied or made her "hobby." Tables will be needed for each section, and while no stall-holders will be required as at a Sale, there should be at least two members whose special business will be the courteous handling of queries concerning exhibits and exhibitors. This will not be a dull evening by any means, especially if the Club can produce a small orchestra or quartet for selections; but it will be found an excellent idea to invite teachers and mistresses to visit the exhibition. Two members-say the Secretary and Treasurer-should have the honour of receiving these guests, and (lest it should not occur to Club Committees) may I further hint at a "refreshment stall." Each member will probably find no difficulty in either begging or borrowing cakes, or some such dainty, from the home larder; then, with very

little additional expenditure, the stall is an accomplished fact.

And a Debate should be included.

I think next might come an evening when girls would have a chance to express their different opinions, and, however much it may appear that interest in debates has gone down to zero, I have yet to find the young lady who hadn't a great deal to say on a subject such as: "Should Mrs. Grundy be obeyed?" Let this be by all means well ahead on the programme, so that those responsible for the debate may have ample time to work up their subject, and, incidentally, the Club's enthusiasm. It will, I am sure, prove a huge success. But for the next debate invite two outsiders-say, a lady and gentlemanwho will take affirmative and negative sides on "The Modern Press: Good or Bad ? "

You must Give as well as Get.

Now, as no society or organisation can ever hope to achieve much if merely content to "get," I hope the programme will include at least one "Work for Others Night." Every town has its needs; and, although I do not pretend to outline them here, I do suggest that a way may be found of helping in some definite fashion the aged poor, needy children, hospital or similar institution. Christmas, New Year, Easter—all are seasons marked by giving, and it is good to show that the poor, the needy, the

solitary, are not forgotten by us who are remembered by so many.

If one or two first-class lectures are provided, they will be appreciated and supported by members; and where more than one school forms the Club it is possible to arrange a "Mystery Night." Its real title on the syllabus will be, "Under Sealed Orders," and implies that one particular school is responsible for the evening's entertainment, the remaining members merely being given the time and place of meeting.

Remember the Club Notices are Meant to be Read.

Before I close, let me say a word about Club notices. Every girl will agree with me that it is useless to ask anybody to get wildy enthusiastic about any notice, no matter how important, if it is written in an anæmic, "spidery" hand, and pinned up just anywhere and anyhow. Every Club should possess a business-like Notice Board; and if there is a member who specialises in plain and fancy writing, let her be responsible for all the notices, for they should be boldly, as well as tastefully, written.

It is quite a general rule for all societies and organisations to have a motto as well as a title, and for the School Club I know nothing finer than the thought conveyed in Mr. Herbert Spenser's words:—

"The test of whether you are educated is, can you do what you ought, when you ought, whether you want to do it or not."

In my Walks Abroad

Training for Husbandry.

If you feel that boys should be as carefully trained for their prospective duties as husbands, as are your girls for theirs as wives, the new educational toy models, carried out by a young artist who appears to be also something of an engineer and an architect, should materially aid you in your praiseworthy aim. Among these most ingenious miniature working models is a bath-room fully equipped with a small water-supply, so that the young owner can study in a practical manner the working of taps and cisterns (he had better not own it at too early an age, lest overmuch splashing result!). Then there are rooms fitted with electric light, and likely to prove most intriguing to those interested in electrical science; and there are work-shops of Liliputian size, fitted with machinery which performs its office just as conscientiously as its prototype. There is a tramp-ship fitted with wireless; a goods yard with a crane; a kitchen with

all the modern labour-saving appliances, and many another model calculated to encourage the budding masculine idea to shoot in domestic directions. The boy who has been lucky enough to meet with such toys when in his teens is likely to prove handy in the house later on, when the switch fuses, or something goes wrong with the taps' washers.

A Revolving Hatch.

If your kitchen adjoins your diningroom, and you are contemplating that
most practical of arrangements, namely,
a revolving service-hatch, be advised
to purchase your hatch ready-made
rather than incur very uncertain expenses
by having it installed by a local builder.
For twenty-five guineas you can now
procure a circular hatch ready for fixing
in the wall separating the two rooms,
and of dimensions which permit of its
being loaded with a full complement
of table utensils of generous size. The
circular hatch has two outstanding
advantages over the direct opening with

the window shutter, which, up to the present, has been more generally in use. Firstly it permits of quicker service, the plates from one course being loaded on the dining-room side while the dishes for the next are being placed on the shelves on the kitchen frontier. Secondly, it shows an admirable discretion in permitting no kitchen smells, kitchen sounds, nor kitchen vistas to be perceived in the living-room. By an automatic device the hatch, when shut on one side, is simultaneously shut on the other, so that there can be no accidents through the hatch being revolved unexpectedly. Each shelf is covered with white felt to minimise the sound of dishes being placed and removed, and, being equipped with ballbearings, the hatch revolves smoothly and noiselessly. It is so arranged for fitment that it protrudes but slightly on the dining-room side, the greater portion appearing on the kitchen wall. A small trap-door in the transverse division allows intercommunication.

The Result of Our Letter Competition "The Career I Most Desire"

First Prize: Two Guineas.

ANNA SOPHIA BRIANT, Brighton Villas, Mount Street, Abergavenny.

Second Prize: One Guinea.

MRS. J. J. RONAN, Parnell Street, Limerick, Iteland.

Third Prize: One Guinea.

MARGARET COBHAM, Warton Street, Lytham.

Fourth Prize: One Guinea. AGNES BURNS, Fernleigh, Melrose.

Fifth Prize: Half-a-Guinea.

E. REDFERN, Thurlow Park, Torquay.

Sixth Prize: Half-a-Guinea.

E. L. HAWKINS, Avondale, Builth Wells.

Seventh Prize: Half-a-Guinea. L. JACKSON, Nicholson Street, Rochdale.

Eighth Prize: Half-a-Guinea.

E. MACPHERSON, Spital, Aberdeen.

Ninth Prize: Five Shillings.

E. C. MASTERS, Victoria Avenue, Saffron Walden.

Tenth Prize: Five Shillings.

ELIZ. G. JONES, E. U. Manse, Bathgate.

Eleventh Prize: Five Shillings. MANI RATNAGAR, Chaldea, Kalyan, India.

Twelfth Prize: Five Shillings.

H. Cross, Gell Street, Sheffield.

The following were placed next the Prize-winners:

Mrs. S. Smith, Islip, Oxford; M. E. Little, New Southgate; R. Speight, Lothian School, Harrogate; E. M. Monik, Wellington, Som.; C. L. Chorlton, Morcett, Uppingham; T. L. Smith, Eltham; I. Martin, Chiswick; I. M. Foster, Belfast; E. M. Percy, Kenilworth; B. Richardson, St. Blazey, Cornwall; E. E. Lewis, Donnybrook, Co. Dublin; J. Love, Wigan; N. Neclie, Kingston, Jamaica; M. de Pallandt, Bruges, Belgium; D. Canham, Leicester; W. Atkıns, Garston, Watford; D. Roberts, Neston, Birkenhead; N. Hancock, Dore, Sheffield; H. K. Orme, Whitehall Park, N.; M. Shillinglaw, Leigh-on Sca; R. A. Howard, Catford; A. E. Stout, Medical Hall, Lerwick; H. A. Carter, Woodsde; M. J. Urry, Ludford; R. Dalzell, Bath; G. J. Gibson, Dublin; P. Wright, Deiby; P. E. Gault, Pluimstead; V. Townshend, Abergavenny; D. Mitchell, Maidstone; Mrs. Holt, Oldham; E. Lamont, Edinburgh; Mrs. Worthington, Richmond; M. E. Howartson, St. Andrews; D. Martin, Manor Park; D. A. Yates, Marlow; E. Colthorpe, West Bridgeford, Notts; E. Allanson, Roddymoor, Durham; C. Waller, Hull; K. Osborne, Lewes; N. Dronfield, Grenoside, Sheffield; E. Hewlett, Neatham Manse, Alton; M. Smith, Coatbridge; D. Cowley, Ramsey; M. Lillywhite, Redditch; M. J. Cross, Handsworth: G. Tavlor, Rochdale; A. Cox. Bideford; L. Robins, Twickenham; M. Overton, Leicester; F. Pitcher, Whittington, Worcs.; C. Belshaw, Bridgetown, Glasgow; Mrs. Folds, Welwyn, Herts; O. Clarke, Withington, Manchester; F. Lewndon, Ash. Surrev; G. E. Grout, Weobley; G. Heap, Dublin; E. Wilson, Howth, Co. Dublin; C. Turner, Darmsden Hall, Needham Market; M. E. Ramsden, New Cross.

The following were Highly Commended:

The following were Highly Commended:

N. Dean, High Kilburn; W. M. Graham, Sevenoaks; Mrs. Pogson, Shaw; P. Caves, Woodford Green; F. J. Chistian, Glasgow; C. Park, Millom, Hythe; F. Coates, Brixton Hill; E. Rees, Lampeter; M. Barnes, Cheltenham; Mrs. Milne, Rothesay; K. F. Dunlop, Esher; E. Dewhurst, Barrow; C. Morrell, Erdington; C. Macaskill, Dornock; G. Ross, Glasgow; O. E. Jennings, Brighton; P. Craddock; May Cregg, Torquay; I. Pegg, Cottingham; M. Clegg, Durham; M. M. Elliot, Belfast; Mrs. Tucker, Brislington; H. Mavcean, Heaton; P. Elliott, Rosslea; Mrs. Gibson, Stockport; B. Browne, Upper Norwood; F. Platt, Sheffield; Mrs. Rowland-Jones, Bangor; E. Tonks, Sutton Coldfield; E. Jenkins, Pontypridd; Mrs. Cousens, Wandsworth; Mrs. Whitehouse, Huddersfield; A. Strigs,

Karachi, India; N. Hantley, Leeds; A. W Kay, Edinburgh; E. Robinson, Redear; J. Archer, Cape Town, S. Africa; E. Jessop, Grimsby; Mrs. Brown, Manchester; I. Black, Turriff; D. Shingler, Cape Colony; L. Margan, Cardiff; E. Brown, Wakefield; M. Ford, Cahir, Co. Tipperary; M. Shovelton, Winchcombe; D. Munro, Aberdeen; M. Scott, Brockley; A. Gurney, Herne Hill; M. Simpson, Hornsev; M. Pain, Bournemouth; Mrss Micklewright, Market Harborough; E. M. Jewell, Bristol; W. Dixon, Southampton; G. Hube, Harlingham; J. Banks, Glasgow; D. Shorter, Bromley; R. Jenkinson, Warrington; V. Cameron, Newport Pagnell; M. E. Hulse, Carlisle; S. M. Marshal, Gloucester; M. A. Deakin, Sheffield; E. Mitchell, Salisbury; I. Phillipps, Birmingham; E. A. Roberts, Old Colwyn; G. E. Morley, Bury St. Edmunds; Mrs. Bell, Berkhamsted; D. Dalzell, Bath; G. G. Martin, Barkingside; J. Hague, Bath; Miss Allead Sheffield; C. E. Colwyn; G. E. Morley, Bury St. Edmunds; Mrs. Bell, Berkhamsted; D. Dalzell, Bath; G. G. Martin, Barkingside; J. Hague, Bath; Miss Alleaid, Sheffield; C. E. I owndes, Wolstanton; E. C. Handley, Wolverhampton; Mrs. Hancock, Leyton; Mrs. Rowlands, Stoke Newington; E. D. Clarke, Leytonstone; G. Williams, Wallington; D. M. Morgan, Wellington; S. A. Chadwick, Stockport; O. Darby, Knebworth; Mrs. Pingstone, Bristol; E. Ormsby, Jamaica, B.W.I.; R. Jacobs, Jamaica, B.W.I.; D. Legg, Melksham; H. S. Ritchie, Harrogate; E. Runciman, Lander; N. Metherell, Finchley; E. Davey, Cosham; F. Cartwright, Streatham; M. Hill, Nottingham; V. Newham, Richmond; E. Edis, Bristol; A. Harris, Jamaica, B.W.I.; N. J. Conochie, Blairgowie; Mrs. Norris, Greyabbey; Mrs. Penrose, Clydebank; B. Lynn, Cobham; E. Wood, Leek; C. Paul, Birmingham; F. Simpson, Manchester; K. Menzies, Teddington; Miss Lee, Islington; W. Bell, Wolverton; L. Modlen, Walton-on-Naze; D. Boscowen, Torquay; Mrs. Adams, Dulwich; D. Rounnell, Bickley; H. Woods, Farcham; Mrs. Bullhatchet, Bristol; Miss Bradbeer, St. Albans; E. Horlock, Mistley; J. G. Cook, Gillingham: A. Barry, Ballysillan; I. Smith. Bickley; H. Woods, Parcham; Mrs. Bullhatchet, Bristol; Miss Bradbeer, St. Albans;
E. Horlock, Mistley; J. G. Cook, Gillingham; A. Barry, Ballysillan; J. Smith,
Glasgow; W. Challis, Luton; W. Triggs,
S. Dulwich: E. J. Relf, Tunbridge; H.
Clegg, Darlington; F. E. Smith, Gloucester;
M. Atbull, Branstone; M. Day, Bournemouth; N. Wright, Alfreton; Mrs. Wapling,
Tadworth; L. E. Yates, Stourbridge;
G. Doubleday, Walthamstow; E. Brohier,
Colombo, Ceylon; Mrs. Knight, Margate;
M. M. Jones, Aberdare; V. Walher, Hove;
I. L. Gill, Minchead; M. Millar, Dundee;
P. Hawkins, Tooting; R. E. Houghton,
Bury; E. M. Heath, Walham Green; Mrs.
Te Diew, Halifax; E. Berrington, Liverpool;
L. Robines, Twickenham; K. G. Sharp,
Bournemouth; L. Pegler, Chelmsford;
Mrs. Dixon, Darlington; C. E. Lyall,
Pitlochry; L. Chandler, Honor Oak; Mrs.

A. M. Hall, New Cross; W. Pinfield, Birmmgham; Mrs. Fraser, Glasgow; M. Witherspoon, Liverpool; A. Halliwell, Southport; G. Newman, Islington; Mrs. Boulding, Liverpool; A. Farguharson, Liverpool; Liverpool; A. Farguharson, Liverpool; Liverpool; A. Farguharson, Liverpool; Liverpool; A. Farguharson, Liverpool; Liverpool; A. Rogers, Bewdley; E. Chard, Lincoln; F. Hersey, Ulceby; Miss Lyon, Ness-Bank; W. Robinson, Caton; J. Dobeson, Newcastle; M. Dobbie, Ayr; G. Harold, Exeter; M. A. Ward, Letchworth; B. Powell, Mountain-Ash; D. Benton, Wolverhampton; B. Maclagan, Crieff; H. M. Greenwood, Allerton; A. C. Fowler, London, N.; A. Journet, London, W.; R. Renton, Glasgow; F. E. Ingram, Boston; B. Bisset, Imvani, Cape Colony; S. Palk, Bridport; P. Clayton, Lavender, Hill; E. Kew, Northampton; L. Reynolds, Birmingham; E. Latcham, Radstock; E. V. Brodie, Golders Green; E. Petersen, Launton; I. Barker, Lewes; G. Thorkildson, Haltwhistle; M. Procter, Preston; J. Simpson, Gould's Cross; L. M. Burr, Milton; I. Kerwin, Sydenham; M. I. Machar, Castle Eden; E. J. Cullum, Market Weighton; W. Newman, Henbury; K. M. Tchan, London, S.E.; B. Newth, Malmesbury; H. Pell, Nottingham; L. A. Reid, Edunburgh; D. B. Porkin, Barniby Dun; M. Macdonald, Glasgow; H. G. Sanderson, Ardlaggan; N. Rose, Brockley; K. F. Price, Highgate; F. J. Smith, Radlett; Mrs. Roberts, Grampound Road, Cornwall; O. Hallowell, Todmorden; V. Bell, Newcastleton; C. Grant, Southgate; M. Smale, Stockport.

The following received Honourable Mention:

C. Milne, Fraserburgh; A. Gregory, Staines; M. Borrett, Scaford; Miss de Hailes, Hove; E. A. Gelder, Penrith; R. Nelson, Dublin; Mrs. Roberts, Greenock; Hailes, Hove; E. A. Gelder, Penrith; R. Nelson, Dublin; Mrs. Roberts, Greenock; W. Coulton, Barnsbury; Miss Guild, Bonchurch; F. Brown, Lewisham; R. Malintyre, Limpsfield; D. Kuhruber, Portmund-Körne, Germany; A. G. Jeans, Poplar; K. Batchelor, Tunbridge; O. Smith, Roscrea; D. Boadella, Bowes Park; M. Humby, South Woodford; L. Bartlett, Reading; D. Metherell, Finchley; K. Cox, Broadstairs; Mrs. Hendeileith, Biggar; D. Hammond, Manchester; G. Lincoln, Wednesbury; L. Johnson, Birmingham; E. N. Wright, Southport; F. Noel-Tall, Slough; F. Glaister, Manchester; L. Biddle, Great Ayton; Mrs. Honeyble, Grimsby; D. Chailish, Acton; Miss Allen, London, N.W.; S. Robinson, St. Leonardson-Sea; Miss Ballard, Sideup; S. Donovan, Roscrea; M. Winning, Seine Inferieure, France; F. Barker, Wakefield; E. Park, Merton; E. Curtis, Sutton; Mrs. Cartner, Newcastle; D. Hewer, Oxon; M. Roberson, London, S.W.; L. de Traissard, Portsmouth; L. P. Marlow, Shirley; G. L. Thomas, Bruton; M. Graham, Ashford; L. Alderton, [Concluded on Fage 270.]

[Concluded on page 270.

It is not usual for anything without life to possess the power of being able both to sing and run, yet a kettle is looked upon as an inanimate object. I mean a fireside kettle, not a stove kettle, because there is as much difference between the two as there is between a taxi driver and a 'bus-horse driver—the one so devoid of humour, stiff, solid, and lifeless, a perfect specimen of mechanism like unto the thing he drives; the other a humorist without knowing it, round, rosy, and bright, with eyes full of mischief and a yarn for everybody.

The biography of a stove kettle is scarcely worth a passing thought. Like the taxi driver, they are mostly all of one pattern, they rarely come in contact with the

family, they hold no secrets, and, being as a rule manipulated from a substance called enamel, their life is short-lived. But hens without chickens, cows without tails, trains without rails, motors without hoots, and a country without a flag, all would be as disastrous as homes without kettles, their importance is positively written upon them.

Just as there are types of human beings, so there are types of kettles. It is true they possess a temperament, for how well do we know their influence in being able to make us either sweet or ill-tempered. Like most folks, it is their actions and not their words that make the influence felt.

Who does not love and cherish kind thoughts towards the big, fat, shining, obliging family kettle, brought out on all festive and opposite occasions. Like Grandfather (the clock), we feel she belongs to, and is part of the family. Why we think of her as "she," I know not; but methinks there must be something loving and gracious about her, for who has not been heard to exclaim, "She's boiling!" which goes to prove there is something more winsome about the women-folk than the menfolk. It goes without saving, the charm and chief attraction of the family kettle is in her two beautiful lips. How we love to gaze upon them. There is

nothing forward or deceitful about their behaviour, they control all the vocal chords and inward workings of the kettle's contents; they have such respect for the appearance of the hearth and temper of the family, that to allow the continued effect of the singing and merriment that takes place would ruin the reputation of any respectable family kettle.

Of course, we are told it is the water and not the kettle that sings, and the explanation goes on to explain about "minute bubbles rising to the surface and coming in contact with the cooler water," etc.; but like a few things when they are begun to be explained, we don't understand, and the singing of a kettle is something I think

we don't want to understand. Now there is, we know, the every-day kettle, the word indispensable really and truly seems to ooze from every pore. We have nothing to do but again look at her lips, they are a certain indication of character, not sulky or petted lips, but always gaping wide open, ready to pour out wrath on every conceivable occasion. Not like the dear old family kettle. When she commences to sing she begins in a beautiful andante movement, so that your mind is quite at rest. She then proceeds legato, and in perfect time, until she approaches fortissimo with ease and grace, until finally the song ends in one of intense satisfaction and delight. No, as a rule, the every-day kettle commences her singing fortissimo right away. Unlike her more fortunate sisters, she gets no " off duty " time, her work lasts the day through, thus, before you have had time to realise that the song has begun, she is singing ad lib. to the bars, the hobs, the fire-irons, fender, and hearth. Who does not know the drastic influence of that type of kettle?

The rudest and worsttempered kettle is the one which is used in the diningroom; whether it is jealousy, because only used now and again, I don't know; perhaps, maybe, because she has no real abiding place as a rule, there being no



hobs—she is always either too hot or too cold. Your eyes and ears are fully employed, else she thinks nothing of falling head-long into the fire. You take no pleasure in her singing, because you never know what she is coming out with next. You must be prepared for anything. I have known her purposely get into the hearth and pour almost boiling water on to the baby, the cat, or the dog, whichever she happens to have the most spite against. She gets so bad-tempered that, should you wish to assist her in any way, she thinks nothing of burning or scalding your hands for your intended help and assistance. Our pride and temper

are truly chastened when we see in her eve the wicked gleam But a of delight. little sympathy ought to be given, for who likes to be shifted from "pillar to post, and post to pillar"? Everybody gets horrid tempered when, like the dining-room kettle, they are just made a convenience of.

Now, if ever there was a kettle that was full of vain-glory (not pride, mind you, because pride is a very essential thing in life; vanity is another matter altogether), it is the kettle which is used in the drawingroom. Her lips (again) are positively tip-tilted. We admit she is small, but exceedingly graceful in form and figure; and give her her due, she is always bright and cheerful; but who would be anything else when never a scrap of dirty or unpleasant work is given her to do. If dwelling in bright and artistic surroundings has anything to do with the development of personality, then the drawing-room kettle ought to be the sweetest tempered of all Never once kettles. does she mix with anyone but the daintiest and most intelligent of people; she hears all the news and knows the latest in

everything—from whom the Prince of Wales is likely to marry, down to the treatment of "flu" and the everlasting servant problem. Her person is never allowed to become soiled, and maids wait upon her hand and

Needless to say, she possesses a sweet soprano voice; trilling she seems to think becomes her; never once does she become vivacious, lest she should be thought loud. No wonder the dining-room kettle is jealous, when her sister has always such a good time.

Have any of us any remembrances of the sick-room kettle? We know not whence she came, but no

matter, she seems to realise her mission in life, and behaves as "to the manner born." Her singing is not unlike that of a mother to her babe, no real song, but just sweet murmurings, soft gurgling and cooing whispers, really intended for slumber songs. Without the strain of having to listen carefully, she frequently comes to the same bar, and the word "Cheerio! Cheerio!" is distinctly heard. Whatever she has to do, and however she feels, morning, noon, or night, she never displays any temper or ill-will, which is more than can be said of some kettles we can men-

But, unlike Tennyson's brook, a kettle's life cannot "go on for ever." What owner and lover of kettles is there who does not remember their dear old family kettle? Having served and done her work well for many years, she is noticed to have frequent and periodical attacks; when the attacks come on, you distinctly hear issuing from her anatomy strange hissing sounds. From experience you know her time will not be long. When once that discharge sets in all hope of complete recovery is gone; but the doctor of kettles



The Price of each set of patterns is 8d., postage 1d. extra by unsealed packet post, or 2d. by letter post.

In the medium size only.

The Singer on the Hob

prescribes and patches her up, and for a time all goes well. Then alas! there comes a day when you fondly and sadly bring her home from the hospital for kettles with the final verdict that "nothing more can be done." The idea of selling into unsympathetic hands, or leaving her to the scrap heap, is never given a thought. The sheets of the newspaper are spread out, and how gently she is wrapped and left to the newspaper's care, stored away on the shelf, where sleepeth many a household treasure. To some there are times when they become possessed with the desire that they would secretly wish to have their character told them. The advice given in the newspaper or magazine is to write to some strange address, enclose a certain number of stamps, along with a stamped

envelope for reply. If such be your case, there is no need to go to the expense and suspense of writing, just show your kettle, and your character is written thereon! A dirty, grimy, sooty kettle makes one frown, and the tongue gives a click.

When we think that our friend the kettle is the means of providing thousands of British men and women (especially the latter) with one of the greatest joys of life, then in return we just owe her a little of something back. Not only that, but the voice of song is not always with us, and there are few sights or sounds on a cold winter's night equal for the creating of cheer, hope, and good temper than a singing kettle, sitting beside a bright, happy, crackling fire. Therefore, let us thank God for one of the common things of life.

The Newest

A ONE-PIECE APRON is not a new type of garment at all. We have shown quite a quantity of such garments in our pages in the past.

There is the one-piece apron that fastens on the shoulders; another that slips over the head and fastens on the hips; and yet another, more of an overall character, that fastens all the way down the centre front.

But I do not think any of our previous designs quite come up to the one we are now illustrating for a combination of graceful lines with practical utility. The cape effect of the upper part is particularly becoming, and the novel-shaped pockets strike a distinct note of individuality

The garment slips over the head and buttons with one button at the back of the waist where the cape and skirt meet.



One-Piece Apron

Here is an opportunity, too, of using up any small pieces of flowered cretonne for facings and pockets. Such trimmings give a very bright touch to a cream or plain-coloured material, and quite small square or triangular pieces can be cut into narrow bias strips and joined together when a flat facing of all edges, as depicted in our sketch, is desired to be made.

Two yards of plain-coloured material will be needed for the medium size, and half a yard of cretonne for pockets and facings if new material has to be purchased.

Pattern No. 9304 is supplied in sizes for 36 and 40 inches bust measure, price 8d., postage extra. Address to the "Girl's Own" Fashion Editor, 4, Bouverie Street, Fleet Street, London, E.C. 4.

The Result of Our Letter Competition

Concluded from page 267

Beccles, K. Woodall, Manor Park; Mrs. Markwell, Newport, M. Hanson, Westoe; F. McMillan, Parkstone, J. Tompkin, Southend, M. Shakespeare, Russel Square; H. Tucker, Walthamstow, T. Dood, South Croydon; Mrs. Rose, Fulham; A. Rorke, Glasgow: N. Robinson, Birmingham; L.

Billows, Letchworth; M. Parry, Cheltenham; M. G. Piggott, Croydon; I. Trimble, Muswell Hill; M. Culley, High Wycombe; F. Adams, Warwick; E. Spearght, Crouch Hill; E. Hembrough, Bristol; S. E. Merritt, Holywood; M. Nosworthy, Littleton Panel; E. Swire, Nelson; B. Elder,

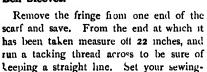
Musselburgh; A. White, Abbey Wood; E. A. Westbois, Crouch Hill; R. Cook, St. Albans; I. Meston, Glasgow; N. M. Butterfield, Illord; M. A. Page-Wood, Axbridge; E. Elliman, Chesham; Mrs. Jermyn, Ballyduff, Ireland; M. M. Sinclair, Fairlie; E. L. Mills, Honor Oak Park.

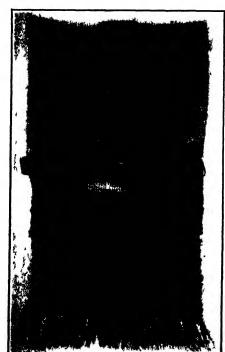
Converting the Wool Scarf

WHEN passing a shop window full of multicoloured wool scarves the other day I stopped to note their extreme cheapness, as well as their extreme attractiveness. As my eye passed from one to another, I speculated rapidly as to the dozens of different ways in which they might be utilised, quite apart from their original purpose.

So taken was I with the idea, that I bought three. One was of lemon-yellow with broad stripes of mauve, a soft and fleecy scarf, 18 inches wide by 2 yards long. This I used for making a jumper with bell sleeves and new French neck.







The Russian Scarf-Jumper shown above.
Could anything be simpler?



This Russian Scarf-Jumper is warm and cosy for sports, or for indoor wear.

hook from the wrong

side to the right. Take a length of wool between your fingers and fold in half, draw

the loop through the scarf with the hook, and pull the ends of the wool through the loop. Tighten well. Be

careful in doing this not to stretch the end of the jumper.

For the sleeves, take the 22-inch piece of scarf and cut in half, making two sleeves II inches long and 18 inches round. Pull the cut end which you decide on to be the bottom of the sleeve, and stretch into a bell shape. If well pulled the wool will stretch, and so the stitches will knot and save having to crochet the edges.

With a crochet-hook and some wool the same shade as the scarf, double crochet the top of the sleeve, taking up 2 st at a time, the back and front, as all these scarves are knitted in double stitch. This done, break off your wool. Always begin on the wrong side with the crochet, as it

machine with a very large stitch, using cotton the colour of the scarf, and stitch the scarf right across, following the tacking thread. As you stitch, stretch the wool, and by this means you will prevent a tight line at the bottom of the jumper.

to the stitching. For those who have no machine, cut the scarf very carefully, and with a crochethook double crochet the end, taking up each stitch. This sounds tedious, but is really very quickly done.

This done, cut close

Now put back the fringe on the new end. To do this turn back the edge of the immer to about & inch. and insert a crochetforms a prettier stitch, and has the appearance of hem-stitching.

Divide the jumper exactly in half and put a pin where the top of the shoulder will come. Do the same with the sleeve.

Take the jumper and sleeve and lay face to face, right sides inwards, and pin the

two centres together. Measure along, and, if necessary, tack the sleeve in place, but about 3 inches down so as to allow freedom to crochet. Crochet the sleeve into the jumper by taking the crocheted statch of the sleeve and pushing your hook through the wool of the jumper part. When



Vould you think that the Hat shown in the opposite picture is merely like this?

finished this gives the exact look of the very tedious faggot-stitching.

> Before joining the underarm seams of the sleeves the neck must be cut. Mark a straight line with a tacking thread right across the shoulders of the jumper from centre top of one sleeve to centre top of the other. Halve the jumper and run a tacking thread down the centre as deep as you require the neck. The one illustrated measures 7 inches. Count the stitches, to be quite sure the centre line as centre, for nothing looks worse than a lop-sided neck opening.

> With a sharp pair of scissors cut down the tacking thread. Then across the top of the shoulders 31 inches each side of the centre slit. Double crochet all round this before it has time to stretch. The opening now forms the letter T with the top of the letter across the shoulders.

> This done, turn the jumper inside out and lay end to end as it is to be joined. Begin at the bottom of the sleeve and sew up with wool,



Bag is an addition to any costume.

Converting the Wool Scarf

giving an extra strong stitch at the crotch of the under-arm. Continue along the body part to within 15 inches of the bottom, here fasten off carefully so that it will not split when pulled on over the head.

Reverse the jumper and try on. Pull crossways to shape to the figure, and generally manipulate. You will find that the jumper will take almost any shape to fit every figure.

The opening of the skirts should come just at the waist.

On either side of the opening crochet a small loop just large enough to take a narrow patent belt, which slip through, fastening in the front. If preferred, you might knit or crochet a belt, but the leather one is smarter.

Finish off the neck with a crocheted loop on the right lapel and a wool button on the left one.

The Russian Jumper.

For my next "conversion" I chose a very light grey scarf fringed in grey and having a border of old rose and black. This I made into a Russian jumper and hat.

The one drawback to heavy wool jumpers is the difficulty of getting the sleeves in smoothly and not spoiling the set of one's "best jacket". Ihis can be worn over a blouse, and when the coat is removed is most attractive.

Cut off a length measuring from 39 to 40 inches according to whether you are long-waisted or not, but do not remove the fringe. Buttonhole the end with a piece of wool the same colour as the scarf, as this should not be noticed.

Choose a belt that will go with the border of the 'carf—in my case it was a dull red leather one—and fasten to the cut end of the scarf, sewing it firmly, so that when fastened round the waist it will keep the back in place.

Next measure 25 inches from the front end of the jumper, and cut the neck according to the directions given in the preceding jumper. If preferred, a square or round neck could be used, whichever is the more becoming to the intended wearer.

Crochet round the neck in wool the same colour as the jumper. This prevents stretching, and is a nice finish. This completes the garment.

To wear, slip over the head and fasten the belt in the front, adjusting it to fit the size of your waist

For the hat, measure off 20 inches, in-



The Jumper with the Bell Sleeves.

cluding the border. Starting at the cut end, on the right side, sew up with wool to the edge of the border. This leaves anywhere from 6 to 9 inches undone. Reverse the hat, and with a piece of wool gather the cut end and fasten tightly. There is no need to fasten off the stitches at the cut end in the hat, as they do not run if gathered closely. This finishes the hat.

To wear it, turn back the fringed end to the border, slip it on the head, and adjust to form either a tam-o'-shanter or a Russian tiara shape. This hat can be adjusted into so many smart shapes, that one quite forgets that it is only a wool cap.

For the bag, take the remaining piece of wool from the scarf and pull into a square. With wool of the same colour, crochet the edge to prevent the stitches running. Bring the four corners together, and from the points 4 inches down, sew up to form an envelope.

For the handle you want a bone ring of any colour, or an imitation tortoiseshell would look exceedingly well. With wool of the colour you are using, crochet 10 ch and form into a loop round or through the handle. Make a chain of 30 st, then take a small bone ring and cover with double crochet, 20 st, slip stitch into the chain, and double crochet into each of the 30 ch. This brings you to the beginning of the 10 ch into the loop. Make 10 ch, form into a loop through the ring and proceed as before. Do this until you have 4 strips and 4 small rings. Next take an old curtain ring about

5 inches in circumference. Cover this with wool of the shade of the border—in my instance this was old-rose with black. I took the old-rose and with a needle buttonholed the ring, which was not as thick as to double crochet it. When this is done, pull the four points of the bag through this ring and sew one small crocheted ring to each point. To open the bag slip the pink ring up the strips, and when not in use pull the pink ring well down over the points. Finish the bag with a tassel.

Jumper with Georgette Sleeves.

The third and last scarf was a shorter one. We are not illustrating this.

Fold a scarf in half and cut out of it a deep oblong neck 10 inches from the shoulder downwards, and $5\frac{1}{2}$ inches across. Buttonhole with plain-coloured wool, as the scarf was

royal blue, and with a white border and a narrow red stripe.

With \(\frac{3}{4}\) yard of royal blue georgette cut out a pair of sleeves like a drainpipe—two strips, simply halving the material; sew up by machine.

From the piece cut from the neck make the cuffs.

Cut this in half lengthways, and buttonhole all round with royal blue wool. Attach the sleeve to the cuff with the seam of the georgette directly under the arm. Leave the cuff open for the time being. Insert the sleeve into the wool jumper by faggotstitching with fine royal blue silk, setting the sleeve with the centre top to the centre top of the scarf. Press with a heavy iron. Fasten cuffs with two pearl buttons in white to look like cuff links.

Across the front of the neck sew a piece of georgette cut from the end of the sleeve, which, being 27 inches, is too long for the average arm. Embroider in red, white, and blue wools, picked out in black. Fasten this from side to side of the jumper neck at the bottom.

To finish, fasten up the wool jumper in the same way as the first jumper was fastened, and leave open to within 9 inches of the bottom. As this jumper is worn like a Russian pouched blouse, it must be sewn farther down.

Round the waist put a broad red American cloth belt; embroider in coarse wools of red, white, and blue. Finish with a big buckle in the front.

"PILLOW LACE AND HAND-MADE TRIMMINGS"

This is just the book for the girl who wants to make her own lace

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In my Walks Abroad

The Latest in

Now that so many of us are turning our kitchens into rooms which shall also serve the purpose of a dining-room, any new departure that will render the floor-covering additionally suitable is peculiarly welcome. The new "floor-brick" linoleum that simulates a rather uneven flooring of red bricks divided from one another by lines of cementing, has an extremely picturesque effect, and is a change after the tiled lino that we have now patronised for some little time. Its cost is 7s. IId. per yard, no more than that of the ordinary and far less imaginative type of material.

A Wrinkle in Rugs.

The ordinary mohair slip mats for the doors have a distressing habit of growing bald before what their owners are apt to regard as their time. But most of us continue to spend our substance upon them just because it never occurs to us to strike out in another direction. When next you need to renew these small mats, suggest to your shopman that he make you new ones to your measurements from carpet bought by the yard. You will need to have the two raw ends bound, but even so, the cost will work out slightly less than the mohair, and the mats will wear infinitely longer, being fashioned from more serviceable material.

The same principle applies to the hearthrug. A yard and a half of plain pile carpet, twenty seven inches in width, makes an excellent rug, and will work out at something in the neighbourhood of a guinea, a reasonable price for a rug of good quality. Having been "put up" to the ruse by a shop assistant of more than usual intelligence and found it good, I hasten to pass it on to my readers.

A Chinese Carpet.

If, as is the case with so many of us, you have succumbed to the craze for Chinese lacquer, you will be glad to know of a black-grounded carpet which in its design exactly reproduces all the salient features of lacquer decoration. Woven in a single piece, the carpet is stocked in two useful sizes, the prices respectively being fourteen and sixteen guineas. Just the thing for a room into which Chinese features have been introduced.

Bordering the Carpet.

If you should come across a remnant of carpet at an advantageous price, but find, as one so often does on these

Things I have Seen that will Interest the Housekeeper

occasions, that it is hardly sufficient for your purpose, remember that you can enlarge it by having it bordered with a plain colour to harmonise with its predominant tone. A firm which makes a speciality of bordering patterned carpets in this fashion, will cut the border to a 4½-inch, 9-inch, or 12-inch width, to suit requirements.

To Complete the Casement Curtains.

Most of us fashion such trifles as casement curtains for ourselves, and omit, I grieve to say, the finishing touches that count for so much. Practically every casement curtain looks better for being finished off on each side with a proper casement edging. But how often is such a nicety forgotten! The daintiest of such edgings are now to be obtained from a firm which specialises in such details at a cost of anything from a couple of shillings a dozen yards, so that there is no valid excuse for doing without the little embellishment.

For the Window.

If your window is of the uninteresting "guillotine" order, don't forget that you can add considerably to its attractions by hanging in one of the panes a specimen of the little stained-glass pictures that are being sold for the purpose. A coat-of-arms, a basket of flowers, an animal, a geometrical device—all these carried out in fine colouring make acceptable decorations.

A Sea-gull

As a variant on the beflowered cretonne, that which bases its decoration on bird-life is at present enjoying a great vogue. Especially appealing is a "sea-gull" cretonne on a mauve ground, the birds in flight being drawn with an unusual grace and beauty. Its price of 3s. 9d. is extremely reasonable, considering the real artistic merit that has gone to its design.

A Charming Chair Cover

Little touches will often alter the entire character of one's decorative accessories. The combination of tapestry and velvet, for instance, in the covering of a chair and couch, introduces a note of novelty in place of the more commonplace effect achieved by the use of a single material only. By employing the velvet for the lower portion and inserting a strip of it upon the arms, the furniture is given an effect of individuality that is of great value. The firm which is making covers on these lines has also much skilled work

By Mrs. GORDON-STABLES

to show in connection with sets upholstered in silk. Here a patterned damask is combined with shirrings of shot silk in which the different shades of the former are combined. Thus the "made to order" note is secured, rather than the "ready-made" air that we would all rather avoid.

Their Very

Have your Jack and Jill their own chairs? If not, you must really make a point of providing them on the next birthday as ever is with some miniature grandfather's chairs, upholstered, the one in a "Farmstead" cretonne, on which ducks and geese, haystacks and thatched cottages create a delightfully rustic effect, the other in a "Noah's Ark" cretonne, gaily adorned with animals depicted in the approved wooden manner of tradition. Jill's chair, which, as befits that which pertains to the woman, is slightly less heavy than Jack's, costs 39s. 6d., just ten shillings less than his.

The Moral Motto.

"Be tidy and be happy" is the very appropriate legend inscribed above a dwarf hanging wardrobe, which is also a boot cupboard; and certainly the little piece of nursery furniture is alluring enough to make even the most irresponsible of children feel a desire to keep his room in order. The whole is in white enamel, a gay little curtain hiding from view the small frocks and coats that it accommodates. Just under seven pounds will buy it.

Picturesque Pottery.

At a London shop is to be obtained kitchen pottery on picturesque peasant lines. For the mantelpiece, for instance, are pleasing jars for one's raisins, rice, sugar, and so on, expressed not in the rather cold unsympathetic white china to which we are accustomed, but of pleasant brown pottery eloquently suggestive of the farmhouse. Similarly, there are to be had delightful bowls and mixing basins of creamy pottery, embellished with lines and stripes of bright blue, the sort of ware that one finds in village markets, but seldom in town. The kitchen equipment of jugs is after the same style, the oldfashioned jug of brownish tint, embellished with bands of cream, jostling the jug of mottled blue-and-white that speaks of pumps and tap-rooms. And best of all, this really decorative ware costs hardly appreciably more than the commonplace stuff that force of habit usually leads us to acquire.

In my Walks Abroad

The Portrait of your Room.

Some time ago I wrote of an embroideress who made a special feature of producing needlework pictures of one's room or garden. Since then I have discovered that the growing fashion for having a favourite nook or corner immortalised for memory's sake, has given rise to a new departure in art. woman artist with a gift for making charming sketches (both in oil and watercolours) of interiors, specialises just now in carrying out such commissions, more particularly for folk who are leaving a home that they have loved, and in which they have been happy. The idea is a charming one, and likely to develop now that some individual of more than usual sentiment has set it on its career.

A Novel Seat.

If you have a hall that lends itself to the picturesque, or enjoy a sitting room of the studio order, you might consider the extremely decorative claims of a seat formed from an oak beam laid quite simply upon a couple of supports of earthenware, worked in the front into a Celtic design of very considerable beauty. In red pottery the supports cost £1 175. 6d. each; in grey pottery five shillings more. In a spacious room the effect is extremely good.

The Hygenic Clothes Basket.

This is a matter on which I have touched before, but I must confess never to having solved it to my entire satisfaction. An erection of four posts of polished wood, fitted to a square base and equipped with a hanging bag of holland attached to the posts at the four corners, comes as near to my hygienic ideal as anything I have yet met. The bag, which is of sensible dimensions and draws up at the mouth with a tape, is easily detached for washing, and looks clean and fresh in the room.

For the

If you cook by gas, you have no doubt experienced the difficulty of making the requisite number of pans accommodate one another on the top. The new "nest o' pans," which is an ingenious device enclosing within a single container three different saucepans, overcomes the difficulty very neatly at a cost of 35s. Each pan has a flat, instead of a rounded side, so that no space is wasted, and a single ring will heat all three.

Paint for the Taps.

The brass tap that needs practically a daily polish to keep it free from splash marks is a nuisance to the busy housewife. A good cycle enamel applied to the taps will save an immense amount of labour. The tap must, of course, be thoroughly cleaned and dried before the enamel is painted over it.

Around the House

A Use for Old Boots.

When the plumber called the other day to put a new washer on the bathroom tap, he deplored the lack of resource observable in the average householder. He was unable to understand why folk should spend good money on buying rubber washers, when even more excellent ones were to be fashioned out of old boot soles. The boot sole has to be well soaked in cold water before it is cut to shape and pierced, it being wise to cut a number of circles at a time, for, ardent as was his recommendation of the home-made washer, I harbour a shrewd suspicion that one may need to renew it more frequently than will be necessary in the case of rubber.

If your Fireplace is Unduly Large

It is by no means an easy matter to reduce to economical proportions the spacious fireplace left over from the days when coal was calculated per ton in shillings instead of, as now, in pounds. A grate, however, which is too wide to please your ideas of what a coal bill should be, can be greatly reduced in dimensions by the simple expedient of applying Portland cement to sides and back. This is sold in bags at a shilling, one or more being necessary according to the space to be reduced.

The cleanest method is to place the

cement in a bucket and pour on to it sufficient water to form it into a thickish paste, such as can be conveniently manipulated with the fingers. This should then be applied thickly to the back and sides, a large brick being placed in each side and also in the back as soon as the moisture has sufficiently evaporated to give the cement the necessary holding capacity. To enable the cement to adhere easily to the grate itself, it is a good plan to damp it well before the operation is commenced.

As soon as the bricks have taken a firm hold, a thick covering of cement should be applied to them, and the spaces round the bricks brought up to a level with them by means of more cement, the whole being smoothed with the hands until an even surface is secured all round the grate. Since a fire is usually banked up more at the back than the sides, the cement may well be taken higher at the back, the sides being sloped to meet it. A layer of brown paper laid over the cement and patted into position will help to keep the shape, as the cement dries off, but it will be necessary to keep a wary eye on the grate during the drying process. and to fill in any cracks as they appear. If you have not a proper plasterer's knife, an ordinary blade dipped in water should enable you to insinuate the cement even into the most difficult of crevices.

See that you have left plenty of air passage at the bottom of the grate and do not treat the cement to too great a force of flame on the first lighting of a fire after it has been applied. If your work has been well and truly done, you will find that not alone do you use less coal, but that you get a far greater heating power from that which you do employ. The cement, as soon as it begins to glow, itself throws out a great heat, and furthermore, prevents heat from being dissipated between the bricks.

A Vandalism.

Don't shake a good rug any more than you would shake a naughty child. Both habits are likely to have consequences that you do not bargain for. A rug that is gripped by its ends will repay the savage usage by encouraging the cords that should strengthen the sides, to part company with the body, and the whole will soon assume a sagging, loose appearance which forebodes decay. Any rug that displays frayed edges tells its own tale.

A carpet sweeper passed over the rug every day, and a vacuum applied once a week, should do all that is necessary; but if more strenuous means are deemed advisable, the rug may be laid across a clothes line and beaten.

All Letters must be addressed to the Editor, with a stamped addressed envelope enclosed if a reply is needed.

A Crocheted Waistcoat

VERY becoming indeed are these attractive little waistcoats, or sleeveless jumpers, for wearing over a thin blouse with the spring costume coat. Worked in some pretty art shade of silk or embroidery thread, and worn with a blouse of the same colour, they have a very smart and dressy appearance.

This model was worked in Messrs. Knox's "Falcon" Linen Floss No. 3; 2½ hanks will be required. The stitch used is the ordinary treble crochet stitch, but by working alternate rows into first the back and then the front loop of the stitch below, a pretty ribbed effect is obtained.

Commence at the back of the garment by making a ch 15 inches long. Work for 8 inches without shaping, then continue, decreasing 1 st at each end of every other row until the work measures 12 inches across.

Continue without shaping until the back measures 22 inches from the lower edge, or the length desired to bring it to the shoulders.

Now, for the first front continue on 4 inches for a depth of 1 inch, then continue, increasing 1 st at the neck

edge until the work measures 6 inches across.

Break off the thread, and work up the other side of the front in the same way.

In the next row work right across the two front sections, and complete as the back, increasing at each side where the decreasings were

Work a row of d c along all edges of the garment to

give a firm neat finish, catch back the lower corners as illustrated, and finish

Some further suggestions for these attractive little waistcoats in knit-ting appear in "The Popular Knitting Book," published at the offices of this magazine, price 2s. 6d.; by post 2s. 10d. It will be best to make the tassels of a finer thread if possible, and the top of the tassel is weighted and shaped by making it over a wooden with ribbon ties weighted with tassels to tie under each arm.

An edging of fur can be added to trim the armhole edges, if desired, as shown in the small oval illustration; this gives the garment a soft touch.

If a rather more dressy-looking garment is desired, a fancy border or insertion can be crocheted and added to the lower edges of the waistcoat, which would probably not then require to be made so long. Another pretty way of finishing the edge is to crochet in a fringe of the thread.

Some attractive designs for crochet edgings and borders will be found in *The Popular Knitting Book*.

Also, the knitted waistcoats shown in the same volume will appeal to the worker who prefers knitting to crochet.

These will be found such straightforward little garments to work that there is no need to have had much previous experience in knitting to undertake their execution.

Particularly effective and attractive is the little square-necked design included, which is made on similar lines to the crocheted one here illustrated, and has a straight panel back and front worked in alternate stripes of stockinette and garter-stitch; and in place of the ribbon ties at under-arm has narrow knitted belt straps extending from the back, which button on to the front of the waistcoat.

Quite a number of alternative designs for knitted borders for jumpers and waistcoats are also included in this practical manual of knitting, and those who have time and energy to spare for making larger garments will find the many designs for jumpers, jumperdresses, coats, etc., for adults and children well worth the expenditure of their efforts.

This new volume in our "Home Art" Series of Needlework Books is published at 2s. 6d.; by post 2s. 1od.

A Colour Note for the Blouse

ball button-mould.

GLARING colours and bizarre designs have had their day, and are no longer worn by those who wish to be considered well dressed. White and black are the two most fashionable colours; but these need not be flat or monotonous in their appearance, as a touch of colour introduced in some novel or unhackneyed manner will probably prove far more effective and pleasing than the splashes of violent colour applied haphazard, which

made our eyes ache during the past summer. One simple method of introducing a suggestion of colour on the white or black blouse is to stitch it throughout in colour. There is now a beautiful machine twist on the market, Dewhurst's "Sylko" Machine Twist, which has all the lustrous appearance of silk, without being so expensive. It washes well, as do all the "Sylko" threads, and can be obtained in a wide range of

lovely colours. If the blouse be stitched liberally with this, in No. 40, the button-holes worked with the same "Sylko" machine twist, and a few buttons added to match, the blouse or jumper will at once acquire a distinctive note, and be brighter than the all-white or all-black garment; for we still crave colour, even though we have at last learnt that it can be very wearying if applied to ourselves by the bucketful!

A Knitted

MANY people like to use a face-flannel that can be slipped over the hand, and those who do will find this little hand-knitted one has the advantage over the straight turkish-towelling glove that it will not so easily slip off the hand when in use; the ribbing at the wrist helps to hold it in position. The ridged effect across, too, gives a suitable surface for washing purposes.

Using Strutt's Knitting Cotton No. 6, and a pair of No. 14 steel needles, cast on 36 stitches.

Knit in rib of 3 plain and 3 purl st alternately for 30 rows.

31st Row. - Plain.

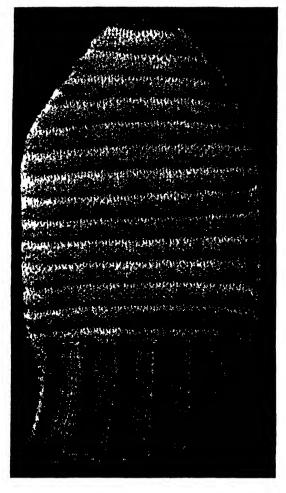
32nd Row.-Purl.

33rd Row.-Plain.

Repeat these 3 rows throughout to give the ridged effect.

Work until you have 10 ridges above the ribbing, then decrease 1 st at the commencement of each row, until you have reduced the number of stitches to 12.

Knit 7 rows without decrease, then increase 1 st at the commencement of each row until



Washing-Glove

you have 36 st on the needle again.

Work 10 ridges without shaping, and finish with 30 rows of ribbing as the other side.

Sew up the sides with the cotton.

A child could be set to make such a thing as this after very few knitting lessons, and the others are often glad to know of some really useful little article—not requiring too much effort—they can make just to pass the time. Or for the busy housekeeper it may suggest an odd-minute task to be picked up between others, when, for obvious reasons, it is not possible to get out delicate handsewing or light fancy knitting.

All knitters should get a copy of the new knitting book recently published, entitled *The Popular Knitting Book*. It is edited by Flora Klickmann, and contains a most comprehensive selection of knitted garments, including some particularly pretty jumpers for day and evening wear.

Published at our office, price 2s. 6d. net; by post 2s. 10d.

The One-Piece Romper Suit

Illustrated on page 277

As will be seen from the diagram in the centre, this little Romper Suit is cut in one piece, but, by a simple arrangement of a tuck round the knees, it is given the appearance of a tunic and bloomers; the shoulder tucks, too, add to the set of the garment, and make it more comfortable than most magyar styles.

Fig. 1 shows the whole garment laid flat.

The first thing to do in making the romper is to stitch the dart tucks at the shoulders. Fig. 2 will give you an idea of how to fold the material and stitch. As soon as these tucks are stitched, bind the neck edge and the lower edges of the sleeves. Fig. 3 shows the first stitching in sewing on the binding, and Fig. 4 the second stitching.

It is always an advantage to make a garment so that it can be ironed flat, that is, so that the gathers can be opened out flat. A simple finish that will accomplish this at the lower edge of the sleeve is a casing. Fig. 5 shows how to stitch it. After the sleeve seams are closed, run a tape in the casing, draw it up to the desired size, and tie it.

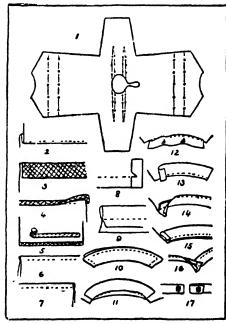


Diagram showing the various stages in neatening the little Romper Suit No. 9287.

Pattern price 8d.; postage 2d. extra.

Close the sleeve and under-arm seams in one continuous stitching. French seams give the neatest finish. Lay the two pieces to be joined with the right sides together, and stitch as in Fig. 5, then turn the garment wrong side out, and stitch as in Fig. 6.

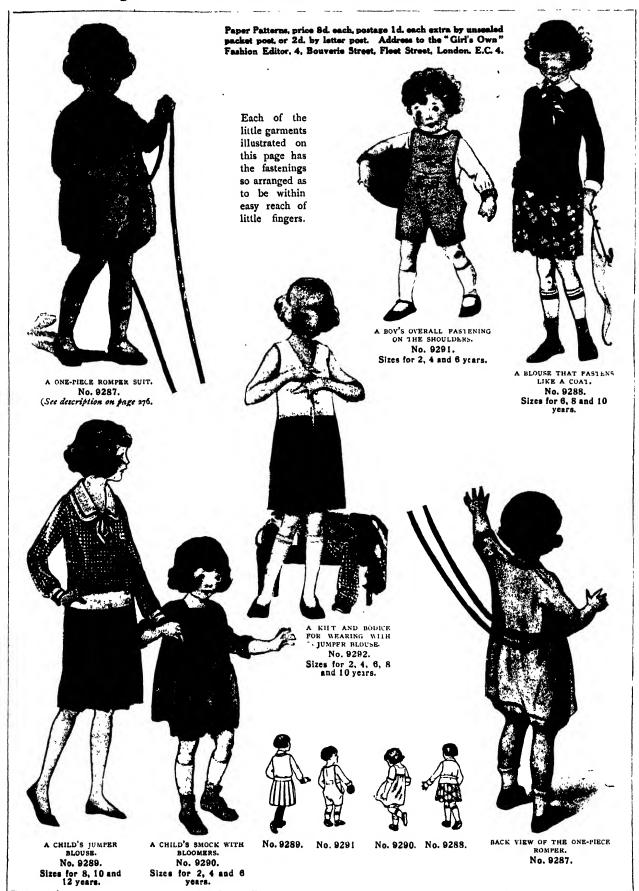
A piece of cardboard notched is a wonderful help in keeping the tucks just even. (See Fig. 8.) In stitching the tuck, stitch just through the two thicknesses. (See Fig. 9.)

The romper has an under-leg opening finished with an extension and facing. Cut two pieces for the facing and stitch them together, as shown in Fig. 10. Join the extension to the back, as shown in Figs. 11 and 12. Face the front of the romper at the placket closing, as in Figs. 13 and 14.

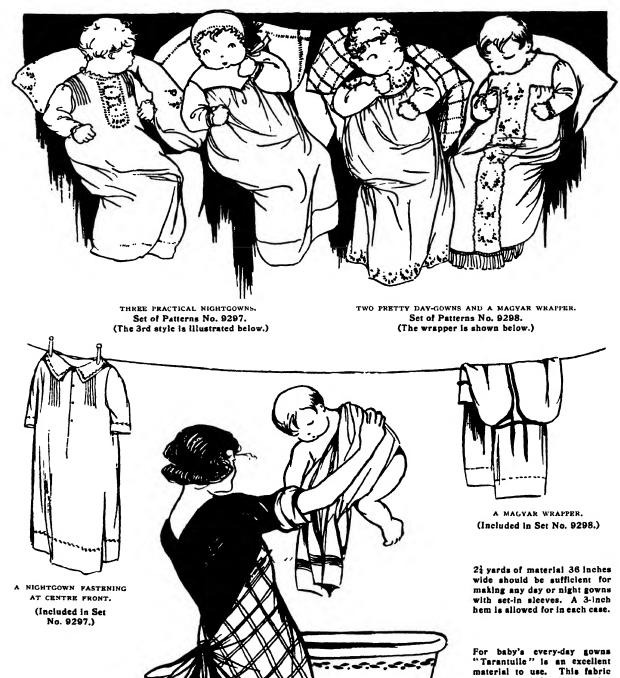
Finish the lower edge of the leg openings with a facing. (See Fig. 16.) If the elastic leg bands have snap fasteners, as in Fig. 17, it is an easy matter to take them out when the romper is laundered.

Pattern No. 9287 is supplied in sizes 1, 2 and 4 years. Material required for size 2 years, 12 yards of Tobralco.

Play Clothes for the Little Person



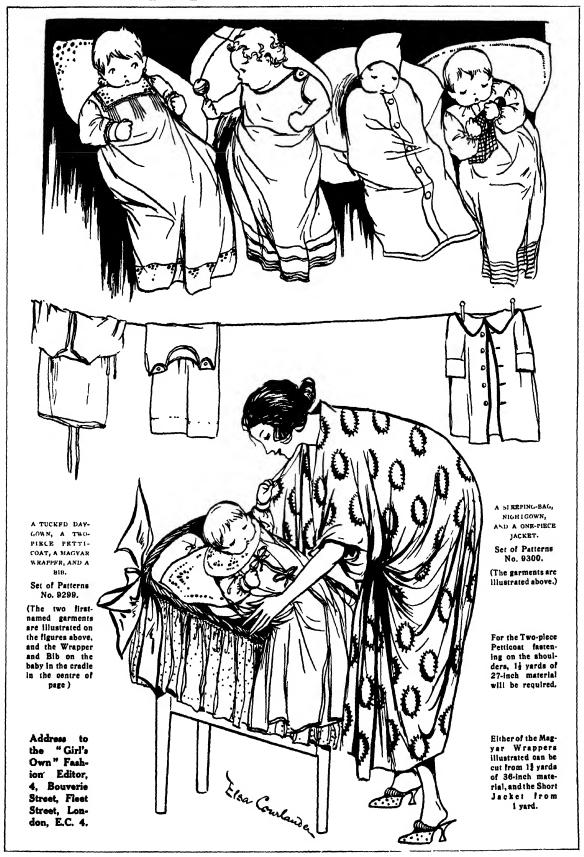
Comfortable Clothes for Baby



For baby's every-day gowns "Tarantuile" is an excellent material to use. This fabric combines with durability a nice soft finish, which is an essential quality where baby's first garments are concerned. For nightgowns and petticoats "Clydella" is a very good material, especially for chilly seasons of the year.

The price of each of the sets of babies' garments illustrated is 8d.; by post 10d.

When Sleeping or Waking



Garments that can be Made in an Evening

ANY of the attractive little garments illustrated on this page can be run together at the shortest notice-cut out and made up in one evening, if necessary! And to those who haven't much time at their disposal for dressmaking there is always more pleasure in setting to work on a garment that won't need to be returned to again and again before being finally ready for wear.

For the dressing jacket you will need a 2½-yard length of crêpede-chine, and about 5 yards of a deep lace edging. A narrow band of black ribbon velvet to head the flounce gives a distinctive touch, but is not at all necessary.

The underwear set requires: for the chemise, 14 yards of 40-inch "Tarantulle"; and for the knickers, 2 yards of the same material will be needed.

For the cute little pinafore, Ig yards of "Tobralco" will be needed for the 4-year size, and the cats' heads should be cut from a small piece of material of a darker shade.

Any soft silky material will make up well for the blouse; 2½ yards 40 inches wide will be sufficient for cutting, and the severity of the flap collar and sleeve edges is relieved with a line of tacking stitches.

For the negligée use a brightly-patterned "Namrit" voile, and finish the neck of sleeves with a bind of ribbon to tone with the patterns; 3½ yards of voile will be needed, and about 6 yards of ribbon for facings and girdle.



If you look carefully at the illustrations you will see that each includes, either the garment shown off the figure, or the pattern laid on the material for cutting, to further illustrate the simplicity of the construction.

All inquiries respecting our Paper Patterns must be accompanied by a stamped addressed envalone for renly.

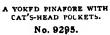


A LOW-NECKED CHEMISE AND DIRECTOIRE KNICKERS.

No. 9293.
In the medium size only.



No. 9294.
In the medium size only.



No. 9295. Sizes for 2, 4 and 6 years.

Patterns of all the designs on this page can be obtained, price 8d. each, postage 1d. each extra by unsealed packet post, or 2d. by letter post.

Address to the "Girl's Own" Fashion Editor, 4, Bouverie Street, Fleet Street, London, E.C. 4.



A ONE-PIECE NEGLIGÉE | VOILE. .
No. 9296.
In the medium size only.

WOMAN'S MAGAZINE



"You and I have lived long enough to be in subjection, Mr. Sheers," old Dr. Raynes chuckled. "Such a fuss if I stay out after sundown! 'Where's your overcoat, father? You'll be getting a chill,' as if we were in our second childhood, eh? And I was only sixty-six last May, and you'll not be far short of that, either?"

The doctor's garden joined the more extensive grounds of Fairlawn, and many were the political views and poultry hints that were exchanged over the fence.

Mr. Sheers smiled. He had a peculiarly attractive smile.

"Sixty-one next birthday, doctor. My young people are too busy at present to worry much about me. This visit of Sir Reginald Camp's is too important for that Yes, the dew is heavy; we are both better in. Good-night."

Mr Sheers remained sitting, nevertheless, somewhat listlessly on a chicken-coop till dusk had changed to dark. He felt depressed to-night. and lonely. He looked back wistfully to his business days when life had been full and days short; when his friends used to gather for discussion and argument in his ledgerlined office. Commercial men in those days were less hurried; business was more a personal thing. Those were pleasant days! Now and again there were morning cups of coffee, when more gossip than business, it is to be feared, was got through. Time hung somewhat heavily on his hands since he had retired.

The chickens had long gone to roost, still he sat motionless. He was not afraid; that was an absurd, an

The Carchester Organ

By M. M. BRASH

exaggerated idea; still, undoubtedly he was loath to return to the house. Wilfred was unusually irritable just now with the strain of this impending organ recital, and at the best his temper was a sharp one. Rachel, too, busy with the end of term exams, was inclined to be sharp in her manner. Mr. Sheers blamed himself for being so foolishly sensitive. Still, it hurt, it hurt increasingly, to feel he was being slowly pushed out of his children's crowded lives.

The supper gong had long ago sounded. Wilfred entered the diningroom with a sheaf of papers in his hands and a frown on his face. He sat down at once and began to eat

"For goodness' sake, Rachel, see that father goes out for the evening when Sir Reginald is here!"

Rachel nodded.

"Father will probably be only too glad to get out of the fuss. It's not likely that he and Sir Reginald Camp will have much in common. I'll arrange it. Don't worry"

"And you've seen cook about that game?"

"It's all right. You know, we really are lucky to get a first-class man like Sir Reginald down to a potty little hole like Renford. The place will be packed."

She poured him out a second cup of cocoa.

"Oh, he'll draw right enough; I've no fear about that. It's this Carchester organ I'm thinking of. He's adjudicator, you know."

Rachel smiled; too well she knew that fact.

"I am very keen about making a good impression on him in every way, social as well as musical. I'd have a chance as City Organ-

ist. I'm a recitalist; I feel it. I'm too cramped as church organist. And this is just the chance to let him see what I can do as a composer."

"We'll do our best to make him comfortable," Rachel said soothingly. "Of course, a man of good social standing has a better chance as City Organist, we all know that. I'll just give father a hint."

"It's no good hinting." Young Sheers' nerves were clearly somewhat ruffled. "It would never do for him to start talking about the shop! It makes me hot all over when I think of Bertram Fisher's visit."

"Dear old father! He doesn't seem to realise what a social drawback it is to be a tradesman. Not that we are ashamed of the splendid success he has made; only it doesn't always pay to ignore social prejudices."

Something of the lady lecturer of the Training College was faintly perceptible in her voice.

Fairlawn had been shaken to its solid foundations to provide the great musician with adequate hospitality. The family temper had also suffered slightly in the process, as family tempers occasionally will, especially if one of them is a musical genius and the other a lady lecturer on mechanics.

"And do, for mercy's sake, see

The Carchester Organ

that father doesn't start waking the house in the early morning with his piano strumming." Wilfred went on. "I shall say something strong if I speak, so you see to it, Rachel."

Rachel nodded.

"Is Dick Webley coming in? That makes nine. I almost think that's enough. Sir Reginald will be tired, and won't want anything like a reception"—tapping the list before her with her fountain-pen and going on with her supper.

"If I can only get this appointment it'll be the chance of my life," Wilfred went on. "I have decided after all to play my 'Rhapsody'; it will give me an opportunity of showing my stops If that doesn't do it—" Words failed him.

The city organ at Carchester, now vacant, was one of the finest organs in England, and as City Organist Sheers believed his future would be assured. Since Sir Reginald was to be the adjudicator, Wilfred was nervously anxious to make a good impression on the great composer.

In his philistine youth, while still under his father's influence, Wilfred had sat for various musical examinations, but, failing repeatedly, he decided to develop his genius "unfettered by conventional details," and was wont to express this genius by impressionist chords and amazing blends of stops The church of All Souls' found him a little trying as an organist, but the ladies of the congregation admired intensely his wavy hair bobbed to his collar in a thick bush, and his dramatic interpretation of the chants and Psalms exactly suited the fashionable coterie who attended All Souls'. He was regarded as a coming celebrity.

The door of the dining-room opened, and Mr. Sheers came in. He was tall and grey, with a lean Don Ouixote face and mild blue eyes. The fact was he was a draper - no, had been, he was retired now. His son and daughter, however, still detected a drapery odour about him, and regretted it. He had been a good draper; better still, a sucsocial heights and the money on which drapery till had come from his profiteering se When the flood of Mr. Sheers return the second of the second the seco himself to his musin with the war, He was very prov. Now he devoted of her university and his chickens. of her universal of his daughter, important properties degrees and her sition; but fathers

seldom admire their sons with quite the same pride as they do their daughters. Besides, it was a real trouble to him when Wilfred abandoned the steady orthodox climb in the world of music, the examinations which lead to Mus. Doc.

"The letter of the law!" Wilfred would declare in artistic despair, when his father pointed out technical faults in his compositions. "It is the spirit alone which matters! I cannot be tied to hampering rules and trifling details such as you worry over in your compositions."

"It's all a knowledge of harmony," the older man would say. "Look at these consecutive fifths."

"I am not working a mathematical problem," Wilfred would snap.
"I want consecutive fifths! I meant the jar and clash of sounds, the tumult—oh, let me have it! You—you have not a soul above counterpoint!"

Long hours in the early morning Mr. Sheers used to spend spelling over his compositions at the piano He could play but haltingly, and his fasticlious ear insisted on perfect harmony, on meticulous accuracy.

"Poor father! I wouldn't hurt his feelings for the world." Wilfred used to say to his friend and choir-master, Dick Webley; "but he dare not throw over his musty old rules and plunge into the ether of unhampered inspiration for anything." He crashed out a few chords to illustrate his point. "Now that last song my father wrote, 'pon my word, there is a certain tunefulness in it not half bad. I have sometimes thought if he had had my chances he would have made something of it all. He's always scribbling his compositions and polishing and rewriting them."

Mr. Sheers sat down to the nearly finished supper. He had lived with his two clever children long enough to detect a certain tension in the air, and wisely did not stir up possibly smouldering fires. The white pullet had gone broody, he told them, and, when this elicited no response, he gave them sundry items of harmless gossip gathered from his friends in the world of trade which he had left behind him.

An unfortunate remark, as it proved, this last one.

"Now, for goodness' sake, father, don't talk about Locke, the chemist, or that impossible old seedsman Robson, when Sir Reginald is here. It's no good telling the whole world we are a tradesman's family. You have retired, that is all Sir Reginald wants to know. It'll spoil all my chances for that Carchester organ if he knows my father served behind a counter."

It annoyed Wilfred intensely that his father showed so little sense of class distinction, that he could chat in the same friendly way with the postman that he would to Lord Rently.

"It does sound idiotic, father," Rachel said, smiling across at the gentle ascetic face; "but there is a lot of truth in what Wilfred says. So we needn't let Sir Reginald know what you were formerly. You are retired, that is all he needs to know about it." She filled his cup again. "I am afraid the cocoa's rather cold. Let me see, why don't you go round to Dr. Raynes's to-morrow evening, and get out of the fuss? I know you don't like a crowd; and the doctor's keen on a game of chess, you know."

" I think I will, my dear."

A sudden flush had risen and settled in the thin face. Rachel noticed it, and tactfully led the subject round to broody pullets and the supper proceeded peacefully.

Sir Reginald, a jovial red-faced man of about sixty, arrived punctually the following day. In appearance he was more like a farmer than a composer of world-wide reputation. There was a breezy geniality about him which soon put his hosts at their ease. Wilfred, however, waited in a state of pitiable nervousness the hour of the recital. Would "that fleshly-looking man," as he inwardly called him, be able to appreciate the subtle beauty of his composition, the pedal motif, the tremolo throb on the swell? There was something in the composer's face that made him doubt.

Mr. Sheers spent the evening with Dr. Raynes, where, over their pipes, they played remarkably long-drawnout games of chess. On his return he went straight up to his room. He did not feel up to the social requirements of the cultured and musical company gathered at supper just then in the dining-room in honour of Sir Reginald Camp. There were so many remarks and allusions which drew forth warning frowns from Wilfred and little tactful re-arrangements from Rachel, that he decided,



SO ABSORPED WERE THE IWO ELDERLY MEN THAT THEY DID NOT HEAR WILFRED'S NOISY ENTRANCE.

Drawn by

wisely, not to risk it to-night. After the strain of the recital the family nerves would probably be a title parred. He went straight to bed

Even Wilfred, therefore, would not attribute the undoubted stiffness that prevailed that evening to an outraged sensibility on Sir Reginald's part. The conversation, planned so carefully with a view to impressing the great man, seemed to bore him He told one or two rollicking yarns about his experiences in Australia, and seemed indifferent to the point of boredom when modern musical tendencies were discussed. Worse, he studiously avoided the frequent occasions given him of passing an opinion on the "Rhapsody." Wılfred's nerves betrayed their tension by his repeated reintroduction of the subject. Finally, he risked a direct inquiry.

"Sir Reginald, do you think a novice might ask so noted a veteran as yourself for his opinion on mv little piece—you heard it—the interval 'Rhapsody'?"

"Miss Sheers, if you are as kind as you look you will pardon a homely old man's early hours and let me go to bed You young people will enjoy vourselves better alone, and I confess I am tired "

Was it possible he had not heard? A flush of anger rose to Wilfred's face

"Old people claim privileges," Sir Reginald went on in his pleasant voice "Good-night, friends!"

He turned at the door and smiled a general good-night. Wilfred, perforce, had to accompany his guest to his room before leaving him.

Mortification, bitter and stinging, prevented him joining the others downstairs again. He left Rachel to make what excuses she could and went off to his bed-room, tramping up and down and smoking innumerable cigarettes till long after midnight. It was dawn before he forgot his slight in sleep.

He woke with the consciousness of something unpleasant. It took a moment to recall what it was; then the optimism of youth and self-esteem began their healing work.

"The old buffer had not heard....
Old men were always jealous of young
genius treading on their preserves....
Sir Reginald belonged to the old

school. . . ." He must not show his mortification, there was this Carchester organ still to be considered

At this point Wilfred became aware that his father was breaking the stringent instructions laid upon him and was now at the piano as usual. It was barely six o'clock The slow notes came haltingly up to Wilfred's room; the careful, oftrepeated chords with their long pauses in between. That the great Sir Reginald should be awakened at this hour with this! Why, it might even reflect on Wilfred himself!

As if in defiant response, a crashing chord startled the sleeping echoes, then two or three rapid single notes, obviously accentuating the melody This was outrageous! Pushing his feet into his bath-slippers and throwing on his dazzling dressing-gown, he sprang downstairs, the tassels flapping angrily on each step after him. He opened the door and entered, then stood aghast The rising sun fell full on the inmates. His father was at the piano, his shabby dressinggown over his suit, for the morning was chilly. Sir Reginald, stubbly chinned, half-dressed, in fur coat,

The Carchester Organ

was marking time with head and hands, obviously transported with delight. So absorbed were the two elderly men that they did not hear Wilfred's noisy entrance. The piano was littered with music manuscripts in his father's neat hand.

"It's a masterpiece, Mr. Sheers! Those clean firm chords, the restraint, the progressions, the easy modulations, the rhythmic flow! Why, sir, lines like these two deserve to live. Listen to this."

Sir Reginald almost pushed his host off the piano stool in his zeal.

"Listen to this—this opening chord!"

He seemed to have appropriated the music and to be expatiating on its merits to its creator.

A rolling grand harmony his clever fingers and master brain made of it. Instantly and surely he interpreted the other's theme. Firm, clean-cut, accurate, with the beauty of perfection, the music rose, a glorious melody; not a mere catchy phrase repeated and decked out anew in other form, but the fulness of a boundless store. Wilfred stood in dumb amazement. Was it possible those drawling halting chords meant this?

The gong for breakfast had long sounded, twice, and still again, before the elderly enthusiasts could be induced to leave the piano. Sir Reginald insisted on taking the MS. back with him to his bed-room to scan through while he shaved and finished dressing. Breakfast was nearly an hour late. The great composer was in high spirits, and entertained his young hostess with his own early struggles. He had been a sadler's apprentice, he told her, and had fought against every obstacle poverty could form to gain his musical training.

"All my life," he said, addressing Rachel, "I have been looking out for original church compositions. I feared we had come to the days of educated mediocrity and genius was dead; but"-he seemed to gasp a little in his excitement, and actually dashed away something not unlike a tear-" I can't stay to lunch, thank you. I must see Monabys, my pub-. lishers. Your father has given me a free hand. This manuscript here "hugging a worn and shabby MS. to his rotund self-" exactly what I want for the All-England Musical Festival. It's taken a life-time to produce

this one manuscript, but it will outlive your life, young lady, much less mine."

You know the piece, "And There Was no More Sea," hackneyed, if such music ever can become hackneyed, by much playing. From high-class recitals down to cinemas it still holds its own, and is likely to do for many years to come. It has passed from popularity to fame, this one gem from a life-time of striving.

Both Rachel and Wilfred took a gallant share in their father's success. They interviewed occasional pressmen, edited suitable versions of their father's life for sundry musical papers, the draper's shop becoming "a commercial enterprise," and the chickens "an interest in natural history." But Mr. Sheers still prefers his pipe and his chess.

"It isn't as if I were really a professional musician," he explained to Dr. Raynes over his poultry fence. "Now it's different with Wilfred, particularly since he got that Carchester organ; he's hoping to do great things. Now look at that pullet over there; she's laid six eggs in six days. There's a record for you."



THE VILLAGE STREET, CROPTHORNE-ON-AVON.

Photo by W. M. Dodson.

As I stated last month, there must be, of course, a solid foundation of good practical education before a girl should entertain any hopes that she might do well in the world of journalism. But, good as knowledge is, and necessary, indeed, as it will prove in the long run, it is not all. I have known women who could write all sorts of letters indicatory of university distinctions after their names, but who have proved very indifferent in the exacting paths of newspaper work.

in the exacting paths of newspaper work.

And again, "Mere talent is not enough. Cleverness alone is too frail a prop for the life-work of a man or woman." The dictum is not mine, but comes from a leading editor, who was speaking recently on the forces that go to make a successful newspaper. And, further, let it be said that he placed character very high among the attributes that the journalist should possess, with the power of distinguishing what is fundamentally wrong.

The aspirant, however, is sure to be satisfied that her learning, her breadth of sympathy, her outlook on life, are exactly what are needed to launch her in the profession, if only—and that to her seems to be the only thing she really needs—someone would commend her personally to a great editor. But alack and alas, her acquaintances include none who could give her the introduction which she believes would open all the doors that now seem so closely shut.

She does not stop to think that if some good fairy intervened and carried her into the actual presence of that powerful individual, her answer to his question "what could she do?" would be "anything," and that would be quite fatal, for it would be equivalent to contessing that she knew nothing at all as to the vocation, and had no useful or specialised department in which she thought she might be of service.

The Personal Equation.

At the outset, it should be said that the personal introduction to an editor is of no value whatever. He may, for courtesy's sake, see, at some inconvenience in his very busy day, the young lady who comes to him—or her, for in this case it does not matter whether the editor is a woman, as her attitude would be exactly the same—bringing a recommendation from a mutual friend.

All that is likely to result from such an interview, however, would be some kindly general advice, a little statement as to the fact that a good and suitable article would be given all consideration, and the suggestion that if she sends in anything fulfilling those conditions it will be acceptable.

But the offer of a salaried post on the staff, which lay behind all the applicant's dreams, will most certainly not be made to the mere beginner, who must be tried and tested in various ways before she could secure any such position. Although I had had a good deal of useful all-round experience on two smaller papers, the leading daily paper to whose staff I have the honour to be attached, gave me full two years of exacting and varied work before it made me an offer to join it exclusively.

And the reason is not far to seek. On a newspaper

one stands or falls entirely by the standard of the work done. It is not the editor who might be wishful, indeed, to oblige a friend; it is not even the proprietor, powerful as he is, who is the final arbiter in this matter. The ultimate decision rests with the great outside public, paying its pennics or its twopences, its sixpences or shillings, for the publication; and it will not lay out that money unless it is given the literary contents it feels it has the right to expect.

No editor can run the risk of offering what is likely to be unacceptable, and unless the would-be contributor can provide what is required, no considerations of a personal kind can enter into the matter.

If regarded from this point of view, the aspirant may, perhaps, understand why the introduction from which she hoped for so much has done so little for her.

The Offer of Articles.

It is a hard, and often a bitterly discouraging endeavour, to find an opening through offering articles to newspapers, and yet it is in almost every case the only thing to do; but the beginner often handicaps herself most unnecessarily by her inability to recognise the type of article that a daily or weekly paper wants

There are various reasons for her failure in this direction. In the first place she probably does not see many papers. Not a few households take in two morning papers, one of which will be a big and leading one, and this the head of the household usually takes with him when he starts out on his day's business. The other, which will be left at home, will probably be one of the less responsible organs, and, as likely as not, will be chosen from the illustrated group.

You will find, therefore, that the ideas of the average beginner run in two grooves on the subject of newspapers. She will consider the well-established papers, that are regarded by thoughtful people as reliable authorities on politics, home and foreign news, the money market, art and literature, quite above her own interests, though it is through the study of these alone that a grip is obtained of what the profession demands. In the others, she will find trivialities exalted out of all proportion to their importance, a great deal that emphasises exaggeration and absurdity in dress, and much space allotted to superficial generalising on passing vogues and habits.

And then, over and beyond the morning and evening daily papers, there is all that big field of the weekly papers that covers every phase of politics; that devotes itself to pleasant aspects of outdoor life; to the reviewing of books, pictures, and all the artistic side of life; the women's papers that now touch serious interests as well as fashions and amusements; publications that are concerned with the home, the garden, the pets and the poultry. Indeed, it may safely be said that every hobby, every cult, good or foolish, has its own organ, while, of course, the trade Press—often far more interesting than those who know nothing of it can at all realise—is a whole vast department to itself.

Having got as far as recognising that more papers exist than the two or three that come into her own house.

The Appeal of Journalism

there is the further study to be made of what are the distinctive features of others.

Every Paper has its own Atmosphere.

Every paper has an atmosphere peculiarly its own. It is a very clusive quality, but she who does catch and recognise it, has one of the first qualifications that would make for her success in the profession.

Let me try and illustrate what I mean. Imagine that an enterprising launderer has opened in the aspirant's district an establishment in which can be undertaken the "bag wash." For the benefit of the uninitiated, it may be explained that people can bring all their uncoloured cotton clothes and household linen in a white sack supplied by the laundry, and it will be thoroughly and efficiently washed, but will not be ironed, mangled or "got up" in any way.

This appeals, perhaps, to a young writer, who enlarges on the benefits of labour-saving machinery as now reaching the needs of the working-class home; and she depicts the greater comfort of the husband coming back after his day's toil, and not confronted with strings of moist and steaming garments and sheets hung up to dry. So far, so good, and it would be possible to make a human and sympathetic little sketch.

But over placing it she might well make a mistake. She must understand how municipal matters are regarded by the journal to which she offers her work. For there are those local authorities who hold that their own baths and washhouses should be used; and, further, there are Press organs that approve of municipal trading, and regard "bag-washing" as a dangerous intrusion upon that system. Hence, her little study, no matter how good in itself, might find no editorial approval.

It is necessary, therefore, to understand the general social attitude of a paper. And I may add, that the problem as to the "bag wash" is not a hypothetical one. It disturbed the local councillors of a populous suburb not long ago, and was discussed with considerable warmth in certain directions.

There are, however, far more obvious blunders that the beginner will make in offering her work. She will send reviews—as she considers them—of books that she has read. This is quite useless, as, in the first place, the editor has his own staff of reviewers, to whose judgments the books he intends to notice will be submitted. Moreover, who cares what the opinion of an unknown, inexperienced person upon a book may be?

Or she will offer to a serious weekly publication concerned with politics and scientific and intellectual movements, a sketch of the jazz dancing and dresses that she saw on a seaside pier. To a lively little print, with short stories and amusing reading with pictures, she will forward a dissertation on the Ethics of Confucianism. And then she will wonder that they come back to her (provided that she has enclosed a stamped addressed envelope) with the usual printed form of refusal!

A First Acceptance.

Some happy day, however, if she has persevered, and fortune has chosen to smile upon her, there will come the intimation that a MS. has been accepted. It may be some really useful article. But, on the other hand, she has, perhaps, hit off some variation of the fivehundred-word item as to a phase of thought, or habit, or speech, or weakness, regarded as essentially of the moment; or, perhaps, she has laid down the law as to whether red-haired girls may be expected to make good wives. Then, when some such brief contribution chances to be accepted by one of the minor papers, she sees success and a fame looming before her. She can now, and will, say, when offering her work in other quarters, "I may tell you that I am a writer for the Nocturnal Looking-Glass," feeling sure that this will impress all editors—little realising that work of this type is no recommendation.

If, in the course of a month or so, she can place a second effort, she has, in her own mind, graduated in Fleet Street, where she sees herself astonishing everyone by her versatility and originality.

It seems hard to have to pour cold water on anything at the outset, but the plain fact is that a tremendous amount of much harder work will be needed before she is standing on even the lowest round of the journalistic ladder. The occasional acceptance of an article means nothing whatever, and at this stage she stands merely in the position of a free-lance, with no assured prospects before her

The position would be different had her first and second accepted contribution indicated anything of specialised knowledge. Whatever this may be, from a knowledge of caterpillars to Tanagra statuettes, from technical acquaintance with the processes of sweet-making to anthropology, it will have recognition. But the possessor of this particularised learning must watch her time when to offer her article. Perhaps there is something abnormal about the chrysalis of a season; it may be that a famous collection of dainty figurines is to be dispersed; a sudden interest in confectionery or primitive humanity has arisen. There is the opening of the door.

And when once even the slightest recognition has been won, in the form, perhaps, in a request to send in further suggestions for contributions on the same lines, a start has really been secured. She may then ask the editor if she might attend any lectures on her particular subject with a view to furnishing him with reports of them; she might also mention diffidently any further theme to which she had given study, and, by degrees, the would realize that she was ceasing to be

she would realise that she was ceasing to be regarded as a mere outsider, and had reached the stage of "an occasional contributor." But to that she will only attain by having knowledge that is advanced and reliable.

To be continued.

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HIS WHO I FIGURE STIFFENED. AFFRONTED DICKNITY WAS IN EVERY LINE

Drawn by
P B Hickling

The Lost MS.

Chapters XI.-XIII. Both Violet and Evic make Discoveries

By LADY SCOTT

VIOLET CORNEORD had taken at a reck less rent one of the narrow houses in Knightsbridge that overlook the park at the back She had set her heart on this locality, and discovered that she had to pay for her fancies The long narrow room which occupied the whole space on the first floor was the drawing 100m It had a window at each end the one towards the street was discreetly veiled the other, which opened above a small garden and lawn, showed beyond them the trees and a glimpse of the Serpentine This gave most of the light that the room received It was banked on either side by a succession of plants in season Violet's orders to the florist were unlimited She had thoroughly enjoyed picking up old bits of furniture here and there to adorn her living room. and Guy had allowed her to take what she chose from (rossways where there were some priceless old pieces of various periods Violet had no idea of keeping to one period only, she put what she

liked where she liked to have it and the result was a room of character quite different from that of any of her friends. Her own good taste presented it from becoming a mere jumble and that was all the guide she had

Soon after she had visited the publishing office she stood one day in this charming room with her brows drawn down and her lips compressed. In her hand she held a bank pass book

Nine hundred pounds overdrawn! And they ask me to pay something in on account" she said aloud abruptly. She could not understand it. Her fortune had seemed to her boundless. She had done nothing out of the way in the spending of it "She had not been grossly extravagant, for instance she possessed but one car. She had played at cards certainly, but seldom really high. She had given Guy sums of money from time to time, but not unduly large ones. In the old days she had seldom had any money in her possession at all. What

she and Fvic wanted they asked for and Miss Travers of her brother bought it for them There was nothing to spend money on in the village of Whitham where Crossways stood So Violet had very little experience of the purchasingpower of money As she pondered over the strange and most annoying problem revealed by the bank-book, the actress known as Mary Meadows came in, she seldom appeared before mid day, which it now was. In private life Mary was Mrs Endicott, a good hearted little thing, whose warm and generous nature was often undiscovered by superficial a quaintances because of that inartistic garishness which she chose to assume off the stage in contract to her saintly parts Violet had felt at first as if she should never like her, for much in Mary's appearance and manner jarred on her fastidiousness, but she had made a great effort to get to know her, for she had quickly discovered that if there was one place where Guy's volatile

The Lost MS.

heart could be said to anchor it was on Marv. She was a widow, and had had a tragic marriage, ended some years before. Her reputation was unblemished; in fact, many of her contemporaries sneeringly said that, whatever might be her appearance off the stage, she undoubtedly kept her inginue way of life, whether on or off.

It was not a month after first knowing her that, rather to her own surprise, Violet found herself cheerfully agreeing to the proposition put forward by Guy that Mary should share the house in Knightsbridge as a paying guest. She made a large income on the stage, and the arrangement suited both her and Violet, who, perhaps because of their entire dissimilarity, got on admirably, each going her own way without interfering with the other

When Mary came in Violet made a sudden resolve to tell her of this absurd huancial difficulty which had arisen, for she knew that her friend was both shrewd and to be trusted.

"It's ridiculous, Poll," she began, with just a suspicion of tremor in her usually equable voice. "These bank people say I am overdrawn. It's impossible!"

"Never impossible," said Mary cheerily. "It's the easiest thing to do in the world. You have a good income, I know. But, my dear girl, look what you have been paying out."

Violet began to reckon.

"I paid a premium to get the lease of this house," she said. "Then there was the car. I bought a good deal of furniture, certainly, and it wasn't cheap furniture, either. Guy has had some money, of course—that was only natural. On the top of that are my frocks and living expenses; and I suppose I've lost a bit at the St. Clairs'. I had made up my mind not to go there again, anyway. I've had enough of that," said Violet.

" So I heard."

"Guy told you that, I suppose; I believe he tells you everything I say. Yes, I lost a lot last night. Poll, why don't you marry Guy?"

"He hasn't got enough to keep me,"
Mary replied with engaging candour.

"But you have enough for both. Oh, yes, I know it sounds strange talking like that of my own brother—but it's not his fault. He hasn't had a chance. Who could make money in his profession? He has a little of his own, of course."

"Would you marry a man who couldn't keep you?"

"I would if I loved him." Violet stopped and looked with disconcerting clearness at her friend. "Oh, I see what you are aiming at," she continued with a change of tone. "But that is different! The man you mean is quite well off; he

must have at least as much as I have; it's his position I don't like."

"Then you don't love him."

Violet walked to the window again, and began to play with the tassel of the blind.

"If you mean would I give up everything I like to have him; would I change my nature, and think nothing weighed in comparison with him—then you are right—I don't know what love is."

"Same here," said Mary cheerfully; and at that moment Guy walked in. After a rapturous greeting to Mary, for whom his admiration was unconcealed, he turned to kiss his sister.

"Violet wants to talk to you on business," said Mary. "Besides, I have an engagement, so I am going to get ready. No, I will not have your escort! Stay here, you boy."

Violet turned to her brother abruptly as the door shut on her friend, and held out the pass-book mutely.

"I thought this would come," said Guy quietly, having scanned it. "You have been chucking it about, you know. However, never mind. The truth is that all this money is invested at far too low a rate of interest—rotten five per cents. and things in Government securities; no one goes in for that now. You must remember, next year you'll have to pay income-tax, which comes to about a third of your income; that will run you in for three thousand pounds or so; or no-stop-there'll be super-tax too, which works out at about ten shillings in the pound, so it will be quite half of all you have!"

"It's wicked!" said Violet with more heat than she often displayed. "Do you mean to say people who have money are compelled to give half to the nation?"

"That's it."

"And all the people who are for ever grumbling and striking know nothing of this, I suppose?"

"They are beginning to have to pay a little too. It's a good thing, for they never realise where the nation's money does come from; they seem to think they've only got to pull a string and down will come a golden shower."

"But Guy, I shall be ruined!"

"Not a bit of it. Sell out a good lot—about half, say. I know a fellow who will put you in a real good thing—about fifty per cent. I'll get particulars for you."

" Is it safe?"

"My dear girl, how could fifty per cent. be perfectly safe? If it were, who would ever take up these Government things? But if there is an element of risk, it's worth it. Where is Mary going?"

"I don't know."

"There she is," said Guy suddenly.

"I hear her slipping downstairs like the little mouse she is. Well, so long, old girl. I'll ask that chap about it again, and we'll select what to sell out."

He vanished, and Violet heard a shout of laughter as he caught Mary downstairs; then the hall door slammed, and she was alone.

But not for long. For, within five minutes the bell rang and the smart maid entered with a card on a salver. Violet took it up, and stood still with it in her hand. It had come! What she had dreaded! But she decided to face it and get it over.

"All right, Edith, show him up," she

So Lord Uplands followed his card upstairs.

He was the kind of man who might be any age within thirty years or so—say anything from thirty to sixty. He was rather soft and podgy of body, very colourless as to skin and hair and eyes. Someone had said of him once that you could not see him easily unless you got him against a dark background. He was very correct in manner, and known far and wide as a good fellow, but one who was neither brilliant nor interesting. He lacked virility, and if his exterior had been changed, might have passed very well for an early-Victorian old maid.

He bent low over Violet's cold hand as he held it in his soft white one, before he took the chair she indicated.

Within herself she was saying fiercely—
"I can't! I won't! I'll put him off somehow. No, I can't do that. The time has come. I must go through with it." And all the while she was uttering aloud, mechanically, the usual society openings.

Then there was a pause.

Lord Uplands folded his hands and looked at her.

"Of course, Miss Cornford, you can readily guess why I have chosen this most unusual hour for a call," he said, looking at the clock. It was a quarter to one.

"Suppose you tell me," said Violet in a very low voice. She had carefully chosen a seat with her back to the light, and sat very erect and still.

"I came because I wanted to be sure of seeing you alone," he said, and there was a weighty silence. "I understood," he went on, seeing she made no movement to help him out. "that you knew I would come, and were not unwilling—not unwilling—"

"Yes?" said Violet. She was in for it! What could she do?

He found it more difficult to go on than he had anticipated.

"I have admired you from afar," he said, trying a new opening, "as everyone must, and I took steps to ascertain

I was not altogether unacceptable to you before----"

She might help him a little. He had not expected this ice-cold front. He began to be uneasy.

"In short, Miss Cornford," he ended up rather defiantly, "I have the honour to ask you to marry me."

They stood up simultaneously. His plump hands took her long thin ones in their warm grasp.

"My dear child," he exclaimed more humanly, 'how cold you are. Is it such a terrible thing to give up your liberty?"

Violet raised her drooping face and looked at him, with her brilliant eyes showing beneath the black lashes like shining jewels, and he leaned forward and kissed her cheek.

"It is yes, then?" he said, still patting her hands.

"Yes," she echoed.

There was something uncanny about her stillness.

Lord Uplands began to laugh.

"You take it very tragically," he said. "You need not. I am not a Turkish pasha. You shall have your liberty as my wife."

For answer Violet wrenched away her hands, and, placing a chair between herself and him, spoke fast and low.

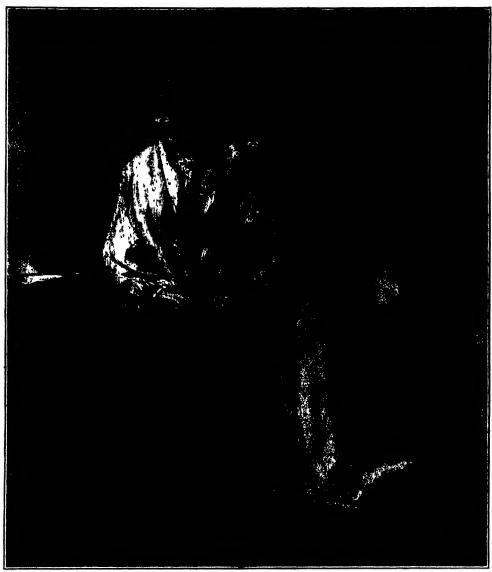
"I can't—can't!" she panted. "I thought I could. It was wronging you more than myself. Oh, forgive me, Lord Uplands! No one shall ever know from me. It's all my fault."

His whole figure stiffened; affronted dignity was in every line.

"You mean to say," he began slowly and icily, "that you had made up your mind to accept me, and now find that I am so repulsive to you, you cannot carry it through?"

It was the truth, and she could not answer or look at him.

"Then I say," he said, and his voice rang hotter, and with more vibrant sincerity than she had ever heard in it, "that you are a coquette of the worst type. I had heard it of you—yes, but I did not believe it. I took steps, therefore, to make my way secure, so as not to put myself in your power without some certainty of success. I approached



"DICK!" A SHOCK OF TERROR RAN THROUGH

Drawn by P. B. Hickling.

you through your brother, and now I see clearly that I have been made a fool of. It is a plot—a base plot! You saw you could not get me in any other way, and you wanted another scalp to hang at your belt, among those of the touts and fortune-hunters you have already there. You wanted to be able to say, 'Here, at least, is one man who has nothing to gain, who has sought me for myself.' So you lured me on, meaning all the time to refuse me. You—you—witch!" he ended.

She liked him better in the rage which sprang from offended vanity than she had ever liked him before in his placid self-complacency. She made an effort to bridge the unbridgable gulf.

"It must seem like that to you," she said, with unwonted humility; "and, in truth, the real explanation is not much better. I have nothing to say. I cannot excuse myself. I do not ask you to

forgive me. But I do say this—it was no plot. I am not a coquette. I wish I were, for I understand they have no hearts to ache."

He looked at her sideways, swiftly, and then hastily turned to the door, as if afraid she might work him round if he stayed. Self-pity was already replacing indignation in his flabby personality, and as he left the house he was more ready to cry than to blame her.

Chapter XII. "Dick is Missing."

As the weeks drew on to the winter, Evie began for the first time to understand what it meant to have to go without things she considered necessaries. She, too, was learning the meaning of the value of money, though her lesson was in a very different school from that where Violet was a pupil. Up to this

The Lost MS.

time Evie had never been really hard-up, only careful. She had always known that there was money in the bank to draw for any extra expenditure, or to make up a deficit. This money had given her the same benevolent shelter as Mr. Travers had hitherto afforded. It was between her and the roughness of life. Now it was all gone, and the account closed. Soon, of course, she would have plenty; that would be when the book first leaped into public notice; but she had heard from Buyer and Co. that the book was not to appear until the spring, and meantime there were the hardest and coldest months in the year to get through.

All Evie had was that two pounds a week, paid with unfailing regularity on Saturday mornings. Five shillings of it went at once for rent. The gas-meter ate up as much, even though she exercised the most rigid economy, often going to bed in the evenings simply because she could not afford to burn the light. She tried candles, but found there were very few to the pound, and besides saving very little, were so depressing. She used the gas-ring she had had fitted for cooking, and very seldom allowed herself a fire in the small grate. as the half-hundredweight of coal she bought from time to time, and kept in a box, seemed to burn out almost at once.

Bacon and sausage were now treats for Sundays only; a boiled egg was all she dare allow for the everyday breakfast. Quaker-oats began to be her chief standby. They were filling and hot. One evening, when she had come home tired and disheartened, she boiled herself a panful in the little enamel pan she had, and was just going to turn it out, when she stumbled on the edge of the rug and the whole steaming mass poured out down her arm, scalding her painfully, and went on to the floor. She wiped her arm helplessly, and, sinking down, began to cry softly. She was so helpless and so very tired. Short commons were sapping her strength, and that and the confinement of close work and London air had taken the colour from her cheeks. After a while, realising that no one knew and no one cared whether she cried or not, she lost the sense of self-pity which had engulfed her, and looked at the mess of porridge on the floor.

Self-pity is the weakest thing on earth," she exclaimed angrily.

Then again she eyed the porridge. It was the end of the packet; there was no more, and she had not the energy to go out and buy any; besides, it was Thursday, early-closing day in this neighbourhood. It always was early-closing day if there was anything she really wanted. Again she looked at the floor. It was very

clean. Well, when people were starving they did stranger things than that. There was no harm in it. In a moment or two more, most of the porridgeexcept just where it actually touched the hairy rug-had been scooped up and transferred to a soup-plate. Evie was not hungry when she went to bed that

What had depressed Evie most was that, after her encounter with Violet, there had been no sign from "home." Violet must have told Georgy where she was, yet Georgy had not written. Bitterest thought of all, Dick must have had leave by this time, and yet Dick had not come to seek her. Even if Georgy had not cared to write, and had been still too much wounded to seek her out, there must have been letters from Dick which she certainly ought to have redirected now that she had Evie's address; yet no letters came. It was all very depressing, as if an eclipse had intervened and cut off all the sunlight of Crossways, which looked more alluring and home-like and gracious now, in her exile from it, than even when she had lived there so happily.

Evie had had no holiday in the summer. As she had only joined the staff so late she had not earned the fortnight the other girls received. One by one they had gone away and returned, red



"APPLE BLOSSOM."

A Competition Photo by Louisa Kruckenberg.

or brown, according to their complexions. It was easy to tell by merely glancing round who had had the yearly holiday and who had not. There seemed to be a competition among them as to who could get most dyed in the short time allowed. Mr. Bretherton was positively mahogany colour; the white line across his forehead where his cap had rested showed that he must have lain in the full sunlight on some sandy beach to attain so startling an effect.

· Hetty had gone away determined to shield her complexion, but the delight of dancing about in the foam in a skintight bathing-gown, with the blissful chance of being photographed for one of the picture papers as "A Happy Trio," "Seaside Days have Come," or something of the sort, had proved even stronger than her care for her skin, and she came back with a peeled nose and a large scarlet triangle at her neck. Evie alone had lost colour and become thinner.

But when Christmas drew near she was told she would have four days' holiday then, with the rest. Christmas fell on a Saturday, and the office was to shut on Thursday and not open again until Tuesday.

A great longing seized Evie to see Crossways again, and to find out about those who lived there; but the fear that Dick might be home on leave prevented her writing openly to say so. So she scraped up enough to pay her fare, and a little beside, and taking only a small suit-case in her hand, went off on Thursday to reconnoitre, and, if need be, to stay in the nearest country town, only three miles from the house, for the night, so that she could at least take part in the well-known service next day. Her spirits rose as she drew nearer, and began to recognise one object after another. When the train reached Whitham station she jumped off and looked apprehensively to see if she would be recognised; but there was a new station-master, or perhaps a temporary one, so she left her suit-case and started off to walk along the old familiar road by the side of the common. It was a bright clear day, unexpectedly mild, with a rather wild wind, and presently she saw the woman who lived in the cottage near Crossways hanging out her clothes to dry. When Evie went up to her she was greeted with a shriek and ecstatic welcome as soon as she was recognised.

"Well, Miss Evie, dear! Here you be! They did tell us you was doing wonderful things in London town, but you was too hard worked to come around to see us again. I says to John only the other day, 'Well now, surely Miss Evie'll be finding time to look in on us all at Christmas, too, and with all the sadness there is, too, surely she'll

come back to comfort poor Miss Travers a bit."

Evie felt remorseful. She did not know that Georgy would have taken it to heart so much as that. Why, then, had she never written? But her sense of reserve was strong, and only the desperate need of finding out who was at Crossways impelled her to say—

"She's all alone, then?"

"All alone she is; and who should there be with her? Miss Violet, we hear, is doing great things too."

Evidently the true story of Evie's voluntary disappearance had been kept very quiet; she was glad of that. So she went forward confidently, and, pushing the green gate in the hedge, opened the hospitable door, ever on the latch, and went into the low charming room at the back, with the long windows overlooking the lawn.

Miss Travers, who was sitting bolt upright on a straight-backed chair, just as she always sat, stared with dropped jaw as if she had seen a ghost, until Evic, bounding forward, fell on her knees before her and buried her head on her lap.

"Oh, my dear, my dear!" said Miss Travers sadly. "So you've come at last, Evic?"

"Didn't Violet tell you she had found me three months ago?" Evie asked, raising her head, and noting with apprehension how thin and old that wellknown face above her had grown.

"No; I never see Violet, she has quite deserted us; and her letters tell us nothing."

"I thought you knew. Oh, Georgy, I know now I have been wrong. It was all my horrid pride. I never dreamed you would look like this!" And her loving arms stole upward round the thin waist.

"You and Dick!" said Miss Travers in a broken voice. "Without you and Dick, what was life to me?".

"Dick!" A shoot of terror ran through Evie. "Dick? What about Dick?"

"Haven't you heard? You say you saw Violet; didn't she tell you? Oh, that was three months ago, she wouldn't know then."

"But Dick, Dick! Be quick!"

"You knew he was sent off hurriedly to the China coast so that he never even had a chance to come back on leave?"

"No, no! Go on."

"Dick is missing. Six weeks ago we had an official letter to say he had been swept overboard in a typhoon there, and there was no hope of ever seeing him again."

Evic's head was down now. She could not cry, she could not breathe; she was choking—being smothered. Dick! The light of life went out for her. Then a strange new light dawned through the darkness, a strange sensation of reaching out on high drew her upward. Motionless she remained bowed, feeling as if the soul had passed out of her. Then gradually she came back to earth and sat erect.

"Dick is not dead," she said calmly.

"My dear child!"

"I know it. Something told me—something far above myself. I think I will just go now, Georgy, to be by myself a little while."

She wandered up into the room that had been her own, and through the open communication door into that which Violet had had. Some strong instinct made her walk straight up to the dressing-table and open the righthand drawer. There, lying facing her, were three letters addressed to herself in Dick's handwriting. She felt as if she had known they were there all the time. She sat down on the low broad windowseat and opened them. The first was written just after he had sailed and contained nothing of special moment, beyond the sentence, "I am desperately anxious to know what happened on Vi's birthday."

The second, dated much later from Port Said, showed that he had heard the news, for in it he opened all his heart. "You know, Eve, how I love you, there's no doubt of that. I sometimes think you only look on me as rather a stupid young brother, but at other times I feel sure-oh darling, darling-" and so on. "I rejoice to know that Violet has come in for that money. It's beastly selfish to be glad you've not got it, but I have enough now, and you shall never want. I do so want to give you everything, Evc. You see, the day I left I had had a hint that one of you was going to be very rich, and I thought it would be you, so I couldn't say anything then, obviously; but I knew you would understand."

Then the last, many weeks later. "I hear that the last mail struck an unswept mine, and you probably have missed two letters from me in it. I'm living to hear from you, darling, and it can't be long now." This was some time in the end of September. Evic sat mctionless for a long, long time, and in that hour she turned from a girl into a woman.

Violet had wronged her over the money—that had been forgiven; and now came this much greater wrong. When the letters had arrived Violet, of course, had not known where to send them, and she had kept them carefully, though she could not, of course, guess what they contained, but would think them the usual brother and sister letters she had so often read. She was not to

The Lost MS.

blame so far. But then, when she had seen Evie, now more than three months ago, she ought at once to have remembered them and forwarded them. But she had never been home, and being entirely engrossed with her own affairs, she had forgotten. The wrong was none the less deadly, for there might—there might—just have been time to send that word for which Dick waited, before he was lost, had the letters been sent on at once after that meeting at the publishing house.

But he was not lost. Dick was not dead! Evie had a curious certainty about that.

Presently she pulled herself together, and, remembering poor Georgy, went downstairs. It was so wonderful to be here again; but everything looked different. Evie had changed in herself, and the change was reflected in her view of her surroundings. She heard with dismay that Guy intended to sell Crossways. "He says," Miss Travers told her, "it's absurd keeping it up just for sentimental reasons, and he can't afford it." He is quite right. It's been very good of him to let me stay here as caretaker so long. There is a little cottage in the village. You know, the one opposite the pump; Granny Rogers used to have it. I shall go there."

She was very anxious for Evie to come and live with her there.

"You know, dear, I have saved quite a good deal of money. I got a good salary for looking after you two girls, and I never had anything to spend it on"

"I couldn't give up my independence now, Georgy," said Evie. "It has been hard work sometimes, but it will be all different now I know that Dick loves me." She had told her simple secret, and the old woman and young girl wept together with a certain sweetness running through their grief. When Evie said "loves" Miss Travers did not correct her, though she noticed the use of the present tense.

"I'll come and spend all my holidays with you," Evie promised. "And some day, perhaps, I'll be well enough off to live in the country too." She had not told the secret of her high hopes regarding her book yet.

And, in spite of the tragic news, her heart was blossoming and blooming within her. Dick loved her—he had loved her all the time; there was no mistake about it! Her bitter pride was wrong. It had been his chivalry only that had prevented his telling her of his love that summer day in the orchard, as he had intended to do. Dick was not dead. Somewhere, somehow, they would meet

again. Meantime, her heart was flowering in this knowledge, so that she felt a great flood of that love to all mankind which had turned to bitterness after the great shock of Violet's behaviour.

Chapter XIII.

"The Comedy called Life."

"Ar this rate, Hawke, another year will see the last of us. We shall have to shut up shop and sell the business for what it will fetch," said the senior partner of Watson and Hawke, surveying the balance-sheet before him early in the new year.

He was a tall thin man with rather pathetic brown eyes and a long grey beard; his face was the face of a scholar and recluse; it was evident that in business he was out of place. The two partners were together in the big room reserved for the senior. Hawke had in his hand a beautifully-got-up volume with a vellum cover and gold lettering, called *Poems of Spring time*. He threw it down with an ironic laugh.

"It will come to that, if we can't get any other than this sort of stuff to publish." he said.

Mr. Watson took it up and handled it.
"This is Miss Cornford's book?" he said meditatively. "Well, we aren't out of pocket over it, anyway, as she pays all expenses, and that is more than can be said of some. But there is nothing in it so far as we are concerned. We have certainly not charged her a penny over cost price, and yet, with the enormous cost of labour permeating every item. I am ashamed to send her the bill."

"Have you read the poems?"

"Just glanced at them. They seem to me exactly the same as hundreds of similar poems. Pretty stuff, but without originality."

"She's original enough in herself," said Leslie Hawke. "But it is astonishing how few seem able to get it on paper. A good 'best-seller' would set us on our feet again."

"So it would! There's that fellow Hopside—ought to be called Topside—shouting about his twenty-thousand editions. Even if they don't come to all that, the advertisement he gets is good, and he seems to attract some selling authors. We never get a chance. No one sends novels here."

"They would, if we only had one of that kind. One brings another. The fact is, Watson, we've been too exclusive; we've only published good solid worthwhile sort of books. For my part I'd be ready now to accept any trash if there was a chance of its selling thousands—it's come to that." "I would, too. Standards have to go by the board. I've told Forest so. I think, even if he could stomach it himself, he'd know a best seller when he saw it, and he's promised to tell me if he comes across one, even if he couldn't conscientiously recommend it as literature worthy of our reputation."

Hawke sat down and took up some work on the desk, but his mind was busy. A great temptation came to him. He was sick of being hard-up. Debts and duns on every side! He had been going the pace certainly lately; and now even the firm was failing. The profit, so far as the partners were concerned, was trifling. Every penny went in wages, salaries, upkeep, and costs. On the last year's balance-sheet they might have been running the place as a hobby for all that they got out of it; and yet both of them had put in solid months of conscientious work for no return at all. Hawke had, so far, manfully resolved that he would not propose to Violet Cornford, though sometimes in the last few weeks he had fancied that he might have had a chance. There was that day, for instance, when he had persuaded her to be unconventional enough to come for a ride with him in Richmond Park. There they had been able to have a good gallop over the wind-swept spaces of the turf, and could even imagine they were out hunting. They had both thoroughly enjoyed it, being lovers of horses and at home in the saddle. He knew he looked well on a fine animal, and she-well, Violet looked well anywhere! Glowing with the exercise, they had laughed like children, and the cold unemotional Violet had melted so charmingly that a storm of something like passion had overshadowed them. But Hawke had set his teeth and refrained from taking advantage of it, not because he was afraid-he was not "built that way"but because he felt it was not fair to her. He had not the wherewithal to keep her as she should be kept, and he could not endure the thought of living on her money. Now it seemed to him that anything would be preferable to this slow grind down into the pit. The firm only needed time. They were old-established, with an excellent reputation. Things must get better as trade improved. If Violet did care for him, as he was beginning to hope, she would be the first to wish to help them to recover

and stand steady until the worst was over. Hawke made up his mind. He would seize, or make, a favourable opportunity and see what she said.

To be continued.

Wonders in Wood-carving

A good deal of misconception appears to exist in the uninstructed mind as to what is good wood-carving and what is not. To many the mere fact that a cupboard or mirror-frame is elaborately carved, is in itself a recommendation; whereas, from the point of view of he expert, the presence of such carving too often is only an indication of inferior workmanship and material that need to be skilfully camouflaged.

In the acquisition of a presumably old piece of furniture, care must be taken to ascertain that the carving is of the same date as the construction. In the fraudulent desire to increase artificially the commercial value of a genuine, but somewhat ordinary, bit of old work, the dealer often has it embellished with carving, giving his client to understand that this is of the same date as the specimen itself. Roughish edges and a general lack of that roundness and smoothness that time alone can bring, should put the purchaser on his guard; though it must at the same time be realised that these points frequently receive the attention of the forger to such purpose as to deceive even the expert, sandpaper and files often bringing about an effect that simulates old work most successfully.

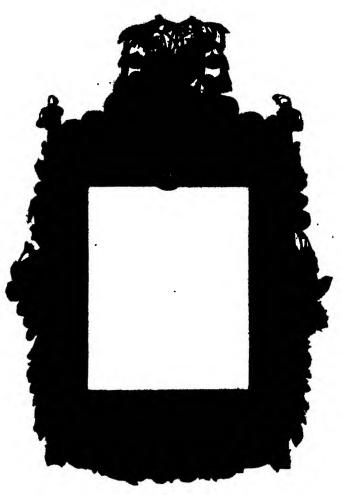
Pieces that are carved with a date sound at once a note of caution. Genuine pieces with an early seventeenth or eighteenth century date carved in a prominent position are not common; but fakes thus embellished are as plentiful as blackbernes in September, and ought to be almost as cheap. This is a truth that collectors assimilate as a rule quite early in their careers. Experientia docet!

When the carving takes the form of faces and figures, such as the old Flemish carvers excelled in, the amateur has again to be careful, for unless these have real merit in quaintness, and possess undeniable character, they invariably prove most irritating



A carved Pinewood Panel, English; late seventeenth or early eighteenth century.

Illustrated by Permission from Specimens in the Victoria and Albert Museum



objects to live with. Carvings in floral form or in geometrical lines combined with flowing curves (as in

those of Celtic inspiration), are safer as an investment.

But carving, whenever it errs on the side of the over-ornate, is tiresome. One's eye follows its convolutions and involutions unceasingly till all restfulness takes flight. It is only when carving of an elaborate nature proceeds from the tools of a master-craftsman, such as was Grinling Gibbons, the Court favourite of King Charles II., that such work becomes and remains of real artistic value.

The Court at this period was obliged, willynilly, to give its patronage to cabinet-makers, carvers, and such-like workers, on account of the amount of destruction in regard to palace trappings that had to be made good subsequently to the social upheaval of the previous reigns. It was a reign of general extravagance in which Grinling Gibbons found himself, and courtiers and nobles (to say nothing of certain ladies whose word was of great import in high circles) vied with one another in following the

Wonders in Wood-carving

royal example and giving him extensive commissions. In such an atmosphere his genius flourished. The carvings which he carried out for private houses were, in their way, as exquisite as those he designed for St. Paul's Cathedral and for Trinity College, Oxford.

In the accompanying photograph of a mirrorframe of limewood, the delicacy of Gibbons' art is seen to perfection. Nothing is scamped, nothing evaded. There are no coarse excrescences to seek an effect without duly working up to it; each detail is perfect in itself, and well able to sustain the closest scrutiny. In spite of the multitudinous studies of flowers, leaves, cones, wheatears, corn-cobs, decorative spirals, and other details that go to its ornament, there is nothing heavy or overpowering in its effect. Nor is there anything set or studied in the arrangement. All is light and lovely. Had he been working in plaster, he could not have

attained greater freedom than he achieved in the medium of the wood.

The day of Grinling Gibbons was largely the day of mirror-frames, for at this period the value of the mirror in interior decoration was being extensively exploited. Hanging garlands, or, as in this case, pendant bunches, were much in favour as a feature of carved mirror-frames; and from the specimens produced by Gibbons a distinct school of mirror-carvers emanated. Carvings that hang, as it were, at the side of the frame, and at times overlap it, so as to give a pretty effect of



The Shield of Arms of the Corporation of the Trinity House. 1670. Partly coloured and gilt.

glass seen through the carving, were devices that appealed much to the popular taste. Carved urns and scrolls were other ornamental details frequently used to good effect, a high relief giving a remarkable vividness to the whole.

Carvings of much elaboration, however, call for large rooms to set them off. In a small apartment they are apt to prove oppressive; and for this reason those who dwell in villas and in terraces would be well advised to set their affections only on those which are duly reticent in character. Much of the modern carving is performed by machinery, and is, in consequence, commonplace in type and of copybook character. To such, a plain panel and a well-designed moulding are infinitely preferable.

If we want the grotesque in carving we shall, of course, go to the Chinese. There is, I suppose, no nation that can approach them in delicacy and subtlety. Chinese carv-

ings of ivory, whether of men, beasts, birds, or flowers, stand alone in their perfection; the Oriental carver being able to express himself in stone, wood, ivory, or crystals, with as much fluency as an Occidental painter in his canvas. But apart from such test as comparison with the carvings of the East may supply, the amateur, when confronted with a carving in wood upon which he is unable to make up his mind definitely, will not go far wrong if he holds in memory some of Gibbons' famous carvings, and uses them as a test for the valuation of the piece in question.

Neglect

I WONDER if it ever occurs to people how a little kindly neglect is appreciated at times? I don't mean rudeness or anything of the nature of unfriendliness, but it is a beautiful thing when people know just the right moment to leave you alone.

Going through life there are spells when we don't want our dearest friends near us. We don't want their protestations of sympathy and affection, and so on. We want them to run away home and "lave us bide," as the West Country folk put it.

I don't know why it is or what it

is, but for the time we need solitude. The dog we love realises this, and creeps under the garden seat and leaves us to ourselves. Perhaps we're a bit nerve-ragged and snappy; or perhaps the incessant chatter and noise of street or drawing-room has worn us to a thread. Kind Mrs. Gab tries to "take us out of ourselves," and we long to flee. She asks after every relative; every ache and pain we've ever experienced (or that she has) is inquired about, until we are ready to shriek; and then she offers to teach us, then and there, a new jumper-stitch.

We get so addled we tell her confused and muddled bits of information about Aunt Meg's wedding (she died last week, a spinster!). We can't really tell what we're saying. Our brains are tired and our ears are tired and our smiles are tired. We should like to say politely, "Please leave me alone." But how can one be polite and get rid of well-intentioned folk who feel it is their mission to cheer one up?

Oh, a little neglect—quiet thoughtful neglect—is a much to be desired boon. MAJOR THE HON. MAURICE BARING, of whose poems the Editor permitted me to write in these pages, was, as a soldier, known in his regiment as "Make-a-note-of-it-Baring." In the Service a nick-name, unless derisive ("Dug-out-Dick," for instance) means popularity. In this case it means also wise discretion. When attending lectures, military or otherwise, when "reading up" a subject to summarise the points made or the net result of information acquired, to jot down in writing some illuminating phrase or a fact which is new to us, while yet the impression left by the new fact, phrase, or information is fresh in the mind, is wiser than to trust to memory. We smile at Captain Cuttle's "When foundmake a note of," but the old seaman was no fool. On the contrary he was a wise man

Similarly, I think the reader will be wise, when stumbling in her reading upon an unknown word, then and there to look it up in a dictionary. Some folk are content to say: "This word is unknown to me," and then, lazily, to attempt to

jump at or to gather the meaning from the context. Should they meet the word again, they are no wiser than before, and if they have guessed wrongly (as sometimes happens, for contexts may be misleading), the chances are that, by taking thought to guess, an erroneous impression is formed which remains in mind. By the small trouble of referring to a dictionary, one arrives at the exact meaning, and thereby probably fixes it permanently in the memory.

A New English Dictionary, by Sir James Murray, and The Oxford Dictionary, of which nine of the ten volumes are now published, will occur to everyone, and of American dictionaries, The Century stands first. But a dictionary of some sort every reader is likely to possess, and if hers be a standard work, in which the pronunciation and the derivation of words are given, it should serve her purpose.

Professor Skeats' Etymological Dictionary.

To students I can confidently commend Professor Skeats' Etymological Dictionary of the English Language, published by the Clarendon Press, Oxford. The editor tells us that "the idea of compiling it arose out of my own wants. I could find no single book containing the facts about a given word which it most concerns a student to know, whilst at the same time there exist numerous books containing information too important to be omitted. Thus Richardson's Dictionary is an admirable storehouse of quotations illustrating such words as are of no great antiquity in the language, and his selected examples are the more valuable from the fact that he generally adds the exact reference."

But in Richardson, as Professor Skeats admits in a note, "the references to Chaucer are often utterly wrong"; and Todd's Johnson, which he tells us "likewise contains numerous well-chosen quotations," makes the mistake of "citing from authors like 'Dryden' or 'Addison' at large, without the slightest hint as to the whereabouts of the context. . . . Webster's Dictionary, with the etymologies as

revised by Dr. Mahn, is a very useful and comprehensive volume, but the plan of the work does not allow of much explanation of a purely philological character." This cannot be said of *Skeats' Etymological Dictionary*, to which I have never yet referred without finding all that I required.

Philology, the study, literally, the love of, words, their meaning, associations, and origin, so far from being, as some suppose, a dull and dry-as-dust subject, of interest only to the pedagogue or the pedant, is, on the contrary, fascinating. Some knowledge of Latin and Greek, as well as of modern languages, especially French, German, Spanish, and Italian, adds greatly to the interest. But leaving the dead languages (which do not come within every girl's curriculum) out of the question, and with knowledge of no other language than English, the study of the wide, the varied, and the changing meaning of words is singularly interesting.

For example: At one time "precious" was applied only to what is loved and prized. A mother would apostrophise

her child as "my precious one." To-day, though "precious" still carries its ancient meaning, it is sometimes used in a very different sense, as when one speaks of "a precious rascal." Or take the word "General." In the Service, unless he become a Field Marshal, a soldier can rise to no higher rank than to be a General. In another "service" -domestic-the word "general" has the opposite sense. The servant who undertakes the drudgery of a household is known as a "general"; her status is lower than that of a cook or lady's maid. A "Court," as held in the West End of London, at Buckingham or St. James's Palace, is associated with Royalty, rank and fashion, but, at the other end of the social scale, and in the East End of London, one finds slums known as "Cripps Court," and the like.

Such a man as, say, Mr. Gladstone, who by virtue of marked and outstanding characteristics, rises a head and shoulders above his contemporaries, is spoken of as a great "personality." On the other hand, to "descend to personalities" is the sign of a mean and little mind.

On Finding a Hidden Meaning in the mere Sounds of certain Words.

I might extend the list, but instead of doing so, let us pass on to consider words in another and perhaps fanciful sense-this time, phonetically. Is there not something chilly and suggestive of frost in the hard-sounding " Jan" of January? In February, the "run" (as of water) which the "r" gives to the "u" that it precedes, has a slightly softening effect, as of a thaw, and suggests a wet month. The sharp, hard abruptness—like that of the word of command, "Quick March"-of the next month of the year, is as if Old Time had decided, as the Canadians say, "to get a move on," and to manœuvre his troops -"Change Direction, Right," or "Change Direction, Left," if I may again speak in terms of Army command-hither and thither, in keeping with the changeful weather which "Gracile" is a word of March brings. Rossetti's coining, and April is surely a gracile



Pine Carving from the Church of St. Mary Somerset, Thames Street, built by Sir Christopher Wren in 1695, now destroyed. See page 293.

Do you "Look Up" an Unfamiliar Word?

name, with something of the resiliency of the spring in its very sound. The open and continuing "a" in May is in accord with the steadily increasing sunshine of that month. In June, with the long "u," the sunshine seems to gather strength. In July, the "1," which follows the long "u," adds sultriness to the heat. August, with its two "u's," is like the opening of an oven. September, with the crispness-I had almost written "crisptness"-of the "p" against the "t," reminds us that the air is already crisper and more bracing. The full, round, and accented "o" in October, I associate with the roundness and ripeness of apples in an orchard. In the final "r" of November, coming after an edged "v," I am reminded of the first shiver of coming winter; and in that hard mercilessly-sounding word, December, which I am tempted to alter, in spelling, by one letter, so as to make it D-ice-mber, my thoughts turn longingly to a warm fireside and a fur coat.

Forgiven, I hope, this fanciful and far-fetched play upon words, I return to the heavier and certainly weightier subject of dictionaries.

Of dictionaries, other than etymological, there are so many that I must do no more than mention by name those to which I myself refer, and have found most useful.

Dictionaries which will greatly Assist Readers.

One is Roget's Thesaurus of English Words and Phrases. Indispensable to an author, a reader will also find it of no small value. Even in no more than conversation, some acquaintance with Roget's Thesaurus will enrich one's vocabulary. But a girl, writing a school essay, or entering for some competition, a woman drawing up an appeal for some worthy object, charitable or otherwise, framing a prospectus for a church, a musical, or a literary society, or perhaps writing a carefully considered letter in application for a secretarial or similar appointment for herself or someone else, will wish to word what she has to say weightily and well. In such cases, when at a loss for a word, a phrase, an illustration, she will find in Roget's Thesaurus exactly what she requires.

The title (derived from the Greek) sounds, I admit, alarmingly learned. But the fact that my edition, dated 1875, is the thirty-third, sufficiently proves that the work, its forbidding title notwithstanding, has been a godsend to countless writers and readers. Rendered in plain English, the Greek title means a Treasury of Knowledge, which the book is. The best Dictionary of Synonyms known to me, it is more than that, for it not only gives a list of words carrying the same meaning, but "groups" conveniently the ideas associated with each word, and so is singularly suggestive.

Another invaluable work is Dr. Brewer's Dictionary of Phrase and Fable. The editor, alive to-day in his eighty-fifth year, picturesquely says of his Dictionary that it is one of Phrases, Words, and Fables "that have a Tale to Tell." The word "abandon," for instance, means, we learn, to desert the colour—literally, to go away from our General's banner. The word "church," generally assumed to be from the Greek, "kurion oikos" (house of God) was, Dr. Brewer asserts, in existence long before the introduction of Greek. It means a circle, and was so used because the Druidical remains (cromlechs) of Stonehenge and elsewhere are always circular

in form. The equivalent in Welsh is cyrch, and in French cirque.

Hence, too, the Scottish hirk. If you do not know the origin of such phrases as "Tom Tiddler's ground," "A kittle of fish," "Ducks and drakes," the history of the Man in the Iron Mask, who Peregrine Pickle was, or why the badge of Ulster is a Red Hand, Dr. Brewer will enlighten you.

If you wish to know when this or that event—be it historical, political, ecclesiastical, legal, social, commercial, scientific, literary, artistic, or educational—happened, consult Haydn's Dictionary of Dates. It does more than give the date—it also gives the salient facts concerning the event, the date of which is chronicled. It is a record of world-happenings from the earliest time to the year 1910, with which my edition closes; and so is a wonderful time-saver. Often, instead of searching a volume of History for some fact, concerning which I wished to inform myself, or the date of which I wished to verify, I have looked the matter up under a subject heading in Haydn, and found exactly what I required.

Chambers's Book of Days is in effect yet another Dictionary of Dates. Taking, first each month, and then each day in that month, in rotation, it chronicles every important fact of which that day is the anniversary, together with matter connected with the Church Calendar, Literature, Science and Art, Antiquities, Folk-Lore, Legend, History, Times and Seasons, Weather Records, Biography, as well as Oddities of human life and character, with countless anecdotes, and such a collection of curious and fugitive knowledge as to make the Book of Days a storehouse of Miscellaneous and Antiquarian information.

Latin, Greek, and French words and phrases are so often encountered in one's reading that to possess a dictionary of these languages is a great convenience. Failing that, in the Appendix to most standard dictionaries, a list of Latin, Greek, and Foreign words, phrases, and proverbs will be found. Chambers's Dictionary, for instance, has not only a list of words and phrases from Latin, Greek, and Modern Foreign Languages, but also a Glossary of obsolete or rare words, a list of

Prefixes and Affixes, a Table of the divisions of the Aryan language (from which our English speech is mainly derived), as well as of the Celtic languages; a list of Abbreviations, an Etymology of names of places, a Pronouncing Vocabulary of Scripture proper names, and a list of Mythological and Classical names.

Unsuspected Stores of Information.

To some of us a dictionary is merely a book in which to look for an unfamiliar word. That done, we close it until again required for the same purpose. Young readers of both sexes have before now asked me where certain information is to be found, adding: "We don't seem to have a book in the house dealing with the matter." When I have shown them the information in question, in the Appendix to the dictionary, always on or near their desk, they have been surprised. Take stock, familiarise yourself with the contents of your Dictionary, not forgetting the Appendices. Often you will find, in your one volume, greater stores of information—easily accessible information—than you had suspected, or at least than you had remembered.

On Decorating the Drawing-Room

A Crocus Scheme that is Certain to prove a Success

By Mrs. GORDON-STABLES

I SUPPOSE it is because Nature has made the majority of her spring blossoms in shades of yellow that one's thoughts of decoration instinctively turn to this tint at this season of the year. Were it my fortunate portion just now to be called on to evolve a new garb for my drawing-room, yellow should certainly represent my decision. A crocus yellow it should be, and a crocus purple should likewise make its appearance in little subsidiary touches, for what more effective combination could we devise than that of a crocus bed wherein both varieties are mingled?

With the crocus scheme vaguely formulated in one's mind, one would do well first to arrive at some decision regarding the woodwork's paint. Here one feels instinctively the need of some definite feature that shall draw the two into line and obviate risk of over-coloration. Black paint will, one realises, be the right thing in the right place, especially if of the dull variety, rather than that with a glossy finish.

Yellow, if chosen in precisely the right shade of crocus, is such a sunny, satisfying colour, that I feel that the choice of a patterned paper in this tone would be a case of gilding the lily. Far preferable would be a plain paper of crocus tint, with a narrow floral bordering of mauves and purples to bring into prominence the skirting and cornice. Should you care to go to the expense of securing a panelled effect for your walls, you could create against the yellow walls a very lovely series of panels in black velvet or damask, of large or small dimensions, according to your means. sconces, pictures, or porcelain, displayed against their background, will prove in the highest degree effective, and justify the extravagance by affording practically unending wear. This velvet note may further be exploited on the mantelshelf, where, under a strip of glass, it will afford a delightful foil for any ornaments that be placed upon A black velvet cushion on the couch, posed, perhaps, between a couple of pillows in Parma violet silk, would form another effective touch. Grapes and leaves of black velvet adorning a paper basket of gilt wicker would similarly produce a unity of effect.

The Furniture.

I picture the furniture assuming a spring-like garb of flowered cretonne, deep purple as to its ground, and gaily patterned in many colours, among which the crocus yellow finds a prominent place. If a little black has been introduced by the designer in the form of stripes or outlinings, so much the better, for, as we have already suggested, this colour has a wonderful faculty for co-ordinating and reconciling the whole.

The Curtains.

Let the curtains, if possible, match your cretonnes, lest the eye be overtaxed by a superfluity of decorative details. For lining choose in one of the sun-resisting materials (the "Sunpruf," for preference) the wistaria shade, a colour which is particularly soft and harmonious. In the thirty-one inch width for casement curtains this costs 2s. 9d. a yard.

The Carpet.

I feel that it might possibly prove an embarras de richesses to counsel a repetition of the crocus theme in the carpet. Consequently I would suggest either a seamless Axminster or a good quality of Wilton, carried out in the Persian effects that are now so much in vogue, and which have the ment of suiting themselves to a great variety of decorative schemes. They are faithfully reproduced from old Persian designs, are made in a large variety of sizes, and range in price from £10 to something in the Should you neighbourhood of £40. eventually decide to reorganise your crocus drawing-room, you will not find that such a carpet puts any difficulties in your way.

The Pictures.

Water-colours framed in gold will look excellently against your yellow paper or your velvet panels, and if you care to develop the gilt theme in other connections, you will have the satisfaction not only of being in the fashion but also of securing an effective result. Occasional chairs of gilt wood with caned seats are no longer extravagantly priced, while afternoon tea-tables of gilt wicker are similarly reasonable.

For the standard lamp, which I would like of black lacquer, I would recommend the "Corbeille" shade, hand-painted in a design of fruit and flowers upon alternate panels of yellow and orange. By placing one's colour scheme in the hands of the firm who produce this shade, one can have the purple or mauve note suitably introduced.

Some Minor

When it comes to the choice of the minor details, remember that some delightful bowls and vases are being reproduced just now from the amethyst glass that was so popular in our grandmothers' days. If one can pick up here and there an old finger-bowl or Georgian flower-vase of the original puce tint, so much the better.

The crocus room will afford one a delightful range of choice in flowers. I can see bowls of violets, clumps of purple iris, and great sheaves of daffodils and narcissus adorning the tables and shelves with great beauty of effect. Within a stand of gilt wicker I would have the spring bulbs giving promise of the fulness of summer ahead of us; purple hyacinth and golden jonquils heralding the rich store of blossoms that soon will fill garden and hedgerow.

Having once mapped out one's plan of action, one will keep a wary eye on the shops for final touches. One day one will find, perhaps, a string of purplish beads (wooden or glass, it matters not) with which to loop back the window curtains; another day one will light on a candle shade of vellow parchment, decorated in purple grapes. On a third one may discover a scrap of mauve brocade with which to fashion a runner for the piano (a narrow gold braid forming its discreet bordering); but these little niceties one must leave to time. The room that is finished all in a hurry is the room that lacks the individual touch, for rooms must be slowly built up, just as friendships must gradually be brought to fruition. I never envy the folk who have so much money at their disposal that they can afford to sally forth and gratify all their desires at one fell swoop. Those who have to take time to ponder ere they expend their exiguous pocketmoney, are, as a rule, those who make the fewest mistakes.

But if you would like to know where you can purchase any of the items mentioned, write to the Editor, enclosing a stamped addressed envelope for reply.

All letters to the Editor needing a reply must be accompanied by a stamped addressed envelope. All pattern orders must be accompanied by a remittance including postage

Italian Crochet on Tea and Sideboard Cloths

THE crochet of these pieces is called Italian because, to make it, photographs of rare Italian needle laces were copied as closely as possible in crochet Ardern's Crochet Cotton No 30 was used for these, but if a rather finer effect is required, use No 40 A steel crochet-hook as fine as possible to produce a fairly tight stitch is essential to the beauty of the work, and a pleasing result is obtained by using the crochet wrong side out To make up the pieces, an oyster-white linen towelling in close weave, eighteen inches wide and without border of

any kind, was chosen Old bleach linen made, * turn, in chain loop next to would be very suitable

The Square Cloth

For this piece three forty five inch lengths of towelling were used enough being cut off from the outer side of the outer strips to make the cloth square

The Beading

This joins the strips, and is worked as follows Ch 8, 1 tr in first chain made * Turn, ch 1 3 d c in hole turn, ch 5 tr in d c first made Repeat from * for needed length

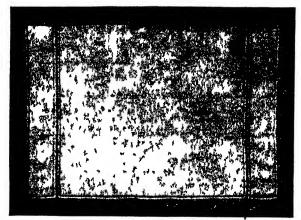
The edges of the cloth have an eighth inch hem hem stitched with coarse linen thread Crocheted edging was oversewn to it

The Edging

Work as instructed for beading at each corner making 8 ch for the hole instead of 5 ch and dc instead of tr Along the outer edge of beading make I d c in each hole, 3 ch between for 5 holes. and for 6th hole work as follows With d c in 5th hole ch 6 turn, skip 3 ch, I treach in next 3, d c in next hole and repeat from beginning round In working corners make an extra 3 ch and an extra d c in corner hole, and so arrange spacing that pattern will come alike at both sides of corner

The Wide Insertion at Centre.

This insertion is about seventeen inches square. To make it, ch 22, I dtr (winding three times over needle) in first chain



A SIDEBOARD

treble make 3 d c, 6 tr, 3 d c

and Row -Turn, ch 17, catch in 5th ch from needle for a picot, and in such manner that loop hangs down ch 5, catch in d c first made in preceding row

3rd Row -Turn, 5 d c in loop before picot, 5 d c after picot, then turn and make 1 d c in each d c

4th Row -Turn ch 12 I dtr in dc first made in preceding row

5th Row -Turn, in loop make 3 d c. 6 tr, 3 d c

6th Row -Turn, ch 17 and picot, ch 5, catch in first d c made in preceding row

7th Row -Turn, 5 d c in loop before picot, 5 d c after picot. On this row work 5 rows of 10 d c each, then ch 12, 1 d tr in 1st d c made in preceding row, and repeat from * until enough insertion has been made for one side of the square, ending with a d c block Make a similar strip for each side, and overhand corners together, the starting chain of one strip against side edge of final rows of preceding strip Whip insertion in place upon cloth, cut linen away behind it, and finish cut edges with a rolled hem

Some crochet workers, because of the individuality of their work. may find it necessary to change the number of chain stitches in the various bars, or to give one twist more or less to the treble The essential thing is to keep the work flat

The Sideboard Cloth

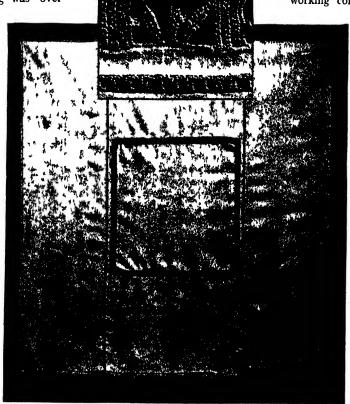
The finished cloth measures seventeen by twenty-four inches, the end sections three inches deep Each section is finished with a hem as described for the tea cloth, and they are joined with beading also described for that piece

The Edge.

Make enough beading to go round, working corners as instructed for tea

cloth Then along the outer edge work as follows 3 dc in each hole and I d c in end of each bar until 6 holes have been filled After last de in 2nd hole ch 5 and catch, for a picot After 6th hole turn, ch g, catch in 8th d c from needle, turn, in new loop make 2 d c, picot, 2 d c, picot, 3 d c, picot, 2 d c, picot, 2 d c Work along heading until 5 holes more have been filled, turn, and make a loop as be fore, in it working 2 d c and picot alternately until 2 picots and 6 dc have been made

Turn, ch 18, catch in centre of first loop, turn and twice make 2 d c and picot in new loop, after and picot make 9 d c. turn, ch 9, catch in 7th d c from needle, turn, in new loop make 2 d c, and picot alternately until 4 picots and 10 d c have been made, then continue in



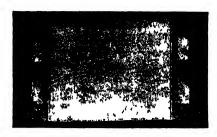
A SOUARE TEA

With detail of the Insertion and the Beading enlarged.

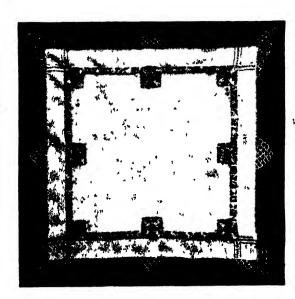
Italian Crochet on Cloths

large loop with 1 d c, picot, 2 d c, after 2nd hole; then make a loop like starting this edge the holes of heading with 2 d c at loop, to complete it. Work centre instead of 3 d c, and repeat along 6 holes of heading with a picot from beginning all round. Before come alike.

Here are some further examples of Table Linen decorated with Italian Crochet; but we are not aupplying directions. Any advanced worker will be able to develop the ideas from study of the pictures.

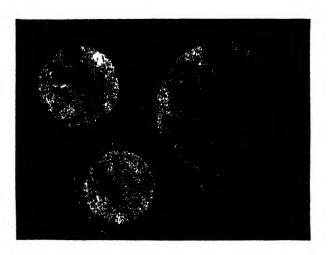


Above is an oblong Place D'oily to go with Centrepiece below. It measures 111 inches by 142 inches. The shape is a pretty novelty, and makes an agreeable change from the ever-present circular d'oily. The linen is hem-stitched, with a very narrow hem all round; the insertion and medailions and pyramids correspond with those on the Centre below.

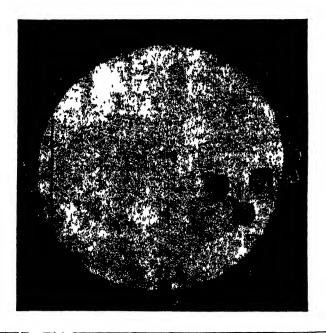


The Centrepiece above is 20 inches square. It has crochet insertion with aquare medallions; and a very attractive feature is the pyramid of loops covered with d c, which finish the edges. The corners of the Centre are hem stitched. Good designs for medallions and insertion will be found in "Distine ive Crochet," pages 60, 100, 103, etc.

Published at this office. Price 2s. 6d. net; by post 2s. 10d.



The Centrepiece of this set is 20 inches in diameter, and as the linen used was but 18 inches wide, a small piece was joined at one side with a strip of beading worked as described on the previous page. Dc round the edges of the d'oilies, then divide each into 8 points, a large scroll-motif being placed beyond the edge at the 4-quarter points, and smaller motifs midway between the larger ones. The irregular manner of placing the medallion insets at one side is very pretty and uncommon. When a motif is in the centre of the d'oily, it is so often hidden by the tumbler or vase that is placed upon it; but in this design the work has more chance of being seen.



Tatting a Trim for Under Things

THE statches and abbreviations are as follows:— $\mathbf{Ch} = \text{chain}$; $\mathbf{r} = \text{ring}$, $\mathbf{p} = \text{pacot}$, $\mathbf{d} = \text{double statch}$.

Use Ardern's No. 30 Crochet Cotton.

An Edging for an Envelope Chemise.

With No 40 Crochet Cotton, ch 10 p separated by 2 d s. Ring 3 p separated by 2 d s, join to first p of ch, 3 p separated by 2 d s, close. * Ch 7 d s, p, 7 d s

Turn work over, leave $\frac{1}{8}$ inch, ch 2, join to list p of first ch, 9 p separated by 2 d s. Ring 3 p separated by 2 d s, join in space between 2 ch, 3 p

separated by 2 d s, close Repeat from *.

This edging is used to trim top and bottom edges of envelope

de la companya de la

An Edging for an Envelope Chemise.

or step in, and, if liked, a row of ch st can connect the single picots to form an edge to sew on

by. To form the insertion, two rows of edging are joined as shown by the detail.

A Camisole Yoke.

The camisole top, so called, consisting of a straight band with narrow shoulder straps, has become a favourite style by 2 d s, join to bottom of next r and repeat from * 3 times. This will make a square figure. Turn, and ch 9 p separated by 2 d s;

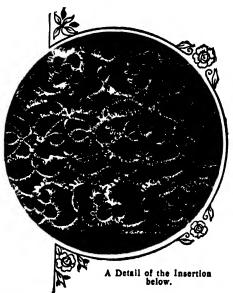
r 6 d s, join to 8th p of 1st ch in square figure, r 6 d s, close; ch like last. Repeat from beginning, joining the square figures together by the 8th p of ch. Make the desired length for camisole and join the last square figure to the first one. The illustrated camisole yoke is 36 inches in length' and there are 39 square figures in it.

Tie shuttle and ball thread together and join to the top of a square figure between

the 2 ch, and • ch 9 p separated by 2 d s; r 6 d s, Join to 8th p of ch in square figure, 6 d s, close. Repeat from • round the yoke,

For the

Tie ball and shuttle thread together and r 5 ds, 3 p separated by 5 d s, 5 d s, close; * ch 5 p separated by 2 d s, join to 1st p of r just made, and repeat from * till there are 4 ch, joining each ch to the next free p of r and 4th ch to bottom of r. Turn, ** ch 3 p separated by 2 ds, join to 5th p of a ch of the band of square

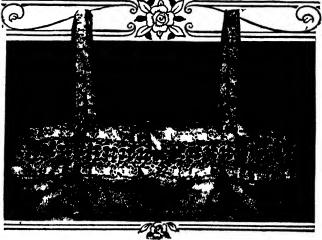


for chemises and vests as well as the garment from which it takes its name. This one has a beading on both edges and shoulder straps to correspond, through which are run pink satin ribbons, matching in colour the crêpe-de-chine used for the body of the garment. About 4 yards of ½-inch ribbon are needed.

A Detail of the Edging

All ch in which there are picots begin and end with 2 d s

Wind shuttle with thread and without cutting * r 12 d s, p, 12 d s, close, ch 13 d s, and repeat from * till there are 4 r and 4 ch, joining r to p of 1st r, and 4th ch to bottom of 1st r. * Ch 11 p separated



A Camisole Yoke.

figures just finished, ch 3 p separated by 2 ds; r 10 ds, p, 10 d s, close; ch 3 p separated by 2 d s, join to 5th p of next ch on band of square figures, ch 3 p separated by 2 d s, join between 2 r of figures; repeat from ** round yoke. Tie the ball and shuttle thread together and join to the single r between ch, ch 7 p separated by 2 d s, join between 2 r, another ch of 7 p, join to next single r and repeat round outer edge. Finish other side of band in the same way.

For the Shoulder Straps.

Tie ball and shuttle thread together and * r 10 d s, p

Tatting a Trim for Under Things

10 d s, close; ch 7 p separated by 2 d s; make a small square figure like the one used in edging; ch 7 p separated by 2 d s, and repeat from * to the desired length of strap. In illustrated yoke there are 12 small square figures and 12 plain r.

Tie ball and shuttle thread together and join to p of 1st plain r made in shoulder strap, * ch 7 d s separated by 2 d s, join to top of next small square figure (between the 2 ch), and repeat from * the length of the strap.

In joining the straps to the yoke, join them right above the small square figures in the edging. In illustrated yoke there are 8 small square figures between the straps in both front and back, not including the figures over which the straps are attached. Of course, it depends upon the size of the yoke how far apart the straps should be, and one can use her own judgment concerning this matter.

Run the ribbon through both edgings and shoulder straps so that only the square figures show, the plain r being underneath.

A Crochet Collar in Daisy Design

To make this collar, two balls of Peri-Lusta "Pearl Knit" No. 12 and a size 4 crochet-hook are required.

Abbreviations.

Ch = chain; **tr** = treble; **d c** = double crochet.

First work the border of daisies, making 28 for the inner row, joining the middle picot of a petal of one flower to the middle picot of a petal of next, leaving one free petal on the inner side, and two on the outer edge all along.

The Daisy Edge.

* 6 ch, join, 3 ch, 19 tr, join evenly;
* 6 ch, miss 3 tr, 1 d c in next; repeat
from * 4 times. Into each loop work
3 d c, 3 ch, 3 d c, 3 ch, 3 d c, 3 ch, 3 d c;
finish off.

After making the 28 daisies for the inner edge, make another, join it between 2nd and 3rd daisies of previous row (see illustration).

Join another in the same way between the 4th and 5th flowers. Continue all round.

For the Corners.

1st Row.—Work 3 daisies, placing them between the four corner flowers (see illustration).

2nd Row.—Join 2 daisies between 3 flowers of previous row.

3rd Row.—Join 1 daisy between 2 daisies of previous row.

The Filling.

Commence always on the right-hand side, and fasten off the thread at the end of each row.

1st Row.-Join cotton to 1st picot of 1st petal; * 7 ch, 1 picot (d c in 5th from hook), 7 ch, 1 picot, 2 ch, 1 d c in 3rd picot of petal; 2 ch, ** cotton over twice, insert hook in picot of next petal, cotton over, pull through, cotton over, work off 2 loops, cotton over, work off 2 loops more. Cotton over twice, insert hook in same hole, cotton over, pull through, cotton over, work off 2 loops, cotton over, work off 2 loops more: I tr in same hole, work off loops in twos, but last three together; repeat from ** in next picot of next flower; 2 ch. I d c in next picot; repeat from * all round collar, excepting between 7th and 8th flowers (which form a corner); when, after 2 leaves, 2 ch, 1 d c, work 2 picot loops, with d c in 3rd picot of petal of 7th flower, 1 ch, 1 d c in 1st picot of 8th flower, and continue as usual. Work between 21st and 22nd flowers in same way.

2nd Row.—Join between picots of 1st loop, 2 picots, I leaf, as in previous row, between 2 leaves, 2 loops of

2 picots, I leaf between 2 leaves, continue to corner, miss last 2 leaves, and work I leaf into last picot loop of front and I leaf into 1st picot loop of back, miss next 2 leaves, continue to 2nd corner, then up side.

3rd Row.—Join between picots of 1st loop, working loops all round, and I leaf in each of 2 corner loops of each side

Work 4 more rows in the same way. The next two rows are worked in the corners only.

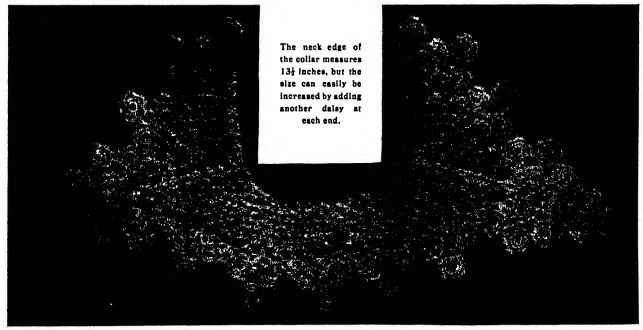
8th Row.—Join cotton to 4th loop before corner; 2 picot loops, with 1 leaf in each of 2 corner loops, 3 picot loops.

9th Row.—Join to 4th loop before corner, 3 picot loops, corner as usual, 3 picot loops. Work 2nd corner in the same way.

noth Row.—Join to 4th loop before right-hand corner, 2 corner leaves, continue picot loops to next corner, 2 leaves, 3 picot loops.

11th Row.—Join to 3rd picot loop before corner, * 5 ch, I d c in next picot loop, repeat from * all round, finish in 3rd picot loop past 2nd corner.

12th Row.—Join to 1st picot of 1st flower, 2 d c, 1 ch behind picot, 2 d c into each picot loop, 3 d c, 4 ch, 3 d c into each plain loop



Chapters XI. and XII. He was such an Understanding sort of Person, Rosemary said

By L. G. MOBERLY

"I RAN in to consult you. I really feel puzzled myself what is best to do."

"Best to do about what?" Hester Lethbridge glanced at her visitor with a twinkle in her eyes; she had a shrewd suspicion that behind Miss Strangeways' earnestly expressed desire of advice there probably lurked an insatiable longing to impart gossip. This was not the first time that Miranda Strangeways had come to the Orchard to consult her neighbour about what was "best to do."

"Well, you see "—Miss Strangeways' gaze shifted a little under the humorous look in Hester's eyes—" well, you must own the situation is tather difficult and puzzling."

"What situation?" Hester Lethbridge's brows drew together. "I don't really know yet what the subject is about which you wish to consult me."

"Now, isn't that exactly the silly sort of thing I should do?" Miss Strangeways giggled. "Silly little me! You know I don't believe I ever shall grow up properly and feel like anything but a girl." And the middle-aged spinster who, whatever her feelings, undoubtedly looked all her sixty years, wagged her head roguishly and giggled again. "Silly little me!" she repeated, as though the expression gave her some satisfaction. "My mind was so full of what I was going to ask you that I suppose I felt sure you would know all about it too. Well, dear Miss Lethbridge "she dropped her voice-" I felt I must ask you what you mean to do about calling at the Manor. The position is so peculiar."

"Peculiar? Why?" Hester's delicately-pencilled eyebrows were raised again.

"Well, Mr. Sterndale has been in prison, and all that," Miss Strangeways said vaguely; "but perhaps you knew him and his wife when they were here before? Perhaps they are old friends?"

"No; I have only been here ten years. I didn't know the Geoffrey Sterndales before. But whether I knew them before or not, I should certainly call on her now. And I don't see why the fact that Mr. Sterndale was imprisoned upon a false accusation should make the position so very peculiar. He was absolutely innocent!"

"It all seems so queer and unusual," Miranda Strangeways answered, with another of those giggles which made her such a trial to some of her acquaintances.

The two women were sitting in Hester's small drawing-room—" that abode of peace," as a friend had called it—and its atmosphere was one of complete restfulness. Through the open diamond-

paned window you could see a strip of sunny garden, bright now with all the loveliness of early May, and beyond the garden the eye swept over a vast blue distance of plain and field and woodland, reaching out to dim hills on the horizon. But the peace of Hester Lethbridge's room did not solely depend upon the outside view, wonderful and inspiring as that view was. About the room itself there hung an indefinable sense of serenity. The furniture was chiefly of old oak, which harmonised exactly with the soft green of the walls plain colour-washed walls-upon which every picture showed to advantage. The chairs were built for comfort and did not creak; the colours of carpet and curtains and chintzes were all harmonious; there were books everywhere. and bowls and vases full of flowers. A tall glass upon the bookshelf held a great handful of rose-coloured tulips; in an earthenware jar near the window a branch of lilac was just stirred by the breeze; on the window-sill stood a bowl of wallflowers-brown and orange and palest lemon; and beside it another bowl of forget-me-nots, vividly, exquisitely blue.

Hester sat close to the window. She declared once to a friend that sitting within sight of the great landscape helped her to keep her temper when visitors were irritating; and possible it was for this reason that when Miss Strangeways finished speaking Hester's eyes turned towards the blue distance.

She had more than a suspicion—it amounted to a shrewd certainty—that her visitor was engaged in paying a round of calls with the express purpose of discussing the Manor and its inhabitants with thoroughness.

"I should think the kindest thing to do is to call as soon as possible; ignore the whole question of those sad years of prison life which Mr. Sterndale ought not to have suffered, and do all we can to make life delightful for them here."

Miss Strangeways wagged her head again, and her hat, which was already set at a very quaint angle, rocked itself into greater crookedness. She affected rather youthful hats, and their very youthfulness brought into prominence the many lines on her small wizened face, and emphasised its sallow colouring. She fought hard against the creeping on of the years, and the very effort left its marks upon her face and a certain strained eagerness in her eyes. Miss Lethbridge's face, on the contrary, showed no signs of fighting. Age was coming towards her gently, bringing no marks of strain or stress. Her blue eyes

were serene and clear; her white hair made a soft frame for her face, on which curiously few lines were visible; and the face itself gave the impression of a great inward peace.

"You take such sweet views of everything," her visitor said, with a smile which was meant to be arch, but somehow missed its object. "Some people think it would have been better, under all the circumstances, if Mr. Sterndale had let the Manor and gone to live elsewhere."

"What dreadful nonsense!" Hester exclaimed, for with all her serenity she was capable of expressing righteous indignation. "How can people talk such absurdities? One would really suppose Mr. Sterndale had committed the crime of which he was accused, instead of being an innocent man. I have no patience with gossip-mongering busy-bodies."

"Nor have I," Miss Strangeways hastened to say, ignoring the fact that she herself might be classed in that unpleasant category. "I can't bear gossip. But this was altogether such a peculiar case that I thought I must come and ask your advice."

"I see nothing very peculiar; and I hope you will take my advice," Hester replied, with a certain grimness foreign to her temperament. "For though we can hardly flatter ourselves that what we do or say will affect the people at the Manor very much one way or another, still, we can help the tide to flow in the right, and not in the wrong direction. For pity's sake don't let us set a ball of gossip rolling, or increase its size when it has begun to roll. I intend to call at the Manor to-morrow, and give the Sterndale's a warm welcome."

"Ah, you are so overflowing with the milk of human kindness," Miss Strangeways exclaimed, smiling the smile which one of her acquaintances wickedly described as "a wolfish grin." "If we were all like you the world would be a sort of Garden of Eden."

"Without the serpent?" Hester questioned, laughing her spontaneous laugh which had in it so much of girlish light-heartedness. "Well, perhaps we have it in our hands to make our immediate surroundings Gardens of Eden. Only sometimes we lay them out very badly."

For many minutes after her visitor had taken her departure Hester Lethbridge stood beside the window looking out across the plain, and trying, as she herself put it, to recover her mental equilibrium.

"For that good lady does leave me feeling as if somebody had raked over my soul with a large iron rake."

But a very few minutes' contemplation of the big distances that unfolded themselves before her eyes sufficed to restore her usual serenity, and she was turning

away from the window, when she caught sight of a puppy careering, with the irresponsible gaiety and recklessness of puppyhood, across the velvety lawn and over her cherished beds. Now Miss Hester's heart was very soft towards every dog of whatever sort or kind, and for puppies there was a most particularly warm corner, and the ball of fluff-presently to be an Aberdeen terriernow rushing at headlong speed amongst her forgetmc-nots and tulips, drew her to himself with the attraction of a magnet. She was through her window and out upon the lawn in a very few seconds, and at the same instant there appeared round the corner of the shrubbery a greyeyed and breathless girl, flushed, panting, and apologetic.

"Oh, please forgive us both!" she exclaimed. she exclaimed. "We are trespassing, Dan and I-we know it-and we are dreadfully sorry. But he is only quite a baby, you see," she added, with a disarming smile.

"I see his babyhood written large all over him," was the answer. " And he will soon find out, if he has not found out already, that this is a place where dogs are always sure of a welcome. No, I haven't one of my own," she answered the girl's quick glance round her. "I have not had the heart vet to replace my last dog friend. He was such a real friend."

"That's what Dan is going to be some day," the girl said, her eyes express-"He is ing sympathy. rather overflowing with spirits just now, but he has quite a golden little heart underneath all that bronze fluff."

The small dog hurled himself against her as she spoke, planting big clumsy paws upon her dress, and looking into her face with eyes which already began to show some of that human understanding which comes into the eyes of dogs who are the friends of mankind.

I only hope he hasn't hurt any of your flowers.

garden, and the view makes one-glad." She paused before the last word, her glance wandering over the garden to the broken wooded slopes beyond, bounded by the great plain and the far-off hills. "It looks like a big stretch of sea," she This is such a lovely 'said. "And I like those hills—they are



"I FRIT I MUST ASK YOU WHAT YOU MEAN TO DO ABOUT CALLING AT THE MANOR. THE POSITION IS SO PECULIAR."

Drawn by Harold Copping.

so soft and grey. I believe I shall love them some day as I love our Elephant Mountains."

Your Elephant Mountains?" Miss Hester looked with a smile into the girl's dreamy face.

"Oh, I believe father is right when he says I talk at random." The girl laughed a happy little laugh. "We used to live in the South of France, mother and I, and from our house there we could see mountains that were blue-grey like an elephint's hide, and we always called them the Elephant Mountains. And I think Dan and I ought to tell you who we are, after horseing so rudely into your garden. I am Rosemary Sterndale, and Dan is my dog, and we've just come to the Manor."

"I thought I recognised you" Miss Hester's hand touched the zirl's shoulder. "I saw you the other day turning into the Manor gates as I came out of the village; I want to go and see Mrs Steradale if I may, and if she is ready for visitors."

" Please come!" Rosemary exclaimed eagerly. her eves lighting up as they rested on Miss Hester's peaceful face. "And we are quite ready for visitors I never saw any house like the Manor before," she added. "It is

like a lovely fairy-tale house, and Marie - my old nurse-keeps on saying under her breath: 'Ah! que c'est belle, que c'est belle.' I don't believe she realised there were such houses in the world. And the garden is part of the fairy tale too, not a hillside garden like yours with that wonderful view, but the kind of garden in which the past seems all alive again."

"The Manor House garden has a very jong past; no wonder it makes that past live for you."

"I was named after the rosemary bushes along the flagged pathway," the girl said softly; "but I can't make up my mind whether I like that piece of sunk garden best, or the sunny corner where the rose-trees grow, or the wild bit under the apple trees, where there are blubells in the grass. Dan has got himself thoroughly disliked by old Miles, the head gardener. He has no respect for plants or gardeners."



PLUM BLOSSOM: ONE OF SPRING'S EARLY MESSENGERS.

" Small folks of Dan's age seldom have. Respect for everything has to be gradually instilled into them by quite painful processes."

Dan, sprawling on the grass with lolling tongue and widespread paws, flapped his tail as if in assent, and he flapped it with increased vigour when Miss Hester stroked his shaggy head.

" He and I will be friends."

"I think you are very nice to make friends with a person who treats your garden with such outrageous disrespect." Rosemary laughed. "And oh, please, don't you think you could come back with me now and see mother and father? Come to tea with us."

'My dear, will your mother think me an outside pagan, ignorant of the ways of polite society if I do anything so unceremonious? I ought to call at proper hours with my card-case in my hand."

"Mother is not at all ceremonious."

Rosemary's clear laugh rang out again. will just think it is very friendly of you to come whenever you can manage it: she would be glad if you came back with me now. And I should like to show you the bluebells in the orchard, and introduce you to father. But perhaps you know him already?" she continued, a sudden flush mounting to her forehead.

"No-I have never met him; I have only been here ten years, so that I am more or less new to the neighbourhood."

"I think he's splendid," Rosemary said simply. "He's such an understanding sort of person."

And Hester Lethbridge, looking half-an-hour later into Geoffrey Sterndale's kindly brown eyes, was inclined to agree with his enthusiastic little daughter. There was humour in those eyes, there was a depth of quiet wisdom; but, above all, there was understanding-understanding and tolerance.

Chapter XII. Aunt Bertha.

ROSEMARY was always regretful that for her Aunt Bertha, her father's sister. she could not feel any affection. Try as she would, and she did trv very whole-heartedly, her feelings about her aunt

were not even so purely negative as to imply merely want of affection. If it had been possible for so sunny and wholesome a nature to dislike any other creature, she would almost have disliked the cold fair woman who seemed to carry about with her an atmosphere of frozen aloofness. Perhaps Miss Sterndale's attitude towards her mother stirred in the girl's heart waves of resentment which more than once nearly boiled up into active indignation; for, although Geoffrey's sister was perforce polite to Geoffrey's wife, who was furthermore her hostess, she nevertheless treated Grace with a certain cold disapproval which roused Rosemary into intense antagonism.

In Geoffrey's presence his sister infused more cordiality into her manner, but when Geoffrey was not there Bertha was, as her niece expressed it, "like somebody quite different."

"She's an icicle, Dan-just simply an

icicle," the girl exclaimed passionately, when, having hurried out of the house lest the indignation within her should actually boil over, she and Dan found themselves in a secluded corner of the garden. "And she isn't even only a passive icicle. She would like to hurt the little mother if she could; and she doesn't approve of either mother or me. But she sha'n't hurt mother if I can help it. She sha'n't! she sha'n't! The idea of looking down upon mother because she didn't happen to belong to quite such a grand family as Aunt Bertha. Pah!"

Dan, sitting upright upon the grass beside his mistress, looked at her with bright eyes, and his tail wagged intelligently.

"It's very awkward for me, you see," Rosemary went on. "After all, she is father's sister, and I think he is fond of her in a sort of way, though I believe—quite between you and me, Dan—that she makes father's soul shiver with cold. She makes me feel half shrivelled up and shivering, and half blazing with wrath. And if only she would leave off doing embroidery for one single minute, I think I could bear it better."

Dan's tail softly flopped again; his eyes met the indignant eyes of his young mistress with an expression that seemed to say: "We thoroughly understand one another."

"And Aunt Bertha will never understand either of us," Rosemary said, as though in answer to the expression of her dog's eyes. She thinks you are just a dog, Dan—a mere dog—and all the time you are a real folk, just as much a person as she is, aren't you, angel of my heart?" And she smoothed his rough bronze ears with caressing fingers, whilst his tail wagged with ecstasy.

Then all at once he stiffened; his small erect body drew itself up more erectly; for a second his teeth showed very sharp and white, and his hair bristled ominously. And at the same moment Aunt Bertha herself came towards their place of seclusion. She was very upright in build, and there was a certain rigidity about her pose as about her features. Dan gave vent to a very tiny, but unmistakable growl, as she stepped up the daisy-starred grass plot upon which he and Rosemary sat.

"My dear child, I do believe I heard you talking to that absurd dog," Bertha said in the clear incisive tones that seemed to match her clearly-cut features and upright figure. There was something as uncompromising about her voice as about her whole personality. "As I came down the path I heard you speaking. Does it never strike you as rather ridiculous to talk to a dog? And such a disagreeable snappy dog, too," she added, when Dan once more uttered a low growl.

Rosemary scrambled to her feet. Her aunt's rigid dignified form towering over her made her feel at a disadvantage.

"Dan is a friend," she said quickly.
"I always talk to Dan."

Miss Sterndale's shoulders went up with a touch of disdain.

"You really are scarcely more than a child, Rosemary. Even your year at school doesn't seem to have helped you to grow up. I suppose your mother kept you young in that foreign place where you lived."

The accent seemed to imply either that the foreign place was beneath contempt, or that Rosemary's mother had reared her in a way that was no less contemptible, and the girl's face flushed warmly.

"Mother brought me up splendidly," she said, feeling as she spoke that the words were crude and youthful, and that there was some justification for Bertha's slow smile. "But you don't like either mother or me, do you, Aunt Bertha?" she went on, some unaccountable impulse moving her to give utterance to the thought which, ever since her aunt's arrival, had been bubbling over in her mind. "You would rather we had always stayed at Dragnon, mother and I."

"You are talking like a rather foolish little girl," was the cold retort, and Bertha's eyes swept Rosemary from head to foot in a comprehensive glance which emphasised her words. "I had not seen your mother for years. We met again as comparative strangers, and you were a complete stranger. I had never seen you at all."

"But you might have seen us both." Rosemary's indignation suddenly rose to boiling-point, and boiled over. "We weren't in an inaccessible place. It was always quite easy to get to Dragnon. And I was at school in England a year—a whole year. If Mrs. Merraby could know me, why couldn't you?"

. "It seemed to me best under the circumstances," Bertha responded coldly. "You are not old enough to judge these things as they have to be judged. You will have to learn to leave your elders to judge what is expedient"

"I hate expediency!" Rosemary exclaimed impetuously, speaking with all the more impetuosity because of the smile with which Bertha's words were accompanied, the smile which, as she explained later to Dan, "rouses all the worst self inside me. You see, I can't talk about it to anybody else, my dogwog. It would hurt Mummy, and she's had such a lot of hurting in her life that, if I can help it, she sha'n't have one scrap more. And I don't want to discuss it with father." But she discussed everything else with the newly-found father,

who was so sympathetic, and that very evening a strange little conversation took place between them.

"Miss Hester makes me think quite a great deal, father," she said. "She is so very wise and loving, and she makes me want to do things."

"Do things? What sort of things?" Geoffrey paused in the act of lighting a cigarette, and looked across at the girl's thoughtful face. "What are you wanting to do, old lady? You are not getting bored?"

"Bored?" She laughed, and coming to her father's side knelt down beside him, resting her elbows on his knee and smiling up at him. "I don't believe I know the meaning of the word. I have never been bored in all my life.' Everything that happens is so interesting—I couldn't be bored. But—I don't feel as if I were doing enough now. I want "—she frowned with the effort to put her thoughts into spoken language—"I want to have some definite work of my own to do."

"But there is no need for you to work." Geoffrey's hand again lightly caressed the girl's hair. "Not only have I money enough and to spare to give your mother and you all that you want, but you are a lady of means on your own account, thanks to your godfather."

"I wish I had known my godfather," came the rather irrelevant answer.

"His letter to me always makes me wish I could have known him."

"He was a dear fellow—a very dear fellow," Geoffrey said slowly. "Only a boy when he went out to India; only a boy when he wrote that letter to you; but a boy with such infinite promise before him. I always expected a great future for David Merraby; and to think he should have been snuffed out in a frontier raid! The pity of it!"

"You see, father," Rosemary said in-

"You see, father," Rosemary said inconsequently—"you see, when I talk about work I don't mean the kind of work one has to be paid for. I mean doing something for somebody."

"Philanthropic work? What used to be called slumming? But you are too young to be running about in slums. And don't your mother and I give you enough work to do in looking after us? We should find it very hard to spare you."

He spoke lightly, but there was an undercurrent of seriousness, almost of anxiety, in his tones of which his quickwitted little daughter was aware.

"I am not going to fly away," she said. "Only—oh, father, please understand, because you understand everything. I can't help knowing that so much wants doing in the world, and that life hasn't got to be just having a good time and grabbing things for one's self; and I want to do something

to make all the suffering and hardness in the world a httle less."

"You mean you don't wish to live like an ordinary girl in an ordinary home life until you marry, as I hope some day you will"

"So do I." Rosemary still knelt beside her father, and her hands rested upon one of his hands. "But I sha'n't marry unless I can find somebody just exactly like my godfather. Nobody less splendid would do. And even if I married I should still want to do something to leave the world a better place than I found it. There was a mistress at school who talked to us about not only frittering away our lives, but making our bit of the world better."

Geoffrey's brown eyes gleamed, there was a very tender smile upon his face.

"There's not much fear of you frittering your life, as you call it But you are not hankering to go and bury yourself in a London slum and run clubs and meetings, are you? Honestly, little girl, I think you are too young for that"

"There are girls quite as young as I am who have to live in the slums all the time." Rosemary said slowly. "And please, father, don't let me have to be one of the 'kept-under-a-glass-case-all-the-time' kind. But I don't want to go away

from you and mother; it isn't that—indeed it isn't that. I would rather stay here with you both if I could have something real to do, and if "—she paused—"if you think it is best I should be here."



"NOW THAT SIMPLY SHOWS HOW DREADFULLY LITTLE YOU KNOW."

"Best you should be here?" Her father looked puzzled.

"Yes." She spoke with hesitation.
"Sometimes I wonder—I just wonder whether you and mother would be

better by your two selves. You have so many years to make up."

There was a touch of worldly wisdom in the words, and more than a hint of wistfulness in voice and manner, and Geoffrey flung away his cigarette and drew her two hands against his breast with a vehemence that almost startled her.

"Don't go!" he said. "It is a mistake to think we should be better without you. It is you who help us to bridge the gulf of years."

The sound of approaching footsteps heralding a visitor ended the conversation at that point, but the phrase lingered in Rosemary's mind. "It is you who help us to bridge the gulf of years." And the words gave substance to a little haunting sense of misgiving which had more than once assailed her. During those long years which had separated her father and mother, had they drifted too far apart ever to find again the unity and the joy of their first short married life? That they loved each other Rosemary could not doubt, but even her loyal soul could not fail to realise that there was more than the gulf of years between them, even now that they were once more together. Years and circumstances had driven

them along differing roads; the shipwreck in which their hopes and happiness had gone down had acted upon them in curiously different ways. And it sometimes seemed to the girl who loved them both that the very

language each spoke was a strange tongue to the other.

"Father has gone on and mother has stood still." The quick thought flashed once through the girl's mind, a thought to be loyally stifled as soon as it had come. But she was conscious that underneath the apparent smoothness of their home life there lay something which was not altogether smooth or serene; so often small misunderstandings, tiny causes of friction arose, all infinitesimal in themselves, yet all tending to show that somewhere in the lute there was a rift.

"Dan, I am not sure that I ought to say it even to you," Rosemary whispered one day into Dan's softly-twitching ear. "But you are safe, and you never repeat anything I say to you. And sometimes I am half afraid they have been too long apart. They have lost their way back into each other's souls."

Her father's words: "It is you who help us to bridge the gulf of years," haunted her continually, and with an instinct surer than any actual knowledge she knew that in saying them he had, whether consciously or unconsciously, made a definite appeal to her, and her response to the appeal was a characteristic one.

"Father," she said, on the morning after their conversation, when she and her father were making their daily tour of the gardens and stables, "I've been thinking quite a great deal, and I've got an idea."

"Have you, old lady?" Geoffrey pressed the arm he held. "Let me share it if it is really a good one."

"I believe it is quite a good one, but you mustn't laugh and say it is crude. You see, in a way, I can't help being crude, because I'm so new! And I'm especially new to all the ways of English homes. But this is my idea, father—why can't I help you with the business of the estate, just as I should have done if I had been a boy instead of a girl?

Why can't I learn about gardening and farming and cottages and drains, and all the thousand things you have got in your mind all the time, even though you so seldom speak about them."

"How do you know they are in my mind all the time, you small witch?"
Geoffrey squeezed her arm more closely.

"Because you burst out with them sometimes as if they were brimming over out of your mind, and then you pull yourself up and change the subject quite suddenly."

"Because I feel I am boring your mother and you. I can't expect either her or you to be interested in the fattening of pigs, or the water-supply in Widow Grotes' cottage."

" Now that simply shows how dreadfully little you know." Rosemary stopped in the middle of the path, and seizing the lapels of her father's coat shook him gently. "You fancy that all I want is to sit and do embroidery, or whatever you imagine girls like doing, and you believe I shall be satisfied if I arrange the flowers and write mother's letters, and drive out in the car andjust potter. Well, those things will never satisfy me-never, never, never!" She spoke impetuously, and with an earnestness that could not fail to impress her hearer. "Perhaps girls are different now from what they used to be," she went on, linking her arm into his again and pacing on along the path. "I believe there are new feelings in the air, and we can't be content nowadays to do little pottering things, and never really put our shoulders to the wheel. Let me put my whole energy into helping you with Widow Grotes' water-supply and all the rest. It won't prevent me from doing what mother needs. It will only prevent my feeling frittery. Let me learn everything, even though Mr. Marriott is your agent. Teach me about it all."

"I believe there is a good deal of sense in what you suggest." Geoffrey

spoke slowly, after a few moments of consideration. "After all, some day this place will be yours. You are my only child. It will be yours."

"I'm tremendously glad," Rosemary said fervently. "I love every bit of the place—every single bit. I feel as if I were a part of it, or it were a part of me, I don't know which."

"And if you marry, your husband will, I hope, be content to settle down here when your mother and I have gone. I should like to think that your children, and your children's children will call the Manor House home."

"Perhaps I shall never marry. You see, father, it's just as I told you yesterday. I am going to be very particular. If I can't find a man like my godfather, I don't believe I shall find anybody. The man I marry will have to be weighed in the balance against my godfather, and if he is found wanting he won't do. I wish you had seen the stranger who came to Dragnon when you and mother were away," she added, with what seemed to her father extraordinary inconsequence.

"But what has he to do either with poor David Merraby or with the 'not impossible he' who may yet please your fastidious taste?"

"My fastidious taste has been formed by the most wonderful letter any girl ever had from a godfather. I couldn't care about anybody with lower ideals than those. And—I don't know what made me all at once remember the stranger. He was so gentle, and I was so sorry for him, and there was something in his voice which made me feel as if I would do anything to help him, and his eyes were so sad, and yet——"

"And yet?" her father repeated, when the sentence broke off.

"And yet through the sadness there was a kind of light that made you glad." To be continued.

The Watchers

"And must I lie with aching limbs and head, While all the household slumbers peacefully?"

"Art thou too weary, then, to watch," He said,

"Just for an hour with Me?

"Be comforted. Thou shalt not watch alone,
My heart thy pain and all the world's must bear.
My arms can reach thee in the darkness drear,
My fingers find thine own."

"Dear Comforter!—Thou shalt not watch alone, If Thou wilt let my love Thy vigil cheer."
"He cheers My watch, who burns the lamp of prayer."
"O Lord, Thy will be done.

"I pray for all who lie in pain to-night,
I lift their sorrow on my heart to Thee,
Perchance Thou smilest, looking down, to see
My lamp of prayer alight.

"I pray for all who ne'er have turned to Thee, For all who love Thee, but have lost their way; Perchance 'tis well for poor humanity

That some must wake and pray."

Doris Canham.

In the Big Outdoors

The Seed

This is the seed time of the year. Into the mellow ground of spring are dropped the tiny seeds. The rich warm earth is pressed about them. The warm sun and the bountiful rain fall upon the ground. The seeds swell and burst into life. A tiny green banner waves bravely through the crust. A stem forms. The stalk puts forth its leaves and its buds. The buds become blossoms, and finally ripe fruit is pendant from the stalks.

Life is the parable of the sower. You reap what you sow. That principle is as sure and absolute as the rising of the sun. The harvest is always certain, although sometime, in the days of storm and stress, we are impatient and doubtful.

It takes many years sometimes for the fruit of our

seed time to develop and ripen. William De Morgan was past seventy before he wrote Somehow Good Henry Ford was forty-six when he began making motor-cars.



TIRED BUT

Photo by J. L. Cato.

Joseph Conrad at thirtyseven had but one manuscript to show for twenty years of labour. There are innumerable instances of men and women for whom the harvest seemed delayed. But the seed had been sown, and it grew, and finally the fruit ripened and the harvest came. Just as to-day you are sowing the seed, perhaps not for wealth or fame, or for any special distinction, but the seed of health and happiness, a good name, a pleasant home, and friendship and respect, and sometime, be it early or late, your harvest will come.

HIRAM M. GREENE.

So Restful!

Yes, it's so restful!" declared Mrs. Chatemdown, as she followed the quiet Misses Tiredouts up the shady path. "So full of hush and quietude and peace! And one

can look at the river and forget everything discordant! I should no more dream of dragging in the price of eggs—three-three in the market yesterday, by the



"SCENTING DANGER."

A Competition Photo by H. Essex,

In the Big Outdoors

smashed the bottle

of tea and upset the

biscuits and buns!

The jam-pot has

rolled into the

river! Never mind! Thank you, I will

borrow your hand-

kerchiefs to bathe

my foot and tie

round my knee. I

wonder what hap-

pened to my knitting? I fancied I

put it in the bottom

of the bag. I al-

ways knit when I go

away for a country

jaunt-it's so restful! Just look at

those dear birds in the fir tree: aren't

they full of repose?

'They're squirrels,

and it isn't a fir

tree,' did you say?

way, Clara. Isn't it scandalous?--or the doings of Rebecca—a worry from morning to night, and wants a rise !--whilst looking on this happy little river - scene, than I should think of talking scandal in the vicinity of a church!"

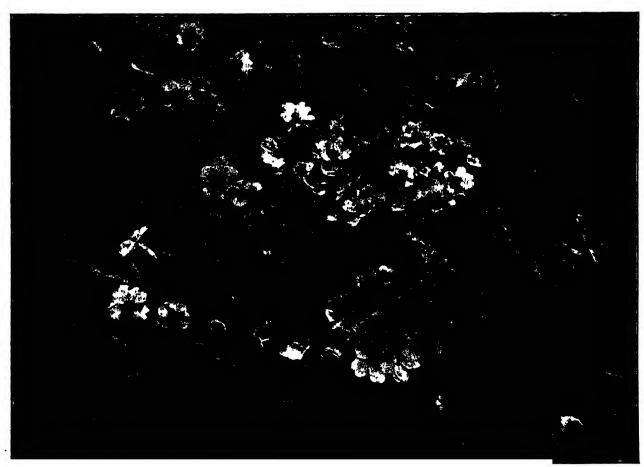
Here Miss Chatemdown falls over the root of a tree and deposits the contents of a paper hold-all on the moss.

"Please don't bother about me! I've sprained one ankle a little, and bruised my knee; there's a bit of skin off my elbow, and, well, my hands are



eyesight. Ah, there's the ball of wool under the gorse

A Competition Photo by II. E. Harding. A TIMID LITTLE I RIEND. Well, that's the fault of defective full of thorns! I caught at the bramble-bush, you see, bush! 'Purl one, knit two; repeat four times; then Clara, hoping to break my fall. What a pity I've



BUT MEATH THE RUIN OF WITHERED BRAKE FRIMROSES NOW AWAKE."—R. Bridger.

Photo by W. M. Dodson.

In the Big Outdoors

purl six, turn, and knit ten plain, drawing your needle tightly. That's how the pattern goes. You've neither of you brought your work? Well, I am surprised! So soothing! Seems to blend with the sanctity of hush and humming of the bees, I think! But there, I've dropped a stitch. What a nuisance! Your sight is better than mine, Clara, I wonder if you'd put down that garish bit of marsh-marigold and just see where I've made the mistake. I know it was somewhere between the 'repeat four times.' Did you hear that dove cooing overhead? So slumbrous, isn't it, to hear doves cooing? I do hope Rebecca took two loaves this morning, or we shall be eating new bread on

Thursday. My knee is just beginning to smart, and I know my ankle is swelling. What a price coal is to be sure. We're using oil. What a glorious scent of aromatic verdure comes wafting over that meadow. And how soul-stilling is the entire absence of sound, isn't it? I said to Rebecca this morning, 'Rebecca,' I said, 'I'm going into the solitude of silence for awhile. I shall come back spirit-calmed and refreshed!' But you're both of you looking fagged and weary!"

"We are fagged and weary," groan the Misses Tiredouts. "We're tired to death!"

"Ah, how true it is that we get out of life just what we put into it!" sighed Mrs. Chatemdown. "Now I, except for my foot and knee and hands and elbow, am as fresh as a daisy—and so rested!" L. GARD.

The Flower of Hope and Sunshine.

Nature, unlike man, does not restrict output in order to enhance value. That is done with diamonds by those who own diamond mines, but not with flowers. With Nature, rarity is not a basis of value. Her precious things are most widely bestowed, so that, finding some common thing, the presumption is it is probably precious.

The truth of this is frequently forgotten, and in appraising the worth of things we judge by human judgment. We supply the same test to flowers as we do to diamonds. And too often things that are common, though they be uncommonly beautiful, are despised. Because they are plentiful they are little esteemed.

The Water Cart

When I grow up, I mean to start
In business with a water cart,
And carry along the dusty way
A great big fan of silver spray,
And listen all day to the splashing sound
And sniff the smell of the moistened ground.

The children, tumbling out of school, Will dip their legs in the fountain cool, And shout and squeal and hoot with glee, And leave their marbles to follow me, And I'll take it all in very good part When I'm a man with a water cart.

And if there's a boy there, merry and bold, I'll give him the horse's rains to hold, Or let him sit and dabble his feet, Or share the things I've brought to eat—Some tea in a can and a raspberry tart—When I'm a man with a water cart.

DORIS CANHAM.

So stated, such judgments seem foolish. They are foolish, and none the less so because frequent.

Among many other wayside flowers, the dandelion has suffered through these false estimates. It is commonly held to be worthless. This traditional prejudice is sown from heart to heart, even from age to age. The thing is dismissed as merely a weed, and we pass by on the other side.

Even children who love daisies have little friendliness for the dandelion. Yet in beauty and intelligence it is not inferior to any of the wild flower gifts of Nature. The dandelion's gold by the way-side is as pure a refreshment to the eye as the bluebell of the woods. Never have I seen them

more numerous in our parts than in the spring of last year. They made our narrow by-ways a veritable joy to pilgrims, radiant with their bright presences. No dust obscured their beauty or choked their songs—songs of hope born of sunshine.

For, many as are the heralds of spring, none is more confident and reassuring than this child of the year's dawn. Erect, unhidden she proclaims the good news, her tones clear, decided, unhesitant.

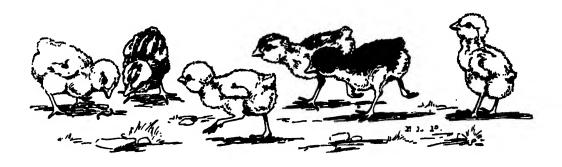
Nor is that gold of youth her only gift. She has "a second and more spiritual inflorescence," as it has been called—the white flowering of her age and ripeness.

The eye is never wearied with those slender, almost transparent balloons anchored in the grass, among the buttercups and red sorrel and meadow sweet.

They are like globes set with stars, and hitched to each star is a seed! On any one of those light green cushions there may be a hundred tiny seeds, each in its own socket, and each fitted with a parachute, by which it migrates at last over field and wayside. Not a few delicate problems have been solved in that fairy globe, and no flower anywhere exhibits a finer intelligence than this despised weed of the wayside.

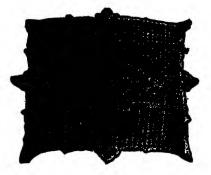
One might travel over the earth and find nothing more beautifully ingenious than this seed globe of the dandelion, as it lifts itself above the grass that the wind may play about it and bear away its seed children—whilst above, in its "privacy of light," the lark sings his accompaniment to these so silent goings.

F. GARTH.



Ideas for Combining Crochet and Linen

Fuet crochet and lace are combined with white linen in the attractive day-time bed pillow at the right. Cluny insertion across the bottom of the crochet, and the Cluny edge, give it a fascinating Frenchiness.





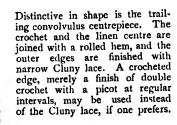
An unusual way of combining a filet panel with lace and linen on a cushion.

Above is a very simple way of making a four-inch pincushion top. The base of the latter is a square board. It is padded with cotton and covered with

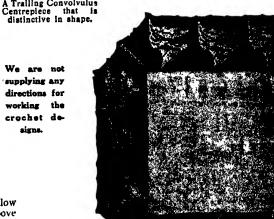
silk, and top pinned to it.

A handsome effect is achieved by adding a straight filet panel to the end of a linen side-board or table scarf.

For toilet runner of a white-and-yellow bed-room the wind-blown daisy scarf above would be charming. The sides of the scarf are hand hem-stitched, and the crochet is joined to the ends of the scarf with a tiny rolled hem.



A single motif, like the one in the cloth below, may be repeated for any size desired. Each side is worked separately, and joined on the reverse side with a diagonal line, producing a smooth even corner not always possible in filet crochet. The cut-off corners with the tiny single crochet scallops are delightful features. The other edges have no scallops, but, instead, show an occasional picot.



Wind-blown Thistles on a Small Cloth.

We are not supplying any directions for working the signs.

Supper and Breakfast Dishes for March

By SALLY ISLER

For Supper

Chicken Creole.

4 oz. cold cooked chicken, a little aspic jelly, I gill white sauce, winter salad, and salad dressing.

Mince the chicken and rub through a sieve; add to it large tablespn. stiff white sauce, well flavoured with lemon. pepper, and salt. Take a small soufflédish or mould, and coat it with aspic, pouring the aspic in while still warm, and then turning the dish quickly in your hands so that the aspic covers it all over. Occasionally dip into cold water, and in a very few minutes it will be quite hard enough to use. Put a layer of the chicken mixture in the bottom of the dish, then a laver of breadcrumbs well salted and peppered; lastly, a layer of thick white sauce and enough aspic jelly to cover in the dish. Make a winter salad from chopped celery, beetroot, cold boiled potatoes, and a little chopped parsley. Take I teaspn. salad oil and pour into it i teaspn. vinegar, a liberal supply of pepper and salt, and a small mustard spn. of made mustard. Mix all together in a spoon and allow to

overflow on to the salad. Mix thoroughly, and place in a ring on a silver dish or glass bowl. Turn the chicken creole in the centre, and serve with rolls of brown bread and butter.

To make aspic jelly: { pt. cold water, i teaspn. malt vinegar, i tablespn. tarragon vinegar, a bunch of herbs, i teaspn. peppercorns, i oz. gelatine, 4 or 5 cloves, 2 eggs, 2 lemons, i slice carrot and turnip, and i small onion.

Wash the eggs and crush the shells, whip the whites, but not too stiff. Peel lemons and squeeze out the juice. Put all the ingredients into a saucepan and whisk briskly until they nearly boil, then allow to boil until it reaches the top of the pan. Remove from the fire, and stand 10 to 15 min. with the lid on the saucepan. Strain through a fine cloth.

Marrow Bones.

2 oz. flour, a little cold water, dry toast, and marrow bones.

Choose good-sized bones with a nice lot of marrow in them Have them sawn by the butcher into convenient lengths, varying from 3 to 5 in. in height, but making sure that they will stand

upright. Mix flour with a little salt and enough cold water to make into a stiff paste. Cover the ends of each bone with this thick paste, and boil for $\frac{1}{2}$ hour. If steamed, allow I hour. Remove the paste before sending to table, and wrap a clean serviette round each bone. Serve with each a marrow fork or small spoon, or a lobster pick.

Canadian Steak.

½ lb. lean beef, I onion, I teaspn. chopped herbs, I egg, pepper and salt to taste.

Put the meat and the onion through the mincer, using a coarse cutter first, and then the very finest cutter. Beat the egg well, add the seasoning to the meat and onion, and, lastly, the egg. Mix thoroughly and form into small balls, which flatten with your hand or a wooden spoon. Fry carefully in butter for 5 min. before turning. Then fry for 3 min. on the reverse side. Drain, and serve very hot on rounds of buttered toast or fried bread.

Cod-fish Custard.

2 or 3 lb dried salt cod, 2 eggs, ½ pt. milk, 1 tablespn. flour, seasoning.



TWO PRACTICAL DESIGNS FOR COOKING-APRONS.
No. 9305.
No. 9306.

Patterns price 8d. each, postage 1d. extra by unscaled packet post, or 2d. by letter post,

Soak the salt cod in warm water for 24 hours, changing the water twice at least. Then cook until tender in several waters, so that it may not be too salt. When the flesh is soft and well cooked, drain and place on a plate, and while still very hot remove the flesh from the skin and bones. Be very careful to remove every small bone, as these have an unlucky habit of hiding themselves in the custard. Shred the fish with a silver fork, and press in a colander to remove as much moisture as possible. Put into a large frying-pan that is fairly deep. Add the milk, and allow to simmer gently until very hot. Mix the flour with a little cold milk, and add, together with the pepper-but no salt-and stir until it thickens. Whip the eggs in a basin, and just before dishing up the fish stir them in. Stir rapidly with a spoon, but do not allow to boil, or the eggs will curdle and turn to whey. Add I teaspn. butter, and serve immediately.

The cod-fish custard should be thick and rich and creamy, and about the consistency of porridge.

Savoury Roly-Poly.

 $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. sausages, I onion, a pinch of dried sage, 4 oz. suet, I $\frac{1}{2}$ oz. flour, salt and pepper.

Chop the suet finely and mix with the flour, a little salt, and a good sprinkle of pepper. Make into a stiff paste with a little warm water, and roll out to in. in thickness. Dip the sausages into boiling water and remove the skins. Spread the meat over the surface of the paste, then a layer of finelychopped onion and a little finely-powdered dried sage. Add here and there a pinch of butter, and roll all up into a tight roll. Dampen the ends of the paste with a little milk or water, turn up, and press firmly so that they stick tightly. Wrap in a puddingcloth, well floured, and put into boiling water. Boil fully 2 hours. Turn out into a deep dish, and pour a good brown gravy round it. If liked, place several small boiled onions round the dish, and serve while very hot. This is a really delicious supper dish, and whatever of the roly-poly is left may be cut into slices and fried for breakfast.

Shoop's Head Pic.

I sheep's head, I tablespn. finely-chopped parsley, I teaspn. salt, pepper, 4 oz. flour, 3 oz. butter, a little cold water.

Wash the head well in three waters. Put into a pot with sufficient cold water to just cover it. Add I teaspn. salt and a small onion, whole. Cover closely, and cook for 3 hours, skimming carefully. Remove the head and the bones from the flesh, but allow the broth to continue boiling until it is reduced to about half the quantity. Cut the meat into small pieces, and skin the tongue, which slice finely. Place the tongue in a fryingpan with a little butter, and allow to become slightly brown. Place a layer of meat in the bottom of a pie-dish and then a little sliced tongue. Continue until the dish is full. Add a little chopped parsley, pepper and salt, and, if liked, a hard-boiled egg. Pour over about 1 pt. broth, to which a little barley or rice should be added. Make a rich paste with the flour, butter, and enough cold water. Roll out and cover in the pie. Decorate with a rose and leaves on the top, and brush over with a little cold milk. Make slits in the crust with a knife to allow of the steam coming out. Bake in a good oven for 1 hour. The broth which is left from the boiling of the sheep's head will make a good nourishing soup for another night.

Southern Custard.

3 eggs, 1 pt. milk, 5 or 6 slices raw ham.

Break the eggs into a bowl and whip them well, add the milk, and turn all into a deep pudding-dish that has been well greased. Bake in a very slow oven until the custard is thoroughly set—about I hour and 10 min. or longer. When nearly ready to serve take the ham, which should be cut into very thin slices, and grill over a clear fire, or fry in a pan with plenty of bacon fat. Lay the sliced ham on the top of the custard, pour over the bacon fat, and sprinkle with black pepper. Serve immediately.

Hot Puddings for Cold Nights Waste-not Pudding.

I lb. stale bread, I pt. milk, 2 oz. sugar, I tablespn. jam or marmalade, a few currants, 2 oz. finely-grated suet, I egg.

Put the bread, crust and crumb, into a saucepan and cover with the milk. Cook until the bread is soft and the milk just boiling, then beat it well with a fork and see that there are no lumps of bread left. Add the sugar, currants, well washed, jam, and marmalade, and all sorts will go into this pudding, and, lastly, the finely-chopped suet and the egg, well beaten. Pour into a well-buttered pie-dish, and bake in a good

oven for I hour. Serve a sweet jam or vanilla sauce with this, and a little grated nutmeg on the top.

Noncara Pudding.

4 oz. suet, 4 oz. currants, 4 oz. raisins, 4 oz. flour, and 4 oz. breadcrumbs, 4 dessertspn. treacle, ½ pt. milk, a pinch of salt.

Shred the suet, clean and stalk the currants, and stone and halve the raisins. Sift the flour with the breadcrumbs and the salt, warm the treacle on the fire. Mix the dry ingredients all together, and stir in the treacle. Lastly, pour in the milk and give a good beating with the wooden spoon. Put into a well-greased basin, and steam or boil for 4 hours.

Almond Pudding.

3 oz. butter, 3 oz. caster sugar, 2 eggs, almond flavouring, 3 oz. flour.

Beat butter and sugar until creamy and smooth. Beat the yolks and whites of eggs separately. Add the yolks to the butter and sugar, sift in the flour. Add the stiffly-whisked whites, mix carefully, and add a few drops of flavouring Pour into darioles, or small teacups, half filled. Bake in a not too hot oven for 25 min. Turn out on a warm plate and place a small ball of sweetened butter on the top of each. If liked, a jam sauce may be substituted for the butter.

Neapolitan Pancake.

This should be made a day or so after "baking day," as the cake which forms its foundation can be made with the "batch" cakes.

3 flat sandwich cakes, I tablespin. treacle, I of marmalade, I of raspberry jam, a small cup milk, I oz. flour and sugar mixed, almond flavouring, grated coccanut.

For the sandwiches make three flat cakes of a size to fit in your circular The following recipe will cake-tin. make three that will fit nicely into a 1-lb. cake-tin. One teacup sugar worked into { cup butter, add 2 eggs well beaten. Dried eggs will do admirably for this, as there are no whites specially needed. Half cup milk worked in spoonful by spoonful. Beat in slowly 11 cups flour mixed with 2 teaspn. baking-powder. Pour into three well-greased sandwichtins or saucers, and bake in a good oven for 13 to 15 min. Turn out and roll in sugar. Wrap in a cloth if not to be used at once.

Take a 1-lb. cake-tin and butter the inside well, put 1 tablespn. marmalade at the bottom, and spread with a spoon over the bottom of the tin. Put in one sandwich cake and press down. Next spread the cake with treacle and put on the second cake. Spread this with raspberry jam and cover with the third cake. Mix the flour to a smooth paste with the milk and sugar, and cook over a gentle fire until the flour is thoroughly cooked. If too thick, a little more milk

may be added. Add 4 drops almond essence and stir all well. Pour over the pancake in the tin, and bake in a slow oven for 15 min. Turn out on a hot dish upside down, and cover with grated cocoanut.

Chocolate Sponge

2 oz. butter, 2 oz. ground rice, I teaspn. baking-powder, 2 eggs, 2 oz. sugar, 2 oz. flour, 2 oz. cocoa, I teaspn. vanilla, salt.

Mix flour, salt, and cocoa together, and put through a fine sieve. Cream the butter and sugar, and add the eggs well beaten. Sift in the flour, cocoa, and salt little by little, and add I tableson, milk. Do not let the mixture be too moist, but just enough to drop thickly from a spoon. Add the vanilla, and pour into a greased cake-tin. Cover with greased paper and steam for 2 hours. Turn out and pour a thick custard round it. and place halves of glacé cherries or candied fruit of any sort at regular intervals on the top. With a little trouble this may be made a most lovely "party sweet," and if cooked in a fancy mould, and the custard coloured with cochineal, it is very attractive. Blanched almonds should be stuck all through it, and cherries or violets used as decoration. The custard wants to be very thick and rather highly flavoured, and if the cochineal is dropped in and the spoon stirred only once, a very pretty marbled effect is gained.

Syrup Pie.

2 tablespn. each sugar and flour, 2 ozs. butter, 2 small cups treacle (dark for preference), 2 eggs, 1 cup shelled walnuts, almonds, or any nuts, 4 oz. fat, 4 oz. flour, a little water.

Mix 4 oz. flour with a pinch of salt and rub in the fat; lard or butter is best, as margarine is apt to make the paste rather hard. Mix with sufficient water to make a good dough. Roll out to in thick and line a shallow tin with it. Beat the eggs and warm the treacle, sift the flour and sugar together in a basin. Cream the butter and add the eggs. Sift in 2 tablespn. flour and sugar, the nuts chopped finely, and, lastly, the treacle. Mix all together and pour into the crust. Bake for in hour or a little longer. This may be eaten either hot or cold.

Breaklast Dishes

Breakfast Tasties.

These are very useful for helping out the bacon.

4 oz. flour, ½ teaspn. baking-powder, a little milk, and a pinch of salt.

Sift the flour and the salt and the baking-powder, and mix to a stiff dough with a little milk. Roll out on a floured board to \(\frac{1}{2} \) in. in thickness. Cut with a small fancy cutter into rounds. Fry in bacon fat or lard until

Supper and Breakfast Dishes

a golden brown. They will rise very quickly, and brown almost immediately, 5 min. being ample time for the cooking. Great care should be taken to see that they do not burn, as they will do if not constantly watched. These tasties are delicious eaten with any fried dish, and with liver they are extra good when served floating in the gravy, which needs to be rather thin when they are to be cooked.

Corborb Eggs.

4 oz. liver, 3 eggs, rounds of fried bread.

Fry several rounds of bread, and set aside to keep hot. Have ready sufficient hard-boiled eggs to allow 1 egg to each person. When buying the liver choose a piece about 4 in, square and cut very thick. Slice this into as many thin slices as you have eggs. Cut off a small piece from either end of the egg, so that it will stand upright. Roll the liver in flour and wrap one piece round each egg. Fry in deep fat for about 5 min, or until the liver is cooked through. The liver should be tied round the egg with a piece of string, which must be left on when served. When cooked, set I egg on to each round of fried bread, fill the top of the liver roll with breadcrumbs, and pour 1 teaspn, hot fat over each. Serve immediately, and, if liked, with a little brown gravy from the pan. This is also delicious if, in place of the egg, a sheep's kidney is used and the liver wrapped round and rolled in breadcrumbs. Almost any scraps of meat might be formed into small balls and used as a centre for the corborb, which is really the liver, and not the eggs.

Fish Sandwiches

Any scraps of cold fish either fresh or salt, slices of thin bread and butter, bacon, frying-fat.

Cut sufficient bread and butter to make six sandwiches. Cut it 2 in. wide and 3 or 4 in. long. Take the remains of cold fish, and, with a fork, shred it into fine pieces. Add 1 oz. butter to 3 oz. fish, and mash with a spoon until it is

creamy. If salted fish is used, omit adding more salt, but if fresh fish, then add a good sprinkling of salt and a plentiful supply of pepper. Mix well, and spread with a knife thickly on the bread and butter. Put a thin slice of bacon or cold ham in between the fish, and lay I slice of bread and butter on the top of the other. Press firmly between two plates, or beat flat with a wooden spoon. Trim the edges neatly. Fry for 5 min. in dripping until the bread is nicely browned, and the fish and bacon really hot. The bacon may be omitted, but it is a great addition to the flavour of the sandwich

Baked Eggs à la Nuremberg.

This is quite a new treatment of baked eggs, and one which I heartily recommend.

4 eggs, I small onion, I tomato or mushroom, a little butter, chopped parsley.

Hard-boil the eggs and cut into round slices. Butter a small ramekin case and lay a slice of egg in the bottom. Cover with a slice of onion, one of tomato or mushroom, another of egg, and so on to the top. Add a little piece of butter about the size of a hazel-nut, and I teaspn. milk. Bake in the oven for 10 min., or under the grid for the same length of time. These sound complicated, but are really very simple, and do not take but a few minutes to make, apart from the boiling of the eggs, which could be done over-night

Haddock Fritters.

1 dried haddock, 1 oz. butter, 3 oz. flour, 2 oz. dripping or lard.

Cut the haddock into shees I in. by 3 in. That is to say, cut into I-in. strips across the width of the fish. Remove all bones carefully. Rub the slices with butter and set aside. Make a dough with the flour and dripping and a little warm water. Roll out very thinly and cut into pieces 5 in. square. Lay a piece of haddock in the centre of each, and fold over the edges, which moisten with a little milk to make them

stick. Press with a fork, and make a cut in the top to allow the steam to escape. Bake or fry for about 7 min. If the haddock is cooked beforehand, 5 min. at the outside will be sufficient to do them nicely. If liked, the fritters may be boiled in a little milk and water, but in this case the liquid must barely cover them. Sprinkle with a little chopped parsley and pile in a dish.

Hasty Eggs.

Ingredients for four people-

3 eggs, 3 slices bacon, 1 thick slice bread, anything in the way of cold potato and rice or macaroni, the more the better.

Cut the bacon into small pieces, the bread into small squares, and the potato or macaroni into as small lengths as possible. Beat the eggs well. Turn all the solid ingredients into a frying-pan with some bacon fat, and fry for a few minutes until they are hot through. Then heap them into the centre of the pan and pour over them the beaten eggs. Allow to fry for 1 min., then break with the fork and scramble in the pan. Dish up directly the eggs are cooked, and sprinkle with black pepper. If preferred, the hasty eggs may be divided and served in ramekin cases.

Sardine Fishcakes.

3 sardines, a few cold boiled potatoes, 1 dried egg, flour, and a little salt and pepper.

Remove skin from sardines, also tail and centre bone. Beat into a paste with a little of the oil from the tin. Mash the potato and mix with the sardines, add pepper and salt, and a little well-beaten egg to bind them. Form into balls, and dip in the remainder of the egg, then roll in flour and fry a nice brown.

Another Method.

Take I sardine per person, and remove the skin, tail, and centre bone. Mash the potato, and roll a sardine in whole. Dip in egg and breadcrumbs, and fry for 5 min. Both these ways are delicious, and quickly made.



Drawn by Dorothy Furniss.

Some Foreign Recipes

Sent by Readers Living Abroad

Pork and Kidney Hot-Pot.

A Recipe from Chekiang, China.

1 lb. lean pork. 2 sheep's kidneys or 1 lb. bullock's kidney.

I stalk celery. 1 tablespn. breadcrumbs. I beaten egg.

I qt. water.

1 lb. potatoes. I small cabbage. 2 turnips.

ı dessertspn. Worcester sauce or a little meat extract.

2 medium onions. 2 oz. vermicelli.

Salt and pepper.

Mince raw pork and a slice of onion. Mix with breadcrumbs, a teaspn. salt and dash of pepper. Moisten with a little beaten egg, shape into small balls, and drop into fast boiling water, simmer at side of fire for I hour. Prepare kidney, cut into slices, add these and celery stalk to the saucepan when the balls have simmered I hour; bring to the boil, add sauce or meat extract, and simmer together another hour. Meanwhile the vermicelli and vegetables should be cooked separately. A Chinese cook with plenty of utensils will cook each vegetable by itself; but it is quite easy to combine several so as to economise on saucepans. Potatoes, turnips, and onions could be cooked together; but the vermicelli and cabbage require separate saucepans. Put the vegetables on to cook when the pork balls have simmered I hour and 20 min., they will then be cooked by the time the pork balls have been on two hours. The vermicelli will take about 15 min. to cook. When cooked, strain vegetables and vermicelli and add to the saucepan containing the meat. The potatoes are cut into thick slices. Simmer 10 min., add salt and pepper to taste. Serve very hot.

In China all kinds of vegetables are added, including spinach, peas, and mushrooms, the aim being to get as many kinds as possible. Being cooked separately, each vegetable retains its individual flavour. Vermicelli is always included as an essential ingredient. When carefully cooked, this is a delicious and nourishing dish.

Πῆτα-τυρόπητα (A Savoury "Peter" or Pastry).

A Recipe from Greece

I pt. milk.

2 eggs.

3 oz. flour or semolina.

1 tablespn. butter.

6 oz. grated cheese. Some rough puff-pastry.

Put the milk in a saucepan with the butter. When hot sprinkle in flour and add the eggs (not beaten). Stir until it thickens. Take from fire, and allow mixture to become cold. Now add cheese (previously mixed with a little cold milk). Get a flat baking-tin, grease it first with butter, line with puff-paste, then a thick layer of the mixture, and cover with paste. Bake for about 1 hour in a rather hot oven, until a nice brown. Cut in diamonds, and serve garnished with parsley.

Whitebait Fritters.

Though the New Zealand whitebait differs somewhat from the British whitebait, this recipe makes a delicious fritter, no matter which fish is used.

1 pt. whitebait.

I tablespn. flour. Frying-fat.

2 tablespn. milk. 2 eggs.

ı teaspn. salt. Pepper.

Dry the whitebait in a cloth after washing. Mix flour. milk, and well-beaten eggs to a smooth batter, add salt and a dash of pepper, stir in whitebait. Have fat smoking hot in pan. Drop in the mixture in spoonfuls; fry a crisp light brown.

Rice Tafel A Recipe from Java. This is the favourite dish in the Dutch East Indies. (Rice Table).

Cocoanut (about 1 of one). lb. rice. Cucumber (,, Shrimps (about 20). t ").

Chilli. 2 crabs. 2 bananas. # pt. stock.

Hard-boiled or fried eggs. lb. meat. Pea nuts. A little chutney, if liked.

Wash the rice, then boil it in water with a little salt added first, until the grains are soft and whole-not mashed. When ready, put into a tureen.

Shrimps.—Shell the shrimps and fry in butter or other fat or oil (cocoanut oil is chiefly used out here).

Crab.—Boil the crab in water, with a little salt added first, for about & hour. When cooked, remove shell and sprinkle with vinegar; pepper and salt to taste.

Banana.—Peel the bananas and fry in butter or oil until brown.

Cocoanut.—Grate the cocoanut, add a little salt and sugar, and fry in butter or oil to a golden brown, stirring all the time. Pea Nuts.-Shell and fry in butter or oil.

Cucumber.—Slice it and place on dish, sprinkle over a little

Meat.-Mince the meat, add a little salt and pepper, and a little crumbled bread. Bind together with an egg. Make into balls or pats and fry until cooked. When cooking, place a lid over the frying-pan. Remove lid last thing in order to brown the meat.

Stock.—In the stock place a potato, a little cabbage, and any other vegetables at hand; also a little curry-powder, and a little flour (for thickening). Boil for a few minutes, add pepper and salt to taste, and pour into tureen. Wherever possible the chilli is cut finely and used Sometimes a little of the minced meat is taken and chilli added, then the meat returned into the chilli pod and fried in this way.

These dishes are all placed on the table, a little of everything taken, and mixed together in the soup-plate.

Pickled A Recipe from South Africa Soles.

3 large soles filleted. 1 dessertspn. salt.

5 medium onions. 1 tablespn. mango pickle.

4 chillies. 2 oz. curry-powder. Frying-fat. r qt. vinegar.

Heat the fat and fry the fillets a light brown. Remove from the pan and let them cool. Meanwhile slice and fry 3 onions in 1 tablespn. of the fat, add half the curry powder, 2 chillies chopped fine, I teaspn. salt, and mango pickle; stir till the onions are a golden colour and the mixture becomes thick. Moisten with a little vinegar, and let cool. Lay the fillets in an earthenware or glass jar, spreading a layer of the mixture over each. Cut the remaining onions into thin slices, simmer till soft in the vinegar, add to this the remaining chillies, curry powder, and salt; pour over the fish. Leave uncovered till cold, then cover closely for 2 or 3 days, when it will be ready for use. It will keep several weeks. Any white fish can be pickled in this way.

Pomonhas.

A Recipe from Pernambuco, South America.

r ripe cocoanut. 12 cobs of very green Pinch of salt. maize.

Scrape the cocoanut flesh and obtain liquid by squeezing

Some Foreign Recipes

flesh in a cheese-cloth. Make up to ‡ pt. by moistening flesh and squeezing again. Grate maize and squeeze in same manner. The liquid obtained will vary according to greenness of maize. Make up to ‡ pt. in same manner. Mix these two liquids and add salt. Wash twelve of the greenest leaves removed from the cob, and make twelve small bags in the following manner: fold edge to edge lengthwise, fold over the point at bottom to wide part at top. Fill each with liquid, stirring the same each time, and tie tightly at top. Plunge all into a saucepan of boiling water and boil for 15 min. Serve hot, removed from bags with a good-sized dab of butter on each. We like these for breakfast, as they go very well with café-au-lait.

Canjeca.

Another Recipe from Pernambuco.

1 ripe cocoanut. 2 oz. sugar.

8 cobs of green maize. Powdered cinnamon.

Prepare maize and cocoanut liquids as above, making each up to 1 pt. . Mix and add sugar, place in a saucepan, and stir over a gentle heat about 1 hour till thoroughly cooked and thickened. Pour into a wetted mould. When cold, turn out and dust with cinnamon and serve as a pudding

Both these recipes are possible for British readers, as green corn can easily be grown in the South of England; or it can be purchased from any big stores.

Shrimp Balls.

A Recipe from China.

ı pt shelled shrimps.
Lard.
ı tablespn. cornflour.

Mince the shrimps and the pork together, and mix with cornflour. Make up into small balls and fry in smoking hot lard about 10 min, or till well browned.

Shrimps and Onions.

Another Recipe from China.

1 pt. shelled shrimps. 1 teaspn. salt. 1 small onion. Pepper.

1½ teaspn. cornflour. Some thin bread slices.

2 tablespn. frying-fat. I egg.

Mince the onion and shrimps together; add flour and beaten egg—the white is sufficient. Cut bread into 2-in. squares, put a dessertspin of the mixture on each, and fry in smoking hot fat till a light brown. If sufficient fat is available, these should be entirely covered with the fat, and taken out in 2 or 3 min.

Rice à la Valenciana

A Recipe from Madrid.

I lb. middle of neck of mutton.
I lb. rice.
I tomato.
pt. mussels or cockles.
Parsley and salt.

Cut the meat in small pieces, fry with the onion and tomato and parsley, cut small. Put into a fair-sized stew-pan with the rice, mussels, salt to taste, and enough water to cover the rice. There should not be any spare liquid, and it is advisable to add hot water gradually as the rice swells. It should take about $\frac{1}{8}$ hour to cook.

This dish can also be made by substituting fish for the meat, cod, hake, or haddock being suitable. Cut it in convenient sized pieces without any bones, brown it slightly in a frying-

pan without flour or breadcrumbs, and add when the rice is nearly cooked.

Arab Honey Cakes.

A Recipe from Kabylia, Algeria

 I cup butter or substitute.

 \$\frac{1}{4}\$ lb. sugar.

 4 cups fine semolina.
 Water.

 I lb. sweet almonds
 Honey.

Melt butter, rub well into the semolina. Add by degrees I cup water and knead well until a smooth dough is obtained. Take I lb. sweet almonds, blanch, chop them very finely, and mix with sugar. When well mixed add just sufficient water to make a paste which can be easily handled. Take your semolina dough, make it into a sort of fairly thick sausage; with your finger make a depression, which you must fill with the almond paste. Fold over the edges so as to cover the stuffing completely, and roll over once. Flatten it slightly, cut into thick slices. Drop the slices into deep fat that is smoking hot, and fry until a golden brown. Take out, and drop immediately, one by one, into a small pan of heated honey before placing them on a dish. The almond stuffing may be omitted if liked plainer.

Pauna-Kavun, or Rice Biscuits.

A Recipe from

1 lb. rice flour. 2 eggs. 1 cocoanut. Salt.

1 lb. sugar. Butter for frying.

Mix well together the flour and 2 eggs. Extract the cocoanut milk and pour on the flour. Make the batter rather thick and not too watery. Heat some butter (in Ceylon cocoanut-oil is used), drop a teaspn. of this batter into the boiling fat. That makes one biscuit. You can fry several biscuits at a time, according to the size of the pan. When they are fried and crisp take them out and drain on paper to remove the oil. In a day or two fry them again. Arrange them on a plate, make a syrup of the sugar and a little water, and sprinkle on them. I like these biscuits with bananas. Instead of sprinkling sugar on them you can eat them with curries.

A Dried Fruit Trifle.

A Recipe from Tasmania.

2 bananas.
4 figs.
8 dates.
I tablespn grated cocoanut.
2 thick slices Madeira cake.
8 tates.
I pt. custard.

Peel and slice bananas into deep glass or fancy china dish, stone and cut up dates, cut up figs, crumble cake, and mix well together, strew cocoanut on top, pour hot custard over all. Leave till quite cold. If available, add whipped cream just before serving.

Xαλβαs (Halva). A Cold Almond Sweet.

A Recipe from Greece

1 cup butter. 4 cups water.
2 cups flour or semolina. A handful of sweet
3 cups white sugar. almonds.

Boil the water and sugar. In another saucepan allow the butter to sizzle. Then sprinkle in flour and almonds, stirring until the mixture becomes reddish in colour. Add the boiling water and sugar; and, stirring all the time, allow the mixture to boil until it thickens. Take from fire and cover with a damp cloth for a short time. When cold, form into fancy shapes, and serve sprinkled with spice.

Woman armer

Who Runs a Farm of Eighty Acres

"IT's a natural life; I can't see anything outof-the-way in it."

Nevertheless, it would seem to most people, I think, a little out-of-theway for a gentlewoman to run a farm of about eighty acres entirely by herself, and not only do the supervision, but work side by side with her men in all the rough work, too; driving a tractor plough, picking potatoes, dealing with "cavings," cutting and sowing and all the other labours that the various seasons demand of the land-worker. There are, of course. women who have inherited many acres, and have a vague general knowledge of the processes by which the money they receive is

made for them out of the earth; there are also many who make a living as "land girls," working for someone else, and learning as they go. But the woman freeholder is rare.

Miss Lascelles, of Graffham, near Petworth, who said the sentence with which I began, when I exclaimed on her remarkable activity and capability, is one of them. She rents

about twenty-two acres. but the rest of the eighty are her own, including a delightful many-roomed house hung with Virginia. creeper, which, as I write. is at its best, that deep splendid red for which there is no name. The "lady farmer" is known far and wide; she not only works, but works with enjoyment, which is the more remarkable as, during many years of early womanhood, she was completely crippled by rheumatism!

She enjoys all of her work except perhaps the book-keeping, and in a farm of mixed produce book-keeping is most es- DRIVING THE LORRY WITH sential. Piles of accounts A LOAD OF WOOD.



MISS LASCELLES GATHERING

and notes lie awaiting her whenever she has an odd spare moment, or is held up by a wet day. Anyone who has come in exhausted after long hours in the open, knows the impossibility of head-work then. The looking after the accounts would be a complete job for one woman really.

Think of it, you who know anything about it! The incomings and outgoings! The sale of pigs and

calves and butter and milk and vegetables, and everything else, and the buying of litter and fodder and feed when needed. The placing and selling of all sorts of garden produce, including flowers, bulbs, and seeds, is one branch of the industry. Miss Lascelles knows well the necessity of devolution of responsibility, and one man is in charge of this, but still it requires personal attention. I walked between the rows of chrvsanthemums, with their rich promise of bloom, and saw the upstanding dahlias hanging their gorgeous heads and looking like tropical butterflies in the sun. Close by was a bed of valuable "collaret" dahlias, with

frills of a different colour from the corona. These were grown from a handful of seed which had long been lost and when recovered was sown doubtfully, and they are most valuable.

It is the opinion of the owner of the farm that it is the by-products only which make it pay. Farming itself simply, even with rigid economy and most careful supervision,

> does not bring in enough to ensure a good return on capital. Though, in her own words, "I work about with the men," she does not find it a "getrich-quick" job.

Throwing One's Jacket Down.

This "throwing one's jacket down," to use the Sussex phrase, is a most important part of the work. It is no question of not trusting the men, if they were to work alone; for many of them have been with Miss Lascelles or her late father for years, and are thoroughly trusted. One of them has worked for the family fifty years! No, it is because the owner



Woman Farmer

on, never see what was needed to way or that, unless she, with her or any costume for the occasion, own hands, had been

" in it."

She only draws the line at manure-carting or spreading! The jobs she does not like are those "that break the back," such as potato picking, when the tubers have been thrown out with a fork, or potato planting -even more tedious. But much of the work makes a call on muscles as well as care. Ordinary seed-sowing is a very heavy job. Few of us realise what a vast number of acres in England are, in this age of machinery, still sown by hand. Miss Lascelles passes up and down the

furrows carrying a heavy "seed-lip," heavier than usual if it contains maize or peas. She does not object to doing half an acre or so, but when it comes to three or four acres-she calls it wearing-" right down hard work."

The farm is carried on by modern methods, and those who are pleased to say that women fail in business because they go on from hand to mouth, and lack vision to launch out on expensive plant that will

eventually pay its way, would be disappointed here.

The First Time I saw a Woman Cutting a Clover Field.

The first time I ever saw Miss Lascelles she was cutting a clover field. It was the noise and smell that attracted me. Not the smell of the clover either! A chirring and whirring! So I looked over the hedge. There I saw a lady in the prime of life, with a shrewd, humorous face, seated on a smallish machine, which she was guiding round and round the clover, leaving it in red swathes behind her. This, I learnt later, was a tractor engine run by paraffin; indeed, that fact was very apparent from the first. It can be attached to a variety of farm implements, and was at that moment drawing the hay cutter. It

would never know half that was going was an unusual sight, and the more unusual because the lady was expand the business a little this not dressed in ordinary land kit



ON A TRACTOR-ENGINE WITH RAKE.

but in a homely black gown such as anyone might have used in the house. She wore a wide-brimmed straw hat, forced down into the shape of a poke bonnet by having a large handkerchief knotted under the chin and covering the back of the neck. Sensible headgear—protective, shady and firm. Moreover, under obvious disadvantages of position, no one could have mistaken its wearer for anything but a gentlewoman.



FREDING THE

In time to come, when familiarity permitted, we discussed this question of field clothes. "I always wear a skirt," she said; "I don't find it incon-

venient. I make my own clothes. So far this year (this was in the autumn) I have spent nine shillings. The average is usually about two pounds ten shillings." She glanced down. "I don't include boots," she said. "I look upon boots as farm implements. Mine are made of horsehide."

Her way of regarding them was certainly justified !

This astonishing woman not only makes her own clothes, but is an admirable needle-woman, and likes church-work! It is as though a ploughman took to watchmaking in

his leisure moments.

The Tractor

The Fordson tractor engine is her own. It was well worth the capital outlay. Everything fits on to it; beside the hay cutter, it will take a plough, a scarifier, also a drag and two harrows. This is, perhaps, its greatest achievement, for the combined harrows are six feet across, and the same result by horse-power

> would require the work of four animals.

> Miss Lascelles hopes also to get a drill, which will save the tedious labour of sowing by hand. She drives and understands the engine herself. But she has a sad tale to tell of its advent. For the first eight months she got exactly a fortnight's work out of it! It would do nothing. Experts came and went, suggested this or that, and sometimes their suggestions resulted in an hour's work. and then the machine went Berserk again and refused to do anything. Hours were spent fiddling about with it. all without result. At last came along an expert with common-sense, who did not work by rule of thumb. He overlooked it steadily. "Why," said he, "all the nuts are loose; they left

them for you to tighten when it arrived. If I hadn't come along now, you would very soon have put it out of action altogether, trying to drive it like that." He tightened the nuts, and the thing worked like magic!

With this engine Miss Lascelles ploughs large fields in far less time than it could be done with horses. She starts sometimes before breakfast, and drives admirable furrows. Looking at them as they swept the length of that vast field, I asked her if to drive them so came by the light of Nature. No, she said, she had to be taught, but as a designer she has some facility, so perhaps it came easier to her than it would to some people.

"I was frightened of the thing at first," she owned. "It did nothing but backfire like the snapping of machine-guns, and that, with my anxiety to go straight, made me nervous."

But she stuck to it, and the steady whirr of the engine may now be heard for hour after hour. It is no uninteresting sight to see the dumpy machine crawling steadily up the lines, turning at the top, the figure guiding it becoming very diminutive because of the distance; then down again, and so on round and round, in even sweeps. There is great monotony about that; it is a job to tire nerve as well as muscle, for it means constant and assiduous care. I think it must have been pretty nearly the whole day that she was doing the big field at the top of the lane here lately, with just an interval off for meals. It can be kept up continuously, because there is no question of over-tiring the horses to be considered.

Then there is the Motor-Lorry.

Besides the tractor she has a car and a motor-lorry. The last is one of the most useful of all the farm accessories. It can be used for so many things, and so little could be done without it. It has a plain flat board like an ordinary farm lorry, and by placing the sides in position, it can be built up to carry pigs, calves, etc., or loaded with hay or corn sheaves, or wood, or anything I got a snapshot of Miss else. Lascelles as she drove it in with a "cord" of wood she was delivering. After which she climbed down and strode backwards and forwards, unloading with the men. She never

shirks, and that is the secret of success. Perhaps the oddest use of the motor-lorry was when she piled all her paying guests on to it and took them on Sunday to the church, which is a considerable distance away. As it is a commercial vehicle, they had to pay fares for form's sake. Their advent at the church created quite a mild sensation! The paying guests, by the way, are one of the by-products.

Another machine is possessed by this lady-farmer only in a fraction. She owns one-fifth part of a thresher, shared with four men farmers. They arrange to use it in turn as they are ready. Of all the farm work she says that this is most tiring. Working at clearing away the cavings is a hot and tiring job, calculated to irritate mind and body, for the floating chaff gets into nose and eyes, and has a mean way of creeping up next the The dust and the continual skin. keeping at it are a strain. The cavings make excellent litter for little pigs. who must not, so I am told, have long cut litter. I suppose it would get between their toes!

Farm Land as a Thing of Beauty.

Out of the eighty acres about twenty-one are arable, or, as an old servant now dead used to call it, "'orrible " land. But there is naturally a great deal of grass land for pasturage, as cows are one of the chief industries of this farm. The whole of the land about here is beautiful, and the very fields are picture-books. They are not the dull. uniform rectangular fields flat. marked out by rulers of fence or stunted privet hedges, that are seen in so many places, but they are irregular of outline and level, sloping away down to a deep sandy lane, or bordered with a hedge which is a joy to look at. High overhead the glistening blackberries pour in cascades like bunches of grapes, the ripe hips and haws gleam in the autumn sunlight beside the milky masses of the travellers' joy. And every kind of tree is to be seen, mingled in the tangle-well-grown oaks, hazels, elders, and Canadian maple, with their many shaped leaves in thick concord. The dwarf scabious and rich yellow ragwort make an intermingled carpet of purple and gold over the fields. Every well-hung gate shows a vista that an artist would delight in, and ever away to the southward is the great rampart of the wooded Downs rearing themselves skywards.

If one were to be a farmer, one could not choose a more beautiful spot, and in spite of the absorbing nature of the work, it does give opportunity for the beauties of Nature to sink into the soul. Even long familiarity has not dimmed this particular farmer's love of it. She speaks of the fresh glory of the early mornings, when she is out by seven, while the mists still hang on the hills, and great shining drops trickle slowly down the broad leaves and tall stems, and even the hedges drip ghostily. Every phase of the day and every season of the year has its beauty, from dawn to the wintry eve, when the clear sky is reddened and flushed by pulsating light as the calves are fed. This is a daily job to be done after tea-time whenever there are calves. Miss Lascelles does not herself attend the cows; she believes in having an experienced man in charge of such sections of the work. She has therefore a cowman, but takes the deepest interest in her stock, always feeds the calves once a day herself, and is experimenting with a cross between the Jersey and Holstein breeds which shall give the resulting calf a sturdier build than that of the slender-boned Jersey, which is not appreciated by the meat killer. While at the same time the cows of this cross will give a quality of milk nearly as good as the Jersey, and in larger quantity.

Her chief industry lies in selling young calves and pigs, and in buttermaking, but she is not encouraging as to the money to be made out of farming. And this is not because she has not a quick eye to see and make the most of her resources. As an instance, there is a copse of nut-trees on one portion of it which cannot be cultivated or made to pay its way. She proposes therefore to build here several bungalows, which will have the advantage of a lovely and yet a sheltered position. But when I asked her as to the cost, she astonished me by replying it would be only the materials, as she meant to build herself, with the help of her men! She had sent for all the catalogues she could hear of that embodied the latest methods of building, with the newest fire-proof and dampproof materials, for it is her motto to be thorough in all things. I am sure that the bungalows, when built. will stand a test with the best.



Pieces from a Patchwork

IT will be a dull world when we have all learned, at infinite pains, to think alike, and, in consequence, to speak alike and ac alike; a most excellent world according to the judgment of a militar commander or a school

will be good for poets, dreamers, vagabonds, or any such ill-regulated people to live in.

Drawn by Mande Angell.

Hope is like the sun, which as we journey towards it, casts the shadow of our burden behind us.

Thank God I live on a ball! There are no ends of the earth. . . . That very spot where one takes up one's

stand always proves to be the centre-point of a revolving universe, and a centre-point in time. Grace Rhys in " About Many Things "

What do we live for if not to make life less difficult for each other ?-G. Elsot.

Oh, do not pray for easy lives! Pray to be stronger men! Do not pray for tasks equal to your powers. Pray for powers equal to your tasks! Then the doing of your work shall be no miracle. But you shall be a miracle. Every day you shall wonder at yourself, at the richness of life which has come in you by the grace of God .- Phillips Brooks.

If you were busy being kind, Before you knew it you would find

You'd soon forget to think 'twas true

That someone was unkind to

If you were busy being glad, And cheering people who were sad.

Although your heart might ache a bit, You'd soon forget to notice it.

inspector, but not one that it

E. M Martin in "Wayside Wisdom,"

If you were busy being true ' To what you know you ought to do, You'd be so busy you'd forget The blunders of the folks you've met. If you were busy being right, You'd find yourself too busy quite To criticise your neighbour long, Because he's busy being wrong .- Rebecca Foresman.

A man who is conscious that he is doing better has no right to ask for recognition at all. He must steel himself to being alone. If he is to be always doing better he can do so only on conditions. To look for recognition is to know that you are not doing better.

Sir Hubert Parry in " Music and Letters"

Be not uneasy, discouraged, or out of humour because practice falls short of precept in some particulars. If you happen to be beaten, return to the charge.

Marcus Aurelius It is usually not so much the greatness of our own

trouble as the littleness of our spirit which makes us complain .- Jeremy Taylor.

It isn't raining rain to me, But fields of clover bloom, Where any buccaneering bee May find a bed and room. A health unto the happy, A fig for him who frets, It isn't raining rain to me, It's raining violets.

Robert Loveman.

The restless millions wait The light whose dawning Maketh all things new. Christ also waits; But men are slow and late. Have we done what we could? Have I? Have you?

You must dress according to your age, your pursuits, your object in life. You must dress in some cases according to your set. In youth a little fancy is expected, but if political life be your fancy, it should rather be avoided, at least after one-and-twenty.

Beacons field.

The Coming of the Flowers

Oh, such a commotion under the ground When March called "Ho, there! Ho!" Such spreading of rootlets far and wide, Such whisperings to and fro; And "Are you ready?" the Snowdrop asked; "Tis time to start, you know."
Almost, my dear," the Scilla replied; "I'll follow as soon as you go."
Then "Ha! Ha! Ha!" a chorus came Of laughter soft and low From the millions of flowers under the ground-Yes, millions-beginning to grow.

"I'll promise my blossoms," the Crocus said, When I hear the blue-birds sing. And straight thereafter Narcissus cried, "My silver and gold I'll bring." And ere they are dulled," another spoke,
"The Hyacinth bells shall ring." And the Violet only murmured, "I'm here." And sweet grew the air of Spring. "Ha! Ha! Ha!" a chorus came Of laughter soft and low From the millions of flowers under the ground-Yes, millions—beginning to grow.

Oh, the pretty brave things! through the coldest days Imprisoned in walls of brown,
They never lost heart, though the blast shricked loud, And the sleet and hail came down And patiently each wrought her beautiful dress, Or fashioned her beautiful crown; And now they are coming to brighten the world Still shadowed by Winter's gown And well may they cheerily laugh "Ha! Ha!"

In a chorus soft and low,
The millions of flowers hid under the ground—
Yes, millions—beginning to grow-

Pieces from a Patchwork Bag

Every cross becomes a crown, every burden is turned to blessing, every sacrifice becomes sacred and sublime, the moment that our Lord and Redeemer writes on it: "For My Sake."—Cuyler.

Take Joy home

And make a place in thy great
heart for her;

Then she will come and often sing to thee

When thou art working in the furrows! Aye,

Or weeding at the sacred hour of dawn.

It is a comely fashion to be glad; Joy is the grace we say to God.

Jean Ingelow.

Never think that God's delays are God's denials,

Hold on; hold fast; hold out; Patience is genius.—Enffon.

When we sigh about our trouble It grows double—every day. When we laugh about a trouble It's a bubble—blown away.

It is a belief firmly held by disappointed authors that owing to the multiplicity of books it is very difficult to get a chance; but there is little truth in this view. The multiplying of books means the multiplying of

publishers, and they are just as able to cope with the increased supply of MSS. as the smaller number of their craft were able to deal carefully with the MSS. submitted a generation ago. And there is no such thing as an author not having a chance in modern days. He has all the chance there ever was; nay, he has six chances to one against the author of twenty years ago. If he does not get in, it is solely because his subject is not fresh enough, his manner lacking in attractiveness, or that he is lacking in the essential qualifications of authorship .- From " The Book-Post."

Those who bring sunshine to the lives of others cannot keep it from themselves.—J. M. B. r. w.

God-Sense!

God grant you,
In the common ways of life,
Good common-sense!—
And in the larger things,
Uncommon sense!—
And, in the greatest things of all,
His own God-sense!—

God-sense of what is right and fit, That so, in every circumstance Of life or death, you may acquit Yourself as He deems well,— In all make good deliverance, In all without offence excel, In all add glory to His name, And His estate enhance.

John Oxenham in "The Vision Splendid,"

Whosoever is satisfied with what he does has reached his culminating point—he will progress no more. Man's destiny is to be not dissatisfied, but for ever unsatisfied.

F. W. Robertson.

When the hollow of heaven was pale with dawn,
And faint the starry band,
I wandered once in the years agone,
A child in enchanted land.

In the holy hush of the lifting dark,
Leaves whispered, light wings whirred,
And far away in the forest, hark!
The song of a single bird.

Oh! to what fairy-haunted shores,
To what mysterious seas,
Beckoned the dim ethereal doors
Between the forest trees?

From "A Memory" in "Poems by John Wellwood."

I should respect pessimists more if they had the courage of their convictions; but to deny the value of life and to remain alive is at best folly, and at worst the rankest selfishness.

Colin R. Coote in the " Nineteenth Century."

If I have faltered more or less
In my great task of happiness;
If I have moved among my race
And shown no glorious morning face;
If beams from happy human eyes
Have moved me not; if morning skies,
Books, and my food, and summer rain
Knocked on my sullen heart in vain—
Lord, Thy most pointed pleasure take,
And stab my spirit broad awake.

R. L. Stevenson.

Joy is always bright. It is blue sky filled with stars. We learn to love more by loving. We grow more joyous by rejoicing.—*Miller*.

No endeavour is in vain, The reward is in the doing; And the rapture of pursuing Is the prize the vanquished gain.

Long fellow.

The life of the Crucified was lived by One Who delighted to do God's will He did not exclude pleasure, or morbidly delight in pain; it was just that He did not think about pleasing Himself at all. He took the bitter and the sweet as they were sent, and delighted in them because He knew the Sender, Who sought only the good of all men. This is the life of the Crucified. You think

happiness is to please yourself—it is not that at all, it is to delight in doing His will.

Edna Lyall.

Our bodies but forerun the spirit's duties, true hearts heave, and spread unto their God, as flowers do to the sun. Give God thy first thoughts, then so shalt thou keep Him company all day, and in Him sleep.

H. Vanghan,



"IT SEEMS TOO DAMP TO TALK ABOUT NEST-BUILDING!"

Drawn by M. F. Booth.

When we Pray

The Sixth Article on the Spiritual Life

By LILY WATSON

THE first idea usually connected with prayer, is that of supplication and entreaty. The asking for something—in urgent desire—thus would Prayer often be defined, whether it be prayer to God, or to our fellows. But there is far more in it than this.

Carlyle, in a letter to a young friend, has given a good definition. "Prayer is a turning of one's soul in heroic reverence, in infinite desire and endeavour, towards the Highest, the All-Excellent, Supreme."

In our Lord's Prayer, which should be the model for our own, the first atterance is that of adoration, not of personal entreaty. Before we demand anything for ourselves, we bow in homage before the Father of our spirits. "Our Father, Who art in Heaven Hallowed be Thy Name, Thy Kingdom come, Thy will be done in earth as it is in Heaven." Not until after this fourfold aspiration, do we turn to ask for our daily bread

Perhaps this is something we are apt to overlook, in framing our own supplications. We hurry into the Presence of God, clamouring for something that we want. But there is another, and a more fitting, aspect of Prayer.

It is well, as I have already urged, to let the soul rest, for a few moments, in unspoken adoration. The homage need not be put into words.

Prayer Must Not be Selfish.

Prayer must not be selfish. Would not our own version of the Lord's Prayer too often tend towards this rendering of it—"My Father --my will be done"? But the very beginning is so framed as to show that we are part of one large family, and in our own entreaties we must not forget others. Then comes the solemn utterance "Hallowed be Thy Name."

Let those who are striving after a higher standard, so to speak, of prayer, remember these things. Prayer should consist, first of reverently attempting to realise the Presence of God and to adore Him, either in words, or without words. I shall have something to say, later on, of silent worship.

But, after all, the need of human nature is urgent, and the petition will form the chief part of prayer.

Chiefly, we have to ask for forgiveness Sometimes I wonder whether the consciousness of sin is now in the least what it used to be! There is a great tendency to explain it away, by heredity, environment, all sorts of causes. Do not be tempted to excuse yourself. In the evening, especially, examine yourself with care as to the sins committed during the day. For instance, ask yourself how far Self has entered into the motives of what you have done, even in the name of religion. Have you performed an act of kindness to another, and then regarded it mentally with self-congratulation? Have you talked about yourself, your friends, your doings, with the desire of creating a favourable impression on the hearer? If you happen to know some one possessing a title, have you incidentally dragged it in? Have you, in conversation, told anecdotes about other people, placing them in an unfavourable light? Or have you made fun of them, exaggerating, perhaps, some little peculiarity in order to raise a laugh?

It is so verv interesting to talk against people, and to confide things they have done amiss, to an eager listener! Especially is it delightful, if we feel slighted or injured in any way, to impart the grievance to those who will warmly espouse our cause. And how hard it is to grasp that all this self-admiration, gossip, criticism, is utterly wrong!

Self-Examination is Helpful.

This is the sort of thing to try and discover in self-examination. A downright sin like falschood or theft or a fit of violent passion stands out; it cannot be forgotten, and if we do not steal, or tell untruths, or fly into a rage—if we are looked up to by our schoolfellows or Sunday-school class, praised by parents and teachers, the temptation is very great to say, like the Pharisee, that we thank God we are not as others are. But this is where self-examination comes in.

All the *little* things, as they seem — like spite, self-vaunting depreciation of others—should be, so to speak, caught by the fine sieve that lets nothing pass through.

Judging from my own personal experience of bygone days, I think

one temptation that sorely besets girls, is to extol their own attractiveness! It is most interesting, and I fear I found it so, to dwell, in friendly confidence, on one's own charm, and the attention paid by others. And it is not equally interesting to hear a like tale of conquests, real or imaginary, from the lips of a friend.

Ask yourself: Am I pleased when I hear of attentions paid to somebody else? Or do I want to turn off the conversation to the attentions I have received?

Then: Am I rather glad at heart when I hear of some slight or misfortune that has befallen a companion. Oh, how subtle is this temptation to be gratified by the troubles of other people! You would not, to give you your due, be pleased if you heard that a friend had undergone a serious bereavement. But you may be pleased, if she has undergone some trivial humiliation in everyday life.

We should Study the Law of Love.

We should never be weary of studying the Law of Love. A wonderful expansion of our Lord's teaching is given by St. Paul in I Cor. xiii. The girl who tries to act upon that cannot rejoice in the misfortunes of another; cannot love to dwell on malicious gossip; cannot find it interesting to "run people down."

I have dwelt for some time on the dangers of self-love, because it is the most insidious of all our faults, and the earlier in life it is attacked and conquered in the power of Christ, the easier it will be. It must be detected in self-examination, and brought to our Lord in confession, for pardon and help.

Of course there are dangers connected with this self-examination. It may become morbid. It is possible to worry unduly. But, because it may be carried to excess, it does not follow that it is altogether to be avoided. Most good things may be turned into harm, by exaggeration. Therefore, do not dwell too much on your failures. Turn away from them to Christ.

I heard a story once that may help someone who is trying to follow Him.

An artist once began to paint the picture of our Lord. At first his task

When we Pray

was comparatively easy; but, as it went on, he found himself failing. The lines in the Face were imperfect. Tired and discouraged, he laid down his palette and brushes, and fell asleep. Then an angel came, and painted out all the inharmonious lines, and made the Face beautiful.

One day, we shall fall asleep, and the palette and brushes will drop from our tired hands; but if we have faithfully striven to reproduce the Image of Christ, our work shall be perfected.

This is the great function of Prayer—to help us to show forth His likeness.

With regard to the relation between our prayers and the circumstances of life, I could give wonderful instances, were it fitting, from my own experience to show that prayer is answered, and that in a startling way. Perhaps the actual thing desired has not been given, but something else which fulfils the same end, only infinitely better, has been youchsafed.

Take All your Trouble to God in Prayer.

Nothing is too small to be the subject of prayer. Pray about your daily life, your lessons, your friendships; if you are older, pray about domestic matters, your servants, the trivial

needs of your house. Do not worry. Take literally the injunction to cast your care upon Him, for He careth for you.

There are some matters too intimate and sacred to be written about. Yet I may say to my readers—my unknown friends—that I have enjoyed the privilege of long companionship with one who lived in prayer. My husband took everything in his life to God. Busied as he was in active affairs, he dwelt continually in the Divine Presence.

This had a marvellous effect, and I only wish I could make public some of its results. They would inspire and fortify many. They were too constant and remarkable to be explained by mere coincidence, and they continued to the last hour of his life.

But, if anything is urgently needed, one must "pray hard." Do you know by experience the meaning of "effectual urgent prayer"? It is difficult to describe the process. On one's knees, one's whole being goes out in agonised yearning, in entreaty—and then there comes the strangest sensation, as if a strong link had been formed and tested and strained at. No mere vague empty reachings out into the void—but contact.

Some words of Archbishop Trench have often seemed to me significant, and in case they are not known to my readers, I will close with the sonnet:—

"Lord, what a change within us one hort hour

Spent in Thy presence will prevail to make!

What heavy burdens from our bosoms take,

What parchèd grounds refresh, as with a shower!

We kneel, and all around us seems to lower:

We rise, and all—the distant and the near—

Stands forth in sunny outline, brave and clear.

We kneel, how weak! We rise, how full of power!

Why, therefore, should we do ourselves this wrong,

Or others—that we are not always strong,

That we are ever overborne with care.

That we should ever weak or heartless be.

Anxious or troubled, when with us is Prayer,

And Joy and Strength and Courage are with Thee!"

To be cont i nued.



A BEAUTIFUL POND WITH AN OLD PAVED BORDER.

Photo by N. King.

THE EDITOR'S PAGE

few months ago I took as the subject of my personal page "The Call to the Individual." Since then I have had many letters from readers asking what it is possible for the average individual to do in order to help the world to regain its old-time poise and sanity.

Some who are engaged in every-day business, or ordinary home duties, think they are cut off from the big task of helping to evolve order from the present chaotic social conditions.

"I cannot preach or address meetings," says one.

"If only I could move thousands by my writings!" says another.

"How I wish I had more money, in order to relieve some of the distress!" writes a third.

The need of the moment, however, is for something besides public speaking, or writing, or benevolence. That such work may be excellent, and of great service to humanity, no one will deny: but the opportunity to help in these directions only falls to the lot of a very few, whereas our poor troubled world wants help from all of us if it is to be restored to anything like mental and moral balance.

And everyone can do something in his, or her, daily life to help make the Universe the happy healthy place we long for it to be. Most people want to do something, but their difficulty is to know where to start. Well, if you are in doubt, begin as near the root of the matter as is possible.

Consider, first of all: What is the fundamental trouble at the bottom of all war and all strife, whether international or individual?

As a rule, it is jealousy and hatred!

Somebody is jealous of somebody else; the jealousy grows to hatred -there, in a nutshell, is the actual origin of most wars. At first, the hatred is usually confined to a few people; but once the fighting is under way, the hatred spreads rapidly. The countries at war not only hate each other, but before long they are hating any others who will not join them in the fray.

And when at long length the fighting is

over, hatred is further fostered by the fact that someone is supposed to have gained an advantage—though, in reality, there can be no advantage where young lives have been mown down by the hundred thousand, and the homes of the land left desolate, no matter what the extent of added territory. Every wife and every mother knows this.

Thus one legacy of war is a huge burden of hatred, which is even more deadly than its inevitable legacy of a huge burden of debt.

Turning to other types of present-day trouble, we find Bolshevism—and all the other revolutionary "isms" that are out to abolish law and order—actuated by the same evils, jealousy and hatred.

In the labour world there is constant antagonism between employer and employed; between master and servant. In the political world there is party strife in place of sound legislation. The social life of the country shows a pathetic array of divorces, family feuds, and—if one may judge by certain autobiographies of recent years—often a low standard of home life; and all teeming with personal jealousies and

hatreds, that indicate how widespread is the canker.

Of course, I do not mean to imply that every one is hating some other individual; fortunately, there are many large - minded, sincere, unselfish men and women still left in the world, and they are literally keeping it from "going to pieces." But they are in the minority at the moment, and their task is heavy in consequence.

Those who want to take an active part in the restoration of peace—genuine peace—to our beloved land, must begin with a systematic effort to counteract this all-pervading spirit of darkness that is working for real disaster in our midst.

And each must begin with herself! This is not an easy matter, for we so seldom realise how much the green-eyed monster Jealousy, with its attendant evils, encroaches upon our own life.

Probably you will tell me that you hate no one



A RECENT PHOTO OF HER MAJESTY QUEEN ALEXANDRA WITH H.R.H. THE PRINCESS VICTORIA.

Photosnes

in the world. This may be perfectly true; nevertheless, most of us are very near the borderline at times, and unless we watch ourselves carefully, we may easily go farther For no one starts out with a full-blown hymn of hate! There are various preliminary stages we usually pass through before becoming a rabid hater!

For instance, petty jealousy of someone in our own-circle may be but a prelude to hatred (and such small unimportant trifles will sometimes arouse this feeling within us!) Another hate-producer is the modern tendency to resent anything approaching over-rule or discipline, we object to anyone attempting to control or correct us. Yet no fine character has ever yet been developed without a course of service under authority, and discipline in one form or another

third mental condition which often leads up to a hatred of our fellow-creatures is that of cultivating grievances! It is so easy to feel aggrieved. Personally, I know I have heaps of grievances against other folk, if only I had time to think them over and sort them out! And I am also sure that if I did manage to find a spare moment to talk them over with myself I should soon see that I was a very ill-used person indeed and I should dislike, wholeheartedly, those against whom I imagined I had grievances

It is all a simple process of steps-and very easy steps at that !- this tendency to nurse uncharitable feelings toward our fellow creatures I know it from my own experience And for this reason I do feel it is urgently necessary that we each endeavour to weed out from our own hearts and minds all seeds of dislike. jealousy intolerance the inclination to disparage rather than to praise and the ability to discover grievances before they have a chance to become more poisonous growths

Until we have trained ourselves to do this we cannot possibly help the world at large to get rid of its present difficulties. But when we have rid our own minds of these undesirable (but persistently recurring) traits, we shall find that we have been helping all the while to clear the world, because this process of eliminating jealousy and hatred from our own lives is not a selfish occupation, we are benefiting others even more than we benefit ourselves in the process

If you drive away uncharitable thoughts from your mind, other thoughts will take their place, and these, as a natural consequence, will probably be kindly thoughts

Any girl or woman who starts the day brimful of genuine goodwill for everyone (including her relatives, fellow-workers, and the people who make a noise in the flat above), and steadfastly refuses to look at humanity from any other angle, is not only helping herself, but she is helping others whom she meets during the day

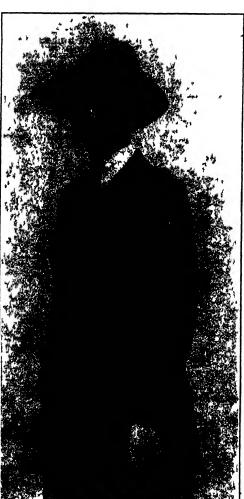
No one wants to encounter a prig, ie, a person who is merely posing as being kind and good and altogether virtuous, in order to seem superior to others, but the whole earth is crying out for the clear-visioned, sincere, unselfish man or woman who can help others to recognise and cultivate the better things of life, rather than grovel among those that are ignoble and calculated to shrivel the soul

And the girl who determines that, with God's help, she will keep her mind free from all unkind criticism of her fellow-beings, and try to discover the good points in those with whom she comes into contact, will be helping others also to throw off the miasma of jealousy and hatred that is spoiling so many lives and deforming personal character

This does not mean that a girl should condone evil, or seek to justify obvious wrong-doing in others. But in many cases it will be found that it is better to fight for the good than to rail at the ill.

Once we have learnt to regulate our own thoughts to some extent and to radiate an appreciative rather than a critical atmosphere, we can help in a definite and practical manner others, who are inclined to take a jaundiced view of their fellow creatures to cultivate a more sane and healthy outlook since good will and a kindly feeling for others is wonderfully infectious To single out for commendation the good points of an absent person is sometimes an incentive to others to endeavour themselves to produce good points But in any case, it is impossible for a person to call attention to the virtues of an absent acquaintance without to some extent influencing the hearers the majority were determined to discover good rather than the reverse in their fellow creatures the minority would be powerless against them As it is, many only want moral support from someone else to enable them also to throw off a habit of belittling others and being jealous of any happiness or success that may befall them It is surprising how much use one may be, merely as a moral prop!

It is important, in this connection, to recognise that people who are below par physically, particularly those who are suffering from any form of nervous



HER ROYAL HICHNESS THE PRINCESS MAKY AS A GIRL GUIDE

v V

The Editor's Page

ailment, are especially prone to jealousy and unaccount¹ able dislikes. Hence war—the greatest of all nervewreckers—always leaves in its train a seething ferment of these evils, with a host of attendant ills, such as rudeness, irritability, bad temper, impatience, and that over-wrought feeling which we call exasperation.

Once we grasp the fact that much of the present-day unrest is really a physical disease requiring specific treatment, we shall find it easier to be patient with others who may seem to us to be very unreasonable at times!

Another way we can help others is by returning good for ill, as our Lord commanded. This is the only possible way to restore sweetness and health to a world that is soured and warped with soul-sickness and trouble. Therefore, make up your mind to meet all signs of ill-will with kindness and patience The shop-assistant who seems inclined to be offhand and indifferent as to your requirements, may really be more nervy than illmannered. Possibly she has already had to deal with a host of trying customers—not nice people like you or me, but fussy, exacting women, who try the shopassistant's temper to the last shred! In all probability the girl will respond to good manners and kind consideration on your part, and if she does not, at least you will not have damaged your own nerves, or have made hers any worse, as you would surely have done had you been abrupt or annoyed in return.

And the same principle can be applied to all our intercourse with the world at large Some people do seem to be irritatingly selfish at times. But nothing serves to counteract this so effectively as courtesy,

kindness, and that ever-blessed quality called tact—coupled with the reflection that we ourselves may be equally irritating to others, did we but know it!

It may seem far-fetched to connect the renewing of mankind with such trivial things as courtesy, kindness, patience, and forbearance towards those we meet in ordinary daily life; nevertheless, it is on such "trivialities" that the very foundations of our Empire rest.

For instance: A sympathetic understanding between man and man would go far to neutralise the devastating work of the strike organisers, who are responsible for so much of the "out of work" that always follows in the wake of industrial friction.

A desire to give publicity to people's virtues rather than their failings would avert many of the unpleasant scandals, and unedifying family feuds, which occupy so much space in the papers.

It was no mere figure of speech used by our Lord when He bade us do good to those who hate us. He knew that the salvation of the world can only come through Love—Christ's love for us, in the first instance, and our love for Him and for our fellow-beings, as the outcome of His love for us.

Therefore, let everyone who longs to "do something," but does not know where to start, begin with a systematic effort to wipe out some of the jealousy, hatred and misunderstanding still rampant in our land. The girl who makes it part of her daily work to foster human sympathy, and understanding, and good-will, will be doing something definite and practical towards restoring the balance of the Universe.



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ONE-PIECE garments have always a very special charm to the amateur dressmaker, and fashion has been unusually kind this season in sanctioning straight-hanging simple styles for all our wearing apparel that particularly lend themselves to being constructed in this accommodating manner.

When such styles are worn, the most diffident worker can lunch out on cutting her precious material without much fear of shipwreck, for it is impossible to go very far wrong when there is only one portion of the pattern to manipulate; you merely place the straight edge of the pattern to a lengthwise fold of the material, and there you are! The small diagrams show the shape of each garment when spread out flat after cutting.

For the blouse, pattern No. 9052, 21 yards of material 40 inches wide will be needed. Ciêpe-de-chine, voile, or any soft-hanging fabric would be suitable. The blouse slips on over the head, and is finished with casings threaded with ribbon at the neck and elbow edges. This is a most useful little pattern for a slip to wear under a thin blouse or an openwork silk or wool iumper.

The apron styles do not need much explanation. For No. 9131, 1\(^4\) yards of material 27 inches wide will be needed, and for No. 8295, 2\(^2\) yards of the same width fabric. Cretonne, casement cloth, gingham, or Tobralco are goodwearing fabrics for nousehold aprons.

In cutting No. 8295,



No. 9131.

No. 9052.

No. 8295.

No. 9008.

the material must be folded crosswise and lengthwise before placing the pattern.

The dress pattern No. 9008 would make up prettily in dyed Shantung or a fancy foulard. 31 yards of material 40 inches wide will be needed, and in like manner to No. 8295, the material will need to be folded across the width as well as lengthwise before placing the pattern; the centre front and shoulder edges are slashed as indicated on the pattern to form the neck opening and revers.

There is one point that should be emphasised with regard to the making of the latter garment. Care must be taken when joining the gathered section to the bodice at the under-arm to extend a small fold of material to the lower edge of the bodice to hold the gathers in position, and to neaten the raw edge of the front of the gathers with a piping of the material. If an attempt is made just to seam the gathered edge to the bodice in the ordinary way, the panels at the back and front will be inclined to bulge, as the construction of the pattern does not permit of a seam allowance at this iuncture.

Nos. 9052 and 9008 can be supplied in sizes for 34 and 38 inches bust measurement, and the aprons in size 36 inches bust measurement only. Price 8d., postage 1d. each extra by unsealed packet post, or 2d. by letter post. Address to the "Girl's Own" Fashion Editor, 4, Bouverie Street, Fleet Street, London, E.C. 4.

The Housewife's Spring Campaign

Cleaning Walls and Cretonnes

By Mrs. GORDON-STABLES

Some of us, endowed with the habit of forethought, are already laying our domestic plans for the spring campaign. We survey, for instance, our discoloured walls, and in a depressed spirit compare the amount of repapering which we would fain commission with that which we feel we can afford. Of course, it is open to us to undertake the repapering ourselves, but even with the most detailed instructions in the world, there is always the risk of having to call in the professional in the end and incur the double expense made necessary by misplaced economy. Somehow even the eighth of an inch wrongly calculated in the matching of an arabesque or the adjustment of a stripe, is apt, after one has contemplated it for several weeks on end, to assume a power for annoyance which at last renders it an impossible companion.

This year I would advise those of thrifty mind to do all they can in the matter of making their wall-papers "do" till next season, when, haply, the decorator's charges may have appreciably declined.

This is how I would counsel the homecleaner to proceed. Having cleared the decks for action, the first thing to do is to wield a Turk's-head broom on a long (generally a hinged) stick, so as to remove the loose dust from both walls and ceiling, so that smudginess in the later stages may be obviated as far as possible. Next comes the careful examination of the walls for grease marks, such as may have accrued from the inexpert ministrations of the carver. By holding a sheet of thin blotting-paper over the spot and applying a warm iron, such stains can generally, if not entirely removed, be reduced to such faintness that they become scarcely noticeable.

Ink stains (and your children should really be taught to shake their nibs into the inkpot, and not to scatter them wildly abroad) yield a certain amount of their tint, if covered for a spell with a warm mixture of cream of tartar and citric acid, applied in small quantities so as not to spread disaster around. If the stain be not sufficiently lessened on the first application, a second and a third may well be applied.

For stains of a different nature, a paste of fuller's earth, which will harden and afterwards permit itself to be lightly brushed off, is likely to prove efficacious. Damp salt is also a good medium for reducing discoloration.

Having removed the more distressing stains, there remains the cleaning of the paper itself. Slices of very stale bread passed evenly and smoothly over the

surface prove a better medium than the dough which most housewives prefer, since the soiled portions are rubbed away at each pass, thus encouraging no risk of subsequent smudge from a dirty portion. The work is somewhat laborious, since it should be done with the utmost methodicality, only a yard or so at a time being treated that the effect may be uniform. Dry bran rubbed into a soft sponge represents another method, very efficacious for brightening the paper. As the bran falls away from the sponge a fresh layer should be sprinkled upon it. The wise housewife will have spread copious dustsheets over her surrounds. that she may easily gather up at the finish the accumulation of dirt which will have descended upon them,

This is the time, too, when we are apt to survey our cretonnes, and wonder whether we cannot save some of the cost of cleaning by means of washing the covers and curtains one at a time at home. Some of us have had unfortunate experiences of such laudable enterprises in the past, but this is because we have gone to work with a science unequal to our enthusiasm. A firm which is well known for the beauty of its printed fabrics and dyed linens, issues to its customers directions which enable them

to carry out washing operations at home with complete success.

The fabrics must first be washed in hot water with a good curd soap, which can be relied upon to contain no soda, a substance which must never come into contact with one's cretonnes, no matter how soiled they may be. The rinsing must be effected in clean tepid water, after which the wringing must be done by hand, and not by machine. Lastly, the fabric must be put out to dry at once. It is wise to wash such articles only on a day suitable for drying purposes, as immediate exposure to the air is an important point in getting a successful result. Also, too many items should not be attempted at once, lest colours "run" between washing and rinsing and between rinsing and drying.

The unfavourable results so often resulting from washing one's cretonnes at home are as a rule traceable to the use of inferior powders or soaps, or to the fact that boiling water has been employed in place of that which is just nicely hot. A wringing machine is too drastic in its methods to suit the character of a printed fabric, while loss of time in opening out the wet material can be relied upon to act deleteriously on the colour.

Furnishing Items on the Market

Are you Re-Upholetering?

If you should happen to be contemplating a new spring dress for your sofa and easy-chairs, you could not light on anything which will offer you tougher wear than the corded velour that is now being largely used for this purpose. It is fast in colour, and made in many shades. Its price is 145. 11d. in the fifty-inch width.

Furniture you Build Yourself.

If you would like to equip your garden this spring with good wooden seats and chairs, of the type that usually represent a substantial outlay, you may indulge your desire, and, at the same time, save your purse, by investing in some of the "Homebilt" garden furniture, which will arrive at its destination in pieces for you to put together. This will be no formidable task, for, with the help of screwdriver and hammer, an hour will see the job through. Every joint is marked on the component parts, and a dimensional sketch and full instructions accompany each piece of furniture, so that the veriest amateur can secure a professional result without any very great mental or physical effort. The furniture is of white wood, which one can paint or stain according to one's views. An armchair costs 25s., a five-and-a-half-foot seat 35s.

Emulating Electric

Those of us whose houses are not fitted with electric light are tempted to harbour envious thoughts of those whose electric installation enables them to create all manner of pretty lighting effects within their rooms. Exultation may, however, take the place of greeneyed envy, for it is now possible for the gas bracket and chandelier to emulate electricity so effectually that unless one is in the secret one would not suspect the deceit. One may have a porcelain or alabaster bowl as a central pendant suspended by metal chains and with its jets so skilfully hidden within the fitment that one imagines its soft light to emanate from a wire filament. One can have the small table lamp or the stately standard equipped with precisely the same decorative shade (though, of course, open at the summit) as we usually associate with the electric lamp, and we can have, likewise, the chandelier that pretends to derive its light from a series of candle fitments. In the latter case the gas jet operating

Furnishing Items

above the simulated candle of porcelain is hidden beneath a candleshade of silk.

In fact, there is no type of shade or globe which cannot as well be contrived for use in connection with gas as with electric. The incandescent system, with the by-pass that enables one to light up without the aid of tap or match, aids the deception. One can even turn up the central chandelier and the wall brackets by means of a switch installed by the door, in the manner of the electric switchboard. Gas consumers need no longer repine.

A Bijou Ottoman.

A small floor ottoman of a convenient size to take music or needlework is an accessory that most of us can find a corner for. Covered in cretonne to match one's covers, this costs just under £4, justifying the expenditure by casing one's path to tidiness in a remarkably efficient fashion.

Removable

Those of us who do not happen to own our houses, hesitate to instal parquet flooring, even though our inclinations may lie in that direction. It is now possible, however, to have the parquet laid down in removable panels, an eighth of an inch in thickness. This one can put in position without professional assistance in the first instance, and similarly remove it the second. The cost is reasonable.

A Non-Slip Polish.

The housewise is often torn between her conflicting desires for a finely-polished linoleum, and her dread of accidents resulting from a slip on its shiny surface. The need for a floor polish which, while producing a bright surface, shall not prove greasy or conducive to slides and tumbles, has now been met. The preparation is priced at 2s. 6d. a tin, gives a splendid shine to the lino, and makes its face firm and hard to the touch.

For the Bachelor Girl.

The divan which is convertible into a bed by night does not, as a rule, consume its own bedclothes by day. Forf6 17s. 6d., however, one can now acquire such a contrivance, and the bachelor girl will, I feel sure, not grudge the outlay for so amenable a bit of furniture. Its name is the "Boxunder," and it is fitted with good springs and detachable castors.

Painted Wicker Chairs.

The ordinary wicker chair does not add much to the sum total of colour, so that the new chairs of brightly-painted wicker are most welcome for rooms where a brilliant note is needed. You may have your chair painted and

upholstered to suit your own scheme, or you may find something to your taste among the lacquer-red, sapphire-blue, and moss-green chairs that are stocked. The upholstery of coloured casement cloth provides a contrasting tint to the wicker. Prices vary according to size and shape.

Is the Cement Cracking?

If the brickwork round your fireplace is showing signs of cracking, or the tiles of your hearth are threatening to part company, there is no need to call in the builder and incur a long bill for repairs, for there is now on the market a putty which will enable one quite easily to remedy all such defects as efficiently as if the professional had been invoked. A couple of shillings will buy a tin containing three pounds of the preparation. You will find it useful for many other household purposes, such as stopping up mouse-holes, repairing steps, etc.

The Portable Heater.

Now that I perceive the advantages of the new portable heaters, 1 could wish that I were not quite so well-provided with fitted gas-stoves. There is a great economy in being able to take from room to room a convenient heatingstove, which can be set down in any portion of it that may seem especially to call for warmth. After warming your bed-room while you are dressing, you can carry it into the breakfast-room, thence to your sitting-room, and let it heat the hall while you are out. And if you have an invalid, it can warm the bath-room while the ablutions are being performed. There is a double protection to the flame, in the form of a steel core and a sheet steel casing, so that there is no risk of burning one's garments when passing close to it. Also it possesses underneath its body a convenient shelf for warming plates, which, in addition to this service. prevents the heat from reaching the floor. Its price ranges from £28s., according to its style of finish. As it consumes all its own gas, it needs no flue, gives forth no odour, and creates no draughts.

A Novel Bedspread.

"Sattyn" is the name given to the new bedspreads with the raised pattern on the white ground with the satiny surface. This raised design (which, I may mention, is permanent in character) has the effect of rich hand-embroidery. The spreads are made in three qualities and a variety of sizes, prices ranging from 225.

Glass Houses.

Every day sees more and more of our household equipment expressed in glass Not alone are we taught to cook in fire-proof glass, but our table equipment now takes the form of glass of solid type. Jam spoons, butter forks, pickle forks,

salt spoons, are among the many table impedimenta which are now being produced at such small cost that one can afford to face the risk of possible breakage on account of the silver-polishing that they obviate, and the pretty sparkling effect they convey.

Georgian glass is now being copied at most reasonable prices, and this is so heavy and so simple in construction that it does not readily lend itself to damage. The silver butterdish, the silver jam jar, the silver rose bowl have, for the time being, taken themselves to the seclusion of the plate-chest, awaiting a day when domestic service shall be both more plentiful and more

Even the toilet set has taken on the glitter of glass, pin trays and powderpot being of this material in place of the erstwhile silver. Door-plates of glass, pierced for screws, are being much affected in place of wrought copper and brass, and even the tea-table is assuming a glass cover that makes the laundered afternoon tea cloth a superfluity, a filet mat being placed beneath the glass so as to give the dainty lacy effect. Similarly on the toilet table, the little d'oilies under the cut-to-measure sheet of glass bring down the laundry bill very considerably.

The Table

A table sash is just a runner which is intended to be placed across the width of a table instead of down its length. Some exceedingly decorative effects are to be secured by means of these "sashes," which, for the most part, are made of antique-finished hide or of crocodile-grained leather. They are completed by means of fringes of leather in a lighter tint, and a long leathern thong is threaded through the edges to form a border. Prices range from 34s. to 2 guineas.

The Nursery Pictures.

It is a good plan to vary the nursery pictures from time to time, for a picture always seen soon loses its attractions for the child mind. It is easy to cover a sheet of cardboard to fit an existing frame, paste on top a sheet of black paper, and on this gum either brilliant flowers cut from wall-papers, or gay little pictures taken from magazine covers (THE WOMAN'S MAGAZINE provides excellent covers for such decorative purposes), carefully cutting away any printed matter. A child often needs fresh stimulus in its surroundings, particularly if inclined to be lethargic, and this constant change in decorative detail will often prove extraordinarily inspiring. Besides, it will afford the parent a useful means of ascertaining in which direction the child's artistic tastes may lie.

A Jumper for Semi-evening Wear

Materials,

4 hanks of Knox's "Falcon" Linen Floss, size "B," No. 311K, grey, and 1 hank No. 5K, saxe blue, 1 pair of size 9 needles.

The original was designed for a figure of 34-36 inches bust measure. Knox's "Falcon" Linen Floss gives a beautiful silk effect, and is never-ending wear.

Long-stitch is a plain knitted stitch, pulled up to have a long appearance.

Front.—Cast on 96 st, k 3 rows plain.

4th Row.—Plain, long st.
5th Row.—K 5th long st,
take over 4 st you passed,
k 6th st, take over 4 st,
k 7th st, take over 4 st,
k 8th st, and take over 4 st,
now k these 4 st plain, this
forms pattern. Repeat until en 1 of row. This gives
you 12 patterns.

6th Row .- Plain.

8th Row .- Plain.

7th Row.—Plain.
9th Row.—Plain, long st.

10th Row.—K 5th long st, take over 4 st you passed, k 6th st, take over 4 st, k 7th st, take over 4 st, k 8th st, and take over 4 st; now k these 4 st plain. Repeat until end of row.

11th Row .- Plain.

12th Row .- Plain.

13th Kow.-Plain.

14th Row. - Plain, long st.

15/h Rono.—K 5th st, take over 4 st you passed, k 6th st, take over 4 st, k 7th st, take over 4 st, 8th st, take over 4 st; now k these 4 st plain. Repeat until end of row.

16th Row.-Plain.

17th Row .- Plain.

18th Row.-Plain.

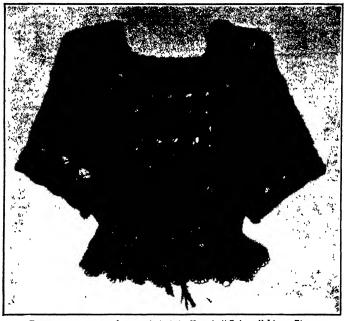
19th Row .- Plain, long st.

20th Row.—K 5th st, take over 4 st you passed, k 6th st, take over 4 st, k 7th st, take over 4 st, k 8th st, take over 4 st; now k these 4 st plain. Repeat until end of row.

This finishes band of insertion for bottom of jumper.

21 of Row. - K 2 inches stocking-web st.

Then divide st into 3 parts, each side part being knitted in the stocking-web st, and the centre part knitted same as pattern at bottom of jumper. Add 16 more st to each side of front panel.



This most-attractive Jumper is knit in Knox's "Falcon" Linen Floss.

Knit 2 more patterns.

Neck

Then k 32 st and cast off 32, then k remaining 32. K this same as border until you have 6 patterns, then cast on 32 st. K remaining 32 same as the other side, then work 2 more patterns, thus forming a square neck.

Side Panels.

Remaining st knitted in stocking-web st length required to fit insertion at neck.

Back.

Now work in stockingweb st length required, and finish with band of knitted insertion same as the front.

Sleeves

Cast on 80 st.

K in stocking-web st, decreasing at end of every 2nd row, until you have

72 st on needle. K 5 inches, and then do 3 patterns of insertion.

Edging for Neck.

Work in blue, and, beginning at shoulder, put 2 d c 3 ch and 2 d c in 1st st, miss 1 st, 1 d c in next st, and continue all round the neck.

Belt

9 ch, miss 3 ch, then I tr in each st to end of row, 3 ch, turn. In the 2nd row miss the I tr over which the 3 ch stands, and continue these rows until the belt measures 50 inches. Make a fringe on both ends of the band, threading strands about 4 inches long into the treble.

To Make-up the Jumper.

Sew the fronts on the wrong side, and take care that the top is quite level, then begin at this point and sew downwards. Now join to fronts just level with neck and sleeve ends. Join up the under-arm seams.

Well iron jumper with damp cloth and hot iron.

Eliminating Heavy Housework

You can Hire a Powerful Vacuum-Cleaner and Work it Yourself

Do you know that, although it may cost you several pounds to have your house and its contents professionally cleaned by a vacuum-cleaning firm, the same firm will, in most instances, leave its appliances in your possession for your own manipulation for twenty-four hours at a cost of a few shillings? You must book your date in advance, for at this time of year its engagement-book is apt to become very full, and prior to its visit you would do well to put your

rooms in order for its reception, so that you may make the very most of its presence. Naturally, the machine will be of a far more powerful and massive type than that which the ordinary housewife would purchase on her own account, but she can perfectly well manipulate it herself, and, with someone to relieve her at intervals, clean her rooms and her hangings as efficiently as if she had gone to a big expense.

The woman who cannot afford the

purchase of a vacuum-cleaner of her own might well loan a machine from the makers every quarter until she has saved the necessary sum for its purchase. By acquiring a machine on the hire-purchase system she will not have to pay more than a modest percentage on the ordinary purchase price, so that if she be not of the type which finds it easy to put away money except under direct pressure, this method of attaining her end may prove of distinct benefit.



The New Underwear

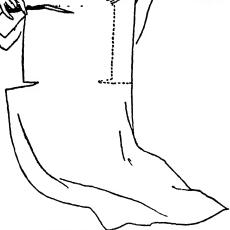
THE newest underwear designs are following the trend of the outer wear fashions with their straight hanging lines and irregular hems, and very graceful girments are the result, as will be seen from the illustrations at the top of this page. The special charm of the under skirt below is the fact that the necessary fulness has been encased on the hips, where it is kept from puckering up round the figure.

Paper Patterns, price 8d. each, postage 1d. each extra by unsealed packet post, or 2d. by letter post

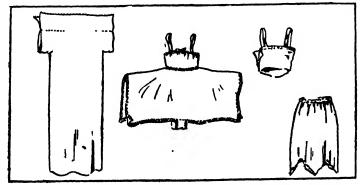
Address to the "Girl's Own "Fashion Edstor, 4, Bouverie Street, Fleet Street, London, E.C. 4.

A DAINTY SLIP ON NEGLIGER
No 9311.
Sizes for 34 and 36 inches
bust measure.

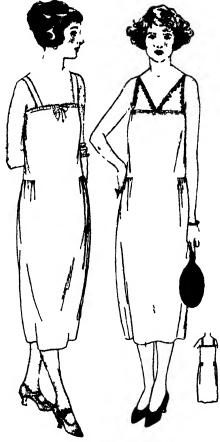
For making coloured underwear, Horrockses' "Diaphalene" is obtainable in a variety of pretty shades, and has a soft silky appearance that is very suitable for fine underwear, and more durable than silk itself.



Two straight pieces of material comprise the Princess Slip on the right.



This diagram shows clearly the construction of the underwear models above. It will be noticed that the knickers of No. 9312 are formed of a folded square of material, and the straight-line fulness and irregular hem form themselves quite naturally when the square is dropped at each side In the Brassière, No. 9313, a close fit is ensured by making the closing at the under-arm.



A NEW SIYLE PRINCESS SLIP
No. 9314.
Sizes for 34 and 35 inches bust measure.

Captivating Cookery Aprons

THERE need now be no sameness of design about the housewife's stock of aprons; these can show as much variety as do her blouses and hats.

Here are two extremely practical little models, each expressing quite a new idea for shaping the very necessary

cookery apron, and no housekeeper could object to being surprised by an unexpected caller when adorned with one of these attractive little garments.

The apron on the lefthand side of the page has a bib in corsage effect extending right round the figure, and shoulder straps that button on to the front of this. Its only trimming is a narrow coloured bind along all edges, and where the bib and skirt join. For a cookingapron, linen, casement cloth, cretonne, or some fairly stout material should be used; but the design would be quite as suitable for making in a flowered voile or some soft



Apron with Bib that extends round the body and fastens at the centre back.
No. 9308.

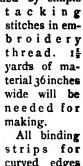
clinging material for use as a sewing or afternoon tea. apron. 11

yards of matenal 36 inches wide will be needed for making.

The design on the right is cut in one piece, slips over the head, and extends into a deep close-fitting yoke at the back which buttons to the front at

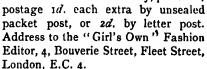
each underarm. Here again for cooking purposes it is best to use some fairly stout fabric, and the flowers for appliquécan be cut from an odd piece of chintz or cretonne.

To apply the flowers, tack them carefully into position and buttonhole all round the edges, using a chain or stem-stitch to connect the groups by trailing stems. The neck and armhole edges are neatened by simple



All binding strips for curved edges should be cut about 1 inch wide on the bias, and applied by stitching one edge of the strip flat along the curved edge, theother being hemmed down onto the wrong side.

These two aprons are supplied in the medium size only, price 8d.,





Appliquéd flowers trim this attractive little One-piece Model.
No. 9307.

Inside the Home

Filling up the Furniture.

You may wonder what is meant by "filling up" the furniture, but if you happen to possess any specimens that have, in the course of years, developed little hollows and unevennesses in the surface that make them look as if they had been bruised or indented, you will recognise the state of affairs for which I propose to suggest a remedy. In many cases, old pieces of furniture are sold with their hollows and holes filled up by means of wax, which, in the course of time, wears down or falls out. In such cases it is well to remove the whole of the filling by means of a hot iron passed over several thicknesses of blotting-paper, leaving the hollow clear for its new supply. This will consist of a mixture made of equal parts of resin and beeswax, melted to a smooth consistency and coloured with sufficient Venetian red to match the wood. This should be pressed well into the part so that the hollow is entirely filled, after which a little linseed oil should be applied to give a suitable surface.

Tables and chairs that have been kicked or otherwise maltreated by small folk can be restored to smoothness of surface by means of a warm iron applied over wet brown paper. The damp warmth thus applied to the wood will have the effect of drawing it up and slightly expanding it so that its original contour is restored. A little furniture-polish will remedy any dulness that the process may have engendered.

Eliminating the

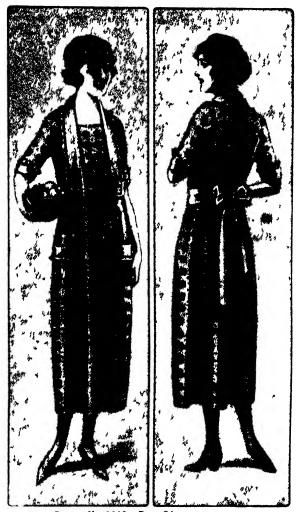
A house that is liberally equipped with linoleum may mean a really formidable amount of labour for those whose job it is to keep it in a due degree of polish. A speciality is now being made of a "Permanent Polish," which entirely does away with all necessity for attention other than that bestowed by a daily dusting and a monthly wash. The dusting is done by means of a cloth tied over a mop-head, and the washing by means of a rag wrung out in warm soapy water. Though the preparation is known as polish, it is actually more in the nature of a very fine, very thin varnish, which provides a surface to the linoleum and is indifferent to moisture.

Beyond the fact that this preparation contains shellac and methylated spirit, I am unable to tell you what other ingredients enter into its composition, since this is a trade secret. But if you need to varnish or re-varnish your furniture I may say that an excellent varnish is to be made for this purpose from a

A Slip-on Dress that can be Ironed Flat

WHAT more desirable feature for a washing house-frock can be claimed than that it can be spread out quite flat for ironing? It is essential for the comfort of the woman who does any part of her own housework-and countless numbers of our readers are doing the bulk of their own at the present timethat she should have frocks for the purpose that can be easily laundered. Nothing is more depressing than a soiled cotton frock, and nothing more tends to inspi one with fresh coulage for the daily routine tasks than to be able to start the day clad in a crisp, fresh, clean

The foundation of the diess is just an all-down magyar-shaped overall which slips on over the head, and can have a placket cut at the left hand side if necessary. The collar is only fastened to the back of the neck, so that it can be laid out flat for ironing. The wide sash belt is then placed round the waist, and the ends of the collar buttoned to this to hold it in position.



Pattern No 9310. Price 8d., postage extra

Not only is this dress easy to make and easy to iron, but it is the easiest garment in the world to get into Thus you will be saving time in every direction by sending for a pattern and making one for yourself.

Choose a pretty patterned print, "Tobralco" or gingham, if a house-frock is required, and make the collar and cuffs and sash of white organdie. Or the design could also be carried out in washing silk, or some rather better material, for an attractive little outdoor frock for summer wear.

Pattern No 9310 can be supplied in \$1205 for 34 and 36 inches bust measure Material required for either size, 3½ 3 and 36 or 40 inches wide, with 1½ yards of a contrasting shade for collar, belt, etc.

Pattern, price 8d, postage 1d extra by unsealed packet post, or 2d by letter post. Address to the "Girl's Own" I ashion Editor, 4, Bouverie Street, Fleet Street, London, E C 4

Inside the Home

Continued from opposite page.

pint of methylated spirit, three ounces of shellac half an ounce of mastic, the same weight of oil of turpentine eight grains of camphor, one ounce of Venice tuipentine, and three ounces of gum sandarach

And if your Hands Suffer.

But before you apply any of these preparations I would counsel you to rub your hands with the new preparation that motorists and house proud housewives are finding so indispensable to their well-being. Its name is "Peldo," and it is an antiseptic cream which leaves a soluble skin on the surface so that no dirt can penetrate to the pores. When the sullying work is over, one just washes the hands in the ordinary way, and both soil and cream vanish away. A tube of the preparation costs is, 6d.

Go to Nature for Colour.

Just about this time of year I receive a number of appeals for assistance in determining the colour-scheme for a sitting room a bed room or a hall. Will green go with purple? I am asked or should grey be combined with brown? Now, since the shades of each of the colours of the spectrum are capable like Woman, of infinite variety it is often difficult to give in such cases really reliable advice. One may have one tint in one's mind's eye, while one's correspondent may be visualising something directly opposite.

If one needs to have one's colourscheme ratified, one cannot do better than go directly to Nature If one finds that she has combined the same tones in flower or tree or seashore, one may rest assured that one has good authority for one's arrangement, but if one can find no such precedent, one will probably discover failure ahead. Greens, for instance are almost numberless in their shades and subtleties, but Nature, in her daffodils, her gorse, her primroses, her buttercups, will tell us, should we require guidance, exactly what shade to combine with our yellow, our gold, or our orange

Again when it comes to home-dyeing, some lovely effects are to be gained by going direct to Nature for the dyes Bilberry juice, for instance, will give a finer purple than any you can buy in powder form, while bracken-tips, boiled for a couple of hours, will give a beautiful orange dye A little experimenting with lichens from our woods will enable you to dye fabrics to lovely browns, while the root of the madder will provide you with shades of rose

Simplifying the Children's Underwear

WHEN planning the children's underwear, the main point to be trimmings are applied flat to the hemmed edges of arm-

considered is the child's comfort, and, looked at from this stand-point, garments that have the weight hanging from the shoulders are much more to be desired than those that have to be fastened round the waist. All the garments illustrated on this page have this feature.

Another great point in the favour of these little "envelope" designs is that by this means one garment can be made to serve the purpose of two. For instance, any of these garments could be worn in the place of chemise and knickers, thus creating a saving in material, time spent in making, and time and expense in laundering. For summer wear, too, it is always a gain to be able to dispense with the extra bulk round the figure caused by garments that overlap each other.

Yet another feature that might almost be suid to outweigh all the other advantages of these practical little garments is the fact that each of them can be spread out practically flat for laundering—a feature that will appeal strongly to those who have their children's garments laundered at home.

The shoulder fastenings do away with any need of gathering or drawing up the neck edges, and if any lace edges and

No 9029 No. 8598 No.8523

No. 8861. Sizes for 10, 12 and 14 years. Material required for size 12 years, 1½ yards 40 inches

No. 9074.
Sizes for 12 and 14 years.
Material required for size
12 years, 1½ yards 40 inches
wide.

No. 9029.
Sizes for 12, 14 and 18 years.
Material required for size 14
years: envelope chemiae, 2
yards 36 inches wide; petiticoat
flounce, 1 yard 36 inches wide.

No. 8598.
Sizes for 2, 4 and 6 years.
Material required for size
4 years, 12 yards 36 inches
wide.

No. 8523. Sizes for 2, 4, 6 and 8 years. Material required for size 6 years, 1 yards 40 inches wide. hole, etc. (which is the method of trimming underwear that is most in vogue at the moment), the work of ironing the garment will be considerably lightened.

In the little Pattern No 9029 you will notice that practically three garments are included in the one by buttoning on a petticoat flounce to the "envelope" chemise. This garment would be particularly applicable where a girl is inclined to be stout, as she often is in her early teens.

The "envelope" in No. 9029 is fastened by slipping it through a slot cut in the front of the chemise, and buttoning with two buttons; in No. 8598 the flap buttons over the front of the chemise; in Nos. 8523 and 9074 the curved edges between the legs are faced with bias facings and buttoned together; and in No. 8861 the back and front edges are simply buttoned together between the legs.

"Tarantulle" is an excellent fabric for making children's underwear, and is made in three weights—standard, fine, and superfine—at varying prices.

The price of each pattern is 8d., postage 1d. each extra by unsealed packet post, and 2d. by letter post.

IMPORTANT

The Editor is pleased to answer general queries free of charge, if a Coupon is enclosed from the Current Number. But all letters requiring an answer, and all inquiries about our Publications and our Paper Patterns, must be accompanied by a stamped and fully addressed envelope for reply

Answers to Correspondents

No charge is made for answering our Readers, but a Coupon from the Current Number (on page of advertisements facing the first page of text) must be enclosed, also a stamped addressed envelope, as the bulk of the Answers are sent by post-

Readers—I have to thank several correspondents (who modestly omitted names and addresses) for some boxes of lovely flowers. These have cheered us greatly, and were most welcome. Thank you all very much indeed. It is so pleasant to know that readers think of us in this kind and friendly manner. I am only sorry that I cannot write a personal letter to each donor.

Margaret. — Croche work, like every other branch of specialised work, requires training, and the cost varies with the efficiency of the training. Well-educated girls who cannot afford the thorough Nursery Course, find in creche training an opportunity of becoming proficient in the general management of children. The majority of the best institutions are affiliated to the National Society of Day Nurseries, whose Creche Inspector will be pleased to answer inquiries (if a stamped addressed envelope is enclosed). The address is 4, Sydney Terrace, Fulham Road, London, S.W.

Fulham Road, London, S.W.
O. S- The Life of J. Hudson Taylor, by Dr. and Mrs.
Howard Taylor, can be ob-

son Taylor, by Dr. and Mrs. Howard Taylor, can be obtained from our office, in two vols. Vol. I., "The Growth of a Soul," 7s. 6d. net; Vol. II., "The Growth of a Work of God," price os. net.

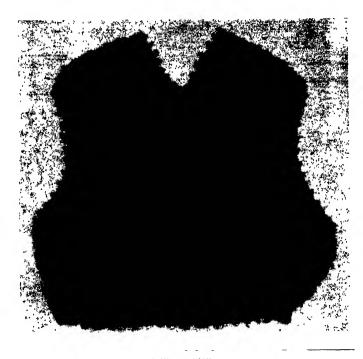
9s. net.

Mrs. J.—Your story suffers from a defect that is responsible for the rejection of thousands of MSS. every year—it lacks "form." You have a good plot, and write fluently; but you have never studied how

fluently; but you have to balance your story. This is a universal fault with beginners. Read the chapters on "Form," and "Right Selection" in The Lure of the Pen," which was written specially for beginners who want to earn a living by writing, but have no ilea how to train for the profession. You can train yourself if you follow the course suggested in this book.

Fortuna. — Hesba Stretton's books can be obtained from this office. They are still immensely popular. Jessica's First Prayer, Jessica's First Prayer, Jessica's Mother, Little Mieg's Children, and Alone in London are published in the "Bouverie Series," cach 2d. net, a remarkably cheap series, that would suit your purpose admirably. You can obtain them through any bookseller, or direct from this office, postage extra.

Mrs. Coleman.—I think the tea cosy design you require is the one illustrated at the bottom of the page.



A HUG-ME-TIGHT.

Directions will be found in " The Popular Knitting Book."

Llandogo.—If you knit your jumper in linen thread, you will get the silky effect you desire, with far better wearing qualities than you would get from a silk jumper. Messrs. Knox manufacture a beautiful linen thread for this purpose, and I can strongly recommend it. Ask for Knox's Falcon Pure Flax Linen Jumper Floss. You can get it in a wide variety of colours.

It has the beautiful sheen of pure flax thread, and the wear is endless. If you are unable to get it in your country town, write to The Linen Thread Company, 76, Little Britain, London, E.C. 1, and they will send you patterns. Linen threads are being used extensively now, on account of their beauty and durability.

Tollington.—Ribbed knitting certainly takes a little longer to do than plain knitting, but it has very decided advantages for some articles of wear, because it allows the garment to fit itself to the figure—expanding where necessary, and closing in where a narrower effect is desired, without looking too bulky. A very useful form of ribbing for coats, jumpers, and socks is 3 stitches knit plain and 1 stitch purled. This lies so flat that it almost looks like a plain knit surface, but the purl rib gives it abundant elasticity. Men's socks are always better if ribbed, as this helps to keep them from slipping down.

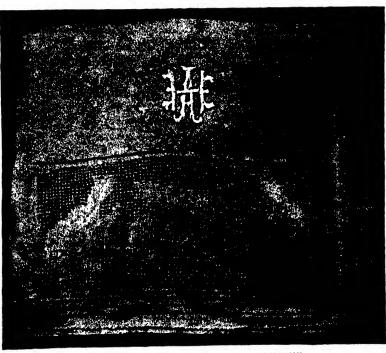
ribbed, as this helps to keep them from slipping down.

Dorcas.—The hug-me-tight illustrated on this page is the type of garment that will be most useful to an elderly lady to wear under Full directions for making will be The Popular Knitting Rook rub.

her coat. Full directions for making will be found in *The Popular Knitting Book*, published at our office, price 2s. 6d. net; by post 2s. 10d.

Young Journalist.—There are plenty of openings in the journalistic world for the girl with useful practical ideas, who knows how to turn them to account for her paper. There is always room in every profession for new workable ideas, and Fleet Street is no

exception. But, un-fortunately, the larger proportion of girls and women who are seeking work on newspapers and magazines at the mo-ment have very little to offer in the way of new ideas; and it is useless to hope to get a post where the Editor will supply the ideas and merely ask the journalist to carry journalist to carry them out. What every editor wants, and is on the look-out for, is the worker with ideas, who knows how to put those ideas on paper. I cannot go into the subject in detail here; I have already dealt with it in The Lure of the Pen. But if you have any new ideas to suggest-unhackneyed subjects that would be likely to interest the public—send them to me, or to any other editor. I myself am editor. I myselt am only too glad to con-sider anything that is new and likely to ap-peal to our readers. I am always seeking the contributor with something fresh in the



A TEA COSY OF LINEN WITH FILET CROCHET INSERTION.
Full directions are published in "Distinctive Crochet," published at this office, price as. 6d.; by post 2s. 10d.

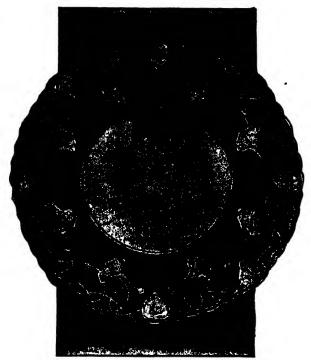
Answers to Correspondents

back of her head. Only it must be new and likely to interest the public.

A Teaching Query. — Teaching needlework in a Girls' School is not identical with the teaching of needlework in a Training College. The latter would necessitate some form of Technical Training, whereas the requirements in a Girls' School would vary with the type of school. In both cases it would be an advantage to hold the Certificate of some Technical Board, such as the City and Guilds of London; or, if not, of some local centre, particulars of which can be obtained from the local Education Authorities. As to residence, the requirements differ in various localities. Sometimes the Diploma is granted after attendance at certain courses of instruction, and in other instances the examination may be taken on payment of a fee. For either of the appointments you mention, proof of a good general education would probably be required; and, if a post in a Training College is sought, some knowledge of the conditions of Flementary Education would be an advantage, as well as some experience in teaching.

E. G.—As I do not know of what substance the vases are composed, I am not quite sure what to advise for painting them. If they will take oil colour, you could make a nice soft shade of greyblue, by mixing cobalt blue, yel-

blue, by mixing cobalt blue, yellow or hre, and rose madder with a foundation of flake white. The blue should predominate, and the proportion of the other colours will



A BEAUTIPUL D'OILY IN CONNEMARA LACE.

This fascinating work is described in "Pillow Lace and Hand-Made
Trimmings," published at our office, price 2s, 6d; by post 2s, 10d.

depend on whether you wish a slightly violet tone (in which case use a little more rose madder) or more green (for which you would use more yellow ochre); the three colours used in equal proportions would produce a neutral grey. If you desire a dull matt surface use the colours very dry, and apply with a dabbing movement of the brush. A pretty effect can be obtained by "broken colour," i.e., varying the colour in your brush, and blending the tones softly together on your surface. Treated in this manner the vases would look much more artistic, and would resemble some of the best "art" ware. If desired, a glazed surface can be obtained by a coat of thin copal varnish, applied when the colour is thoroughly dry.

A Rander "G

A Reader (Cawthorne).—Once again I have to thank you for sending me such a lovely box of flowers. These arrived in a beautifully fresh condition on what happened to be a dull rainy day in town, and were the means of brightening up the office considerably. It is very kind of you to think of us in this way.

H. R.—The Boy's Own Reciter, which has been prepared by the Editor of the Boy's Own Paper, will give you a splendid selection from which to choose for your lads. It is published at the "Boy's Own Paper" Office, 4, Bouverie Street, London, E.C. 4, price 5s. net; or you can get it in three separate volumes at 11. od. net each. Vol. I. is entitled "The Bishop and the Caterpillar," Vol. II., "Murphy; a Tale of Vol. III., "Trouble in Dormitory Fach you'me contains a number of

Anzac"; Vol. III., "Trouble in Dormitory Three." Each volume contains a number of recitations suitable for boys of various ages.

Are You Safeguarded Against Fire?

I SUPPOSE there are few catastrophes that we would not sooner face than an outbreak of fire in our home, yet comparatively few of us trouble to take the simple precautions that may mean so much in the case of such an eventuality. We are rather in the position of the ostler who locks the stable door after the theft of the horse, for, as any shop that specialises in fire-arresting devices will tell you, the majority of customers who patronise their wares are the individuals who have already had a practical experience of their need.

The simplest and least expensive portion of the equipment for controlling flames until such time as the fire-engines may arrive consists of a set of galvanised buckets of seamed iron of the first quality and of a capacity of two gallons (in a larger size they would prove too heavy to be of much practical use to the amateur); their lids are hinged in such a way that when tilted these are automatically released—in fact, the very act of directing them towards the conflagration does all that is necessary, so that there is no fumbling with clasps and fastenings. Moreover, the lid serves, when the bucket is not in use, to exclude dust and foreign matter.

Three of these buckets on each floor

Suggestions for Householders

that has not a ready means of escape for the inmates is a fair allowance. Their cost, including that of a varnished rail of hard wood and of brackets for fixing it in position, represents an outlay of only f_2 12s.

These buckets, like the hand-grenades which are filled with a special fireextinguishing liquid and cost 9s. 6d. apiece, may be sufficient for overcoming an insignificant outbreak of fire or for keeping it within bounds for a reasonable time, but for really effective control (and this is important in the case of dwellings far removed from a fire-station) a stirrup-pump which may be connected either to a bucket or to a cistern is desirable. Such pumps will project a forcible stream of water reaching as far as twenty-five feet, a faculty which renders them of service in their off-time for purposes of window-cleaning, yardwashing, or garden - watering. Three guineas will purchase a reliable specimen.

But for a really serious case of fire, perhaps the coil of hose, fitted at one end with a tap-connector, is invaluable. This connector, as soon as it is pushed over a plain-nosed tap, forms a joint, and thus provides an improvised hydrant from the bath-room, the sink, or, indeed, from any part of the house where a

By Mrs. GORDON-STABLES

water-tap has been installed. One can buy a serviceable length of hose, complete with connector, nozzle, and reel for suspending it, for £5. Possibly, by acquiring the hose separately at a cost of 1s. 6¢. a foot, and fitting it oneself with the accessories, one may effect a small economy.

A good many folk with top storeys equipped with a trap-door on to the roof comfort themselves with the assurance that such a means of escape in case of fire relieves them of the necessity for further precaution. But trap doors have a way of sticking fast just when one needs them, and sometimes the ladder by which to reach them happens to be situated several floors away. If one is really to derive a sense of safety in this connection, one must provide oneself with an automatic ladder and trapdoor opener, the cost of which varies in proportion to the height of the trap-door from the ground. The act of lowering the ladder opens the door to the roof.

Even the floor on which water does not happen to have been laid can be safe-guarded by the provision of a galvanised cistern, fitted with a length of tubing. For this, as for the hand-grenades, the special chemical liquid for fire-extinguishing is useful.

WOMAN'S MAGAZINE



"But the bed-rooms, Agnes, so many of them and all so small. We know from our experience at home how inconvenient such an arrangement can be."

"I had forgotten the bed-rooms."

And then there is no larder."

"I had forgotten that as well. You are right, Laura, the house would not do for us at all. It is a pity, because the garden is just what we want. I have never seen such beautiful rambler roses since we left the 'Laurels.'" Miss Agnes paused in the embroidery she was fitfully executing, and gazed dreamily out of the window. "I always loved the old rose-walk at the 'Laurels.' It will be just at its best now. I do wish the house was not empty, a garden so quickly runs wild in the summer." She picked up her work again with a sigh. "I shall be glad when we settle down at last; I miss the garden when the days are so warm and sunny."

"Not more than I miss a house to manage," her sister reminded her.

"I wonder, sometimes," Miss Agnes began, then hesitated nervously, stabbing the tablecloth with her needle. "I wonder sometimes if we should not be wise to take a house, even if it does not meet all our requirements."

Mrs. Priestley met the retrograde suggestion with the scorn it merited.

"Occasionally you have as little commonsense as Charles himself," she said severely. "What would be the good of having spent these last four years looking for a house to suit us, if we take one that does not suit us at all in the end?"

The Turn of the Worm By MARGARET BAKER

Miss Agnes plied her needle in abashed silence, while her sister rustled through the pages of the guide-book on the table before her, her chin a little squarer, her back a little straighter than usual; she felt the necessity for firmness. Agnes was so easily swayed by the impulse of the moment that she lost sight of the wide view of the subject.

"Where were you thinking of recommending us to go now?" Miss Agnes asked presently, in a subdued voice.

Mrs. Priestley unbent a little.

"I am divided at present between Devonshire and Surrey," she replied graciously. "The Devonshire coast is——"

"But we spent last autumn there!"

"Devonshire, as you are no doubt aware, has two coasts," Mrs. Priestley said patiently. "On our former visit we confined ourselves to the north, now I propose that we take a couple of centres on the south, from which we could leisurely explore the neighbourhood. Charles, of course, would be perfectly happy there, the scenery, I understand, is extraordinarily beautiful, and the colouring unique. He would have unrivalled opportunities for sketching and painting."

"It is a great distance from London," Miss Agnes suggested.
"And Charles——"

"Exactly what I was about to

say; that is the reason I put Surrey as the alternative—Surrey, or Kent, or somewhere on the Downs, perhaps."

"Ye—es," assented Miss Agnes doubtfully.

Mrs. Priestley warmed to her subject.

"The Surrey lanes are remarkable for their beauty; the country is gently undulating, with many magnificently-wooded commons. Also," she continued, in a more natural manner, as she ceased to summarise the guidebook, "also, I am convinced it is just the area in which to look for a house such as we require."

"Because it is so near London?"
Mrs. Priestley nodded.

"After all, it is, perhaps, unreasonable to expect a choice of houses in these provincial districts we have been trying. We might try Tunbridge Wells, I think, as our first headquarters."

Miss Agnes paused thoughtfully in her work.

"Of course, Devonshire has the more romantic scenery, and the climate is very mild; but you are right in the choice of houses being limited."

"Then we will settle on Tunbridge Wells." And Mrs. Priestley straightened her neat widow's cuffs with the air of one who, having disposed of one problem, prepares herself to face the next with unimpaired vigour.

"Had we not better consult Charles before deciding definitely?" ventured Miss Agnes.

"Charles dislikes being worried over affairs of this kind," Mrs. Priestley said decidedly. "He is always ready to fall in with our

The Turn of the Worm

arrangements Now let me read you these extracts about Tunbridge Wells and neighbourhood."

Mr. Oliver, strolling in through the open French window in search of the afternoon post and his tea, stopped on the threshold. His low melodious whistling ended suddenly on an entirely original note, tragically minor; his face fell; if he had been a swearing man he would have said things which he should not.

"We were just wishing you would come, Charles," Mrs. Priestley said, looking up "Can you spare a few minutes?"

Mr. Oliver did not reply directly to the question. He stepped into the room and sat down heavily with an air of unhappy resignation.

"What is wrong with 'The Rosary'?" he asked, with a sigh.

"Quite impossible upstairs, and no larder."

"But I thought the garden was---"

"One requires something more than a garden," Mrs. Priestley said crushingly.

"I have been thinking over the garden again," Miss Agnes added.
"The roses certainly are very beautiful, but the orchard has been terribly neglected, and the aspect is altogether wrong."

"What about the 'Towers'?" Mr. Oliver asked.

"My dear! Four entertaining rooms! What could we do with a place that size?"

"There was the bungalow we drove out to see on the Madderton Road that was surely compact enough!"

"Charles, dear!" pleaded Miss Agnes.

"Well?" he asked. "What have I said now?"

"Suggested that dreadful little place again. Why, we should not have room to put up a single visitor, and there is absolutely no place for you to use as a studio."

"There was the garage!"

"Charles, you shall not muddle about in a garage," Mrs. Priestley said severely. "After the beautiful studio you had at home I should have thought you would want something better than a garage now. Why, we have refused several houses, excellent in every other way, because they had no room in which you could settle comfortably."

"I could settle comfortably in a horse-box or a wash-house, if there was any chance of its being permanent," Mr. Oliver ventured mildly.

Mrs. Priestley ignored the remark. "Agnes and I have visited every possible house in the neighbourhood, and there is not one that would suit us," she announced, with a finality that would have silenced a bolder man than her brother.

She paused majestically and turned again to the guide-book.

"We thought of Tunbridge Wells as a first centre," she said.

"It will be so convenient for you to be nearer town," Miss Agnes interposed.

"And there will be such choice of convenient modern houses in a residential neighbourhood like that. I wonder we had not thought of Tunbridge before."

"Once there we ought to find just what we want," Miss Agnes added consolingly

Mr Oliver sighed, perhaps a little too audibly, and with the air of one who had little faith in such a happy consummation. He rose and stood on the hearth-rug, his hands thrust deep into the pockets of his old alpaca jacket.

"When do we leave?" he asked.
Mrs. Priestley became suddenly
gracious, having gained her point.

"That must be arranged to suit you, Charles. Agnes and I can be ready at any time"—this in a tone of mild submission. "If we give Mrs. Philips notice to-day we can leave these rooms at the beginning of the week"

Mr. Oliver sighed again.

"Oh, let us get it over as soon as possible."

The post arrived during breakfast on Monday. Mrs. Priestley was presiding in somewhat more than her usual state. She wore her hat with the veil pushed back in a dark line across her aquiline nose, and her gloves and purse, the luggage tags and keys, and the railway-guide, lay on the table beside her.

She turned the letters over with a detached air.

"There is one from Lapworths," she announced. "It is addressed to you, Charles; but I suppose I may open it. They must have let 'The Laurels' at last." She opened the envelope as she spoke. "The house is still empty," she said, in a tone of annoyance. "I am not sure, Charles, that you did well in choosing Lapworths for our agents. It seems to me that

there must be carelessness or stupidity on their part for a place like 'The Laurels' to stand empty so long."

"Perhaps other people find it as inconvenient as you did," suggested her brother.

"Inconvenient!" echoed Mrs. Priestley. "It was most convenient in nearly all respects—so many cupboards and store-places and outhouses. And, too, remember the garden, and the views from all but the north windows, and your studio! Not one of the houses we have been through was half as convenient and charming as 'The Laurels.'"

Mr. Oliver raised his eyebrows and whistled softly.

"But the absence of modern conveniences—" prompted Miss Agnes.

"Precisely what Lapworths write about. They say they could have let many times over if we had installed electric light or gas, and a modern kitchen range. They also speak of some repairs which want attending to, and suggest that you should go over the house with their man next time you are in the neighbourhood. Not that you would be much good, Charles," she added parenthetically, with a glance at her brother, "because you would not know what wanted doing even if you saw it."

"Lapworths' man would explain," Mr. Oliver began.

"Of course he would," Mrs Priestley interrupted drily. "And as you would not know any better, you would agree to all he said, and a pretty bill he would run up." With which crushing statement she helped herself to marmalade and proceeded with her breakfast.

"If we broke our journey at the Junction we might run down to Whitenstowe—"Miss Agnes began hesitatingly.

"And go over 'The Laurels' this evening," Mrs. Priestley finished for her. "Exactly what I was just going to suggest. We can stay the night at the Blue Boar. I will look up the trains in the cab and wire Lapworths from the station telegraph office." Mrs. Priestley prided herself on her business head and the rapidity with which she could grasp and deal with any situation. "If the repairs have to be made, the sooner they are done the better, and the sooner we shall have a tenant."

The Turn of the Worm

The representative of Lapworth and Lapworth, estate agents, sat upon the gate of 'The Laurels," kicking his heels thereon, and neutralising the scent of the roses and syringa with a cigar representative of Lapworth and Lapworth had sat several times of late upon that same gate waiting to show prospective tenants over the house, and the situation had begun to grow monotonous He scowled darkly at the "To Let" board nailed to the fence, and ended by throwing his cigar stump at it Then he slipped off the gate in a great hurry and tried to look as though he had not even thought of occupying a position so detrimental to the dignity of his firm

'Oh, the roses!' cried Miss Agnes
Mr Oliver paused just inside the
gate, and his hands went up instinctively to frame off the picture of the
flagged walk with its over-arching
roses and bordering beds of vivid
blue delphiniums

"I must really paint that again," he muttered, half to himself, and stepped this way and that to find the best point of view

Mrs Priestley recalled him sharply His last step back had endangered both her dignity and her foot, and there was considerable asperity in her—

"Charles, Mr Brown is waiting to show us the repairs wanted'

She laid her hand upon his arm, and kept it there as they walked up the path—a necessary precaution, for Mr Oliver would have liked to stop a dozen times in the short distance. The representative of Lapworth and Lapworth had preceded them and unlocked the door Where Miss Agnes had vanished, no one knew, she had disappeared at the gate, and Mrs Priestley refused to allow her brother to go in search of her lest he also should not return

' She is only interested in gardening,' Mrs Priestley remarked, with some annoyance She would be very little good if she was here

It did not appear that Mr Oliver was of much more assistance than his youngest sister would have been He dutifully followed in the wake of Lapworth and Lapworth's excellent young man, who seemed a walking compendium of catalogues, estimates

and general information, but he consistently refused to take any more intimate part in the proceedings

"My dear," he replied to Mrs Priestley's admonitions, "I do not know a damper from an oven-plate, so what is the good of my interfering?" A more observant person than his sister at the moment might, however, have noticed a covert, but keen, interest in all that passed

Miss Agnes joined them, rather shame-facedly, after a while She received Mrs Priestley's crushing look with becoming meekness, but found opportunity to impart a good deal of information to her brother about the distressing condition of the garden

"It does grieve me to see it like this,' she said, more than once "I wish I could superintend the putting of it in oider'

Mr Oliver looked at her quizzi-cally

'Umph' he remarked, and turned away abruptly perhaps to hide the sudden indecorous twinkle in his eye-

At the end of an hour they stood outside once more Mr Oliver was



OH, THE ROSES CRILD

Drawn by Conrad Leigh

The Turn of the Worm

the last to leave the house. He shut the front-door, and taking the key from the lock slipped it into his pocket.

Miss Agnes corrected him.

"Charles, dear, you forget," she said gently.

He put his hand in his pocket and took out the key again, turned it over on his palm, looking at it with an odd smile, and then put it back.

"No, I did not forget," he said slowly.

Mrs. Priestley, who had been reiterating her instructions to the agent, had not heard what he said.

"Charles, Mr. Brown is waiting for the key."

"I do not think we need trouble Mr. Brown with the key now that the house is not to let," Mr. Oliver replied casually.

" Not to let?"

" No. I have taken it."

Mrs. Priestley's reception of this statement was withering.

"Charles, pray do not be so absolutely absurd!" she exclaimed tartly.

Mr. Oliver appeared absorbingly interested in his gloves, while the ghost of a smile flitted to and fro across his face. Suddenly he looked up.

"Why did we leave here" he asked abruptly.

"Why? You know as well as anybody. The kitchen range——"

"We have just decided to put in a new one, since we cannot let unless we do."

"Then the absence of modern conveniences."

"Have you not just given orders for electric light throughout to meet the requirements of possible tenants?"

Mrs. Priestley drew herself up impatiently.

"Charles, you are too ridiculous There were dozens of reasons for our leaving here—remember the way the north windows look on to that horrible yard wall."

Mr. Oliver was imperturbable.

"Knock it down, take up the flags and let Agnes make another rosegarden there."

"Agnes has more sense than you appear to have; she would not agree to any such wild scheme."

But for once Miss Oliver failed to

follow dutifully in her sister's wake. Her face was flushed and eager.

"I do not think roses would do well there, but a rock garden, perhaps— I have always longed for a rockgarden."

Mrs. Priestley was taken aback, but only for the moment.

"What about the bed-rooms," she asked, with the air of one showing a trump-card. "Twelve of them, and all the size of band-boxes."

"Knock two into one all round," was the prompt rejoiner.

The agent made an involuntary sound that was not exactly a cough or a sneeze, and tried to appear unconscious of what was being said; Miss Agnes did not dare to look in her sister's direction.

Mrs. Priestley made a desperate attempt to rally her forces.

"Do not forget the pink marble mantelpiece in the library," she said sharply. "You used to declare, Charles, that it set your teeth on edge!"

"Paint it," returned Mr. Oliver briefly. "Look here, Laura, we have roamed this island for four mortal years to find a house that exactly meets our requirements; you have looked through hundreds, and every one of them has fallen short of the ideal. How many houses have you refused because they had not big sunny windows like these, or cup-

boards, or cellars, or larders, or roses, or fruit-trees like there are here. You have here the original garden, views, out-houses, healthy situation, studio, and everything else you have tried to find elsewhere in conjunction with the few improvements after which you hanker."

"I wonder if Joe Basnett still does jobbing-gardening," Miss Agnes remarked irrelevantly. "I must see him to-night."

Mr. Oliver laughed.

"It is two to one, Laura; you will have to give in."

"But the expense of putting things right," said Mrs. Priestley, delivering her last despairing shot.

"My dear, it will be cheaper to rebuild the entire upper storey than to go on as we have been doing, living in lodgings and travelling so much."

"But really, Charles---"

Mr. Ohver interrupted her.

"See, Laura, leave the orders for the alterations we had agreed to as they stand—it seems we shall have to make them whether we stay or not; and then, while you have the workmen in the house, just have anything else done you like. I will go and dismiss that young man now, and give him a message for Lapworths."

"Have anything else done you like," echoed Mrs. Priestley. "That is so like Charles, he has not a scrap of practicalness about him." She began poking the gravel with her umbrella. "The mantelpiece might be painted mahogany to match the furniture," she said presently, half to herself. Then a few minutes later-" I am not sure which will be the best way to have the bedrooms altered. As soon as Charles comes back with the key we will go back to the house and look at them. I only hope he is not giving all sorts of senseless orders to Lapworths' man."

Mr. Oliver's orders, however, had been few, and the representative of Lapworth and Lapworth paused on his way out to execute the last of them. He climbed the gate for the second time, wrenched the "To Let" board off the fence, and dropped it among the bushes. Then he started off towards the town.

"Rum old girl!" he muttered.



Rosemary

Chapters XIII. and XIV.

Concerning Men—Two Men
in Particular

By L. G. MOBERLY

"I've never met any girl quite like you before"

"And I have hardly ever met any men at all" Rosemary's answer came quickly after her companion's remark, and her eyes looked with amused interest into the face of the young man who sat

beside her. They were in the conservatory of a house belonging to one of Bertha Sterndale's intimate friends, and on this evening in June, Rosemary had been brought by her aunt to an "At Home" and informal dance, which she was enjoying to the top of her bent

When Bertha's rather coldlyworded invitation had reached the Manor House, Rosemary's first instinct had been to refuse it, but her father so obviously wished her to accept, that she had fallen in with his wishes

"Don't let us make unneces sary occasions for family squabbles or bitterness," he said Take all the sunshine you can into Bertha's home, and warm

up her chilly atmosphere"

And although her aunts manner to her was more that of a frigidly polite acquaint ance than a near relation Rosemary found herself able to extract a great deal of enjoyment out of her visit She was possessed of the happy temperament which can find pleasure in the most unlikely places and her aunt could not but unbend a little before her guest's eager enjoyment of what seemed to herself most tame and ordinary occurrences To Bertha, I dith Robinson's ' At Home' was merely rather a horing performance to be got through as quickly as possible, but Rosemary found every moment of the evening en trancing The big rooms with their blaze of lights, and the colour and fragrance of flowers, the well-dressed women the music, and her own partners, who seemed to enjoy dancing with her, each of these in turn, and all of them combined, gave the girl an intoxicating little sense of novelty and delight

The young man who sat beside Rosemary under a great palm in the conservatory showed in his eyes his sense of the girl's attractiveness, and he leant a little towards her and watched her eager face "What makes you so different from other girls?" he asked, ringing the changes upon his original statement

"I expect because I have lived a different kind of life," Rosemary said "Excepting for a year at school I always lived in a little French village, until a

few weeks ago I scarcely knew anything about English life or English homes before "

"That's why you are so much more keen about things than other girls are You are not an atom bored or blase"

"Blase?" Rosemary laughed her



WHAT MAKES YOU SO DIFFERENT I ROM OTHER GIRLS HE ASKED

Drawn by Harold Copping.

Rosemary

refreshing laugh "There is nothing for me to be blass about. I couldn't be either blass or bored when I am always having new sensations, and coming across new ideas and new people. I've never been to a party like this before; and I even love my new frock." Her hand smoothed the folds of the white gown she wore, and her eyes met the admiring eyes need upon her with a smile which struck young Mayne as being particularly frank and sweet

"But haven't you been to balls and things?" Denis put the question in a puzzled tone, for having only arrived from India a few weeks before he was rot posted in current gossip, and was ignorant of the story of Rosemary's father and the strange happenings which some months earlier had reinstated him in the world's good opinion.

"I never lived in England at all until quite a little while ago," the girl repeated "And I've never had any chance

of going to balls. We just lived in a tiny village, mother and I, and we knew only the village people. I think it was rather a strange little life," she added quaintly "But then it does make me enjoy this change all the more. If I had had parties always, and always known lots of people, I shouldn't have enjoyed all this half so much Why, I have hardly ever spoken to any young men before," she added naïvely.

"It must have been a pretty rotten life for a girl, right away in a remote village without a soul to speak to," Denis said feelingly.

"Oh, but there were plenty of souls to speak to." Rosemary's happy laugh rang out gaily. "The village wasn't a desert, and I knew everyone of the villagers, and they were all my friends. But I meant that I had hardly ever spoken before to any young Englishman."

"Did you know a lot of Frenchmen then?" came the prompt and rather savage question, at which Rosemary laughed again.

"I only knew the villagers! There were no educated people there, excepting the dear old curé and the old doctor."

"You mean you have never had any companions of your own class before?"

"Only the girls at school. I never knew any boys."

"And now, I suppose, you are meeting no end of fellows?"

Denus asked, with a grudging note in his voice.

"Sometimes at home I meet one or two—not' no end.'" She laughed again. "You see, even at the Manor House we live a very quict life. But now in London I have seen some men—young like you, and all so nice to me."

"I should jolly well suppose they would be nice to you," Denis answered gruffly. "You don't seem to realise——" He broke off abruptly, and Rosemary looked at him with round eyes.

"To realise what?" she asked.

"To realise that you are the kind people will be nice to." He rather stammered over his words; something in Rosemary's clear eyes made a commonplace compliment seem impossible and absurd. "You are not a bit like other girls." He repeated his former remark, and a little shadow all at once crossed his companion's face.

"You've said that twice," she said quietly. "Do you mean that I am strange and queer, and not like other

people? I shouldn't like to be a sort of natural curiosity."

"You are not a natural curiosity." It was the young man's turn to laugh. "And you certainly are not queer or strange But you are different. It is a sort of difference I like most tremendously," he added boyishly.

"Do you? I'm glad!" Rosemary's eyes met his admiring glance quite simply, with no trace of embarrassment. "I shouldn't like people to feel I was a freak."

"A freak!" The young man's voice rang with indignation. "Nobody in their senses could think of you as a freak. Good gracious! there's nothing to worry about in being different from other girls. They are mostly a flock of sheep, each one trying how like she can be to all the others. A difference is jolly refreshing, I can tell you. I only wish——" Again he hesitated, and Rosemary again repeated his words.

" You only wish what?

'I only wish you could find anything worth liking in me?"

"But I do," Rosemary exclaimed eagerly. "I think there's a lot in you to like. And it is so interesting talking to somebody near my own age, although——" She pulled herself up and flushed, realising that she was on the verge of saying something that would certainly not be pleasing to her listener.

"How dreadful!" the thought ran through her mind "How dreadful, I was going to say although what older people say is more interesting." As the thought came to her a little picture painted itself before her mental vision. She saw the olive garden at Dragnon, the grass under the olive trees purple with violets; and standing in the roadway, facing her as she sat upon the rough stone wall, she saw the stranger with the lined face and blue eyes-the blue eyes that held so much of bewilderment and of kindliness.

"I have known so few people," she ended hurriedly, afraid lest her companion should inquire too closely with what words she had intended to follow that one word, "although." "I've said that before, haven't I?" she added with a laugh. "It seems as though it was the one thing I realise most clearly now that I am getting to know so many. Before now I knew almost nobody."



April

The beauty of the world's a-ewim in tears;
This changing beauty that will surely pass
With the gold trumpet of the daffodil,
And shadows dimpling April's grass.

At times my heart is shaken with great joy
To hear a lonely thrush sing in some lane;
Or watch the swinging raindrops on a bough,
And feel soft fingers linked in mine again.

Again for me the golden gates roll back,
And all the magic of the past is mine;
The rainbow beauty of the new-wash'd world,
The restful silence of the pale star-shine.

M. THORBURN.

"What on earth did you do in that French village?" Denis asked in puzzled tones. "It must have been jolly dull."

"I never felt dull in my life," was the almost indignant retort. "At Dragnon I was busy from morning till night. I helped old Marie in the house, and I worked in the garden, and I helped mother with the sick people in the village, and I read and sewed: and, oh, there was always lots to do, much more really than there is at the Manor where we have plenty of servants instead of only Marie."

"I would awfully like to see the Manor House," the young man said eagerly. "Do you think your people would let me go some day."

"Why, of course," Rosemary answered simply. "Father is as proud as he can be of the garden and of the house too, and it is all so lovely, I should like you to see it."

"And would you like to see me, too?" Denis questioned, edging a little nearer to her, and letting his hand rest for a moment on her arm.

"Why, of course," she answered again, her eyes opening rather widely. "I should like very much to see you at Grenlake. I would take you some of my favourite walks, and you would simply love Dan."

"Dan?" he asked, a little baffled by her simplicity and total freedom from any idea of flirtation or coquetry.

"I)an is my dog, and a perfect dear" she said eagerly. "I never had a dog until I came to England. Then I expect you'd love the garden. The rosemary hedge is what most people love. I got my name from that."

"Rosemary." he said under his breath. "What a dear little name—Rosemary. It seems to suit you." His glance ran over the slight figure in its white gown, resting finally on the delicate oval of the girl's face, the dusky cloud of her hair, and the grey-blue eyes which shone with such eager happiness. "You look so alive, and so fresh and—and sweet," he finished rather nurriedly. Rosemary's laugh disconcerted him, as did the straightforward glance of her grey eyes.

"How funny," she said, with another ripple of laughter. "Do those things make you think of rosemary—freshness and aliveness and sweetness? Rosemary isn't exactly sweet, is it? It has a kind of healthy smell but I shouldn't call it sweet."

"Perhaps not," Denis answered rather sulkily. "I don't know much about the smell of rosemary, and whether it is sweet or not. But I know you are sweet, anyhow." The last words burst out with almost a fierce intonation. "You have a sort of way with you so different from other girls.

You"—he paused and looked at her with hesitation, as though he doubted how she would take his words—"you don't try to lead a fellow on—or anything."

"Lead—a—fellow on?" she asked. "What to? What for?" Her eyes expressed bewilderment and non-comprehension. "I don't at all understand."

"Look here." He took her hand in his and held it with a tight pressure, which made the girl instinctively draw a little away from him. " Look here, don't pull yourself away. Don't you understand that I think you are the sweetest thing I ever saw? You're so utterly different from the ruck of girls, that's why I like you so fearfully, only you're blind where most girls would see straight off. I say, you might be more ready to meet a fellow half-way. What's the good of such utter stand-offishness? Is it because you were brought up in France?"

"Is what because I was brought up in France?" she answered, still further bewildered by his torrent of words, and frightened by the look in his eyes. "I

would rather you did not hold my hand, please."

She tried to drag her hand away from his clasp, but he only held it closer, and bent his head nearer to her.

"Don't be unkind," he pleaded, his eagerness only stimulated by her resistance. "You don't know how simply ripping you look, sitting there with the light falling on your hair. I say, couldn't you be a little scrap kind to me?"

"I don't want to be anything but kind to you." Rosemary had succeeded in pulling her hand from his. "But I don't understand what you mean, and I wish you wouldn't look at me so queerly."

"Queerly, you call it?" Denis laughed rather shakily. "I look at you as I feel, and I feel a most awful lot, more than I ever felt before for any girl. You knock other girls into a cocked hat."

Again a ripple of 'aughter broke from Rosemary's lips, laughter which roused the young man to a sudden gust of anger.

"Why do you laugh?" he exclaimed hotly. "I am speaking seriously, and why should you laugh at me?"



ABERGLASLYN PASS,

Photo by Ethel M. Tatlock.

"Because you say such funny things. What does it mean about a cocked hat? I never heard those words before."

"Oh, if you are only laughing at the words, I don't mind," he said, still speaking rather sulkily. "I forgot you were such a foreigner you wouldn't understand plain English. Anyhow, it doesn't matter about the particular words I used. What I mean is that you are miles and miles beyond any other girl I ever saw, and that if you would only give me half a chance, I'd like us to be pals and more than pals."

His voice grew excited, and his words tumbled over one another. He caught both her hands in his.

"I—like you too," she faltered, shrinking back. "I told you before I liked you, and of course we can be pals—only—only—"

Something in her faltering voice, her flushed face, the half-frightened look in her eyes, added fucl to the flames, and all at once young Mayne drew her towards him with a quick movement and kissed her bewildered face, kissed it with an ardour which in the unsophisticated girl only aroused anger and dismay.

Rosemary

"How dare you?" she exclaimed.
"How dare you?" And she tore her hands out of his and rose from her seat with flaming face and blazing eyes. "No, I don't want you to go with me," she added, as he showed signs of intending to accompany her back to the drawing-room. "I don't want ever to speak to you again, even to see you. I didn't know men could be so horrible."

And without allowing him time to reply, she swept past him and out of the conservatory, her whole being in a turmoil of indignation. To girls accustomed to flirt with this man and that indifferently, accustomed to give and

receive kisses with careless light. heartedness. Rosemary's attitude would have seemed absurd and prudish. But she had lived so secluded a life, she had been so remote from all contact with young men of her own age, and with all her gentleness her nature was so proud, so reticent, that she felt outraged and horrified by the kisses which Denis Mayne had pressed upon her lips and cheek. She longed to wipe those kisses away. She felt a ridiculous wish to wash her face then and there, "only even then I should not be able to forget them." The thought raced through her mind as she walked impetuously across the room into which the conservatory opened. and so into the larger drawing-room beyond.

One or two of the guests stared curiously at the girl's flushed face, and her angry, shining eyes, which so obviously saw nothing of her surroundings. But nobody spoke to her. It was nobody's business to ask her what was the matter, or why she looked so troubled and angry, and the women merely shrugged their shoulders and asked each other, "What on earth could make that girl look so annoyed?" And the men thought how becoming it was to a pretty girl to have such a flush on her cheeks, such a light in her eyes, even though the light was an angry one.

It was not until she reached the entrance to the larger room which was thronged with people, that Rosemary seemed to be conscious of where she was, or of what was going on about her. And then suddenly her glance fell upon a tall man standing alone, a little apart from the rest of the company, looking about him with a glance half amused and interested, half wistful. He stood with

his back against the wall, surveying the shifting crowd, as if in some odd way, whilst interested in it, he was utterly remote from it, and at sight of him some of the anger died out of Rosemary's eyes, a great sense of relief sprang up in her heart.

Looking neither to right or left of her, she threaded her way as rapidly as possible through the groups of men and women scattered about the room. That tall figure against the wall had the air of being unaccountably out of place in a London drawing-room, and a crowd of well-dressed men and women. Rosemary thought whimsically he was more in

place in the road that ran past the olive garden where the violets made a purple carpet on the grass. His present atmosphere was too exotic, too much like a heavily scented greenhouse, and though she did not put her thoughts quite into those words, it was along these lines that her thoughts ran as. going straight up to the stranger, she put out her hands towards him without any preliminary greeting, saying impulsively-

"Oh, I am so glad you are here, so very glad!"

Chapter XIV. "Mr. Smith."

The tall man by the wall looked at Rosemary with a startled expression as she put out her hands with that quick exclamation, and for a moment there was nothing but bewilderment upon his face, and then a flash of recollection leapt into his eyes, and he smiled.

"Why, I do believe it is the little girl I met amongst the olive gardens, only you are dressed quite differently," he exclaimed, taking her outstretched hand. "What a jolly purple patch the violet: made in the grass!"



"WHY, I DO BELIEVE IT'S THE LITTLE GIRL I MET AMONGST THE CLIVE GARDENS."

Drawn by Harold Cobbins

"I am glad you remember me." Rosemary's voice was eager. Unconsciously she drew a little closer to the tall stranger, with a vague feeling that he was in some sense a haven of refuge. The turmoil roused within her by the scene in the conservatory had not yet died down. She still felt disturbed and indignant, and signs of distress still showed in her flushed cheeks and in the angry brightness of her eyes. The stranger noted these signs of disturbance.

"I am so glad you have come," Rosemary went on rather precipitately. "This is my first real party, and I thought it would be lovely."

"And isn't it lovely?" was the gentle answer, whilst her companion left his place by the wall and steered her towards an empty sofa, sitting down upon it beside her. "First real parties ought to have a glamour all their own."

"Well, you see," the girl said slowly, her eyes leaving his face and turning rather uneasily in the direction of the conservatory, "I expect nothing is quite so good as one thinks it is going to be. I didn't ever know any young men before," she added with apparent irrelevance, and her companion, following the direction of her eyes, jumped to the not unnatural conclusion that the young man who had just come into the big drawing-room a few yards behind Rosemary had contrived in some way to upset her equilibrium.

"Young men have to be taken with a grain of salt," he said cheerily. "Don't look at them and their ways too seriously."

"I never want to see that man again." Rosemary said with vehemence. "Of course, I don't know anything about them, and what they generally do and say, but I didn't like what that one said and did." And her colour grew more vivid at the remembrance of the kisses which still seemed to scorch her face. "I don't believe my godfather would have liked him either," she added slowly and to her companion's no small surprise.

"Your godfather?" he asked, a hint of amusement in his eyes. "Why, what has he to do with it?"

"He has a lot to do with me," the girl said quaintly. "More than most godfathers, because, you see, he didn't just promise things at my baptism and then forget all about me. He wrote me a letter."

"Only one letter?"

"Only one." Rosemary nodded gravely. "He wrote it when I was a baby, just before he went out to fight. And he never came back."

"Poor chap!" the stranger said gently. "Then he never saw you after you were a baby?"

" No. Mother told me he went away very soon after my christening, and he

never came back. I wish I had known him. He must have been such a good man.

"What was his name?"

"David Merraby; and he was so tremendously kind to me. He left me some of his money, and it has helped with my education and done so much for

"He must have been a nice old fellow," her companion answered absently, his eyes fixed on her absorbed

"But he wasn't really old!" Rosemary exclaimed, coming back from the world of her thoughts to a realisation of his words. "Why, when he went away he was only nincteen. It hadn't struck me before, but he was very little older then than I am now." And she looked into the blue eyes watching her. an eager interest in her own.

"Quite a boy!" the stranger said dreamily. "lust a boy! And he gave you good advice, did he?"

"Splendid advice." Rosemary nodded gravely. "I've read his letter over and over again, scores of times. I nearly know it by heart; and I don't believe he would have liked the way-"

She pulled herself up, flushing deeply again, but her listener was quite shrewd enough to follow her line of thought.

You mean he would not have approved of your companion of the conservatory?" he asked.

The girl nodded vehemently.

" I am sure he would have disapproved very much," she answered. "But don't let's talk about him any more; I never want to remember him again. Please will you tell me instead whether you have found out more about yourself, whether your memory has come back?"

It was the stranger's turn now to shake his head, and a great sadness crept into his eyes.

"Things are just as they were when I saw you amongst the olive gardens," he said. "The kind people with whom I was then staying, brought me on with them to England. They insisted on doing it; they insist on keeping me as their guest until I am quite all right physically. And the doctors I have seen here hope that when my strength comes back, which they declare it undoubtedly will do, my memory may come back with it. They encourage me to be very hopeful. But meanwhile a curtain hang; between me and my past, and I don't even know my own name."

"Oh, it must be dreadful for you!" Rosemary cried impulsively. "And do they still call you John Smith?"

" Plain John Smith! There must be already so many thousand John Smiths in the world that one more could make

wish I could force my memory to exert itself. I wish I could get through the thick darkness that seems to wrap me round."

"You will get through it; I am perfectly sure you will," Rosemary said with conviction. "It is only a sort of temporary curtain; some day it will be drawn back, and you will remember everything."

"What a comforting person you are," he answered, her tone of assurance giving him an odd sense of satisfaction. "Sometimes I feel hopeful too. Sometimes, on the contrary, I feel as if I should never get beyond this penetrating blackness. I came here to-night because my friends believe the more I go to parties with them the more chance there is that I may run up against someone who knew me before.'

"I should think your friends were quite right. You are pretty certain be. fore long to see somebody who knew you in the past. Why, you've come across me to-night; and that's rather remarkable when you consider what millions of people there are in London, and how unlikely it is you would meet just a particular one."

"The world that gives parties is not numbered by millions," he said. "But I grant that meeting you to-night is a curious coincidence.'

"A very nice coincidence," Rosemary said frankly. " And I do wish you could come to Grenlake, and see father and mother and our garden. The garden is still like some beautiful new toy to me. It is the first English garden I have ever known intimately."

He smiled at her quaintly-worded phrase, and his eyes rested with a great kindliness upon her eager face.

" I believe you would love the garden too," she went on. " Especially the bit I love best, the path leading from the pergola of roses, and the rosemary bushes beside the steps. The roses drop their petals down upon the grey and lavender of the rosemary bushes; and there are tall white lilies in the beds on each side of the pergola. They called me Rosemary because of those bushes in the garden. I believe I told you that when we met amongst the olives."

Her companion looked at her thoughtfully, a frown drawing his brows together.

"It is funny, but your description of that garden seems to call up a little picture in my mind, though why I can't imagine. But I seem to see the path between the rosemary bushes leading to the pergola, and the bed where the lilies grow."

"You said something like that before at Dragnon. But you must come and see it all in reality, not only with the eyes of your mind," Rosemary ex no difference. But I must confess I claimed eagerly. "I know father and

Rosemary

mother would be so pleased if you came. I told them about our talk by the olive garden at Dragnon."

"What a purple carpet the violets made under the olive trees," he repeated reminiscently. "And what a pattern of light and shade there was where the sun shone through the leaves. I liked that little place, Dragnon. It came upon me as a sort of surprise in one of my wandering walks. I remember what an additional surprise it was to find up there a young lady who sat on the wall and spoke English."

He glanced at Rosemary with laughter in his eyes, and she laughed gaily back at him.

"You couldn't have been more surprised than I was when you began to speak in English," she said. "English people strangers of any nationality, so very seldom came to Dragnon. It wasn't a show place. There was nothing special to see there, and so hardly anybody ever came. It was really a kind of backwater."

"A very lovely backwater, and not a bad place in which to have lived one's childhood." the tall man said musingly. "The mountains and the sunshine, and the flower-strewn olive gardens, have made you—what you are," he added, still in musing tones.

The compliment, if indeed it was intended to be a compliment, and not merely the almost unconscious utterance of his thoughts, passed unnoticed. Rosemary's thoughts were far more concerned with her old home amongst the mountains and olive gardens than with any possible effect they might have had upon herself. She was singularly free from self-consciousness, and far too healthy and wholesome by nature to be introspective.

"I should like to go back and see it all again," she was beginning, when her aunt's voice cut remorselessly into her sentence

"I have been hunting for you everywhere, Rosemary." Miss Sterndale's tones were rather drigid. "I thought you were dancing with young Mr. Mayne." And she cast an inquiring and very cold glance at the girl's companion, who had risen to his feet on her approach.

"I did dance with Mr. Mayne." The colour flew back to Rosemary's face at the mention of that young man's name. "But after the dance I—I came and talked to—Mr. Smith."

Aunt Bertha turned a cold disapproving glance upon the stranger, whilst inclining her head slightly at the quasi introduction.

"We must be going home now," she said to Rosemary, but her eyes still scanned the face of the man who towered above her and her niece. "Have we met before?" she said in puzzled accents. "I feel as if your face was

familiar to me; and yet, I don't think I have ever seen you."

"I—don't—know," the man who was called John Smith answered slowly. "I"—he paused—"I am stupid enough, or unlucky enough, to have lost my memory, and I can't remember who were my old friends, or who I knew in old days. I must once have had some friends."

The pathos of the last phrase came home to Rosemary more than to her singularly unimaginative aunt, who stared at the speaker much as if he belonged to some new and extraordinary type of the human species.

"I don't suppose we can ever have met," she said decisively. "It must be just some chance likeness. One does sometimes come across most remarkable chance resemblances." And with this platitude coldly uttered she put a hand upon Rosemary's arm to lead her away, when the girl suddenly held out her hand to the stranger.

"I am so glad we have met again," she said impetuously. "And will you please give me your address, so that father can ask you to Grenlake?"

John Smith took a note-book from his pocket, and tearing out a leaf, wrote an address upon it and handed it to ner.

"You must tell your father and mother I have no guarantees for myself," he said whimsically, with a smile so sad that it hurt Rosemary's tender heart. "I may be the veriest adventurer on earth for all anybody knows—for all I know myself, as far as that goes."

"I don't think they will want any more guarantees than you show in your face," the girl answered quietly, a remark which later on in her aunt's drawing-room drew down upon her a cold remonstrance from that rigidly conventional lady.

"My dear Rosemary, where did you pick up your very Bohemian ways of doing things? Are they the result of your foreign training? And really I should have thought a certain maidenly modesty or reticence would have prevented you from flattering a strange man in such an absurdly unnecessary way."

"Flattering a strange man?" Rosemary repeated, as she stood by the table, dreamily pulling off her gloves. "But I don't look upon him as a stranger exactly, and I wasn't flattering him. I simply spoke the truth."

"Simply spoke the truth!" Bertha said mockingly. "Are you obliged to tell a man his face shows he is everything he ought to be? Really, my dear child, you will have to learn to use your tongue more discreetly and behave a little more like other people."

"I don't believe I quite understand you," Rosemary answered, facing her aunt with a certain squareness of glance which always disconcerted Bertha. "Why must one pretend things and try to hide what one really thinks?"

"Because the world is not made up of silly ignorant little girls," Bertha snapped irrelevantly. "And let me tell you, Rosemary, you are much more likely to attract men if you don't show them all your hand. Reticence pays."

"Pays?" Rosemary frowned a puzzled frown. "What do you mean by reticence paying? And why should I make any effort to attract men? It sounds horrid; and I don't know what you mean either, about showing my hand. It sounds like a game of cards, and surely life hasn't got to be like a game."

"Oh, my dear girl, you are too exasperatingly ignorant of the ordinary rules of what you are pleased to call a game of cards. I don't know anything about that Mr. Smith you were talking to, nor where you picked him up, but he will certainly think you are making yourself rather cheap by talking to him as you did about his face."

Rosemary merely looked at her aunt with an odd feeling that they were talking different languages; also with a little conviction, which she loyally tried to stifle, that Aunt Bertha was really rather vulgar.

"I don't think I should care to ask her about any of the things I ought or ought not to do," she mused, as she was getting ready for bed. "I don't believe either father or—Mr. Smith would agree with her. Some day I shall ask them; and I am sure my godiather would not have agreed."

And with this comfortable reflection she went to sleep, whilst her aunt in the room next door reflected irritably that a niece brought up as Rosemary had been was not altogether satisfactory, and that she would infinitely have preferred a conventional girl reared along normal lines and with the normal ordinary instincts of the conventional.

"But of course Geoffrey simply encourages her to be unlike other people," her thoughts ran on. "And Grace has no more character than a caterpillar. Rosemary must always have been her master from the very first."

She put these same irritable reflections of hers into more definite shape on the following day when she was having tea with her friend, Mrs. Merraby, the only person to whom she ever opened out with perfect freedom. Rosemary had been invited to the Brentwoods' big house in Portman Square to an afternoon party of young people, and Bertha betook herself to the Merrabys', feeling that it would be a relief to unburden herself to Helen.

"I feel I can say whatever I like to you," she began, after she and her

hostess had disposed of their tea, during which meal they had talked discursively of people and events of current interest. "I know you are absolutely safe, and really sometimes I feel as if I must speak to somebody."

"About what?" Mrs. Merraby's small shrewd eyes looked curiously at her friend's face, which showed signs of disturbance. "Has something happened to vex you, my dear."

"Oh, nothing new," Bertha answered, flushing slightly. "But sometimes an old worry can be rather wearing; and really—though perhaps I oughtn't to say so—I do sometimes wish Geoffrey and Grace had not come together again."

"My dear Bertha, why?" was all Mrs. Merraby could say, her eyes widening with surprise. "I am not particularly devoted to Grace. She seems to me rather wanting in backbone, if you will forgive my saying that of your sister-in-law, but I suppose it has made her and your brother very happy that all the separation is over and they are together?"

"I am not so sure." Bertha spoke slowly. "Oh, don't misunderstand me, Helen-they are devoted to each other, and, of course, I am thankful poor Geoffrey was proved innocent. I am only too glad he is out of that horrible prison. But, sweet and gentle as Grace is, and nobody would deny her these qualities, it seems to me she is not in the least a companion for Geoffrey now. I suppose she was when they first married twenty years ago, though, as you know, I never liked the marriage. But whether she has let herself drift into a nonentity, or whether he has grown away from her, or what, I don't know. But they certainly don't seem to be well-matched now. Mind, they don't quarrel, but they seem to have drifted apart; and as for Rosemary-

"What about Rosemary?" Mrs. Merraby asked when she paused. "She struck me as being a very charming girl, and quite an unusual one too; and she also struck me as being most companionable to her father."

"Oh, unusual!" Bertha almost snapped. "She is certainly that; and she is a companion to Geoffrey, I suppose. But I wish to goodness she was more like other girls. One never knows what she will do or say. Apparently she was allowed to make acquaintance with any and every sort of person in that dreadful French village where she was brought up. The consequence is that she has no idea of keeping her place, and making other people keep theirs. She seems perfectly oblivious of the fact that social distinctions exist."

"You don't mean to say she will marry the groom or the garden boy?" Mrs. Merraby retorted flippantly. But Bertha, who lacked any saving sense of humour, answered with a frowning glance at her friend—

"Oh, no; I hope not. Nothing like that. But she is perfectly ready to talk to anybody she meets. She picked up some stranger at Dragnon, and seems to have talked to him in the road, and struck up an acquaintance with him. And the creature turned up at the Robinsons' "At Home" last night, and, of course. Rosemary must needs treat him as if he were a dear and long-lost friend! Luckily the man seems old enough to be her father, and has no good looks to recommend him. Otherwise I should be seriously afraid that she would get some romantic fancies into her head. She is the sort of girl whose imagination would run away with her."

"Well, you may be right." Mrs. Merraby spoke rather grudgingly. "But I confess I like Rosemary. As you know, I put my foot down and insisted that Grace should send her to school for a year, because I felt that dear David would have wished it. And it seemed as though I—as David's mother—was the only person to make that clear to Grace. Poor Grace was wax in the child's

hands. Rosemary had by far the stronger character, and no doubt has it still; but I like her."

"She has got strong character enough," Bertha answered with a certain bitter-"And I consider her views are much too decided for a young girl. But girls nowadays seem to think their opinions are of more value than those of their elders. She has some of the newfangled notions of doing something with her life. And she is far too much imbued with modern democratic ideas to be able to look after the poor at Grenlake as we used to do in our youth. She actually said to me the other day: 'We aren't living in feudal times, Aunt Bertha. What right have I to go and offer people soup and blankets as a charity? I want to work with them to make things better, not for them in a patronising sort of way.' "

"Miss Rosemary has a mind of her own" Mrs. Merraby laughed, not altogether ill-pleased to find that her son's goddaughter could, as she mentally expressed it, "stand up to Bertha."
"Now, you know, my dear, I rather like these girls who want to carve out new paths for themselves. You and I did a little carving in our young days; but the new generation has twice our energy—at least, twice mine! I suppose Rosemary will have very decided opinions about marriage; she will not allow anybody to interfere with her free choice."

"Allow anybody to interfere?"
Bertha's laugh was scornful. "Of course, no one will be allowed a voice in the matter at all. My dear Helen, her parents let her do precisely what she pleases. Geoffrey and Grace make no attempt to enforce their wishes. Rosemary can take what line she likes, and twist her father

and mother round her little finger. I shouldn't be in the least surprised—not in the least—if Geoffrey doesn't allow her to invite that Mr. Smith to Grenlake Manor!"

To be continued.

A Silk Poppy

SILK or velvet flowers and fruit are being largely used for millinery and dressmaking purposes just now, and the girl who likes to experiment on making such fascinating little oddments for herself will be interested in this attractive suggestion for making quite a realistic poppy.

For this eight, petal-shaped pieces are cut from a piece of fine corded silk ribbon; these petals are arranged together in the manner illustrated, and wooden beads are sewn on to form the centre



for a Trimming

and hold the petals together; a slightly larger bead than the rest should be used for the centrepiece.

In the poppy illustrated each petal measures 2 inches across, and the flower when finished about 5 inches, but the size can of course be varied to suit individual requirements. Also, in place of the ribbon, any odd scrap of silk or velvet can be utilised for making, so long as something that does not fray readily is chosen.

The Vogue of Papier-Maché

THERE is something curiously suggestive of the pendulum in the manner in which taste swings from one extreme to another in matters pertaining to things decorative. Our grandmothers expend their substance on some household trapping which our mothers declare impossible We in our turn rescue its relics from dusty box-rooms and obscure curio shops for our children doubtless to relegate it once more to the limbo of the undesirable. It is as if beauty did indeed dwell in the eye of the beholder rather than in any intrinsic merit in the object itself, and suggests that variety plays no small part in the make-up of appreciation.

Of the many household furnishings which found favour in the eyes of the Victorian, only to be scrapped by the Edwardian and exhumed by the Georgian, those of papier-maché are perhaps most greatly in request to-day. Originating with the importation from China of papier-maché tea-trays decorated in Oriental fashion with scenes of domestic and idyllic life treated on much the same lines as those depicted upon Chinese lac, the vogue for papier-maché soon spread to articles of more ambitious type, such as tables and chairs, as well as to minor accessories such as cardtrays, blotters, and tea-caddies. In place of the elaborate landscapes of the Eastern craftsman, young ladies in ringlets and crinolines painted the various objects in English papier-maché with carefully-designed groups of flowers and fruit, and put the art-instruction of their day to good use in the portrayal of the meticulously shaded grapes and tulips taught them by the drawing-masters of their time

Many of the early specimens of English papier-maché are brilliant with inlet decoration of mother-o'-pearl, a form of ornament copied from the elaborate indescent inlay of pearl in the Oriental lac burgaute, in which the play of light on the plumage of birds, the sheen of moonlight upon water, the bloom on

fruit and flower are all marvellously suggested by means of fine slices of mother - o' - pearl veneered with the greatest skill upon the surface of the material.

In the English papier-maché, now so eagerly sought after by the collector, the pearl inlay is very considerably coarser than that which hails from the East. It is more frequently used to simulate the entire petals of flowers or the body of some beast or bird, and is generally very much paler in tone than that of blue and green selected by the Oriental. It is frequently heightened in effect by arabesques of gilding, the whole being thrown into relief by the black ground.

In judging the merits of antique papiermaché, the fineness of the decoration and the way in which it is adapted to the shape and proportions of the object are of the first account. Coarsely painted and clumsily inlaid groups of roses proclaim the tray, box, or wine-coaster of little account. Specimens with badly chipped edges likewise suggest that the article was never of the first quality even in its palmiest days, for good papiermaché is far more impervious to the slings and arrows of outrageous treatment than its name implies, and if of the first quality can make its passage through the years with astonishingly little hurt. Papier-maché tables, however, have a distressing tendency to grow unsteady upon their supports, in which event, however, they are still worth acquiring if, in the trade phrase, "the price is right," since finely decorated table-tops, denuded of their legs, make delightful ornaments for the fire-place in summer, or, if posed against the wall at the back of a side-table, provide an equally effective piece of mural decoration.

In the collection of papier-maché, the enthusiast will perceive an interesting side-issue in the acquisition of old japanned ware, made of various types of metal and decorated in similar style. The value of this metal ware is distinctly

inferior to that of the papler-maché, probably because, being of a less fragile nature, it has survived in greater quantities, and has therefore not the rarity which expresses itself in excess of price. Those, however, who like to put to practical uses the objects of their quest, should beware of investment in teatrays of japanned metal, for these are so heavy in weight as to prove quite unwieldy when equipped with the paraphernalia for a meal. The papier-maché tray, on the other hand, is commendably light.

The collector will find that a particularly wide field is afforded him in his pursuit of papier-maché. Bread-boats of various shapes, pen-trays, and scentcases are among the many objects on which the nineteenth-century artist lavished his (or more generally her) attention. So fine is the varnish applied above the delicate hand-painting that in many cases the whole has the appearance of a piece of Vernis Martin, an effect which is further heightened in some instances by a background of shaded gold or copper. The edges and borderings of the most elaborate papier-maché are extremely ornate, the graceful curves being not only grooved, but also decorated with gilding and painted with sprays of leaves and blossoms. dinières are given a serrated edge, and caddies and inkstands, like the cardtrays, are provided with mounts and handles of ormolu, which do not, however, in every instance add to the sum total of beauty. Indeed, the most covetable of the old pieces are those in which the ornament is not so much elaborate as delicate, little insignificant specimens with a daintily painted basket of strawberries or plums, depicted as the "finishing-school" of Dickens's day taught the Miss of the period to portray them, being far more worthy the attentions of the collector than those in which more ambitious decorations fail to attain a similar charm and significance.

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Messrs. Audrey, Dainty and Co.

of House-painters and Decorators

Written Illustrated by

"Messrs. Audrey, Dainty and Co., house-painters and decorators." That is the title which Audrey James and Dainty Merriman, who roomed together, were pleased to apply to themselves, and merely because they employed an idle week papering and painting their studio and the three tiny rooms annexed. The so-called flat had become tarnished and dingy beyond expression, and spring in Kensington, if it isn't spring in the country, has sufficiently strongminded sunshine to search out cobwebby corners and paintless doors.

The studio and annexe occupied the space above a garage, once a stable, and was situated between a galaxy of well-kept back gardens, in a tiny backwater off a busy high road. It therefore behoved the two struggling artists to make some desperate efforts to preserve their self-respect among so much orderly wealth; and Dainty and Audrey steeped themselves in Japo - Whistlerian tenets, and proceeded to work out a scheme of single-tint colouring from the front door to the last spot in

the little back bed-room-choosing a pure clean daffodil-yellow (being young and fresh-complexioned and afraid of nothing but Jury-calling and spiders), dashed with sparse touches of rich blue in porcelain and print, and heightened in effect by the dark furniture fondly referred to as "old

oak." The rest of the objects which either could not, or would not, fall into the decorative argument, were swept in a cupboard on the landing, and there had the key turned ignom in iously upon them.

To give a touch of flowering insouciance, Dainty



"ANOTHER STRIKE."

was inspired to add faintly-shadowed heads of breeze-tossed daffodils over the frieze, and, whilst she was engaged in the final touches, Audrey returned from an errand to a neighbouring shop, waving a paper in her hand, her round face considerably lengthened and her bearing depressed



DOROTHY FURNISS

"What's up?" demanded Dainty.

" Another strike!"

"Another!" Dainty sat back on the ladder.

"Bang goes the last chance for my poor illustrated legends."

"And to the same end my beau-ti-ful paintings."

Gathering little comfort from each other's woe-begone countenances, .their eyes strayed round the walls and began to light with satisfaction.

'It is-though I say it-positively charming," said Dainty, her head on one side like a contemplative robin.

To which Audrey, practical and unpoetical, exclaimed-

"Well, at all events, it's clean.'

And they both sighed in unison as their minds returned to Paternoster Row and Kensington Gore, where the publisher and the rich eccentric old lady had promised the book might be published and the portrait might be painted if no strike transpired in the meantime.

"Well, that's that, and it's no use regretting it," said Audrey at length, slapping a final de-

fiance at fate. "What are we going to do? We've got £17 in the bank between us, and no earthly reason to expect a single stiver more beside our meagre allowances until we have earned it."

It was then Dainty pointed the mahl-stick at the newspaper hanging

> from Audrey's fingers, and exclaimed jubilantly-

> "I have it. We'll make use of our one asset in life - we'll let the flat."

> > "But how?"

"Advertise. Nothing easier in these days of house-shortage!" And striking an imposing attitude, she chanted, "A



AGGRESSIVE SILENCE.

Messrs. Audrey, Dainty and Co.

charming flat to let in a quiet and select neighbourhood. Every modern convenience. Lately decorated Garage attached. (That will fetch 'em) Four guineas a week and no extras. There, what do you say to that, Audrey, my lad?"

Audrey concurred enthusiastically. "A topping idea!"

On further consideration it was agreed that a modest card placed in the local window of an obliging little milliner's shop would be cheaper and more effective than one "ad." in a long newspaper column. A card,

"Dr. John Murray has not even deigned to reply to my last letter. It would seem as if he were very anxious to marry me, doesn't it?"

To which Audrey protested in self-defence—

"But he has asked you every birthday and every Easter and every Christmas regularly for the last five years, so one cannot help thinking——"

"Well, don't think," snapped Dainty.

Into the middle of this poignant converse broke a hard arresting

k n o c k against the daffodily ellow door.

"Patience me! the paint will be ruined!"

Audrey sprang from her chair and darted down the passage Dainty heard the low rumble of a masculine voice, and Audrey appeared bearing in her wake a gentleman of highlypolished aspect and suave manner, who smiled and bowed Dainty, ex-



THE FIRM WAS BEGINNING TO DOUBT IF THRY HAD BEEN ALTOGETHER WISE.

therefore, was written that night and inserted among the ribbons and fancy straws next day.

There followed an anxious time of waiting, when the spirits of the firm wilted, and Dainty, being the more impulsive and volatile of the two, sank beneath zero and gave vent to most lugubrious sentiments, and Audrey was filled with concern.

"Sometimes I am inclined to believe that you would have been happier married to Jack," she said oneday; then she quailed, sturdy and self-reliant though she was, before the fluffy scowl and scornful look. plaining that he had seen the advertisement and was there to make inquiries.

He cast his eye about approvingly.

"You have had it recently papered and decorated, I understand"

"We are our own painters and decorators," said Dainty loftily.

"Indeed! And a very suitable profession—for ladies, too."

The Firm gasped and breathed hard.

"House-decoration," continued the stranger affably, "I have always considered particularly adapted to the gentler and more artistic sex." He gave a peculiar smile, and added in brisker tones, "But now, if you will excuse me, ladies, my time is short, and we will proceed to business."

The upshot of this interview is soon told. Dainty and Audrey agreed to let the flat to the affable stranger on a weekly tenancy of £4 a week (the first instalment to be paid in advance) on the distinct understanding that the flat would be vacated in four days, for the opening of a big local trade exhibition at which, Mr. Octavius Wright gave them to understand, his presence was absolutely essential On the supposition that this hasty arrangement might raise difficulties, he casually tendered the Firm a suggestion. He had, so it appeared, an old uncle who was somewhat of a recluse, and who cherished a peculiar abhorrence of the British workman. in consequence of which his house was sadly lacking in repairs and

"Now, if you ladies would care to entertain the idea, I think he would approve of your undoubted artistic abilities "—turning a twinkling gaze on the shining yellow walls—" provided your terms are moderate." He paused in amused concern. "I should advise you, however, to leave my name out of the question—uncles and nephews are not always on the best of terms."

He instructed the Firm to write down, and this was subsequently noted, the name and address as follows:—

Hammerton Wright,
Laburnum House,
Combley Rise,
Southshire.

And as the daftodil door closed behind him, the Firm took hands and twirled gaily round the paint-pots.

"Wonderful man," cried Dainty.
"He thinks of everything," said
Audrey. "What a mind for detail."

A remark which showed considerably more acumen than either of them supposed.

II.

FORTUNATELY, the room in Mrs. Timson's cottage, secured by the simple means of applying first to the kind-natured clergyman, was clean and bright, and the village of Combley Rise, nestling at the foot of the South Downs, was picturesque enough to make an old-fashioned artist dance

in delight, and a realist shudder at so much obvious beauty.

The word "fortunately" is used purely as a note of comparison. When the Firm explained they were about to paint Mr. Hammerton Wright's doors and windows, the clergyman sighed and exclaimed—

" Dear me!"

And Mrs. Timson put her arms akimbo and said pityingly—

"Well, I ain't going fur to tell you nothing at all."

The Firm, however, refused to be depressed. They spent the evening in a gaily irresponsible fashion, buying a few trifles and reading the hoary tombstones in the churchyard, and remarking on the unusual aspect of confusion and hustle presented by a pretty Georgian house facing down the village, that was invaded by perspiring men in green aprons and straw-sprinkled pantechnicons.

"It be doctor's 'ouse," volunteered a freekled urchin, who insisted upon dodging their footsteps.

They footed it very timorously down the lane which led to Mr. Wright's domain, surveying it at a safe distance.

"It doesn't look particularly attractive," said Audrey over Dainty's shoulder.

"If it did," returned Dainty briskly, "we shouldn't be here."

The house was small, of dark brick overhung with creepers. The garden gate sagged on its hinges, the front door was wan and anæmic.

"I consider the Firm is in safe waters," continued Dainty. "If we can paint the doors—how many did Mr. Wright specify on the postcard he forgot to stamp?—thirty-four—and sixteen windows and five gates—we may conclude our fortune's made."

"At five shillings a day?" interposed Audrey in dubious tones.

"It's better than doing nothing. Besides which you forget the rent of the flat, we make twenty shillings clear profit a week on that; and we are spreading the ideals of beauty at the same time."

"Very true." Audrey brightened once more. "I was forgetting that."

III.

MR. WRIGHT opened the door the next morning to the Firm's official knock. He was in his shirt-sleeves, and did not trouble to remove his cap. He surveyed them in aggressive

silence, frowning at their trim holland caps and coats, and glaring at the brushes in their hands and thelargetin of boiled oil supported between them.

He began truculently—

"Y o u can't hev more'n two ladders. If



"YOU'RE A PAIR OF RANK IMPOSTERS!"

you want more you must supply 'em yourself.''

"We have no intention of erecting scaffolding," said Audrey blandly; and the toes of the Firm fairly quailed at the bare idea.

"Humph!"

A pause.

"I pay five shillings a day, not a penny more. You're not union men?"

The Firm shrugged its shoulders and smiled.

"I've got all the paint I shall want. What's that?"—glaring at the oil.

Audrey explained.

"Oh! to mix with the paint and make it go farther. I've no objection. Come along."

The dream that had taken root in the mind of the Firm of an amiable shy recluse, a bookworm and a gentleman, melted away as the two girls followed the shambling scowling man round the house to the backyard.

A few farm-buildings were scattered in the rear; between the back door and the meadows beyond lay a small rick-yard, in which several weedy-looking pigs and hens grubbed and pecked disconsolately. The place presented an air of neglect. Nephew Wright had not libelled his uncle's possessions. A row of paint-pots heaped in the corner of an out-house, and obviously a job lot purchased at a country sale, shattered the Firm's last illusion of posing as disciples of high art and harmony. A stripe of colour denoted the contents of each tin. It was blue. Not the soul-inspiring blue of a summer sky,

of forget-me-nots dipping in a shady pool, but a crude compelling glare known as "royal," for some inexplicable reason.

"If we can't spread the tenets of refinement and beauty, we can, at least, wash the place clean," said Audrey, seizing the handle of the pump.

They spent three long wearisome days cleaning and scrubbing. On the fourth day they mixed the paint and began to stroke refractory wood.

"Don't waste the paint," enjoined the master.

"Don't mess the steps or spot the winders," said the Lady of the House, scowling over her dish-pans.

This was a very different proposition to painting a small flat in London. The Firm was beginning to doubt whether they had been altogether wise embarking on a new venture. Their limbs ached intolerably. The smell of paint filled their nostrils. They ate paint, they sniffed paint in their dreams. The very flowers by the wayside exhumed pungent oily secretions that were an insult to the fresh country air. They did not doubt that their employer invested in the cheapest and most poisonous stuff on the market, and Audrey, the strong and valiant, paled before the brilliant blue doors and gateways. To add to their discomfort a letter came from a friend who lived not far from the daffodil flat.

"Whilst buying a hat at Madame McCann (such a duck of a toque in cerise and black with a most exquisite French veil, only two guineas!) I heard you had succeeded in letting your flat. I hope you have sound

Messrs. Audrey, Dainty and Co.

There's a lot of queer references. people about-so I am told.'

The two girls looked at each other They had innocently in dismay. waived all such ceremonials in favour of the alluring sum offered in advance.

On the eleventh day Audrey collapsed on the breakfast table. She was "awfully-sorry-but she didn't think—she could—paint one stroke that day."

"It's a touch of painters' colic, I'll be bound." Mrs Timson said. in tones of commiseration.

Dainty pluckily set out alone, haunted by a dim but terrible foreboding. If Jack had only been there she would have consented to anything-to live at Shrimpton-on-Sea. which she had so strenuously resisted the last three years. She was sick of painting. She loathed blue with a concentrated hatred of eleven days. She hated everything and everybody

Her thoughts were soon displaced by the master himself demanding the reason for half the Firm's absence. Dainty replied with dignity. She had no idea of being browbeaten, though she stood but fivefoot-two in her stockings. Her employer, evidently primed with directions—a scowling face could be seen frowning from the scullery windowand pleased at the advantage of having merely one to attack instead of two, opened fire.

"Well, young lady, it's about time we discussed this here painting business," he began grimly. "What I want ter know is this-be you professional painters, for by the looks of the work my missus and I don't think you are?"

Dainty tossed her head.

"If you are dissatisfied with our work-" she began.

A horrid harsh laugh checked

"Dissatisfied! Oh! dear no-not 'alf." The jeering tones brought the scarlet to the girl's cheeks. "Why should I be dissatisfied? Of course not! It ain't for me to say that one door's streaky, an' another shows patchy, that the paint is dripping from the porch on the steps, and the gate by the kitchen garden is a'blisterin' in the sun. Why should I complain? It's paintin', it is!"

" You forget," said Dainty frigidly, "that it has only had one coat."

"One coat! Hang it, how much paint do you think I'm going ter sport?"

"Three is the-

"Three-that's good! Three!" Mr. Wright laughed again. Then he came nearer, scowling; his eyebrows were black and thick, and met across his short pugnacious "I have had my doubts-now I know-see! You're a pack of frauds, you and your high-falutin' friend. I'll get the law on yer! I believe you're a pair of rank imposters! I'll have you drummed out of the----'

"What you believe is of no consequence to us." Dainty flung the brushes from her. "You can send a message when you have recovered your manners and wish the job completed."

She stalked down the narrow lane as stiff as a poker, though her limbs were trembling beneath her. Mr. Wright continued to bellow at her heels.

"I'll have you in gaolsee if I don't! Set the perlice after you, I will-

A young man hastening

out of a cottage, the garden of which bordered the lane, looked round in surprise at the sound of a raucous voice, and seeing, as he thought, someone in distress, dashed through the cabbages, put his hand on the paling, vaulted it neatly, arriving on his feet directly between the slender trim figure and frowsy blustering man.

"How now, sir!" he demanded sternly. "What is the meaning of this?"

Dainty wavered and stared, sheer amazement widening her big blue

" Jack!" she gasped. " Jack!" He swivelled on his heels.

"Why-it's Dainty herself!"

A step forward and the girl and the man were locked in a close embrace.

Mr. Wright was plainly staggered at this unexpected denouement.

As for you, sir," said the young man suddenly and fiercely, over the small bent head. "I'll settle with vou later."

" And who the mischief are you!" growled Mr. Wright.

"Dr. John Murray." The young man drew himself up to his full

"Oh! the new doctor." Wright turned the information over in his mind. "Then, perhaps, young sir, you can tell me this "-an accusing finger directed at the small figure still encircled by a muscular arm-" is that there person a housepainter by trade?"

"Person! House-painter! Certainly not!" thundered the young man. He felt a pull at the lapel of "S-sh!" murmured a his coat. voice into his watch-pocket.

Mr Wright smiled sardonically.

"I thought as much. Don't you be took in-that's all! I give you fair warning-she's a rank impos-

Perhaps the fierce gleam in Dr. Jack's eyes stopped further accusations, perhaps he doubted the strength of the small hand on the clenched fist, but the fact remains that he swallowed his words convulsively and turned on his heel.

All right; see you later, young sir-don't you forget!" And he shuffled down the lane back to halfpainted doors.

Jack frowned sternly.

Good gracious! My dear girl, how did you get there—of all places. What does it mean? You a housepainter! That blustering bully



"IS THAT THERE PERSON

A HOUSE PAINTER?

threatening and bellowing. Please explain."

He surveyed the small figure drooping before him in its neat uniform freckled with paint that vied in tint with a pair of wistful eyes.

"Jack, why didn't you answer my last letter?"

The young man looked blankly before him. Then he gave a relieved laugh.

"Have I missed one of your blessed little notes, darling? I have been moving from Shrimpton, and my letters going astray—left behind, or no one knows what—but one of yours!" The pause was eloquent; then he added, smiling, "You see, I wanted to spring all this upon you as a pleasant and stupendous surprise."

"Moving here?" Dainty's eyes sparkled.

"Yes; I've managed to effect an exchange with another ex-service man. He, poor beggar, was ordered to the sea, his lungs affected by the Mespot affair, and I—I wanted to change my billet—so we shuffled practices."

"But why change?"

"My dear"—an intonation of deep reproach—"didn't you say that you wouldn't, couldn't ever live at Shrimpton, though, of course, if you say you've no further use for me—"

Jack artfully pretended to move away. But Dainty cast an affrighted look over her shoulder and clutched at his sleeve.

"That's good"—as she nestled up against him once more. "Now ex-

plain away, my darling; and take your time—don't hurry."

But Dainty's mind, free to revolve again on the Firm's delinquencies, burst into a wail of despair.

"Oh, Jack, dear! Audrey's got the painter's colic, and the flat an undesirable tenant, and we are all going to p-p-prison, to wear spotty clothing for not p-p-painting Mr. Wright's door a horrid b-beastly b-bright b-b-blue."

IV.

DR. JOHN MURRAY rose to the occasion. In a comparatively short time he had the pale Audrey on her feet again. He interviewed Hammerton Wright and told him pretty plainly what he thought of him, discovering incidentally that Mr. Wright hadn't got a nephew, never had a nephew, and wouldn't have a nephew under any price whatsoever; and judging by the reputation he bore in the village as a mean saving old screw of a miser, would have repudiated anyone likely to lay claim to his possessions.

He then rushed up to London, and very nearly found himself embroiled with Scotland Yard, which force had become exercised over the mysterious disappearance of several valuable pieces of jewellery and equally valuable objets d'art from the several houses in Kensington.

Needless to say, the so-called nephew, alias Mr. Octavius Wright, alias James Arkwright Nuttall, alias Shippery Jim, had flown. It transpired subsequently that no sooner had he taken up his residence in the daffodil flat, than he opened proceedings by offering faked curios round the neighbourhood, thereby gaining admittance to several householders. Mr. Wright's easy manners and undoubted knowledge of his subject obtained him a substantial footing among amateur collectors and a useful knowledge of back-doors and unbarred windows, until he thought fit to disappear one night, taking Audrey's French bronzes, Dainty's trinket-box, a motor from the garage beneath, together with the other goods formerly mentioned. He was eventually identified with the clever but ne'er-do-well son of an honest tradesman in Combley Rise, hence his useful knowledge whereby he contrived to get rid of the girls in order to bring off his well-arranged coup. Needless to say that, as one of the few master minds who work without accomplices, he has not yet been caught. Audrey had no wish to keep his memory green by discussing painful circumstances, and was glad to accept a widowed aunt's suggestion of sharing the daffodil flat.

As for Dainty, she was married in the space of a few months, and walked with her bridegroom from the lych gate to the pretty Georgian house at the far end of the village, the happiest and prettiest bride imaginable. And on that day—automatically—the firm of Messrs. Audrey, Dainty and Co., house-painters and decorators, ceased to exist, and none too soon in the eyes of more than one of the masculine fraternity.



The Soul's Need for Thought and Silence

Part VII.
Another Phase of the Spiritual Life

By LILY WATSON



IT is a well-known fact that it is often most difficult to speak on matters concerning the spiritual

life to those of close and dear relationship.

A girl finds it, for example, almost impossible to confide in her mother on this subject. People may grow up side by side in the same home without knowing the deepest and most sacred thoughts of one another's hearts. This reticence is very hard to break through. It does not presuppose any lack of affection. But it is often more easy to speak to those who are practically strangers. Many and many are the confidences that have been addressed to me by readers who have never seen my face! And yet there is great help to be found in fellowship. When the barrier of reserve is once broken through, friends may prove invaluable. Of course, there is danger in lack of restraint, and, above all, danger of using conventional phrases, because they sound "the right thing." I well remember at my old school, confidences on religious matters were always approached by letter. I smile when I recollect these notes; "Billets," as we termed them, usually consisting of half a sheet of foreign note-paper, dexterously folded, with very small neat writing. But these funny little missives sometimes embodied feelings not to be despised, and paved the way for further confidences.

"They that feared the Lord spake often one to another" is a significant sentence.

For the last two months we have been thinking together of Prayer, and it is in relation to this that fellowship is most valuable. Do we, as often as we should, remember the words of our Lord (in Matt. xviii. 19, 20): "If two of you shall agree on earth as touching anything that they shall ask, it shall be done for them of My Father which is in heaven. For where two or three are

gathered together in My name, there am I in the midst of them."

The Value of Silent United Prayer.

It is possible for Christians so to unite in prayer as to create an "atmosphere" which is felt as a spiritual reality. And it is worth while for girl friends to join in a prayer circle or a meeting of some kind, for prayer, even if it be silent prayer, so long as it is on the same subject, agreed upon beforehand.

"The blending of silence with fellowship seems to create an atmosphere in which the sense of the Spiritual in man is set free." And those who being all in one place and all of one mind, "seek God in the silence, side by side, draw from their companionship a force which gives the soul new powers."

A truth that the Society of Friends have grasped, may have some help m it for those of any creed; and it may be of service to girls who will try the power of corporate silent prayer. Silence in worship, in modern times, has been associated only with the Quakers, and has been looked upon as something irksome, if not absurd. But, long before the dawn of Christianity, silence had been used in approach to the Deity. And, through the centuries, it has been known to Christian worshippers.

Have my readers heard of the wonderful discovery of papyri at Oxyrynchus, in Egypt, in the year 1897? There are, in these fragments, a few sayings reputed to be by our Lord. Although certainty is impossible, they are worth the study of all devout souls. One runs thus:—

"Let not him that seeks, cease until he find; when he finds, he shall wonder; when he wonders, he shall reign; and when he reigns, he shall rest."

The way of "wonder" is associated with rest and silent adoration. And those who are of one mind and in one place, seeking God thus, draw new powers from their nearness to one another. They create a psychic atmosphere. The blessed airs from the spiritual world come and linger about them. While speech may divide, silent fellowship unites.

Perhaps I have rather wandered from my subject in saying this. But if any girls felt moved to try corporate silent prayer, on a subject agreed on beforehand, they would, I am sure, find it helpful. The little meeting might be begun by a hymn recited or read aloud by one of their number, and ended by the Lord's Prayer. It should not be too long, so as to cause fatigue. Many will find fifteen or twenty minutes long enough, and, needless to say, it should not be undertaken at all unless with the sense of real need and in the spirit of devotion.

This silent, united prayer is, to some, more helpful and profitable than the hearing others pray aloud; but one worshipper cannot lay down rules for another, and I remember with affection the small united meeting for vocal prayer, at my old school, on Sunday afternoons, where one after another of the little company would utter the simple entreaty of young hearts.

The Atmosphere of

But, of course, Prayer should not be something undertaken on set occasions only. While, as I have said, we should never shirk the definite seasons for morning and evening devotion, we should, nevertheless, try so to live as to dwell in an atmosphere of prayer. Probably we all know how thoughts wander, as we go about our daily life! I once heard a saintly woman say to an assembly of girls—

"As you come in contact with strangers, in tram or omnibus, put up a silent prayer for them. Pray for the people you meet."

If this seem overstrained or exaggerated, is it not better than the vagrant straying of thoughts into all sorts of indefinite directions? There is a vast amount of wasted mental energy in all of us. As we walk about the neighbourhood of our home or travel far afield, our minds are too often a kaleidoscopic tract of shifting impressions. We don't think! Well, it may be helpful to some to substitute mental prayer for this useless sort of wandering—only, the prayer must not also become a formless thing!

There is a little book, The Practice of the Presence of God, by Brother Lawrence, which has been useful to Christians of every creed and

The Soul's Need for Thought and Silence

denomination. It dates from the seventeenth century.

This simple and unlearned man maintains "that we should establish ourselves in a sense of God's presence by continually conversing with Him," and shows how everything in life should be referred to Him.

Meditation is a Desirable Habit.

Another great help to the Spiritual Life is Meditation. This, in fact, is closely allied to Prayer.

"That sounds very repellent," my readers may think. What have young people to do with Meditation? It sounds the sort of thing suitable for a hermit or for the very old.

But, for young or old, Meditation is a necessary habit to the growth of life. As a poet has well said—

"We glance, and nod, and bustle by, And never once possess our souls Before we die."

There was a widely known girls' school, not far away from me, in which, if I am not mistaken, every pupil was compelled to spend a quiet half-hour, at regular intervals, alone with her own thoughts.

We are so apt to feel that "doing" is the end of life! Even a devoted Christian girl or woman goes hurrying on from one task to another—district visiting here, committee there, Girl Guides here, Y.W.C.A., G.D.A., G.F.S., M.A.B.Y.S., C.O.S., and various other letters of the alphabet there, sewing meeting, accounts, etc.—the list may be indefinitely prolonged. And, rushing from one thing to another, there is no

time to think. The "worker" of capacity in any large town knows only too well how one claim follows another, and it seems wrong to neglect any of them. Well, of course, St. James was right in saying: "Show me thy faith by thy works," and an inactive Christianity is not worth much. But, all the same, the other side must not be forgotten. There must, among the constant activities, be a space for silence, for thought. We must renew power from the true source, and sit—

"With Mary at the Master's feet."

We should all try to get five minutes daily (at least) for religious Meditation.

It is a good plan to have some set subject for this; say, the Parables or Miracles of our Lord. Try, first of all, to get a mental picture of the scene; then, try and see what special message is conveyed for you; then, put up a silent prayer for help to follow this guidance. There should be nothing stiff or forced about the practice. If it becomes formal or uninteresting it misses its aim. But, rightly used, it may be of untold value to the soul. It may be carried on anywhere; sitting, standing, walking, kneeling: the position of the body does not matter, so long as one can be alone. And if that is not possible, one can withdraw into a solitude of the spirit.

If devoutly practised, this Meditation brings us into closer fellowship with Christ, and we grow more familiar with His Life.

There is an old hymn, dating

The "worker" of from the fifth century, of which large town knows I quote a verse or two, describing one claim follows what should be the shield and seems wrong to buckler for every servant of Christ—

"I bind this day to me for ever By power of faith, Christ's Incarnation.

His baptism in Jordan river, His death on Cross for my Salvation;

His bursting from the spiced tomb; His riding up the heavenly way; His coming at the day of doom; I bind unto myself to-day.

"I bind unto myself to-day
The power of God to hold and
lead,

His eye to watch, His might to stay,

His ear to hearken to my need, The wisdom of my God to teach, His hand to guide, His shield to ward.

The word of God to give me speech, His heavenly host to be my guard.

"Christ be with me, Christ within me, Christ behind me, Christ before me,

Christ beside me, Christ to win me, Christ to comfort and restore me. Christ beneath me, Christ above me, Christ in quiet, Christ in danger, Christ in hearts of all that love me, Christ in mouth of friend and stranger."

The life that knows the Power of Prayer and Meditation is such a life as is described in these olden

To be continued.



Drawn by C. J. Vine.



WHEN that happy time comes in which a girl has won sufficient recognition to have the offer of regular work on a newspaper, it is almost a certainty that this will come to her in the form of reporting. I have used the expression "regular work" with intent, for that is a different matter to an appointment to the staff. These latter assured positions are extremely unlikely to be offered her until she has been tried and tested as to the directions in which she bids fair to be most useful. Proprietors and editors in these days are chary as to giving fixed salaries to any more people than they can help.

With the prospect of regular work there will be an understanding as to the rates of payment, which will probably be based upon a fixed

scale for "engagements," and the newspaper's usual standard per column for longer articles. It may be mentioned that when the Institute of Journalists and the National Union of Journalists put forward successfully a scheme of minimum salaries and remuneration for engagements and "linage" for reporters, they did not specifically include women among those entitled to these rates. But, as a matter of fact, all papers of any status pay women for engagements or working on a space arrangement on the same scale as men, though salaries do not—save in certain exceptional cases—rule as high.

On this matter, however, the beginner must not appraise herself too highly. She has to show whether she is worth anything or not, and she will be well advised to do her very best. No paper of any reputation will deliberately underpay her at this stage, and she has to remember that she is still on probation.

The Work to

Reporting may be defined as the backbone of the morning or evening paper. The reader demands news presented clearly and intelligibly, and, beside this, even the leading articles and the more literary columns have not anything like the same appeal to the ordinary person who purchases the daily publications.

Now reporting is not as the outsider is wont to imagine only the shorthand work that takes down the speeches in Parliament or at public meetings. It is a fine line, indeed, that can be drawn in these days between the chronicling of many events and the duties of the Special Correspondent. A ceremony takes place, let us say, in which a popular member of the Royal House bears a prominent part. It may be, perhaps, the opening of a new institution. For an adequate account of an event of this kind a certain amount of original writing is absolutely necessary. The reader must be informed as to the scope and purpose of the enterprise; there must be the keen sense of observation that sees the interest of any episode in the programme.

And, of course, the speech that the distinguished central figure of the occasion may make must, in the bigger papers at least, be reported in full.

The Verbatim Report.

Shorthand does not, perhaps, hold the same all-important position in the equipment of the journalist that it did a generation ago. Very few people outside Royalty are considered important enough to have their utterances recorded in full. Moreover, the two great agencies—the Press Association and the Central News—both supply reports full or condensed of the speeches made at public meetings, and the papers rely a good deal on these. This in working result means that there is less demand for exceptionally competent shorthand writers in the newspaper offices than there was, and the "all round" man who knows enough of it to take the sum and substance of the addresses delivered on ordinary occasions has come to his own.

This, however, does not apply to Parliamentary reporting, where the politics of the paper have to be considered in reference to the length at which the speeches of members of the Government or the Opposition shall be given. Up to within the last few years the Reporters' Gallery of the House of Commons (and equally that of the House of Lords) was rigidly closed to women. When this exclusive barrier was broken down, there were those who expected to see an appreciable influx of women to this work. Of course, very high qualifications both as to shorthand speed and the important matter of good judgment in the condensation of speeches (often verbose, involved, and full of repetitions) were essential, but one believed that a certain proportion of women would have come up to the standard demanded.

In actual result, however, women have availed themselves very little of the opportunities that their admission permits. During the suffragist agitations one would have imagined that scores were desirous of entering the gallery; but save when a Lady Astor or a Mrs. Wintrington takes her seat, women very rarely appear there. Yet one has a feeling that the right type of woman would do very good work there, and to make a name in Fleet Street in such a direction would be a distinction worth earning.

Making Inquiries.

English journalism has never, in its best manifestations, accorded much favour to interviewing. But in recent years, since my own entry into the profession, there has been a big development as to special inquiries. And in no possible department of the work can one get more varied experiences.

For the inquiry may cover anything. In its simpler forms it may deal with the causes of a scarcity or a superabundance of vegetables or fish. Then you have to consider who is a leading authority connected with Covent Garden or Billingsgate that you might consult on the subject. He may be an extremely elusive person, only to be found at his office at certain hours; but all the same, if that is the task editorially assigned, woe betide the junior member of the staff who comes

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back to the office without a certain amount of substantially correct information. He—or she—must obtain it somewhere or somehow, and a task of that kind is a very fair test of the *flair* or instinct of journalism that a beginner may possess.

A more difficult form of this kind of work, because the sources of information are more limited, is to learn some fuller details than are contained in the bare official announcement of a new undertaking on the part of a governmental department or the County Council. On their part, they do not wish anything further to be said at present on the subject. You, on yours, know that unless you obtain something additional, you will meet no smile of approval when you return to the office. But a little tact, a little discretion, may open a conversation, and the chief of his branch, or the clerk to the board may unbend, and, before long, have told you enough, even if it does not add greatly to the original statement, to enable it to be presented in a different form.

There is, however, a class of inquiry that the beginner on one of the less responsible papers can be set to do, and if she has any shade of refined feeling about her it will be exceedingly repellent work. A young lady socially well known is said to have eloped. "Go," says the news editor, or whoever is in charge, "and ask her parents what they say about it!" Imagine the reception to be met from the family butler!

A wedding is announced as about to take place—"Find out who are making the trousseau and how many pairs of silk stockings are to be included."

A shocking murder has startled everyone! The instruction is, "See the victim's mother and ask her all you can as to the girl's tastes and dress and friends."

Some preacher has expressed a rather heterodox view on the Ministry of Women—" You might try to get a few words with the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Bishop of London on the subject."

Well, important people like that have bland and urbane secretaries who say in answer to such inquiries that it is not the custom of his grace or his lordship to accord interviews, and the experienced journalist can explain this to a young sub-editor who thinks he has ideas; but the beginner trots off and imagines herself coming back with splendid "copy." She goes home very tired and very disappointed, and begins to wonder whether she has not mistaken her vocation.

The shop or the trade inquiry is not as a rule so disheartening. Managers see the opportunity of a little gratuitous advertisement, the individual consulted can put the case to make it quite convincing that there is, of course, no profiteering whatever going on.

It is well to lay some emphasis upon this very modern development; for the average girl who visualises for herself a delightful sequence of first-nights at plays with half-a-dozen dresses to describe, or the leisured ease of reviewing the latest novels, does not at all understand that irk-ome inquiries on subjects that she often knows nothing about, are far more likely to fall to her lot.

Society Work.

In this matter I have been presupposing that a girl has ambitions as to becoming an all-round journalist. But there is one line in which a large proportion of those taking up the work are anxious to specialise. "Society

functions " are at the back of the mind of the majority who seek positions, largely because they think it will be easy, because they will see the people who are talked about, and the dresses that they wear. They hope to attend the weddings, the bazaar openings, the season's fêtes, and now and again, by hook or by crook, to see something of a great private ball—even if only by sitting in the cloak room and watching the arrival of the guests, which the newer young person does not regard as at all undignified in her quest for what she would call a "stunt."

Now this society work is by no means as easy as the beginner thinks. It involves, first, the prompt and uncring recognition of the people who really matter. The exclusive Duchess of Four Stars may be wearing the plainest of coat and skirt suits on some occasions when Miss Tootsie Profiteer (who before the war was in a second-rate chorus) appears in something short, decollete and transparent, with the suggestion of three hundred guineas about it. But the first is a personage, and the second is—not.

The half-dozen or so women journalists who can do this kind of work well, who can go to Ascot or a big wedding, and who can single out the guests who matter, have given years to learning their work. They are personally known to the great ladies whose dresses they will describe, and they know as well whose name to omit as well as whose to give. To them, the ignorant young beginner is something of a terror. "Do you know who that is?" "Which of the little girl bridesmaids is the bridegroom's mece?" "How do you spell the name?" And so on, and so forth, are the questions with which they pester the experienced women journalists who have quite enough to do making their own notes and observations. One leading woman journalist tells me she now invariably replies to any question of the spelling of a name: "Surely they possess a peerage at the office you say you come from?"

It is work that, save in the most exceptional conditions,

leads no one any farther. The outlet for it is limited, and the experience, such as it is, carries little, if any, recommendation for more responsible duties. Every season one meets some new aspirants for the work, but they flutter along for a brief space, and perhaps bear a part in writing the notices of the July clearance sales at the shops, and then they disappear.

Special Corresponding.

Very high indeed does the reliable special correspondent stand in the hierarchy of a great daily paper. When I first came into the profession the giants of the latter Victorian years—I could name a dozen or more of them—were still great powers in the newspaper world, and in those early days it would have seemed presumptuous to think that I could ever become one of so important a company. But in my



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year or two with the Daily Graphic I was entrusted with events bigger than I at all expected.

Then it was that I met the two men whose work I desired to emulate, and who taught me all I know of what is the most important general branch, and hardly second even to that of the leader writing, of a daily paper. One was William Senior, then chief special correspondent of the Daily News, and later editor of the Field—a rare lover of nature. The other was J. E. Vincent, of the Times, an extraordinarily picturesque writer, a master of neat phrase, and a power of allusiveness that could bring in the apt literary touch on the dullest occasion.

As a special correspondent you are entirely dependent upon yourself. I remember one morning early in the war, when uniforms were urgently wanted, being met editorially with the laconic instruction, "There is a strike among the Leeds tailoresses. If you take a cab at once you can catch the 10.45 train. Come back if you can to-night; if not, wire up everything."

On such an occasion if you have not enough money in your purse, the cashier will advance whatever you are likely to want. I duly caught the 1045 train with about three minutes to spare, and then realised that I knew no solitary soul in Leeds as a starting-point of inquiry. But it would not be difficult to find the chief Labour organisations headquarters. Probably at the Yorkshire Post I should find someone not wholly a stranger, and also there would certainly be a Chamber of Commerce.

In three crowded hours at Leeds I learnt all there was to be known—the grievance, the conditions under which uniforms were being made, and the prospects of a speedy settlement. A discreetly bestowed tip gave me the privilege of remaining in the dining car after the meal, which meant a table on which to write; and I had nearly done my column of work when I came into the office a few minutes after 10 p.m.

The war, of course, gave the special correspondents memories to cherish for the rest of their life. I was inside Chelsea Barracks at 7 a.m. one unforgettable morning, early in August, 1914, when the Coldstream Guards set forth for the Front, and I never imagined that the Censor would pass anything written on that subject, yet I managed to do it with sufficient discretion to see it in print, though naturally neither place nor regiment were indicated. But by dwelling on the high spirits of the men—few, alas, returned—and the cheerfulness of the women, it was probably regarded as good for the enemy to know!

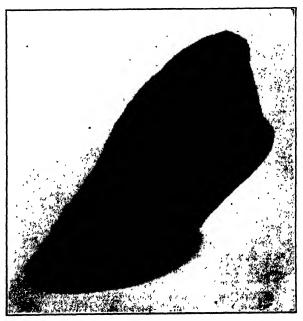
There were two great favours accorded to me personally. One was to be inside Southampton Docks to see some of the earliest of the wounded come home on a great hospital ship, and the methods of dealing with them. The other was when I' went to Vickers' great works at Barrow-in-Furness to see the first work in connection with munitions on which women were being employed.

Times there are, too, when one has a sense of great pride. The occasion may be unique and historic, as was the first Great Silence before the Cenotaph, and the passing of the funeral procession of the Unknown Warrior. One's own share will then be a particular section, which must fall exactly into place in conjunction with the four or five brilliant men who are describing other stages, to give a complete and consecutive picture of the event. And when your own work does not fall short in comparison with theirs, is a triumph that only a woman Special Correspondent quite realises.

Easy-to-make Slippers

SINCE the days when every woman was busy making slippers for the men in hospital, many of us have experimented in making slippers for the various members of our household from pieces of thick cloth or felt; and all who have tried this work will agree that the most tiresome part of it is the joining of the sole to the upper. Whether you bound the edge of each section first, or tried to bind them together in one operation, the result was seldom very satisfactory so far as the appearance was concerned, in spite of the fact that much painstaking energy had been expended in getting the needle backwards and forwards through the various thicknesses of material.

In the making of this child's slipper the work of joining has been very much simplified, and a most attractive result obtained. All edges of the felt have merely been buttonholed with em-



The new feature of this Slipper is the easy yet decorative method used to join the sole to the upper.

broidery thread, and to join the sole to the upper, the heading loops of the buttonhole-stitches are oversewn closely together without taking the needle through the felt. The centre back seam is treated in the same way.

To add to the effectiveness, graduated buttonholing has been used for the upper part, with French knots placed between each group of stitches, but the simple buttonhole-stitch as used on the sole will serve the purpose quite as well.

We can supply a set of patterns for cutting out a man's slipper, a lady's slipper, and a slipper for a child of from 4 to 6 years, from which patterns other sizes could easily be adinsted.

Pattern No. 9320, price 7d., postage extra. Address to the "Girl's Own" Fashion Editor, 4, Bouverie Street, Fleet Street, London, E.C. 4.

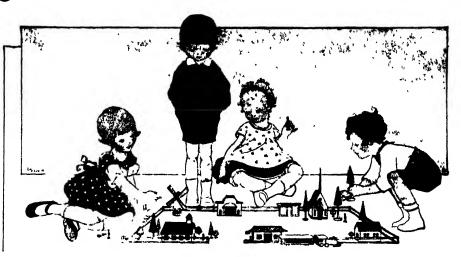
Training the Child's Taste

WHEN one observes how rapidly the artistic taste of an individual changes when an unfavourable environment is exchanged for one more conducive to æsthetic development. one realises that this quality is not necessarily of an innate nature, but is directly dependent on the familiarity afforded by either surroundings or education. Folk, for instance, who for years have lived in content amongst ugly furniture or even among mean streets may suddenly, on coming into contact with a more fastidious side of existence, find within them totally unsuspected depths of

artistic appreciation, which they may eventually cultivate much to their increased pleasure, until at last they wonder that they could ever have been so oblivious of what has grown to be an important feature of their life.

It behoves, therefore, the parents who would have their children live as fully and as widely as possible, to see to it that this element of taste be cultivated during those years when the opening mind is ready to take in the æsthetic impressions offered to it. The schoolroom and the bed-room in which the child passes so much of its time might, for instance, be made the medium for familiarising it with what is good and what is beautiful, rather than with what is mediocre and unlovely. how often one finds that these rooms are equipped on the principle that "anything will do." The carpet that is too shabby for the best bed-room, and the curtains that refuse to harmonise elsewhere, the chairs that are the overflow from the drawing-room, and the chest of drawers whose veneer can never be induced to remain in its place- all these are relegated to the school-room, or conferred on the nursery, under the impression that the inmates, being of tender years, have, therefore, no taste and cannot be offended by the medley. Taste certainly may not yet be theirs, but the taste is in the making, and how will the making proceed unless it be duly nourished?

Of course, there are parents who go to the other extreme and hang on the school-room walls pictures which it takes a really evolved mind to appreciate. It is no good putting up a Giotto before one has learnt to appreciate Gainsborough, or to dwell on Rembrandt before one has grown familiar with Romney. As long as the child is in the



early stages of development, he should, of course, have presented to him such themes as he can at that stage appreciate. But these at least may be the best of their kind.

For instance, if one wants to adorn the walls of the nursery with studies of children, why not select some of those enchanting pictures of Spanish infantas, such as Velasquez painted, or reproductions of child studies by the Della Robbias? These are simple, and appealing enough to please the most primitive taste, yet so perfect in their way that one would have to go far to improve upon their charms. Yet in how many nurseries the budding taste is fed upon the most commonplace type of picture!

Again, the practical too often ousts the beautiful in the matter of children's clothes. Though dainty garments may be kept for company, there is frequently kept for nursery or school-room wear some dingy overall, or thoroughly uninteresting frock, that does nothing whatever to stimulate a child's taste as regards adornment. As a reaction to dinginess, the child, when grown up to the stage at which personal choice is made of the wardrobe, is apt to be attracted by crudity of colour and exaggeration of style, having no reliable standard of taste by which to test that which is offered. To those accustomed in childhood to a lack of colour in clothes and surroundings, any bright tone will appear alluring It is those whose eyes have been trained on balanced colour arrangement, who are enabled to differentiate with discretion.

In regard to literature the same idea prevails. In advising parents to stock the children's bookshelves with good books, I do not refer either to heavy books or to stodgy books, those two bugbears of the youthful mind Neither need we feed the youngsters on cheap humour. The bulk of what is euphoniously known as "light literature" is such flummery stuff that, even supposing that it may prove amusing at the time, it "leaves not a wrack behind" with which to store the memory. We have many authors to suit all tastes, who will furnish an intellectual asset with which in later years one would not willingly part.

As we go through life we are called upon to deal with characters and with incidents which have not in them so much an actual connection with depravity, as with bad taste. Wickedness belongs to melodrama, poverty of taste to real life. If only we can make our children sensitive to that which offends one's sense of good taste, what a reliable method we shall have given them of estimating the desirabilty, or the reverse, of those with whom they come into contact. To show a child the ugliness of that which is not deserving of one's respect, is to train him in the proper differentiation between that which arouses a sense of taste offended. and that which is provocative of a sense of taste satisfied.

For taste, after all, is a matter of selection between the ugly and the beautiful, and if one teaches a child to see what is ugly and what is beautiful in action, as well as in mere ornament, one will have gone far to create within him an appreciation which will stand him in good stead.

"De gustibus non est disputandum" says the classic adage. Yet who will deny that greatly as tastes may differ, the trained instinct will always be able to discern that which is good from that which is bad.

Chapter XIII. (Continued.) "The Comedy Called Life."

WHILE Watson and Hawke discussed the precarious state of the firm's finances, and the junior partner silently resolved to try his chance with Violet Cornford, Violet's cousin worked among the clerks down below, and they were quite unconscious of it. Violet had not given Mr. Hawke a hint of it. This was not exactly owing to snobbishness, for though she had lived in such a quiet country village all her life, she had inherited the privileges of her age, and knew that girls are now allowed full freedom to enjoy the dignity of any kind of work without forfeiting self-respect; her silence was due entirely to personal pique.

Evie had come back from Crossways feeling full confidence in her belief that Dick was still alive. Nothing could disturb or shake that, it was a conviction as firmly founded as her faith. Dick would come back some day and explain the reason for his silence. Meantime, she had his letters, with their dear assurance of his love, carrying with them the complete healing of that sting from which she had so long suffered. She knew now that she had not been mistaken, she had not misread his intention; he had fully intended to tell her he loved her that day when he had been called away so suddenly, and he would have done so but for this new and startling information he had heard from Georgy. Only that had prevented his opening his whole heart to her.

So to Evie in her office life was not so hard as it had been. Moreover, she received long loving letters from Georgy, telling her all the dear home gossip about the people she had known from babyhood. She had also established herself on a level with the two senior girl clerks at the publishing office, and had left behind Hetty and Elsie. There was some dignity in her position which it had lacked at first.

Then behind it all was the knowledge that soon, very soon now, her book would appear, heralded by proofs; and she would have the excitement of reading the reviews and hearing what was said of it, while remaining unknown herself. Evie had a blind faith in that book. It was to her what an adored child is to its mother; the world might see him puny and undersized, but to her he would always be a prize baby!

Country bred as she was, Evie felt the need of fresh air very strongly. When she was able to go backwards and forwards, to and from her work, on the outside of an omnibus, that had sufficed; but when the cold or foggy or soaking days came, and even she could not face the wet seats and driving wind, she often suffered from a headache after having been in a stuffy tube train or omnibus, and at her desk all day. On Saturdays she found there was little time to get out in the short winter afternoons before it became dark, and so she spent as much of her Sundays as she could in the open.

One Sunday, a burst of early spring very delusive, and soon to be followed by bitter frost, made all nature call her lovers to the open. Evie had quickly learned that from one-thirty to two-thirty was the best time for Kensington Gardens, the time when she had the place almost to herself, when the church parade people had disappeared and the nursemaids and babies had not arrived. She went for a quick stretch over the grass under the leafless trees, came out by the Scrpentine, paid homage to dainty Peter Pan, and finally sat down on a chair beside the railing of one of the shrubby enclosures close to the water. The sunlight was so warm that she revelled in it, and, closing her eyes, tried to imagine herself once more in the garden at Crossways.

However, soon a blue-black cloud crept up and blotted out warmth and light, making her open her eyes. She aroused herself, and was going on, when she caught sight of what looked like the end of a parcel just inside the railing. Idly she poked at it with her umbrella. and finding it would not come through beneath the lowest rail, she leaned over and pushed away the bare twigs of the thickly growing bushes. There it lav. a neatly tied brown-paper parcel, carefully done up with string and sealing wax, but with no writing on it that could be seen. After some reaching and stretching Evie hooked it up with the handle of her umbrella, and found that it had no direction on the other side either. It was just the shape and size of the typescript of her own precious novel.

She sat with it in her lap for a while, and if a park-keeper had passed would have asked his advice about it, but no one came, only a few perky birds hopped about close to her feet. So presently she untied the string, thinking she might find some indication of the owner inside. It was, indeed, a novel in handwriting, and on the front page, uppermost, the title confronted her big and black—

"THE COMEDY CALLED LIFE,"

By Happy Elder.

There was no sort of an address, and the name of the author was obviously a nom-de-plume. How in the world had such a thing come into such a position?

Evie racked her brain even to imagine the circumstances which might have led to it, but could not find any into which it fitted. If anyone had been taking the parcel to the post it would have been addressed. In any case, an ordinary MS. would have had the address of the author or a letter of advice inside. It could not have been lost by a careless typist on its way back to the author, because it was not typewritten. From the way in which it had lain snugly under the bushes, altogether invisible—except for the accident of a chair having been so placed that a very observant person sitting on it could just note the end of the parcelit was clear that it was not intended to be seen. Yet who would leave a MS, out-ofdoors?

The day, which had begun so brightly, had clouded over, even now a few drops of heavy rain began to fall. Evie felt the solicitude for this abandoned brainchild that she would have done for a living thing. She solaced it, assuring it that it was all a mistake, and it should not be left to the beetles and earwigs.

Finally, after much hesitation and misgiving, she carried it home, as the rain was descending in torrents and no keeper in sight.

Having nothing to do after tea, except to watch the now steady downpour which had sent her indoors, she sat down in her deck-chair by the window and began to read her find. The first few pages gripped her attention. She read on. The winter light soon vanished. Evie sprang up, turned on the gas recklessly, and sank back again, too much absorbed to wait the coming of full darkness before she lit up as usual. She turned page after page, and when at last she stopped. she let the MS, slip from her knees and put her hands to her face. Scales had fallen from her eyes. She felt inclined to cry with the man in the Bible, " Whereas I was blind, now I see." For this book. which had come so strangely into her possession, which she had taken up so lightly to while a lonely hour, was a masterpiece, and she knew it!

Instinct, very strong in her, told her that. She was inexperienced, not very well read, ignorant of much that the world counts classic, but here on her knee she held a book that heightened all the values of life to an intensity hitherto undreamed of. The book itself was life, poured out on pages that became live things under the markings of black ink.

The story was an unusual one. It told of a woman who, all her life, had been dominated by man. Three men in turn had held her in thrall. First her father, then her husband, and then her step-son. Yet the woman herself was no slave, but

The Lost MS.

of far greater personality and force of character than any one of the three men The whole force of the story lay in the writing, and in the grip of character. It began when the heroine, as a mature woman of eight-andtwenty, left her home while her parents were still living, in a desperate attempt to get free to carry on her talent-portrait painting Her parents had opposed her for years They had said she could work at home, and then made it impossible for her to do so At length Mara (the heroine) had, through great suffering, determined to assert her right to her own life, and the development of the God-given gift. She had but just begun to find her feet in London, after two years of struggle in deep waters, when her mother died Mara had firmly resolved that she would not yield to pity, that she would not sacrifice all she had gained Hardening her heart, she went back to attend the funeral and make arrangements for her father's comfort He had fully agreed with her that the thread of her work must not be broken. It was this that nearly unnerved her, she spent a night wrestling in conflict with herself between her tremendous resolve not to give in, and the human pity which cried to her to stay where she was Her determined will won, and feeling herself a brute, she discovered a suitable attendant for the old man, and after a short time, finding that he seemed not to require her any more, returned to resume her work

Hardly had she settled down to it again, and shaken off the disturbance of mind which had at first made good work impossible, thin she received a telegram saying that the attendant had left suddenly, and that her father needed her She went back to find that there had been a quarrel, the rights of which she could not fathom. Her father greeted her with the utmost affection, declared that he would live alone sooner than be the cause of her life being spoiled, but nevertheless she found it impossible to leave him. After infinite trouble, another attendant was found who promised to be all that the first had not been. And after a short time Mara left once more. Again the same thing happened The strength of the story lay in the way that the old man was portrayed, he seemed so sincere, so affectionate, and yet there was a vein of cunning revealed in glimpses, that made the reader uncertain whether he was a victim or tormentor.

Again and again Mara was on the point of throwing up the attempt to live her own life, again and again he persuaded her to go back to it, and the writer held the attention in such a remarkable way that the struggle seemed to be as vital as the most thrilling love drama

At last Mara was vanquished so finally that she lost all wish to rise again. Meekly she went back once more and waited on her father hand and foot, like a submissive slave, until the end. All character seemed to be crushed flat out of her.

Long before the end, a lover had come upon the scene, and again and again pressed her to marry him To all his arguments she had returned the same answer—she could not



IT WAS INDEED A NOVEL

Drawn by P B Hickling

The Lost MS.

because of her father. When her father's death freed her, she went through another crisis. A faint far echo of that work which had once possessed her soul arose from its deep-down grave in her heart, and cried to her to resume it now that she was free. But she was not free. The man who had claimed her had won her by his constancy and the qualities of devotion and endurance he had shown. Believing him to be the ideal of manhood, she married him with hardly a sigh of regret for the work which must now again take second place, if, indeed, there would be any room at all for it in her new life.

After only a month or two of radiant happiness her husband had an accident in the hunting-field, and with it his whole character seemed to change. Down came the curtain again on the happiness which had begun to restore the circulation in Mara's veins, and she found herself once more a nurse tied to a bedridden invalid-peevish, exacting, in-If he had only remained tolerable mentally as he had been in the days of his health, her soul would have found fruition in the devoted nursing, but this man was to her a stranger, and she was bound, not indeed to a corpse, but to an exacting irritating patient.

Her starved heart spent itself on her step-son, a gracious joyous youth who carelessly adored her.

When at length Mara was left a widow, she was in the thrall of this boy, who was dependent on her and developed into the worst kind of wastrel. There was little enough for one to live on, but it had to do for two, and not only for two, but it had to cover the debts and extravagances which every now and then Nigel, the step-son, revealed to her in paroxysms of repentance. Each time he promised amendment and care, and each time again he came to her with a fresh tale of woe.

But in the end she found peace. Her talent was dead; had been strangled by the selfish exactions of others, but it was not in vain. As Nigel grew older he seemed to imbibe something of his stepmother's steadfastness, and against all the prophecies of her friends, turned eventually into a self-respecting man. Looking back on her life Mara saw that though she had fought and struggled for individuality, and what seemed to her at the time her right, the right of selfdevelopment, she had been compelled to give it up, and what she had deemed tragedy had become peace. It was all worth while.

Such a story depended for its interest almost entirely on the way it was told. The beauty of the literary expression, the poignancy of the terse words, reached the heart and mind. Evie was permeated by it.

For two whole days she went about

absorbed in Mara's life as if it had been the tragedy of her greatest friend. The people in the book were more real to her than those she lived among. She re-read some of the pages to try to discover how the effect was gained, and found it lay in the choice of words, the restraint of expression, and selection of material. So absorbed had she become in it that she had actually forgotten her own book

Coming home as usual in the evening, she found a parcel waiting for her. She undid it, feeling mystified for the moment as to what it could be. There fell out before her a dozen copies of a cheaply-got-up book, printed on discoloured paper with scrappy margins. The title, "Honour Before All, by Evic Glennan," stared her in the face.

Evie sank on the floor in the midst of the crude blue covers with their square stuck-on backs, which gave them the air of a cheap production, and felt abased.

She had expected proofs, but none had come, and now here was the finished article. She had never imagined it like this. She had never for one instant intended that her name should be used. and here it was shrieking at her. She realised too late that she ought to have insisted on having a voice in the choice of covers and type of the book. However, taking courage, and telling herself that however poor the material side of the venture might be, that could not affect the inside, she took up one, and opening it at random, began to read. Having been trained for many months in an office where format was most carefully considered, she was revolted by the discoloured yellowish paper and badly-set uneven margins, and the printers' errors which her eyes caught almost immediately. But none of these things cut her so cruelly as the story itself. What had happened to it? All the interest had The sentences seemed seeped away. childishly poor and crude; the men and women like marionettes posturing in a show. The knowledge and experience gained since she wrote it helped her to realise how feeble it was.

Snatching up the books one by one, she hurled them vindictively into the various corners of the room, and sitting still on the floor she wept piteously. Yet, had she only known it, that poor commonplace book was to bring her the greatest good fortune of her life!

Chapter XIV.

The Spider and the Fly.

In an office room, up many flights of stairs, in what might be called the financial part of the city, two men sat facing each other across a table. On it were spread maps and plans, newly made, marked in red letters in the corners, "Houses for Hundreds."

The younger of the two men inspired confidence at once, no less by his expression and general appearance, than by his bearing, obviously the result of service, and his tanned skin. He was talking eagerly.

"It can't go wrong," he said. "I only want a chance. I never knew how these things were managed until I met you, Mosley. It's not only the money it will bring in if it's successful, but the idea itself, that I am so keen on. Think what it will mean to thousands, when they get clean dry houses at a price about half what they pay for the most abominable little red brick boxes now."

His companion was a big fleshy man with a smooth face and heavy underlip. He looked good-humoured and self-confident, but not the kind of man even a novice would mistake for a philanthropist.

"That sort of talk will be all very well when Mr. Cornford comes," he answered, smiling sardonically. "Hold it up until then. As for me, I'm frankly after the shekels, and I very much fear we sha'n't find him the kind of fool creature who'll want to finance us before we've any results to show."

"It seems to me fair enough," said Daimon. "It's my invention. I've stood all the grind of getting the patent, you have speired around for the land, and you're the business manager. So we two are quits. If Mr. Cornford wants to come in, it's only fair he should find the money for a start."

"Here he is," said Mosley under his breath, taking up a pair of compasses and pretending to measure distances absorbedly, while the office flapper came in from her den on the landing with a card, and slipping out at a sign from Daimon, returned immediately ushering in Guy Cornford. He was certainly fair and aristocratic looking enough to deserve the interested admiration with which she favoured him--not many of his type found their way to this part of the city.

When the two men had greeted him, and explained themselves, Guy assumed a business-like air.

"I've come on the suggestion of my friend De Morville, who got in touch with a friend of yours—a Mr. Simons. I want to examine for myself this scheme he tells me of."

"That's all right, Mr. Cornford, we court the fullest inquiry," agreed Mosley, pushing forward a chair. "May I ask how your friend first heard of our idea?"

Guy produced a cutting from the "Personal" column of one of the big dailies. It ran:—"An invention which will revolutionise house-building only awaits a little capital to set it going. Those who are prepared to invest will see the most surprising results, and be

benefactors to many now houseless. Fullest inquiry courted."

"De Morville wrote in reply to this, and got in touch with Simons, but when he heard it would be a question of thousands of pounds and not hundreds, he passed it on to me."

"That is quite right, Mr. Cornford. Mr. Simons is our publicity agent," explained Mosley.

"It's my invention," said Daimon, turning rather unnecessarily red. " I had the idea long ago, and have been working on it ever since. Then I had to get the patent, a very slow job, and when I'd got it, Mr. Mosley here suggested how it might be used practically. He will tell you about that. The invention consists of a sort of stuff neither concrete nor asbestos, but like both; it's a kind of solid jelly. If you wish to go into the technical details of its ingredients afterwards you can. But the way it's used is this: we run it into moulds, and remove them, and there are the walls of a house ready, any size or height you like to make them."

"Has it been tried practically?"

"Oh yes; and it's fireproof and damp-proof. I'll show you a model"

Daimon removed the cloth from an object in the corner of the room, about the size of a big dog-kennel, and showed a perfect model of a small house, with walls of a strange smooth substance of a greenish tinge. He lifted off the roof and displayed the interior divided by walls of the same stuff.

Guy went down on his knees to examine it.

"It doesn't look very strong," said he. "Is it liable to get cracked?"

For answer Mosley took up a hammer lying ready, and dealt a terrific blow at the wall. There was no sign of the impact on the smooth surface.

"Wonderful!" Guy was beginning to be interested already. "But how do you manage the angles?"

"Pump the stuff on to them from pipes when in a liquid state, and spread it over; it sinks into the rest of the wall so you can't see the joins, and sets hard."

"But the doors and windows?"

"We allow for them in the moulds.

We shall import the frames ready-made from Norway."

Guy stood up, dusting his trousers' knees.

"Now for the details as to how you intend to use this," he said, reseating himself.



"AM I NEAR COMEHITHER?"

Drawn by P. B. Hickling.

The Lost MS.

showed the plans It appeared he had

acres in a healthy part of the Kentish coast In order to take up this option, and to set up sufficient houses to attract attention, it was necessary to have some capital

"Not much at first," he said airily "A matter of perhaps ten thousand pounds "

Guy was astonished at the sum, but showed no sign of perturbation

The idea, Mosley explained, was later to form a company, but it would be simply folly to appeal to the public without having any concrete results to show His suggestion was to sell the first houses very cheaply, even below cost price, so as to get a boom, then afterwards the price could be raised, yet at the same time the cost of construction would go down, owing to the quantity made

At first, each separate house, even a five roomed one, may cost £500," he explained ' Though really one can hardly say, because the machinery, plant etc, will all have to be bought Well if we sell such houses, each with a decent bit

of land for £250 people will be mad to buy them and we shall get a big advertisement, then we can, if we like, start a company, or keep it to ourselves Such houses will, in time supersede all the usual methods of cheap housing We shall pay the capital back hundreds, nay thousands of times over "

You say you want about ten thousand for a start " said Guy " I suppose you have something in hand? I should propose putting in, perhaps, five thousand for a half-share "

Mosley smiled

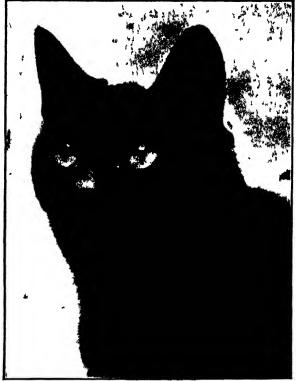
"A half share!" he said "Why, Mr Daimon's invention, and my business management, already make two shares, thus, if we put up five thousand ourselves, and you put up five thousand, you would get a fourth share only "

Daimon looked up sharply at the mention of the five thousand between him and his partner, but he did not speak Mosley went on-

"I tell you that to give you some notion of proportion. But, as a matter of fact, unless you, or someone else, comes in with ten thousand, we sha'n't be able to get off the mark I was allowing for our own small capital when I mentioned that sum "

"Then, if I put in ten thousand I should have a third share?" Guy asked.

Then Mosley took him in hand and He did not say the money was his sister's, he liked the importance of feeling got the option on some hundreds of he was being treated as a capitalist.



A Competition Photo by Mrs II For. " MOGGIF.

Mosely looked at his partner

"We should be prepared to do that, I think" he said slowly "We quite understand that while to us success appears certain, to you, as an outsider, there may seem some risk. It is not everyone who has the business capability to finance such an idea at once '

'I haven't said I would do so "

No, no, we should wish you to think it over, even, if necessary, to see an actual house on the real scale, only for that we should have to buy land, and above all things we want to keep the scheme quiet until the last minute, and then burst it on the public These houses can be put up so quickly, that in a week we might have a dozen going Then the reporters would come flying down to the "Houses for Hundreds" colony, and we get all our advertising free "

Very well," said Guy, rising. "I will let you know"

He went back post haste to the Westend He was anxious for Violet to make what really would be a great fortune, and the risk seemed non-existent. The more she had the more came his wav

He chafed while he waited for her, though assured by her maid she would be in soon. When she did come she sailed up the pretty long narrow room

to greet her brother with much more than her usual enthusiasm.

"Oh Guy!" she cried, "I am so glad you're here If I couldn't have

told someone I'd have burst! I've just bought a winner!"

"A winner?"

"Yes, a winner! . He's to run in the Grand National "

"Oh, a racehorse!" he cried. laughing "What did they rook you for that?"

"Never you mind He'll bring it all back, and more, Besides, think of the thrill of seeing your own horse run! Oh, I wish I were a man and could be my own lockey!"

He had some difficulty in making her attend to his scheme, which seemed prosaic beside hers, but she did at last

"Very well," she agreed, when she had heard the details " I'll give them ten thousand There is much more than that to my credit now that you have sold out those old stocks Ten thousand isn't much of my capital, even if it's a fraud But you must do all the business part, and make it safe for me "

" All right Make the cheque to me, and I won't pay it over until I get some security," he answered

Once again, as nearly a year ago, he leaned over her as she wrote the cheque She blotted it and gave it to him, and thereafter began once more talking about her horse and what her racing colours were to be

But when Guy went to cash that cheque it was for even more than ten thousand It had been altered to fifteen thousand, and initialled by Violet

When he had handed it over the counter, the cashier took it away, and, returning, asked if he would see the manager in his private room

"I just asked you in for a moment, Mr Cornford," said the manager, as Guy entered, "because I notice that your sister has sold out a great many very safe securities lately. I hope she is not going in for any wild-cat schemes. It's not my business, of course, but when she is drawing so large a cheque, one altered, too, I felt I might say a word "

"Certainly," said Guy; "I quite understand. But my sister is acting by my advice, and is quite safe, thank you."

Chapter XV.

"Comehither."

On a day in early spring, Evie Glennan walked up a Kentish lane, and under her arm was the brown-paper parcel which

she had so strangely found in one of the Kensington Garden plantations.

The mildness of the weather had brought out a crop of primroses which studded the banks amid the emerald moss, and the shadows of the fine trees in the hedgerow fell across the rough roadway. The gummy buds were bursting, and on some of the hawthorns in sheltered corners there was already a green spray of foliage.

When Evie had first realised her surprising find, she had suffered a great temptation. Whoever had thrown the MS. there had wanted to be rid of it. It could be no accident that had brought it to that odd resting-place. Well, then, why not alter the title, the names of the characters and places, and publish it as her own? The chance of the original owner ever coming across it was infinitesimal. And if he or she did do so, how could it ever be proved? It was not only the financial value of such a book that tempted her, it was the longing to prove herself of importance, to stand high in the estimation of her fellows, that made the temptation so keen. Her own paltry book-how she hated it! How she gnawed her lip every time she caught sight of that revelation of her identity on the title-page. It really did seem as if some soit of a scale or web had been swept from her eyes, for now she saw it as it had appeared to Mr. Forest. Nay, worse. She did not even find in it the ments he had recognised. She felt bitterly it was all false-the values were false, the characters were, as he had said, taken from vague recollections of other people's books, not from observation of life. Evie did not understand that a year ago she could not have seen this, even if she had read The Comedy Called Life. Perhaps then she would not even have appreciated the intense reality of that book; but she had learned, and learned rapidly, in the months when she had been in contact with actual life, and she had expanded and grown immensely in mental power.

It was not for several days that she had really overcome the desperate desire to send up this MS., suitably altered, in her own name, to the firm of Watson and Hawke. Once she almost succumbed, and then she remembered Dick would come back-of that she was as sure as that day would follow nightand when Dick came back and read the book how could she meet those straight sailor eyes if she claimed it for her own? And even if she summoned up courage to tell him the truth, how could she ever explain to Dick what had made her do such a thing? It was not playing the game; so he would view it, and no more said.

But, if not, what was she to do with She decided to advertise in the personal column of a daily paper to try to get in touch with the owner. This meant sacrifice of some of her hardlyearned shillings, but she did it, and put in a notice three times, at intervals of two days, resolved that if the third time there was no result, she would take the MS. to Mr. Forest and ask his advice. Possibly it might be published with a plea to the unknown author to come forward. Twice the advertisement produced no result, and the third time also two days elapsed. Evie was on the point of tying up the parcel, so as to have it ready to carry up to the office the next morning, when a letter was dropped in at the hall-door. She went down to see, and found it was for her. She opened and read it with an intense interest. It was very queer.

"Comehither,
"Lannan, Kent.

"I had not the heart to murder my babe, so I left it untended for the mercy of strangers, hoping never more to hear of it. Now that some charitable soul has picked it up and spent time and thought and money on advertising, I feel that fate wills I should not be rid of it. Read the name of my house and 'come hither' next Saturday, if you will, sir or madam, and stay the week-end with an unwilling author.

"JOYFUL ELDER (Mrs. Maconochie)."

So Evie went. She calculated that if she spent the week-end in the country she would not have to find food, and therefore she could cover the cost of her fare.

Thus one spring Saturday she was walking up the green lane which led to Comehither. The first intimation she had that she was near the house came from the apparition of an elfin child in the hedge. At least that was what she imagined him to be at first. He was very, very small, with little legs and arms like sticks. His tunic suit of Lincoln green was so much the colour of the moss on the trunk of the great chestnut, from behind which he shyly peeped, that it was difficult to see where one ended and the other began. Evic, standing on the road below, looked up at him as he poised himself ready for flight on the bank above

"Am I near Comehither?" she asked.
All children loved Evie; the wee man swayed slightly forward and nodded gravely, so that she saw his great wistful eyes and high forehead above the little peaked face.

"Will you show me the way?"

Like a real elf, he was down the bank

in a skip and jump, and danced before her, throwing his arms and legs into graceful and whimsical gestures, as he kept always ahead, but never out of sight, until she saw the house.

To be continued.

A Rose for Evening Wear

THIS rose of pale pink satin is just the thing to give the necessary finish to a simple evening frock. These flowers are very fashionable, and are quite expensive to buy; and yet, if you make them yourself, they cost very little, and do not take much time either.

All you require for this is $1\frac{1}{4}$ yards of pale pink satin ribbon $2\frac{1}{4}$ inches wide. Divide this into six lengths of $7\frac{1}{2}$ inches. Join the lengths together at the edges, on the wrong side, with running stitches, drawing up until the depth is only $4\frac{1}{2}$ inches. Turn on to the right side, and, turning in the edges to neaten, gather the top and bottom tightly, inserting a few stamens at the top. Push the top in and pull the flower out at the sides to give it the right shape. At the back attach a few artificial leaves, and the rose is finished.

Pale yellow, dark red, or deep pink can be substituted for the pale pink ribbon, according to the colour desired for the rose.



white evening frock.

Making Real Pearls to Order

New Oyster Farms for the Production of Gems

By IGNATIUS PHAYRE

For many years the fine crystals we call diamonds and rubies have been experimentally produced in the laboratories of scientific wizards, like Sir William Crookes in England, and M. Henri Moissan in Paris. Yet the trade value of the natural stones remained unaffected.

The great De Beers monopoly continued to distribute a certain stint to each nation; so did the Burma ruby mines. And in Amsterdam alone, ten thousand cutters and polishers went about their business as usual, as they have done since the Spanish conquest of the Netherlands in the seventeenth century.

But now, at long last, it is the pearl's turn; and this case is very different. In all ages the "pearl of price" has been a criterion of precious value. All the sirens of the world have coveted it, from Cleopatra to the Pompadour.

What is a pearl? It is a gradual secretion of "nacre" by certain kinds of oyster. It is, in the first place, due to the presence in the shell of some foreign substance, like a parasitic insect, or even a grain of sand

This gives rise to an ingrowing "pocket" in the cell-tissues of the living creature. The pocket gradually becomes a capsule, which encloses the intrusive substance, and begins to pour upon it layer after layer of translucent material, which reflects light into a soft and shining lustre of matchless beauty and charm.

Up to now, the great pearl-fisheries of the world have, of course, been

pure gambles. At Broome, on the West Australian coast, in Ceylon, and in the Persian Gulf, there are regular fisheries where either white or dark-skinned divers walk the sea floor, gathering up the big gnarled shells which may or may not contain pearls of price.

In Eastern seas, natives go down with their nude bodies greased, and with a wooden clip on their nostrils. They can remain below as long as two minutes. On the other hand, the diver who wears modern equipment can, of course, remain hours under water in his rubber suit and copper helmet; his electric searchlight, lifelines, telephones,

and air-tubes communicating with a boat on the surface with its attendants and pumping-gear.

The whole industry is at once uncertain and elaborate. Yet fine pearls have, up to now, retained their high value. Even during the Great War we saw a long rope of "fine orient" pearls fetch over £50,000 at Christie's famous rooms. There are necklaces worn by the native princes of India whose value is far in excess even of this great figure.

There is possibly no gem more lovely or becoming to woman's beauty; yet now—by the marvellous discovery of a Japanese - it has been demonstrated that it is perfectly possible to "manufacture" real pearls through the instrumentality of the oyster itself.

This discovery is due to the researches of a Japanese expert named Mikimoto, who has spent his whole life investigating the anatomy of the oyster- very much as a skilled surgeon might do with physiological specimens Like all great discoveries, the process is extraordinarily simple. A tiny bead, cut from the oyster's own shell, or even a minute seed-pearl, is first of all introduced into the living body of the oyster. Its presence is soon resented in the usual way; and the irritated creature begins to cover and envelop the foreign substance with film after film of nacre.

The process of forming the complete pearl may take six years or more; but it is clear it can be done on a great scale, producing thousands of pearls, slowly but simultaneously.



THE PEAR

Photo by Alfiert Picture Service.

A Cultivated Pearl during the period of its cultivation. It takes six years to form, and our photo shows the pearl in its fifth year.



M. MIKIMOTO, DISCOVERER OF THE "CULTURED" PEARL.

Photo by Alfieri
Picture Service.

Of course, as happens also in the depths of the sea with the "true" pearls, these real-artificial ones vary much in size, shape, and colour. Much appears to depend upon the variety of oyster, and even upon its diet. Nor does irritation by the introduction of a foreign substance always mean that a pearl will be shaped.

And when this is the case, all sorts of conditions tend to vary the æsthetic and trade value of the gem so formed. Thus there is no guarantee that the working cyster will successfully accomplish the task which its human masters set. This may be good news for timid owners of fine necklaces and other pearl jewels.

At the same time it is only fair to say that the Mikimoto firm are starting pearl-culture farms on a most ambitious scale. That the problem is both serious in outlook and unique in case, may be seen from the fact that the Precious Stones Section of the London Chamber of Commerce has been debating it.

Just at present, the Japanese inventor, or discoverer of the made-to-order real pearl is confining his energies to Far Eastern markets. It is possible that the dealers of the world will approach Mikimoto with an agreement, either to restrict his singular farming operations, or else to confine his output to India, China,

Making Real Pearls to Order

and the Far East generally. The powerful pearl-fishery syndicates are greatly concerned over the future of this gem, for there appears to be no reason why the world should not be flooded with real pearls, produced at culture-farms on an enormous scale

But, I shall be asked, is there any difference whatever between the "natural and the cultivated gem? Absolutely

none An imitation pearl of the paste variety can be turned out by the hundredweight for a penny or so each. On the other hand one of the new culture-pearls of the same size is worth in the open market from £75 to £100. I was shown a particularly beautiful little necklace, made by the Mikimoto working oysters. These were exquisitely graduated and matched, and the little string—a lovely ornament for a young girl—was priced at £2,000.

Already the British Government and its technical experts have taken due note of this surprising and perplexing discovery. The Ministry of Agriculture and Fisheries have instructed their advisor, Dr. Henry Lyster Jameson, to examine the new Japanese pearls, which are formed at will by the "irritated" oyster. This scientist gave it as his opinion that no known superficial test can possibly detect any difference between "natural" pearls.



A SCINI ON MR MILOMOTO'S PEARL CULTIVATION STATION IN JAIAN

l hoto by Alfieri Picture Service

An imitation pearl of the and those which are 'artificially ariety can be turned out by produced by the living bivalve

Not even the use of the ultraviolet rays favours the natural pearl and to find the nucleus or foundation of the shaped gem, it is actually necessary to saw the pearl in half, thus of course, entirely ruining it Already this new Japanese wizaid Mikimoto has his watchful agents in Europe— even in Hatton Garden itself

It is felt that both dealers and the public must be educated up to the fact that the pearl-oyster can be goaded into gem-making upon any

Naturally therefore, there is a good deal of uneasiness and dismay among those of the world's women who are fortunate enough to possess fine pearls, whether in rings, earrings, tiaras, and necklaces. Of late, also, there has been a good deal of overhauling in the jewellers shops. Undoubtedly, some culture-pearls have been purchased by the dealers and

shopkeepers as being of the "natural" variety.

And customers who come in to examine the stocks are already asking " Are these the new culturepearls, or are they real ones?" It is hard to make a wealthy woman realise that there is no fundamental difference whatever between the two Both kinds are "real although both vary very much alike in size, shape, colour,

and lustre The result of this curious discovery is that the pearl-trade is somewhat held up in chaotic suspense, until it is clearly seen what this Japanese oyster-farmer intends to do

Meanwhile, he has his own parks not unlike the famous beds of Whitstable and Arcachon Periodically, large quantities of the oysters are removed from the shallow sea-water and taken into the "pearlfactory" Here they are set out upon tables, and the little bead or other foreign substance is then introduced between the rough and rugged shells

How the operation of pearl-forming is to turn out cannot, of course, be guaranteed. On the other hand, the proportion of sizeable and really lovely pearls is large enough to warrant the conclusion that Mikimoto himself has made an epochmaking discovery, which is bound to affect with serious results one of the most ancient industries of the world.

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Sent by Readers Living Abroad

Braised Turbot à la Bengeoise.

A Recipe rom Bruges.

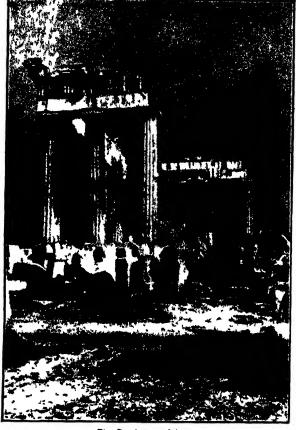
- 1 lb turbot or cod.
- I small onion
- ı tablespn margarıne.
- 1 dessertspn butter.
- 2 tablespn rice
- 3 dessertspn flour.
- Salt Pepper

Cut fish into small portions about 11 in square, sprinkle with salt, roll each in flour, to which a dash of pepper has been added Mince onion fine, melt margarine in frying pan, add onion, and brown slightly, add pieces of fish, cook slowly in the ran with onion till quite tender, about 12 min Meanwhile, boil rice in salted water with butter added done, strain and put to steam for 1 min in oven to separate grains then bank round a dish as for curry, and put fish in centre Tomato sauce can be served with this

Prawn Frigedeira.

A Brazilian Rocipe.

- I ripe cocoanut
 I cup shelled prawns
- 2 eggs
- I omon
- i teaspn salt
- ½ saltspn pepper



The Parthenon, Athens.

A Competition Photo by Rita Mitaragga, one of our readers in Greece

Grate cocoanut and squeeze the flakes through cheese-cloth to extract the juice. Put this liquid into a casserole or deep baking dish, with prawns, seasoning onion thinly sliced, simmer till onion is soft and the mixture thickens. Beat whites and yolks of eggs separately, then mix them lightly together. Stir half into the mixture in the pan, put remainder on top and smooth it over. Place dish in slow oven till firm and slightly browned. Cold cooked fish can be used in place of prawns. If the cocoanut flakes are very dry, add a cup hot water, and let it stand 15 min before squeezing through the cloth.

Veau a la Crême.

A Recipe from Gironde, France.

 1½ lb veal
 ½ pt milk

 1 tablespn butter
 ½ pt water

 3 tablespn flour
 Pepper Salt

Place the veal in a frying-pan (either whole or in convenient square pieces) with butter, fry a golden brown, then add a little water, and cook gently about 20 min. With the flour, milk, and seasoning make a good white sauce, rather thick, add the gravy, from the veal, just before serving arrange the veal on a hot dish, then pour the sauce over. A truffe cut in small pieces is a great improvement. Serve with mashed potatoes. Enough for seven or eight persons. This is an excellent dish if carefully prepared, and takes very little time. It used often to be served by one of our cooks, but she would never give us her recipe. When we were without a cook we tried it ourselves, and found it even better than the cook's dish, as perhaps we took more pains.

A Savoury A Recipe from Rice Mould. Bayonne

I lb. good rice, boiled till quite tender, add salt and pepper to taste. Boil 6 carrots till tender, cut in half lengthways, place the carrots round a mould (well buttered), then a little rice Take any kind of cooked meat, such as calf's liver, kidneys, giblets, etc , cut in small pieces, arrange a little to cover the rice, and continue till the mould is well filled Cook in the oven for about I hour, turn on to a hot dish. being careful not to break Pour a little brown sauce round and serve Enough for six persons.

Fried Whiting and Turmeric. from

3 whitings

r tablespn tumeric

Flour Oil

ı teaspn salt

ł teaspn pepper

Remove the heads when cleaning Make a few incisions each side of the fish, rub them all over with a mixture made of the turmeric, salt and pepper. Then dip them in flour, and fry in hot oil or butter. Have ready plain

boiled rice, and when the fish are a good brown colour serve them, very hot, laid on the boiled rice

Cucumber à la Chinois.

A Recipe from Chine.

A Recipe

Boil cucumbers until tender, remove seeds, and stuff with any left over (or fresh) chicken, pork, beef, or mutton (minced) Fry in boiling fat Serve on hot mashed potatoes.

Egg and Chutney Sandwiches.

A Recipe from Australia

2 hard-boiled eggs2 teaspn chutney

½ teaspn salt Butter.

Mash the eggs with salt and chutney. Cut thin slices of bread and butter and spread between Cut into three-cornered sandwiches, and garnish with parsley.

Cheese and Corn Savoury.

A Recipe from Kenya Colony, East Africa.

1 cob Indian corn (young).
1 dessertspn butter

2 tablespn cheese 1 egg Salt Pepper.

Holl the corn-cob till corn is tender. Take off the corn and put in a saucepan with the butter. When hot, beat in the egg and add cheese, salt and pepper. Stir all together until stiff, then pile on rounds of buttered toast. Serve

How we Make our Tapioca,

very hot

A Recipe from

In England one buys tapioca from the grocer, out here we prepare it ourselves as follows When farina is made from manior roots a thick juice runs away as they are passed

Some Foreign Recipes

through rollers of a little hand-mill. Left to stand, a white substance goes to the bottom; this is starch. The top water is poured away, and fresh water poured on again and again, until the sediment is finally quite sweet and white. When this is still damp it is ready for making into tapioca. Sieve it to get it powdery. Place a very clean frying-pan over the fire, and when quite hot spread a thin layer of starch over the bottom. This will immediately go transparent, and the grains will swell and adhere to one another. Remove from pan on to a sieve, and prepare the rest of starch in same way. When cold these little flat cakes should be quite hard and brittle. Break up and pound with an old rolling-pin, and store for use.

Love's Pudding.

A Recipe from

I egg. teaspn. salt. Weight of I egg in butter. 1 dessertspå. Borwick's Weight of 1 egg in sugar. baking-powder. 3 oz. flour. Any fruit in season.

Beat butter and sugar to a cream, add egg; mix flour, baking-powder, and salt; then add to butter and sugar. If too stiff, a little milk may be added. Spread this over a dish of apples or other fruit, and bake in fairly hot oven for about ? to 1 hour. Serve hot or cold with custard or cream.

Love Cake.

Indian Corn

Meal Biscuits.

A Recipe from Bloemhof,

I cup maize

} cup boiling

2 tablespn.

i teaspn.

4 teaspn.

I cup flour.

Borwick's bak.

ing-powder.

butter or sub-

meal.

milk.

stitute.

salt.

Transvaal

A Recipe from Kuala Lumpur, F.M.S.

2 teaspn. ess. vanılla. 1 lb. semolina. 1 lb. sugar. I teaspn. ess. rose. 24 eggs. r teaspn. mixed spice. ₹ lb. butter. I lb. almonds.

Mix the semolina and butter; put it aside. Blanch and chop finely the almonds. Break into a basin the yolks of the eggs only, reserving the whites in another dish. Add the sugar to the yolks, and stir briskly for 20 min. Add the chopped almonds, then the mixture of semolina and butter, mixed spice, vanilla, and essence of rose, the whites of 12 eggs well beaten to a stiff froth. Put into a buttered pan, and bake in a moderate oven. Bake to a golden brown.

Editor's Note.—Eggs are evidently cheaper in the Malay States than they are in Great Britain! But 6 eggs makes this a delicious cake.

baking-powder. Roll out on a floured board and cut with a biscuit-cutter. Bake on a greased tin 15 to 20 min. Delicious with orange marmalade or syrup.

Most Bolletje Rusks.

Another Recipe from the Transvall

4 lb. flour. ¿ oz. aniseed or spice. 1 pt. warm milk. lb. butter. r pt. "most." I lb. sugar.

To Make " Most."—Chop I cup of raisins very fine, and put in a jar with 1 pt. lukewarm water. Keep in a warm place until it starts to ferment, which will be in 3 or 4 days; when it ferments the raisins will rise to the top. Then strain and use.

To Make the Rusks .- Mix one-third of the flour with the "most," till it is a soft sponge, and set to rise in a warm place for 7 or 8 hours. Melt the butter in the milk until luke warm. Add the rest of the flour and liquid to the sponge, and knead well; it should be a stiff dough. Stand to rise again 8 to 10 hours. Add sugar and spice. Make up into buns, and stand them close together in a greased baking-tin. Pack them rather tightly, so that they rise high, not wide. Stand until double original size. Bake in hot oven. When they are quite baked, split apart, breaking each bun in two pieces with forks, and pack loosely in pan. Put into oven again but a cool oven this time, and leave until dried thoroughly. (Never cut the hot buns, as this spoils them).

Pineapple Shape.

1 oz. cornflour.

Another Recipe from Kenya Colony.

1 pineapple. 2 tablespn. white sugar. I lemon. ₹ pt. water.

Cut 4 slices from a ripe yellow pine, cut away the rind, woody core, and all "eyes." Chop up the remainder into small pieces. Mix the cornflour, sugar, and lemon juice to a smooth paste, add boiling water, and return all to the saucepan. Boil 3 min., stirring all the time. Remove from the

fire, beat in the pineapple, and pour into a wet jelly-mould to set. When quite cold turn on to a glass dish and serve with cream.

Cinnamon Apples.

6 large apples.

1 tablespn. flour.

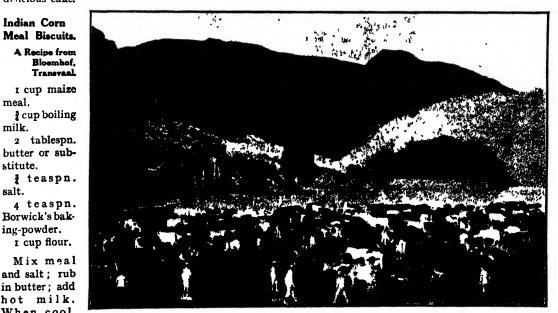
A Recipe from

r tablespn. butter.

I cup brown sugar.

∤ teaspn. cinnamon.

Cream butter and sugar. Add flour and cinnamon, and mix well. Core the apples and place in a baking-dish. Put the mixture in centre of each and round the apples. Bake in a hot oven till cooked, basting at intervals with a mixture of 2 teaspn. sugar in { cup hot water. These may be served cold or hot.



A Round-up of Cattle on a Farm among the Andes 3,000 miles up the Amazon and 9,500 feet above the Sea. A Competition Photo by M. D. Lunn, one of our readers in Peru.

in butter; add hot milk. When cool, add the flour

mixed with the

Vol. 43.-No. 7.-2 E

Supper and Breakfast Dishes for April

The following seven recipes for supper dishes have been well received and favourably passed on by many folk, and so I venture to think they will be of some help to the tired housekeeper who knows not where to turn.

Try this one first and see if you do not vote it a complete change from the usual run of supper dishes.

Potato Kar

4 oz. flour, 1 lb. potatoes, 1 egg per person, 1 oz. Parmesan cheese, rounds of toast or fried bread, butter, pepper, salt, cayenne.

Peel and boil the potatoes, and grate the cheese. Sift the flour into a basin with a pinch of salt. Rub in 1 oz. butter and mix to a stiff dough with a little milk Roll out on a well-floured board to ½ in. in thickness. Cut into slices 6 in. long by 3 in. wide. Wrap these round the rolling-pin, which first flour thickly. Moisten the end of each piece of paste so as to make it adhere. Bake, on the rolling-pin, for 15 min, until the paste is set and a light brown colour. Gently remove the pastry rings from the rolling-pin, and set each on a round of toast or fried bread, and keep hot. Mash the potatoes with a little milk and I dessertspn. butter. Beat well and season with pepper and salt. Fill the centre of the pastry rings with the mashed potato, and in the centre of the filling make a hole deep enough to take an egg, which should be broken into it. Put into the oven for 3 min., until the egg is slightly set. Remove from the oven, and cover the top with grated cheese. Add a little cayenne, and return to the oven. Bake 5 min. in a brisk oven, so that the cheese may be lightly browned. Serve immediately, so that they do not have time to cool.

Curry Pie.

Any cold mutton, beef, or chicken, 1 onion, 1 apple, 1 oz. butter, 1 teaspn. curry-powder, 1 cup milk, pepper and salt to taste, 1 lb. mashed potatoes, 1 tablespn. chutney, 1 cup boiled rice.

Mince meat finely. Fry onion in butter, cut into thin slices. Peel and core the apple and cut thin. Fry this with the onion. When nicely browned add I teaspn. curry-powder and stir well. Pour in, little by little, the cold milk, add salt to taste. Add the cold meat, and allow to cook a few minutes. Have ready a well-greased pie-dish, and put a thic! layer of boiled rice in the bottom.

Pour in the curried meat, and on the top of these pour 1 tablespn. chutney. Spread as much as possible over the surface of the pie. Lastly, cover with mashed potatoes seasoned to taste. Heap up on the top of the pie, and bake in a quick oven for 15 min., until the potato is nicely browned. If liked, a little Bombay duck may be grated over the potato before sending to table.

Bacon Pudding.

6 oz. suet, 12 oz. flour, 1½ teaspn. baking-powder, ½ teaspn. salt, about ½ pt. cold water, 4 slices bacon, 1 small onion, a little parsley and pepper, 1 cold boiled potato.

Shred suet, add flour, and mix well, and then add the salt and bakingpowder; mix to a stiff paste with water. Roll out the paste rather thinly on a floured board. Lay the rashers of bacon side by side along this, then slices of cold potato, I onion, a little chopped parsley, and a good sprinkling of pepper. Roll up into a long roll, and wrap in a pudding-cloth, wrung out in boiling water and then well floured. Boil 24 hours, and serve with bacon fat poured over. If any of this bacon roll is left over, it may be fried up in dripping for next morning's breakfast. It is really delicious, and rather out of the usual rut of supper dishes.

Leghorn Liver Savoury.

Pig's or sheep's liver, I oz. flour, ½ teaspn. salt, I teaspn. powered sage, I onion, ½ saltspn. pepper, 3 lb. potatoes, I gill cold water.

Cut the liver into slices, mix the flour,

The Blue Apron

It tells a tale of beds to make, And pies to bake, and mats to shake; Of china rare to wash with care, Her blue check apron hanging there.

In this brave armour, day by day,
She fights the fray, and keeps at bay
Her hated foes of soot and dust
And smear and stain and moth and rust.

And all her fond housewifely cares Her thrills and fears this comrade shares; Abets and aids each charming plan To cheer a hungry homing man.

Ah, Nell! although with dainty grace In silk and lace you take your place, For me, the heart of home, my dear, Is your blue apron hanging there!

GERTRUDE M. FOWELL.

By SALLY ISLER

pepper, and salt, and dip each slice into this seasoning. Have ready a well-buttered pie-dish, and put a layer of the seasoned liver in the bottom. Parboil the onion and chop finely. Sprinkle over the liver with a good pinch of powdered sage. Add another layer of liver, then onion and herbs, and continue until the ingredients are all used up. Pour the water into the dish. Slice the potatoes in good thick pieces, and cover the top of the pie-dish with them. Bake in a slow oven for I hour and IO min.

Chester Herrings.

1 herring per person, 2 teaspn. salt, 2 teaspn. vinegar, 1 bay leaf, 10 peppercorns, 1 cup warm water.

Put the herrings in a pie-dish, and pour over them the warm water. Allow to come to the boil. Add the vinegar and salt and the spices. Simmer gently for 20 min. Allow to become cold in the liquor. If desired to serve them hot, they should be reheated. Drain well before serving. Strain the liquor in which they have been cooked, and add I tablespn. hot water, I tablespn. vinegar, a few drops salad oil, I teaspn. flour mixed to a smooth cream.

Allow to come to the boil, and cook until the flour is done and the sauce nicely thickened. Add I teaspn. chopped parsley, and serve separately, and not over the herrings.

Sheep's Head Shape.

I sheep's head, 2 small onions, 4 cloves, 12 peppercorns, ½ teaspn. powdered sage, sprig of parsley, thyme, bergamot if procurable.

Put the head into water with all the ingredients, and simmer for about 3 hours. Drain and allow to become cold. Remove the meat from the head and cut into dice. Also the tongue and the brains, which will be quite firm. When cold, skim the stock in which the head has been boiled. Take 11 pt. of this and bring to the boil. Dissolve 11 oz. gelatine in a little of the hot stock. When quite liquid, pour into the saucepan and boil for 10 min. Add pepper and salt to taste and 1 teaspn. vinegar. Put the meat into a press or mould, or even a pudding-basin. Pour the stock over, and stand in a cool place to become solid. Serve with hot baked potatoes covered with parsley sauce. The skins must be very carefully scrubbed, and the potatoes cooked long enough to admit of the skins being eaten.

Supper and Breakfast Dishes

Split Steak.

I lb. good thick rump steak, I large potato (boiled, cut into slices, and fried), I oz. butter, a few drops lemon juice, teaspn. parsley chopped finely, I or 2 mushrooms (when in season), otherwise any vegetables sliced and kept hot.

Beat the steak well with a cutletbat, and rub into each side of it a good sprinkling of salt and a few drops of salad oil. Place on a grill over a clear fire or under a gasgriller. Cook one side first for 5 min. then reverse, and cook the other side for 8 min. Remove from the fire, and with a sharp knife slit the steak in half, but not quite through, so that it is attached at one side. Slice the potatoes and mushrooms, and chop the parsley finely. Fry for 3 min. in the butter. Add the lemon juice. Spread all this mixture in the centre of the steak, and close the two sides with a small skewer. Replace on the grid, and allow just to become hot again. Dish up at once with a little parsley butter in pats on the top.

Breakfast Savouries

I always think that breakfasts are among the most difficult meals to cater for, as everybody insists on having bacon in some form or other, and yet they are always complaining over the monotony of it.

The following are a few rather nice breakfast dishes, simple and economical, and not long in the making.

Fish Toast.

Slices of hot buttered toast, any cold fish, 3 drops vinegar, 1 teaspn. margarine, salt and pepper to taste, 3 drops salad oil.

Have ready sufficient slices of very hot buttered toast, and see that they are kept very hot. If salt fish is used, such as dried haddocks and kippers, no vinegar should be used, also no salt, of course. Take 1 lb. any cold fish, whether boiled or fried, and remove all bones and skin. Break into small pieces with a silver fork, and add the oil and vinegar. Blend well and season. Melt the margarine and pour over the fish, and, if too stiff and solid, add another teaspn. fat. Put into a saucepan, and stir over a brisk fire, but do not let it brown. When thoroughly hot, spread on the buttered toast and serve immediately.

Macaroni Savoury.

4 oz. macaroni, I teaspn. anchovy essence, 1 pt. thick white sauce, pepper, salt, and cayenne.

Boil the macaroni the night before-In cooking macaroni, drop it into quickly-boiling water and allow it to continue so for 20 min., then immediately pour into a colander and allow to drain thoroughly. Set aside until wanted. Take ‡ pt. milk and mix with it I tablespn. flour, I teaspn. butter, pepper and salt, and I teaspn. anchovy essence. Bring to the boil, and cook about 2 min. Turn into small ramekincases, and bake in the oven for 10 min.



Drawn by Elizabeth Larnshaw.

until the top is slightly browned. Dust over with cayenne. It is not strictly necessary to brown the macaroni, and the oven part may be left out, but it certainly adds to its look and taste.

Liver Tartines.

½ lb. sheep's liver, I oz. margarine or dripping, salt, pepper, a little made mustard, I slice raw onion, 3 or 4 slices bread, a few rolls of bacon, if liked.

Boil the liver until tender, and set aside to get cold. This is best done the night before, or any time when the stove is made up for cooking. Put the liver through the mincing-machine, together with the onion. Melt the dripping, and stir in the liver. Season rather highly, and turn into a shallow pan and fry a nice brown. Fry the slices of bread and one or two slices of bacon together with the liver. Drain the bread, and pile the liver on each slice. Put a roll of bacon on each little heap of liver, or, if preferred, fry the bacon flat, place one rasher on the fried bread, and then heap the liver on the top of that. Any odd pieces of meat may be used up in this way, and, with the addition of a good seasoning and a little onion, can be made into a very appetising breakfast.

Sardines in

6 sardines, 3 rashers bacon, a little breadcrumbs.

Scrape the sardines and cut off their

heads and tails. Cut the rashers in half and wrap a sardine in the middle of each half slice. Tie with a piece of cotton or use a tiny skewer. Put in a frying-

pan and allow the fat to become rather soft, then roll each one in breadcrumbs (just ordinary fresh breadcrumbs), and return to the pan. If the pan is too dry, rub the bottom with a piece of bacon fat or a little dripping. Fry for 5 min., until the bacon is cooked and the sardine hot through. Serve on a dish side by side, and pour any fat and breadcrumbs left in the pan over them.

Dried Haddock

1 dried haddock, 2 oz. frying-fat, 4 oz. brown breadcrumbs, a little chopped parsley.

Thoroughly wash the dried haddock and cut off the top and tail. Remove the big bone, and scrape the flesh from the top of this bone into the frying-pan. Add the breadcrumbs and a little chopped parsley, pepper and salt, and cook a nice golden brown. Set aside for a few minutes to keep warm. Brush the haddock with milk, and roll in flour. Fry in boiling fat for 10 min., browning both sides of the fish. Before removing from the pan, heap the breadcrumbs, etc., in the centre of the fish. Then fold in half and serve immediately, very hot.

This will be found a delicious way of varying the ordinary breakfast dish of dried haddock. If Finnan haddock fillets be used in place of the whole fish, these should be cut into small pieces about 3 in. by 4 in., dipped in milk and flour, and, after frying, just sprinkled with breadcrumbs. Kippers are also simply delicious when done this way, and the little added touch of flour gives a very distinctive taste to the fish.

Bacon Fritters.

Slices of bacon, 2 eggs, 1 small cup milk, ½ oz. butter, 2 oz. flour, pepper and salt, frying-fat.

Mix the flour with the milk to a smooth paste. Beat the eggs well, and add to the milk, pepper and salt, and a pinch of brown sugar. Melt the butter, and add last. Put enough batter in the bottom of a small frying-pan to make a pancake. Allow just to set. Drop a slice of bacon on this and fry a golden brown. Dish up flat on a hot plate. If liked, a larger pan may be used, and all the batter poured in, allowed to just set a little, and then lay the bacon in rows over the top. Fry until the fritter is set, then turn over and cook the bacon. If a gas-cooker is used, place the pan for a minute or two under the grid, and the bacon will cook quickly. Roll up like a large pancake and serve immediately.

The Career I Most Desire



AN ANCIENT HOUSE IN

Photo by Miss Ault.

Turner, and, calling me, said, "Come and look at this queer thing." I suddenly wanted to burst into tears. I had "discovered" air and space in Art.

Now began the long lonely walks which so alarmed my father. Having "finished my education" at sixteen, I came home to "do the little things" and be a lady. But I loved to slip away, to find grey stones and rugged barks, beautiful clay ruts, blue hazes, to compare the blades of grass.

Now I am over fifty and nearly blind. I fear with hereditary blindness. The writing of this essay is very painful.

Will the day come when I cannot see the reflection of the chimneys on the rain-washed roof? Will the gold and silver of mosses be lost to me? Shall I turn aside and pray for resignation when they say, "There is a rainbow"?

God knows. But why should I repine? I have had my "career"! I have seen.

Therefore, I am an artist, in the world of memory, adoration, and thanksgiving.

This Competitor would probably have been famous as a Cook.

It is not a brilliant and ambitious career, the one of my heart's desire, yet to me it is the unattainable, for my bread has been cast on other waters. I should love to be a cook, not a cooking teacher, mark you, but an ordinary everyday cook. I feel certain that I should have shown talent in the making of soups, sauces, and savouries. How I should have liked to be a woman skilled in the cooking of fish, flesh, and fowl,

whose pastry, whether rich or plain, baked or boiled, was always light and tempting, whose puddings and cakes were as nutritious as they were pleasing and palatable; a woman whose cunning did not fail at the preparing of dainties for festivities, and who could yet, for love of little children, make gingerbread men or a dish of candy to give them pleasure.

And I should not wish my art to stop there. What should I do with all the "left overs" if I could not contrive from them, with the help of my cleverness and cunning, dishes that would tempt, nourish, and perhaps be appraised by a rather critical male?

Not the least interesting part of cooking is, I think, the study of the various constituents which our articles of diet contain, the health-giving and

nourishing properties of these same carbohydrates, proteins, and vitamines, and the actions of heat and digestion upon them. That knowledge would enable one to understand more easily the why and the wherefore of many things in cookery.

In the career of a cook I should get as much scope to make use of my brain power as in any other craft. The planning of a family's different menus, even for seven days, giving due regard and consideration for the exchequer, the tastes and appetites of the household members, as well as getting the meals and courses to balance and fit in, entails much care and thought. The reward of being a deft cook is great, however. What could be bigger payment than to know that hungry folk looked forward to my cooking, and then, having dined, felt refreshed and satisfied? What is a better reward than the joy of seeing children, the making of whose food was under my charge, thrive and grow big and strong? And, after all, it is the most natural career for me to desire. The preparation of food has been from time immemorial the occupation of women, and I know for generations back my forbears on the distaff side have all been noted for their cooking achievements. Many quaint old recipes recorded in strange crabbed handwriting, and now carefully preserved by the family, bear out the testimony of their skill; so my desire to be a cook has been bred in the bone. Surely the

Fates were in a perverse mood when they endowed me with the tastes, and possibly the talents, of my ancestresses, and then decreed me to a destiny which can never show or prove them!

Why not make an effort to Realise your Dream?

How joyful a thing it is that our desires for "dream vocations" are never shadowed by the bogic fear of inability. My pupil Jane, a "mentally deficient," has one great aim, and that to be a teacher. I would become a writer.

In black and white I would set down living pictures of the folk whom I have met and know—their ways and saying and quaint things they do—that in this way many should know my friends and share in little laughs I have, or fight Dame Irritation down with me.

There will not be another Mrs. Brown such as the one I know, with just such droll and wise old-fashioned sayings and such mirth-provoking tales. If I could put her in a book she would become immortalised, so that for years that bright red flower would dangle in her bonnet as she did wag her head in comment on our modern ways.

I should have liked the power to wield the pen for comfort of sad-hearted folk and those pain-stricken. What joy it would be to make the ideal sick-room book, gathering just enough sunshine to brighten, without glaring into tired eyes.

Then, for my pleasure, would I also write, enjoying two-fold everything that came, both when it happened and when fancy wreathed it round with a new setting. And when things ran agley, as they will do, why, then I'd fashion them aright with pen and ink, or make my moan on paper, if I might have my wish and be a writer.

The World Needs such Workers.

Past are those days when the thought of the career I most desired brought with it castles of the air, in which proficiency in Art shone forth, with brilliant success and world-wide fame, not unmixed with ideal romance! Time was when only such a career seemed worth wishing for.

Now has come the time when the certainty of simple and unlimited faith has to be exchanged for the fainter trust in a larger hope. As the mind ripens, events show how very steep the hill of Life is. There are a few fortunate ones whom circumstances put into the way of an easy and smooth path by which they can climb up with ease; and few are those who find for themselves the path most suitable to them, by which they, too, are able to go up and finish their course contentedly. But the great bulk of our fellow-beings are daily staggering under many a heavy

(Concluded on page 375.)

The Gospel—According to Mother

By PAY INCHPAWN

The Gospel according to Matthew is true,
With its calling to me and its message to you.
The Gospel according to Mark seems to tell
The wonderful story so sweetly and well.
The Gospel according to Luke makes it plain
That the Saviour of men is a Healer of pain.
While His cure for poor souls, and His power thereupon,
Is told in the Gospel according to John.

*But the gospel I love, and the gospel I know
As more plain and more real than all other,
Is the one that I learnt as a child, long ago:
"Tis the Gospel—according to Mother!

For, oh! 'twas such a reasonable thing (As Mother put it) to take sides with God. As natural as 'tis for birds to sing; As for all buds to joy in blossoming; For wind-swept lily bells to bend and nod. She never told us He was looking out To catch us tripping as we played about. She never taught us that He wouldn't love us If we did wrong. She said it made Him sad. For, though He was so high, so far above us, He knew and cared what sort of thoughts we had.

She said that bad thoughts made our spirits blind and lame.

And 'twas that we might see and walk, the pure Lord Jesus came.

She said our souls grew wings, white wings, each time we thought about Him.

But that we couldn't fly one inch, one little inch, without Him.

"But didn't she teach you
About sin, and hell?
Did she never beseech you,
And warn you as well?"

She taught that just as fire would surely burn us, And water wet us, if we handled it, So, just as surely, sin would hurt and turn us, Until we didn't love God's ways a bit. And if in wilful sin our lives were spent: We should get wages—not a punishment.

She used to say she didn't know exactly
The sort of state or place that hell must be.
She only knew it cost

God all He had, to rescue this poor race, And make men fit to look upon His face.

She said, it must be awful to be "lost,"
Because the gentlest Lips that ever spoke
Said it was like the sting of being burned;
Like a shut door when wayfarers were turned
Sadly away. And, like an unslaked thirst;
Like longing, when the heart thinks it must burst,
Like pains that never die; weepings that never cease;
Like prison, with no hope of a release.

(For if there were a second chance that loving Jesus Most surely would have told us so, to ease us. Oh, He was far too kind To let us wander, blind, Not knowing of the danger and the dread).

But Mother said:

That such a place was never meant for men. Then she would tell how "God so loved" again.

Then, too, she helped us all to understand That "following" meant just to lend a hand; To come when called; run errands cheerfully "Because," said she,

"There's such a lot of Christ in being pleasant. So start to-day—there's no time like the present." And when she failed, she had a charming way Of owning she was wrong. She didn't set Herself upon a pedestal and say That we were "cross," while she was "nervy yet." "I was cross, too!" she said. And, closer than before, We clung to her, and loved her all the more.

The old simple truths, people tell us, are gone. Their ghosts theologians may smother. But to age of the ages my faith will rest on The Gospel—according to Mother.

The Career I Most Desire

Continued from page 374

burden of care and sorrow, doubt and difficulty, and some find the struggle too hard to bear.

So the career I most desire is this: that I may be useful and kind to all around me, in order to relieve some of a little bit of worry and care, to help some bear their sorrow more calmly, and to cheer some in their daily routine of work.

Little children, whose parents could not afford better education, would come to me for their lessons. I would help women and girls to better their circumstances by earning something out of good cooking or needle-work; and I would provide small amusements for all tired people, as well as for little folks, and try to teach them to live as they should live, using their faculties to the greatest advantage to themselves and others.

Out of the Common Things of Life we get most Joy.

Power to keep the love of my husband and daughter. Wisdom never to betray their trust. Talent sufficient to write tales, and editors kind enough to accept them! Money enough to provide becoming clothes for my family and myself, sufficient food, a good education for Treasure, some over for travelling, and a little for small luxuries. Good health, with a few aches and pains to

make me appreciate it Some sorrow to give me greater sympathy and understanding. Wearying toil, then a blissful hour with a "comfy" chair, and a row of apples warming in the curb before a glowing fire, and nothing, just nothing to do.

Above all, a life so spent in the service of my Master, in the sphere that He has placed me, that when the end comes, as come it must to all, I can meet my Maker with not too large a load of sins of omission.

This is the career I most desire. Commonplace? Maybe. But, then, it's from the common things of life we get most joy.

If you are thinking just now of celebrating the advent of spring, by doing a little varnishing to the front door or the garden gate, do remember that there is a grave danger of that varnish " blooming," that is to say, of its acquiring a sort of permanent dulness, unless its quality be of the best and it be applied on a perfectly dry day. No varnishing should ever be attempted unless the atmosphere is free of damp, for the moisture of the air seems to cling in some curious way to the preparation and refuse to be removed. Cheap varnish is also a delusion and a snare, and if once applied, nothing short of entire removal will remedy the trouble it brings in its train.

Amateur Upholstery.

I have already given in these columns full directions for the fashioning at home of the loose covers usually given over to the professional to produce. I now propose to assist those who may be wondering whether or not it will be safe this spring to venture on the re-covering of an upholstered chair or other type of seat. I can assure them that with a little enterprise, combined with more than a little courage, there is no reason why the venture should not be attended with every success.

In taking off the old cover, the observant eye will note a good many points which may be brought into play later. For instance, you will note how the material has been cut out in places in order to circumvent those parts in which corners of the framework project. You will also observe how, in order to produce a really workmanlike effect, the material has been stretched and strained in parts in a manner that only a really stout fabric can endure. Therefore make your cover preferably of a firm velours or tapestry, such as will stand the strain without resenting it.

If the old cover be satisfactory in fit. and not too torn, you will do well to cut out the new cover by it. You need, of course, to allow for good turnings, since you must leave sufficient allowance where the nails are inserted to permit of there being no appreciable pull at the edge. When the back cover is off, you will find that you can pull the back of the seat and the lower end of the back through to the other side of the frame, and there tack all securely down. The front of the seat and the top of the back should be tacked on to the edges contiguous to them, where they will eventually be neatened with a furniture gimp. The sides will proceed on a similar principle.

The buttoned chair is usually a

frightening thing to the amateur when it is a question of recovering it. But it need not be so, for if armed with a proper upholstery needle and some stout twine, it is a much easier matter than it seems, to pull the buttons tightly on to the webbing that keeps the indentations in their place. You can either cover the buttons yourself with the same material as the cover, or have this carried out at a shop that specialises in the work. I am inclined to think that the latter plan is worth the small outlay involved, for no amateur can cover a button mould in the same flat manner as the machine can accomplish.

When it comes to the braid, two courses are open to you. Either you can make a feature of the row of small brass-headed nails with which it is secured, or you can attach the braid invisibly with fish glue, applied to the back of the braid before it is put into position. It would, of course, be an act of vandalism to apply nails to a beautiful frame, or endanger one that is of antique character; but for a modern chair of not very elaborate workmanship, the brass nails form a very acceptable form of decoration.

The last job of all is to cover the bottom of the chair with a strong piece of linen that will withstand the pressure of the springs. These springs should have been examined, of course, prior to the adjustment of the new cover, even the work of their renewal being possible for amateur craftsmanship, provided careful note has been taken in the first instance of the method of fitment. But if you lack confidence in this regard, it is worth while to call in the professional to restore both springs and webbing, before proceeding with the cover itself.

Fixing the

This is the time of year when one begins to evolve plans for beautifying the garden. In the spring the gardenlover's thoughts are apt to turn to sundials, but I am afraid that woefully few of us really know the scientific method of adjusting this primitive form of timepiece. Also there are such traps for the unwary as the introduction of summertime, which registers noon when in actual fact there is a whole hour lacking of twelve o'clock. So if your sundial is to be fixed after the introduction of summertime, let your watch point to I p.m. when the crucial time for setting the dial arrives. This should be so placed that the elevated portion of the gnomon, pointing towards the north, throws a shadow which fills up the space between the two lines. As there is a

difference between solar time and mean time, this must be ascertained before the dial is set, though the discrepancy is so slight that the point is not of extreme importance, unless the sundial is actually to be used for scientific purposes. Great care must be taken to ensure that the horizontal dial is perfectly level on its pedestal, for any irregularity in this respect will play havoc with accuracy.

Should you be possessed of a reliable magnetic compass, you can use this as a guide to the setting of your sundial. But in this connection care must be taken to ensure that there be in the proximity no metal that can exercise a magnetic attraction to lead the compass astray.

The Canvas

Another little job that you may feel inclined to undertake with the advent of spring sunshine, fleeting though this may be, will probably be the renovation of the deck chairs that you use in the garden. It is usually not very long before the canvas seats show a disposition to tear away where they rest at either end upon the wooden frame. If when replacing the canvas after washing it, you place a pad of felt just where the material gives signs of wearing thin, you will preserve that canvas for a much longer life of utility than would otherwise be its portion.

Won't the Door Shut?

Is there anything more annoying than a door that feels the damp, and swells just a little in wet weather so that it will not shut with case? There is a temptation to have the door planed or cut to remedy this defect, but this plan is often too drastic, rendering it insufficiently wide when dry weather has reduced it once more to its normal dimensions. Far better a plan is it to rub the offending portion with a coarse glass paper, testing the door continually so that one does not reduce it unnecessarily. This method will probably soon effect all that is required. A touch of paint and all will be well.

For Patterned

Is there any more depressing sight than an expanse of linoleum that has partially lost its pattern? One can do much to avert this domestic catastrophe by treating the lino, when first laid, with a thin application of copal varnish and renewing this whenever a sign of need is apparent. A good deal can be done in cases where the trouble has already occurred, by a skilful re-painting

(Concluded on page 378.)

Dyeing with Natural Dyes

Part I. Securing Crimsons and Reds

By Mrs. ERNEST HART

DYEING from plants, and such natural products as cochineal or chermes, is one of the most ancient of the arts, and is coeval with the love of colour, evidenced by the cultivation of flowers.

As I write there lies on the table besi le me a piece of ancient Egyptian damask, probably of the first century. It measures but 7 in. by 2 in., and is woven in a geometrical design of great minuteness and intricacy, in three colours—blue, yellow, and red. The red colour is probably madder, one of the most ancient of dyes, the knowledge of which was brought by the Turks from the Far East to Adrianople, where Turkey-red dyeing was carried on for centuries as a secret process.

In the eighteenth and first half of the nineteenth century the cultivation of the madder plant, as well as the scientific study of the methods of obtaining fast dyeing with madder roots, were fostered by the French and German Governments. The art reached a very high level; but in 1864 the discovery by Gröbe and Lieberman of alizarine, which is the active principle of the turkey-red dye, gave the death-blow to madder dyeing as a great industry.

Alizarine has taken its place in the great dye works, but nevertheless the madder-red dyeing of wool and woollens in small works, in remote districts and at home, by the aid of the simplest of appliances, is still practised, and gives results far more reliable and durable than can be obtained—and are not even promised—by the use of advertised dyepowders, the composition of which is unknown.

I send out from my laboratory the dyes and instructions how to use them to a remote school for native girls in South Africa, where weaving and rugmaking are taught them by devoted English women.

From ground madder (which can be purchased from any drysalter or dye merchant) four colours can be obtained, namely, red, yellow, purple, and brown. I propose, however, only to deal with—

Madder Red.

To obtain clear strong fast colours with this dye stuff, there are two things necessary to remember, first to mordant the cloth or material with great care, and, secondly, to keep the dye bath below boiling-point.

The Art of Mordanting.

A dye is made by producing an insoluble lac in the fibre of the material to be dyed. A dye in solution may stain, but will not permanently dye a

cloth or fibre unless it combines with a chemical to form on insoluble coloured lac.

The mordant most commonly used for this purpose is alum, and in the case of madder red dyeing its use is essential, though it may be combined with tartar (potassio tartrate), or with a tin salt if very bright tints are desired. To give an example of the process—

The mordanting bath is made by dissolving in hot water 1\(\frac{1}{2}\) oz. of alum and \(\frac{1}{2}\) oz. of tartar to every lb. of madder.

When quite dissolved enter the cloth or wool to be dyed, and boil for one hour or longer, care being taken to move the cloth about incessantly, and to keep it always under the surface of the water. At the end of the time remove from the heat, and let the material cool in the bath, in which it can be left with advantage over night.

In dyeing silk with madder, it should be mordanted by laying the silk, whether in the condition of unspun "thrown silk," or in skeins, or piece lengths, in a cold bath of 5 per cent.* of alum, and leaving it there all night.

The dye bath is prepared by adding to an ample amount of cool water 4 oz. of ground madder for every lb. of material to be dyed. In the case of dyeing silk or loose wool, the dye should be enclosed in a muslin bag large enough to allow of the free circulation of water within it. Bring the bath up to the temperature of about 150° F., and continue stirring it for half-an-hour. Then enter the mordanted materials, and keeping the temperature of the bath always below boiling-point, stir continuously for from one to two hours. At the end of this time (which experience must determine) bring the temperature of the bath up to 212° F, and boil for a few minutes only. Then lift the materials, hang up to drain and cool, then wash thoroughly in cold water and hang up to dry.

The well-known madder red colour is thus produced, and is a dye of great solidity and permanency.

A considerable variety of tints can be obtained from madder in a single bath, in which the dye and the mordants are combined in varying proportions, of which a few examples are given here—

- 1. Madder 2½ parts, alum 10 parts, tartar 5 parts, and oxymuriate of tin 5 parts, will give an orange-red dye to wool.
 - 2. Madder 10 parts, alum 5 parts,
- The percentage is in every case calculated on the weight of the chemical or dye used in comparison to the weight of the material to be dyed.

tartar 5 parts, and oxymuriate of tin 2½ parts, will give a light scarlet dye.

- 3. Madder 4 parts, alum 3 parts, tartar I part, to which after a time is added in the dye bath sulphate of iron I part, and alum I part, will dye a strong fast brown.
- 4. Madder 10 parts, alum 5 parts, and tartar 1 part, will dye silk and wool a good scarlet.

All these dyes are fast to wool and silk; but except by the Turkey-red process, which is long and complicated, madder will act dye cotton.

The oxymuriate of tin, mentioned in these recipes, is an indispensable adjunct in scarlet dyeing with cochineal, and is extremely useful in brightening the tones of other red dyes.

It is an acid solution of pure tinfoil. It is not difficult to make, if the following directions are carefully noted—

Mix 8 oz. of cold water with 8 oz. by weight of nitric acid (sp. gr. 1·42), and add slowly ½ oz. of sal ammoniac and 2 drams of saltpetre. When this mixture is quite still and cool, take 1 oz. of pure tinfoil in narrow strips, and drop a small portion, about ½ in. in length, into the solution, where it will be completely dissolved; then another portion can be dropped in, and so on till the whole of the ounce of the foil is dissolved. The acid preparation must be kept in a glass-stoppered bottle, and labelled "Poison."

The principal other materials from which red dyes are obtained are cochineal, brazil wood, camwood, sanders wood, and chermes. From the latter, which is an insect much like the cochineal, the splendid reds of the tapestries on the walls of the Hotel de Ville at Brussels are said to have been derived, and they have retained their colour after being exposed to the light for three hundred years.

A good deal is said nowadays about fast dyes; but I think more should be said about fast dyeing. It is care, precision, the art and habit of taking pains, which will result in a dye being fast in some hands, while in others it fades. The fastness of the colours of the peasant embroideries of the Greek Islands, and of the simple stencil prints in colour on cotton of the Japanese, is due to care and to taking pains.

I recall an incident when once the late Sir Thomas Wardle, the well-known dyer, met at our house a Japanese expert. He was asking him questions about the dyes used in Japan, and the Japanese processes of dyeing, when he took up a beautiful Japanese fukusa (part of my husband's well-known

Dyeing with Natural Dyes

collection), which was embroidered in splendid colours on a deep blue silk base. "How long," asked Sir Thomas, "would it take a Japanese to dye this blue colour?" The expert was silent for a few moments, apparently lost in thought, and then replied slowly, "Perhaps two years." This surprising statement signified that the silk was dyed again and again, till the wonderful depth and bloom aimed at were obtained, as well as fastness to light.

Crimson Dyee.

Of these the most important is brazil wood. It is purchased here in powder form. It yields its dye easily by boiling in water, in combination with alum and tartar, and may be acidified either with sulphuric acid or oxymuriate of tin.

The following recipes to dye either silk or wool tine reds, will give indications as to the best way to use this dye, and how to obtain various shades, either by itself or in combination with other dyestuffs-

Ground brazil wood . 5 parts
Alum 2½ parts
Chloride of tin . . . 1 part

A brilliant flame colour is given thus—
Ground brazil wood . 10 parts
Alum 15 parts
Tartar 1 part

Add to bath-

Oxymuriate of tin . . 2½ parts

A dark scarlet by this combination—
Ground brazil wood . 20 parts
Persian berries, ground 5 parts
Sulphate of zinc . . 5 parts

In combination with madder very fine reds are produced, as for example—

Or --

In every case the dye materials are boiled together for one hour, and when a tin solution is used, it is added to the bath just before the introduction of the cloth. Experience will tell the percentage of dye necessary to obtain the depth of colours desired, but the average amount is about 10 per cent.

Purple Dyes.

It is obvious that a purple or violet dye can be obtained from the combination of a crimson and blue dye, such as, for example, the combination of cochineal or brazil wood with Saxony blue; but a dye which is essentially purple is more satisfactory to use. Of these the principal are logwood and cudbear.

Logwood is one of those useful dyes which pertinaciously continues to exist, in spite of all the progress made by synthetic dyes. In fact, during the last few years several new factories have been opened in Jamaica to make logwood extract, in which form it is now put on the market. The dyeing value of logwood extract, in comparison with logwood chips, is 5 to 1; but there are cases in which logwood chips are preferable,

owing probably to their higher content of tannin. For purples, however, logwood extract is excellent to use, chiefly in combination with cudbear, to which it gives solidity and depth.

Cudbear is a dye obtained from the treatment of lichens, which are found on rocky semi-tropical coasts such as those of the Canary Islands. It is sold as a soluble powder, which gives a purplish red to wool and silk. If acted upon by acids it gives deep rose tints; and if treated with alkalies strong purple shades.

The following composition gives a solid purple dye—

Cudbear 4 parts
Logwood extract . . . 1 part
Alum 2 parts

If a cloth be mordanted with 2 parts of alum and $\frac{1}{2}$ part of tartar, and dyed in a bath composed of 2 parts of cudbear and 2 parts of pearlash, the result is a very beautiful and soundly dyed purple.

The changes may be rung on these combinations by varying the proportions, so as to obtain a considerable variety of purples and violets, from reddish to deep blueish tints.

A fine purple dye can also be obtained by the simpler method of boiling together 2 parts of cudbear with 1 part of ground logwood chips, which are contained in a muslin bag. By varying the

mordant used between alum, sulphate of zinc, or tartar, for example, the shades are again modified and the dye rendered sound and fast.

To be contin-

Home Politics

Concluded from page 376

of the pattern in the worn parts and a subsequent varnishing. Ordinary oilpaints may be used for the work, these being permitted to dry very thoroughly before the varnishing process.

Cooking on an Iron.

Here is a hint for which I accept no responsibility, though I have acquired it from a friend who assures me that she has obtained excellent results therefrom. Having no electric cooker, but only an electric iron, she uses this for frying purposes, turning it upside down and placing her chop or steak on the side usually used for ironing. A small saucepan will also boil on top, so that she can cook an egg or make coffee for one by its agency. Her baked potatoes, covered with a small dish, she tells me, are delicious cooked in this fashion. Hers, I may say, is an iron so constructed that it stands perfectly steady, when

reversed. Though I have not personally tested her plan, I see no reason why it should not work well.

With Regard to

Attractive though tables, chairs, and baskets of wicker work may be, it must be a careful housewife indeed who can prevent their growing wofully shabby before they have seen many years of life. Wonders can however be effected by means of aluminium paint (this is more economical than gold paint, which otherwise is excellent in this connection) in the rejuvenation of elderly wicker. For instance, a shabby afternoon tea-table of wicker can be transformed into something that is most alluring, by means of the application of this preparation, a few shillings expended in this fashion converting it into something very nearly as attractive as the gilt tables at many guineas, which are the last craze in

modernist furnishing. A paper basket past its first youth, a tired-looking linen basket, an aged work-basket, can all be given fresh juvenility by treatment in this fashion.

Have your Books Outgrown their Shelves?

Books have a most inconvenient way of outgrowing their accommodation, a trick that is doubly distressing when one has, or thinks one has, no further room for bookshelves. Any unoccupied corner of a room will, however, provide a means of erecting shelves to any height, provided these have been cut of threecornered shape. If a dado is already in place, the lower shelf may rest on this, the top shelf being completed by a moulding, which may be flush with the picture-rail, if the shelves are continued so high. Two adjacent corners fitted in the same way will give balance and be effective as well as useful.

Crochet for Household Furnishings

CROCHET for home decoration may be both desirable and artistic if the design is suited to its use and the thread is selected with due regard to the fabric with which the trimming is to be combined. It should be substantial in appearance; nothing is more deplorable for decorative purposes than a loosely made piece of crochet.

The medallion lace and matching insertions in two widths are adaptable to a variety of uses. Curtains, bedspreads, and table runners may all be trimmed with it, and it is even suitable for dress decoration when made of silk or linen thread.

The Medallion Lace.

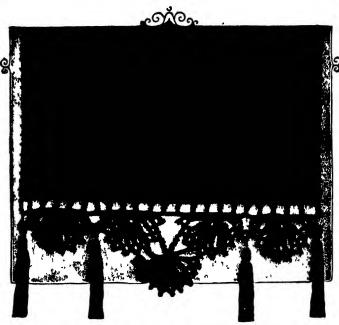
The medallions or motifs of which this lace is constructed are joined to each other in the process of working. Ardern's No. 24 Crochet Cotton could be used, but the size must depend upon the material with which it is to be combined. A finer thread would naturally be used for a net curtain than for a bedspread or a table runner. Unless otherwise specified all the double crochet stitches (d c) in rounds







The Insertions and Lace used in the Curtain opposite.



This is a pretty finish for the end of a Table Runner, Sideboard Cloth, or for a Blind.

are made by taking up back loops of stitches only

Ring Motif.

Ch 16, join, 33 d c in ring. 2nd Round.—D c in

each dc, taking up front of st only.

3rd Round. -* Ch 3, 3 d c; repeat from * around, join.

Half Circle on Ring.

D c in loop made by 3 ch, turn, (ch 11, d c in 2nd loop) twice, turn, 18 d c over each 11-ch loop, turn, ch 1 and working 1 d c in each st, ** (3 d c, ch 3) 5 times, 6 d c (ch 3, 3 d c) 5 times, ch 1; break thread. This completes first motif.

In succeeding motifs repeat from beginning of motifs to **, then, to join to first motif (3 d c, ch 2, take hook from work, insert in corresponding space of 3 ch on other motif, pick up dropped loop, diaw through) twice, (3 d c, ch 3) 3 times, 6 d c (ch 3, 3 d c) 5 times; break thread. Make and join as many motifs as are required for length. Make another row of motifs like the first, joining to each other and to whole rings of first row as illustrated; then one whole and two half-circles to complete scallop.

Upper Edge.

Ch I, d c in 3 ch, * (ch 3, d c in next 3 ch) 4 times, ch 3 (over, draw a loop through next 3 ch, over, draw through two loops) twice, over, through two; repeat from * across.

2nd Row.—* Dc in dc, 4 dc in space; repeat from * across.

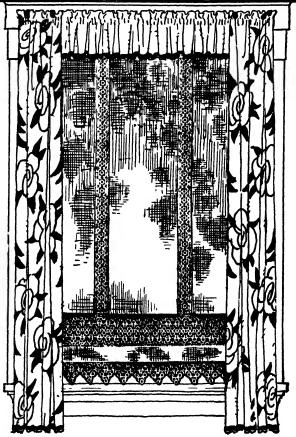
3rd Row.—Ch I, tr in 2nd and 3rd d c in space, *ch 2 tr in 2nd and 3rd d c in next space; repeat from *across, turn.

4th Row.—Ch 1, d c in each st, turn, ch 1.

5th Row.—* 3 d c, ch 3; repeat from * across.

The Wide Insertion.

Make two rows of motifs as for lace, for one side, half of width. For other half



Medalilon Lace on a Curtain, showing an effective use in joining long widths.

Crochet for Household Furnishings

repeat directions, making the 3rd round on rings as follows: (ch 3, 3 d c) twice, ch 2, join to corresponding ch on point of motif on other half, ch 1, 3 d c) twice, (ch 3, 3 d c) 7 times, join, turn, 3 sl st; then repeat directions for half-circle.

Small Rings to join Insertion.

Ch 12, join, 24 d c in ring. 2nd Round.—D c in each st, taking up front of st only.

3rd Round.—* 3 d c, ch 2, join to corresponding 3 ch, ch 1; repeat from around until all eight points of 3 ch are joined.

Finish outside edges same as lace.

The Narrow Insertion.

Ch 14, join, 30 d c in ring. Follow directions for motif, also directions for joining 1st row of motifs for lace, but start half-circle on the opposite side

with ch 1, d c in 3 ch on wrong side, turn, ch 11, and repeat as for edging.

A Fan Edging for a Table Runner.

To be most effective the crochet on this table runner should be done closely with No. 10 Peri-Lusta Crochet Cotton. Use No. 5 hook.

To Make the Fan.

* Wrap thread 8 times round forefinger and cover threads with d c (ch 5, catch back in 1st st to form a picot (p) 6 times, making a ch of 6 p; wrap thread round finger again 8 times, 8 d c, ch 2, 8 d c, 3 p, 8 d c, ch 2, 8 d c, all over threads round finger; (1 p, fasten in ch between p) 6 times, sl st to 1st ring (r); repeat from * until you have 10 p ch and 10 r; complete fan with 2 p on top of r.

Make four of these fans; join first and second together, and third and fourth together, as follows:—

Fasten thread in middle p of 10th r of 1st fan, wrap thread round finger,

2 d c over threads, sl st in middle p of 9th r, 8 d c, 3 p, 8 d c over threads, sl st in middle p of 2nd r of next fan, 2 d c over threads, sl st in p of next r, 8 d c over threads, fasten off. Make a fifth fan and suspend by p ch as illustrated.

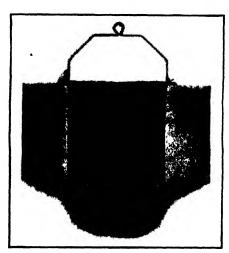
Connect fans across top of straight edge with a ch, turn, and work ε row of spaces (tr with 2 ch between); fasten off.

Finish edge of linen with d c over edge, turn, ch 3 for a tr, * then a ch of 4 p as in fan, sl st to first space in last row of fans, turn, and make a ch of 4 p on other side of ch (ch 2, tr in 3rd d c in edge of linen) 3 times; repeat from * across.

To Make the

Wind thread 50 times over a 6-inch cardboard. Make a ch round tassel 1½ inches from the top, and work 1 d c in each st, then rounds of d c in d c, graduating to the top.

Something Fresh in Sachets



The Sachet open, showing the plain lining and the way the corners are cut from two of the flaps.

WE have seen so many varieties of Handkerchief Sachets that it would seem almost impossible to find anything fresh in that direction. But the one illustrated is one of the most delightful little holders for handkerchiefs that you could wish to see. Pretty as the illustrations appear, they are quite inadequate to show just how lovely the little sachet is, but they show it open and closed, and give some idea of its construction.

It is made of plain and fancy silk, and the sides are of gathered soft satin ribbon. The prevailing colour is a beautiful shade of old rose. The sides and lining of the case are of this colour, while the top and bottom are of fancy silk, in which old rose and green blend harmoniously. The silk cord used for the edges is of old rose, while the beads at the four corners and fastening are bright green.

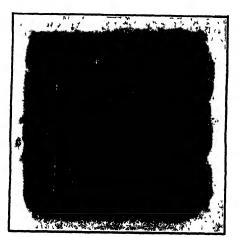
The particular charm of this little sachet—apart from its prettiness—is its usefulness for travelling purposes. It takes up the minimum of space in a trunk, and, the sides being unstiffened, it can be packed quite flat, or extended to the depth determined by the number of hand-kerchiefs inside.

How to Make the Sachet.

To make it, you will want two 4-inch squares of cardboard, and eight pieces 4 by 2 inches. One of the squares is covered with a fancy

piece of silk for the outside, and one with a plain piece for the inside of the bottom of the sachet. These are then joined together. Four of the smaller pieces are covered in the same way, and a plain section joined to a fancy section. The remaining four pieces have the two corners cut off at one side (as you can see in the illustration) before being covered and joined. These are for the top flap of the case.

There now only remain the sides. They are made of $\frac{a}{2}$ yard of soft 2-inch satin ribbon, of the same old-rose tint as the inside. This is joined neatly on the wrong side, and then gathered at each edge until its length is reduced to 16 inches. One edge



A top view of the Sachet closed, showing the fancy silk used outside and the gathered sides.

is seamed to the inside of the bottom. The other edge is divided into four, and each division is sewn to one of the remaining sections of covered cardboard, seeing that the two sections with the points cut off are opposite each other, and that the two 4 by 2-inch pieces are opposite. The attaching of the sides to the rest of the case is, of course, done on the inside.

Turn the sachet right side out and edge the top flaps with silk cord, leaving a little loop at the centre of one side to slip over a bead sewn to the opposite flap, which fastens the sachet. At each corner where the cord ends it is threaded through a bead, a knot being tied in the cord to prevent the bead slipping off.

Unusual Tatting for Linen

USE Ardern's No. 30 Crochet Cotton. Directions are given for the smallest size d'oily, the others being made in the same way, varying only in the number of rows and stitches.

Hem a 3-inch linen centre with brier-stitch; fill shuttle, and, without cutting thread from the ball, insert a crochethook in edge of hem, draw a loop of thread through, pass shuttle through the loop, and draw up as in joining to a picot. The border begins with lattice-stitch, which is made in sets of 4-4 st-that is, 4 st like the 1st half of a d s, then 4 st like the last half of a d s (this forms 1 set). Chain (ch) 1 ds, 4 sets of 4-4 st (draw sets of st very close together), 1 d s, join by shuttle thread to the linen so as to form a small scallop; make 30 of these scallops round the centre, joining last scallop where the 1st one began.

and Row.-Carry both threads to centre of 1st scallop and join, 2 sets of 4-4 st, 1 ds, p, 1 d s, 2 sets of 4-4 st, join to centre of scallop of 1st row as follows: Draw a loop of the shuttle thread round the tatted cord between 2nd and 3rd sets of st, pass shuttle through loop and draw up closely.

3rd Row.-Carry both threads to centre of 1st scallop of previous row, add a 3rd thread by taking an end between fingers, pass thread round hand as usual, and work 3 d s close to the joining. Turn these 3 d s downward on the shuttle thread; drop this thread, which we will call the lower, and with the upper or other thread make 2 ds; drop the upper and with the lower make 2 d s, always turning the st made with the lower thread downward. Use each thread alternately

until there are 3 little thread spaces on the upper edge of the cord and 4 spaces on lower edge. These spaces are formed as the threads are changed.

make 3 d s, p, 3 d s; with lower 2 d s as close as possible for turning point in cord. Continue as before until there are 4 spaces on upper side and 4 spaces on lower side.

> With lower make 3 d s, skip 1 scallop, join by ball thread to centre of 2nd scallop of last row, then 3 d c more to complete section and make the turning to begin next section. Repeat round, joining last section to beginning of row.

> 4th Row.-Cut off 3rd thread, ch 12 d s, join to 4th space on upper side of 1st section of 3rd row; 6 d s, p, 6 d s, join to 1st space on other side of point; 12 d s. join to space between 1st and and sections; repeat round.

For middle-size d'oily (5-inch circle) make 2 rows of 48 scallops as above, then add a 3rd row, making every alternate scallop of 3 sets of 4-4 st each side of p. In 4th row increase to 5-thread spaces on each side of cord, with 4 d s, p, 4 d s at turning point.

Outer Row .- 15 d s in 1st and last ch, with 7 ds, p, 7 d s, over point.

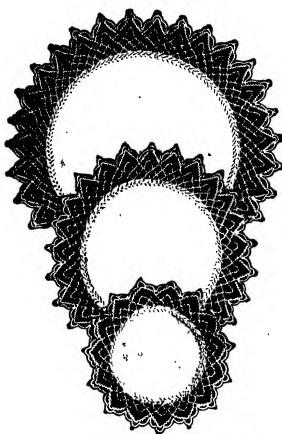
The largest d'oily (7-inch centre) has 4 rows of 60 scallops each, the 1st 2 rows 2 sets of 4-4 st each side of p; 3rd and 4th 10ws 3 sets, lengthen-

ing every alternate scallop of 4th row by 4 sets of 4-4 st each side of p. In 5th row increase thread spaces to 6 on each side of cord, with 5 ds, p, 5 d s at turning point.

Outer Row.-18 d s in 1st and last ch, 8 d s, p, 8 d s over points.

These d'oilies can be combined to form a very attractive luncheon-set, using the pattern on the large plate d'oily for an 18-inch centre-piece, or sets of the different sizes can be used for special purposes. The small

d'oily, for example, is just the right size to use on plates under finger-bowls, or might be combined with a larger d'oily to form a water-set.





Detail of the Edge on the Small D'oily.

Now with upper

This should be in the hands of every Knitter

"THE POPULAR KNITTING BOOK"

Edited by Flora Klickmann

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LET it not be imagined that decoration is entirely a matter of æsthetics. In this, as in all questions pertaining to human happiness and success, psychology plays an important part, and we only neglect this aspect at our peril.

With regard, for instance, to the decoration of the entrance-hall, we must, if we would achieve a really satisfactory result, remember that this affords to the visitor the first glimpse into our home, and that it is therefore of the utmost importance that it should be so devised as to create, not on one visitor but on many, an impression such as we would wish. Do we not ourselves on meeting for the first time a new acquaintance, arrange so far as we are able that the occasion shall be graced by an attire in accord with it? In the same way, if we are wise we shall see to it that the hall is not considered merely as an utilitarian expanse of linoleum-covered dreariness for the accommodation of umbrella-stand and hat-rack, but a really hospitable, welcoming introduction to the greater attractions of our living-rooms.

We all know the pompous entrancehall of the Victorians, with the massive mahogany hall-table set with an ormolu dish for visiting-cards, and the uncompromising bench for those who had to "wait for an answer." With their background of marbled paper and dead white plaster ceiling, these highly respectable lobbies were calculated to effect an instantaneous drop in the psychological temperature.

A gaiety that we might feel rather too pronounced for a sitting-room that is in constant use, may well be developed in connection with the hall, for whereas there is a certain cumulative effect produced by a lavish use of colour when one gazes upon it for a considerable length of time, there is no such complication in the case of a passage through which one flits occasionally to other parts of the house. Here, then, is the chance to experiment on schemes such as we might not have the courage to develop in other connections.

Having regard to the loftiness of the average entrance-hall, the dadoed wall,

by reducing the apparent height, is likely to create a more intimate effect than that which is simply papered from wainscot to cornice. Two shades of blue, namely a deep sapphire and a soft Wedgwood, would make an inviting combination for dado and upper portion respectively if carefully selected with due consideration of one another, and at the same time give one no little latitude in the matter of choosing a stair-carpet. Should the hall have no dado-rail, one has merely to instruct the paper-hanger to affix a little flowered or chequered paper-bordering at the junction, and its effect will probably be so enchanting that one will positively be glad of the original lack.

The entrance-hall and staircase do not. I feel, call as a rule for much diversity of colouring. The best effects are gained by keeping the scheme as simple as possible, so that to this end I would select a certain Alberta stair-carpet of a heavy woollen make which is obtainable at the moderate price of ten and ninepence a vard in the narrower width. and which, among other shades, is expressed in a particularly satisfying sapphire blue, a wide black bordering running down either side. In this connection I would counsel the choice of stair-carpet in a width which allows a sufficient expanse of painted tread to be visible. In their endeavour to create an opulent effect, most folk neglect this point and choose a stair-carpet disproportionately wide.

The lighter Wedgwood blue may well be repeated in the paint of the woodwork, for I propose to furnish the entrance-hall, contrary to tradition, in one of the lighter woods rather than in the dark to which we have so long been accustomed. The firm that supplies the stair-carpet which I have described also carries out some extremely decorative furniture in grey wood with black relief introduced in the margins and mouldings. Eliminating the clothes-rack of convention altogether, I would, provided my hall be suitably planned and proportioned, select for it their narrow three-foot wardrobe in this grey and black combination, providing possibly

for casual hats a simple row of pegs screwed on to a length of grey wood, carried out to match. The coats and wraps of the family are far better under cover when not in use, for it is a dusty business for them if they hang for any length of time unprotected. For the visitor the pegs are all that is required.

The hall table is really not a sine qua non, although, space permitting, it may be a useful as well as a decorative addition. A "kidney" table is the most suitable for hall use, as it presents no corners or angles to come to cross-purposes with one as one passes through to the rooms. This, with a chair in the grey wood, would complete the furniture.

As for the umbrellas, though there be now stands of simple rectangular shape with tasteful wicker panels to modify their plainness and there be also wonderful stands fashioned from shell cases, and even stands of tooled leather of much beauty and elaboration, I still keep my allegiance to the tall china stand of blue and white, a receptacle which is not only ornamental, but also admits of easy cleaning. At the same time such a stand gives the note for other decorations. A tall vase of blue and white on the grey table, holding perhaps some sprays of honesty or a bunch of yellow-trumpeted daffodils, a willow-pattern dish for visiting-cards. and perhaps a plate or two from the same service for the walls, and we have all that is necessary for a really wel coming entrance.

As a finishing touch, I would have on my blue walls just two or three coloured woodcuts, choosing those with a little yellow or mauve predominating, and framing them either in narrow black or simple grey frames. If the staircase be a high one, a line of these above the dado border will break the monotony.

And as for the hall lamp, why not experiment on a silk shade that has its willow pattern carried out in blues on white silk or parchment? The orthodox among your friends may tell you that all respectable folk have brass or wrought iron in the hall. But take no notice of them. Your blue and white shade will soon convert them.

"STITCHERY" No. 39

STITCHERY 39 is a Special "Summer Sports Wear" Number, and contains some attractive designs for Light Woollen Wear. Every Knitter should possess a copy. Price 6d. net; by post 7d.

In my Walks Abroad

A Pretty

With sunny days ahead, we shall be rash indeed if we do not, when selecting fresh hangings, limit our choice as far as possible to fabrics which offer us the advantage of being unfadeable. This is the merit which, in addition to that of attractive colouring and design, attaches to a certain "Valeria" portière of "Sunpruf" rep, lined with Cingalee cloth, and priced at just under £4. Its tone is a particularly soft and restful blue, and its decoration takes the form of an excellently-designed group of exotic birds of brilliant plumage, perched among the branches of a tree bearing blossoms in various shades of rose, that show up with great effect against their blue background. This patterning is expressed in cretonne, firmly stitched by machine to the fabric, so that the whole seems to be more in the nature of embroidery than of an appliqué. The portière measures fifty inches in width, and is two and a half yards in length.

Another Unfadeable Fabric.

It is, as a rule, usually easier to obtain the thinner materials, such as casement cloth and Bolton sheeting, in an unfadeable make, than the heavier fabrics such as velours and tapestry. A well-known firm of furnishers are, however, now making a special feature of unfadeable materials of the latter type, guaranteeing every length as being calculated to withstand the sunrays. Their "Sun-Garden" velour, which is fifty inches in width and costs 27s. 6d. a yard, has a delightfully effective design in dull reds, blues, and ambers on a green ground; while the "Sun-Meda" is in deep blues against a ground of rich gold.

The Beauty of Batik.

It is wonderful how much a fresh table cover may do to brighten up a room that seems suddenly to have lost its freshness. If your spring clean has not achieved quite all that you expected from it in the way of rejuvenation, you could not do better than expend a guinea on one of the new little silk covers in Batik design, that, with their curious veined patterning (produced by the cracking of wax applied to the surface of the silk), are introducing a new note into things decorative. The colours are good, and being used in great variety, accord with almost any scheme of furnishing. The squares measure twentyfour inches, a larger size, priced at £2 measuring thirty-five inches.

A Novel Toilet

Those who can wield a palette and brush may fashion themselves a delightful set for the dressing-table from the papier-maché trays, bowls, and dishes in self-colours that are now to be had at very reasonable cost. On their ground of yellow, black, cream, or rose one may paint gay little groups of blossoms or simple borderings that leave the centre unadorned in contrast. A toilet set that would otherwise cost some guineas may, if thus decorated at home, be secured for something under £1. Even powder jars and covers are to be found in the papier-maché ware.

Cushion-cum-Wrap.

If you have a friend who, being either an invalid or of those advanced years when one grows particularly susceptible to draughts and chilly evenings, you will greatly endear yourself to her by fashioning her a sort of combination cushion and wrap such as I have recently met with. This was formed from a bag measuring three-quarters of a yard in width and a yard and a half in length, one side being of purple silk, the other of a brocade in purple and rose. Its interior had been filled with a liberal supply of down (the animal, not the vegetable variety), and two corners at one end had been worked with long button-holes, while to the corresponding corners at the other extremity had been allotted a long barrel button apiece. When this cushion had been doubled into a square, and the barrels buttoned into their respective holes, one viewed an attractive cushion, whose inner lining of plain silk contrasted admirably with its outer garment of brocade, the barrels giving an added touch of decoration. When unfastened it was a well-filled oblong of the right length to tuck cosily round one's legs or to lay across one's knees. Lighter than a rug, and warmer than a shawl, it seemed to me cleverly to avoid the invalidish air that such accessories usually bring in their train.

Non-Slip Baths.

A certain regrettable accident which, towards the end of last year, brought about the death of a great philanthropist, has called attention to the need for providing against the risk of accident in slipping when entering or emerging from a bath. A firm of bath specialists is now making special provision against such risk, so equipping their baths as to render an accident of this type almost an impossibility. A useful little contrivance, however, that any of us could

By Mrs. GORDON-STABLES

provide in the bath-room without incurring professional help, would be a short square-sided pole firmly fixed to the ground at the head of the bath, so that one might grasp it by way of support when getting in and out. Its angularity will afford a firmer grip than a rounded surface.

Enamelled Door Furniture.

Since writing on the virtues of glass door-plates, I have met with some highly attractive door furniture in vitreous enamel in a number of good colours, including blue, green, cream, and orange. Though originally con. structed on hygienic lines for use in hospitals and sanatoria, these trappings are decorative enough to be most acceptable for private houses. They need no care other than an occasional wipe with a damp cloth, are perfectly indifferent to atmospheric conditions, and are calculated to last a lifetime. An entire set including plate, knobs, and escutcheons, costs 14s. 6d., or a door-plate may be obtained singly for 3s. 6d.

An Interesting

A good deal of the interest and charm of the old Flemish and Dutch masterpieces resides in the extraordinarily decorative quality of the furnishing accessories depicted in them. In Van Evck's famous portrait of Jan Arnolfini and His Wife, in the National Gallery, it is the many-branched chandelier of highlywrought brass, and the convex mirror, with its tiny scenes of the Passion worked into its frame, that claim the attention, even more than the somewhat dour faces of the worthy bourgeois and his spouse. Similarly, in the Jan Steens and the Vermeers, it is the vessels of pewter and copper, the bits of fine pottery, and the goblets of tinted glass, that linger in the memory after the faces of the men and women have faded into insignificance. One welcomes therefore the idea, that has been put into practice by a firm of lighting engineers, of reproducing for the purposes of electric fitments candlesticks and candelabra that have been immortalised in the masterpieces of various schools.

A most decorative table lamp has, for instance, been faithfully reproduced from the two-branched candlestick of bronze, which is a feature of Rembrandt's portrait of the Reverend Anslo. With its wide circular base with the dish-shaped top that was meant to receive the drips from the wax candles, its central handle for carrying the candles from room to room, and its delicately-wrought holders for keeping these in position,

In my Walks Abroad

this table lamp has immense character. It can be adapted for acetylene or for gas, as well as for electric light.

In this connection, it may be remarked that few electric fitments for the table prove more successful than those in candlestick form; and for that reason, when travelling abroad, it is worth while to acquire characteristic specimens of the candlesticks of the country for adaptation later on.

The Italian candlesticks of gilt and coloured wood, for instance, make, in both the large and small form, highly ornamental table lamps, especially when they are of the three-sided shape that sits so solidly and firmly whether on the floor or table. The painted candlesticks of wood that hail from Sweden and Russia likewise adapt themselves admirably to wiring; while if we travel further East, we shall find that the candlesticks of twisted spiral form, such as belong to India and Persia, strike a splendidly rich note in a room with their fine decoration in colour on a ground of black or cream These sticks are now being imported in large quantities from the Orient, so that one need not journey thither in person in order to secure specimens that are to one's liking. Candlestick fitments should be fitted with a separate switch, so that one may be enabled to operate them without change of position.

An Oriental Decorator

Many of us like to collect from time to time pieces of lacquer furniture, odd vases of blue-and-white, and scraps of Chinese embroidery, but fail to give our treasures their full effect through posing them among decorations that are out of keeping. There has now set up in London a studio under the direction of Oriental artists, who are prepared to give advice as to, and to carry out decorations in an appropriately Eastern fashion. The model sketches which they will submit to those interested show how simple a matter it is to devise a suitable setting for one's Oriental furnishings.

A Gas Economy or Two.

This is the month when careful housewives usually say a temporary adieu to the coal range, and substitute for ordinary use the gas-cooker. It is well to remind oneself at this juncture of a few of the little expedients for cutting down the gas bill that one can bring into practice without detriment to one's cooking. The iron pans and kettles, for instance, that are indispensable for the kitchen range, are better put away altogether in favour of those of aluminium during the spring and summer, for the latter consume far less gas in coming to the boil, while they are also kept speckless with less expenditure of energy.

The smallest burner of all is usually used less frequently than it should be. For small kettles and pans it is quite powerful enough, yet most cooks prefer to have the larger burner in constant use, no matter what size the utensil. This means that the gas is often burning round one utensil instead of only underneath it, an obviously wasteful procedure.

A regular weekly cleansing of the burners of the stove, by means of a strong solution of soda, eliminates much waste by enabling the user to secure the full power from the gas she is consuming. By making use of kettles that have a wide base and a conical top, the time needed for bringing a given quantity of water to boiling-point is decreased, the amount of water brought into contact with the heat being larger than in the case of a kettle of the ordinary squarish type.

Again, the less frequently we use the gas oven, the better for our gas account. For this reason it is a wise economy to equip the kitchen with one of the small "duckling" cookers that one can place over a gas ring. With its neatly-fitted cover and baking-pan, this contrivance gives the same results that are usually only to be obtained from the oven of many burners. These little cookers cost £1 5. with a cover of tin, and £1 10s, when the cover is of aluminium.

Rule Out the Scrubbing Brush.

If you do not wish to be a too-constant visitor at the local registry office, you will do well to eliminate the scrubbing brush as far as possible from your domestic scheme of things. It is wonderful what one can do in this direction when one sets one's mind to it.

After having been accustomed to have your kitchen linoleum scrubbed each week for no one knows how many years, and having in consequence done all you could to encourage it to rot, you may not at first be able easily to accommodate yourself to the idea of having it thoroughly waxed or else treated with a permanent shellac polish, that will make scrubbing superfluous. All that will be needed in order to keep the floor in good condition is a daily sweeping, followed

by a rub with a long-handled polisher and a weekly rub with a slightly damp cloth. This will improve the surface; the scrubbing merely destroyed it.

Again, the kitchen table and shelves are far better covered with American cloth than vigorously scrubbed, for there is a fresh dainty air about a kitchen that is so equipped which makes it a far pleasanter place to sit in than it would be if its bare woodwork were displayed to view.

Mops may largely take the place of the scrubbing brush, especially for outdoor work. It is easier to wield a mop on the front steps than to kneel to them brush in hand; and now that hearthstoning has gone out of fashion in laboursaving circles, all that is necessary for cleanliness can with ease be effected in this manner. Steps coloured with red ochre need attention but once in every ten days, when a fresh application of the mixture needs to be brushed on to the stone. For the rest, a daily sweeping of the steps by means of a soft broom is sufficient to keep them in good condition.

The New "Tablespread,"

The practical nature of the washable tablespreads which are designed to prevent the tablecloth from becoming soiled by the bits and pieces which His Majesty the Baby is apt to scatter around at mealtimes, is as great a point in the eyes of the parent as is their picturesqueness in those of the youthful user. These spreads, which cost but half-a-crown apiece, are printed in china blue upon a white ground, with all manners of designs likely to intrigue the juvenile. I can imagine an otherwise recalcitrant youngster eating his milk puddings with a good grace, the charms of the tablespread rendering him oblivious to the dulness of his fare.

A Point for the Pantry.

By post 7s. 6d.

The advent of the warmer weather need not bring with it additional food worries if you remember that thermal jars and vessels of porous earthenware, that will "perspire" so that their surface always remains slightly damp, will help you to keep your food, whether it be in liquid or solid form, always fresh and sweet. When buying a wire meat cover, see that it is fitted with a dish that leaves no spaces for flies to effect an entrance, and place in its proximity a dish of charcoal, changing its contents at least twice a week.

Another Book of Cheerfulness

"THE TRAIL OF THE RAGGED ROBIN"

Price 7s. By FLORA KLICKMANN

Points for the Housekeeper

Changing Tastes in Pickles.

It is not until a change of any sort becomes marked enough to have commercial importance that it calls for much consideration. And in regard to commodities of popular consumption any departures from long-settled usage come about very gradually. But even the least observant of housekeepers must in the last year or two have noted that the grocer now offers her a wider variety and different type of pickles to those that were formerly put forward.

One might, indeed, say that a new fashion has arisen in the matter of the adjuncts to cold meats. At the Grocers' Exhibition, held last autumn, one very famous firm placed on the market an entirely new combination, and explained to their trade customers that they were doing so in deference to the steadily-growing demands for something less sharp and potent than the piccalillies and raw vegetables crudely steeped in strong vinegar with hot spices that no longer have place upon the modern and well-found table.

The newest of these preparations approximate much more to chutney than to the pickles of the old-fashioned order. Chutneys, of course, we acquired from the East, but the majority have been wont to look upon them metely as an accompaniment to curry. From America, a few years ago, came in the so-called "sweet pickles," and these have undoubtedly affected our modern tastes. It is stated, indeed, that some of the extremely fiery and pungent preparations classed comprehensively as "West Indian," once in high favour, are now asked for very rarely.

These new condiments—for they are hardly pickles in the old-fashioned sense of the term—offer very subtle combinations of flavouring, due to the much greater variety of things that enter into their composition. They do not "bite" the tongue. On the contrary, their appeal is the delicacy and smoothness of the blending. If small sections of vegetables enter into them, these have been cooked, and have lost the aggressive hardness of the onions or the gherkins of the past.

The physiological explanation of the changed tastes in this direction is that we have developed a much keener appreciation of the value of sugar in

our food, and a diminution in the consumption of alcohol in its stronger and more blatant forms. Large quantities of pickles are annually prepared here for export, and it is only those countries where potent spirituous drink is heavily consumed that continue to call for the sharply-acid and heavily-spiced pickles that were formerly the only descriptions that were made. The question, therefore, of pickles and social progress are not as wide apart as might have been imagined.

Moreover, the general standard of food consumed is better than it was. The tough tasteless meat of the cheap eating-house was not palatable without quantities of pungent accompaniment, and "two pennyworth of pickles, three pennyworth of meat," used often to be the disproportionate order where working-class requirements were met. But with the present favour for sweets of all kinds, the palate has become more

susceptible to gentler gradations of taste.

The newer order will not call for the same expert packing as did the old. Probably no one unconnected with the great firms which made a speciality of their "mixed pickles" could have told the factory from which it came by the mere arrangement of the cucumber sections and cauliflower sprigs, the onions and the red chillie, but every famous house had its own "pattern" and the fact that this was not followed often revealed an effort to pass off an inferior concoction under the cleanedup label of a well-known purveyor. Unique, surely, must be the record of one clderly woman attached to one of our biggest firms, who, as a girl, learnt the arrangement that it favoured, and for full half a century has taught the art to every young woman that has passed through this branch of its employ.

Oddments in the Home

To Remove Sealing-Wax.

With a small water-colour paint brush dipped in naphtha apply to the wax, when it will immediately dissolve it without injury to the article on which it has been dropped.

For Unused

Take one or two short logs of wood on which the bark has been left. Pile in the centre prettily, and put a few pieces of ivy among them. The ivy lasts many weeks, and when withered can be easily renewed.

Cleaning

Sponges have such an unpleasant habit of becoming slimy. Here is a way of remedying this. Take four large lumps of soda and pound finely. Fill up the holes in the sponge with this. Put a tablespoonful of soda in a jug of boiling water, and immerse the sponge in this. Cover with a plate and allow to remain twenty-four hours. Rinse well, and the sponge will look like new.

To Get Rid of Beetles.

If troubled with black-beetles or cockroaches put down powdered borax all along the skirting boards of the kitchen, also in the cupboards and near

the stove. This repeated twice will kill them all. As they have a habit of appearing about twice a year in a house, it is a wise thing to put the borax down two or three times in the year. This climinates any chance of their appearance whatever.

To Prevent Lamp Chimneys Cracking.

Put the chimneys into cold water and allow very slowly to come to the boil. Directly they have reached boiling-point remove them and wipe them dry. This should be done when they are new and before being used at all. You will then find that no chimney will crack from heat.

Old Game.

To make old game, or rabbits and hares, tender, after they are drawn, wipe very dry and sift in a tablespoonful of bicarbonate of soda. Leave four to six hours and carefully wash out. This will make tough birds tender.

To Dry Rice Quickly.

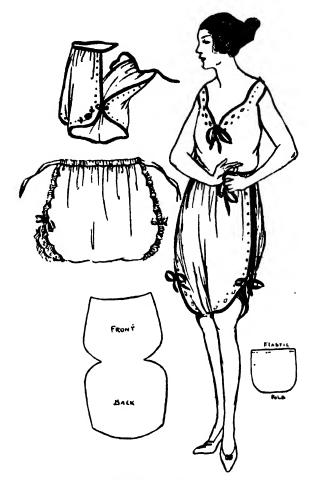
When rice is wanted in a hurry, put a folded cloth over the top of the saucepan after boiling and straining. This will dry the rice in a very few minutes by evaporating the steam, which otherwise forms on the lid of the saucepan.

All Letters must be addressed to the Editor, with a stamped addressed envelope enclosed if a reply is needed.

Uncommon and Simple

HERE is an attractive little pattern for making summer knickers, and one that has various economical features, for it can be cut without much waste of material, need take very little time for making up, and can be spread out flat for laundering.

The larger diagram shows the whole garment laid out flat, and the smaller one how the knickers are formed by folding the two ends together. Tarantulle, crêpede-Ferstrong, Japanese silk, cambric, or any soft fabric. will make up nicely for these. and the side edges can be trimmed according to individual taste, and to the time available for making-eyelet embroidery, a coloured bind, scalloping, a frill of lace edging, would all be suitable finishes; or Cash's readymade hem-stitched frillings (of which there are quite a number of pretty varieties to



Pattern No. 9337.

Knicker Patterns

select from) would come in usefully here for those who have not the time to spare for delicate hand-work.

If a 36-inch material is chosen the pattern will, when placed on a 1½-yard length of this, cut with very little waste.

The waist edge at front and back should be finished with a \(\frac{1}{2}\)-inch casing threaded with elastic, and the knickers fastened with ribbon ties at each side, or, if preferred, with a button and loop.

Pattern No. 9337 is supplied in sizes for 22, 26 and 30, inches waist measurement. For the larger size an extra ½ yard of material to the length stated above should be allowed. Price 7d., postage 1d. each extra by unsealed packet post, or 2d. by letter post. Address to the "Girl's Own" Fashion Editor, 4, Bouverie Street, Fleet Street, London, E.C. 4.

Hygienic Knickers.

For ordinary everyday wear there is no knicker shape more suitable than the directoire style, and this is a

shape that will be found quite easy work to adapt for hygienic purposes.

These hygienic garments are expensive to buy ready-made, yet are indispensable for those who have to travel about a good deal, and, in fact, are a great boon to all women for wear with summer frocks.

These knickers should be made of madapallam or cambric, with a protective inner lining of specially prepared rubber paquenette, which is now procurable by the yard from most dra-

FRONT

Pattern No. 9338.
In sizes for 24, 26 and 28 inches waist measurement.

pers; this material is 45 inches wide, and is sold at 45. 11d. a yard.

The diagram on the right side of the illustration shows the shape of one leg of the knickers when opened out flat, and the dotted line just where it will be necessary to put

the jaquenette lining; a separate portion of pattern is included the exact shape of this.

Two yards of 36inch material will be
required for making,
and 1 yard of jaquenette. The lining portions should be
seamed up separately,
and the upper and
lower edges just
hemmed to the knickers on the wrong side,
so that this can easily
be removed if desired.

Pattern No. 9338. price 7d., postage 1d. extra by unsealed packet post, or 2d. by letter post. Ad-

dress to the "Girl's Own" Fashion Editor, 4, Bouverie Street, Fleet Street, London, E.C. 4.

About "Stitchery" No. 39

This is a "Summer Sports Wear" Number

THE Wool Jumper seems to have come to stay, and the lighter kind, no less than the heavier make, cannot easily be dispensed with. A very practical example of this is shown on this page. Full directions appear in STITCHERY No. 39, which specialises in Summer Sports Wear. This jumper is made of a new kind of wool, having a silk finish, and is a very delightful garment for tennis or other sports. It is quite simple in construction, and a girl who can knit would have no difficulty in making it for herself.

A Knitted Silk Jumper.

Another garment of the "slip-on" variety is the Silk Jumper illustrated and described in STITCHERY.

This will appeal to the girl who is wanting something pretty and tylish. It is trimmed with Angora wool, which gives it a very

A Light-weight Sports Coat.

soft finish.

No "Sports Wear" number would be complete without a Sports Coat, and the knitted one made in Shetland Floss is ideal, being light in weight, and yet most comfortable for chilly evenings, or to slip on after a heated game.

Now is the time to set to work on these garments, so as to have them ready to put on in the early summer.

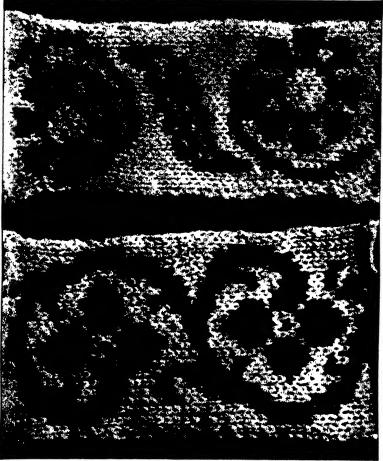
A Sports Coat with Short Sleeves.

Another still more "summery" Sports Coat has short sleeves and an open front. This is knitted in a lacy stitch, and is trimmed with a fringe crocheted on a staple in "hair-pin work" effect.



A VERY SIMPLE KNITTED JUMPER, DESIGNED BY WINIFRED S. TELFORD.

Full directions appear in "Stitchery" No. 39.



A DAINTY SCROLL AND BLACKBERRY-LEAF SCROLL IN TWO-COLOUR KNITTING.

Full directions for working, also diagrams, appear in "Stitchery" No. 39.

A Crocheted House Jacket.

But perhaps someone who does not knit is looking for a light garment in crechet. For such, the Crocheted House Jacket is ideal. It is a delightful little model with open front and elbow sleeves, and is dainty enough to please the most fastidious wearer.

A Child's Knitted Cape.

Very unusual and pretty is the Knitted Cape for a tiny girl. One has only to see it to want to start at once to make one like it, and mothers and aunts will be busy making one of these sweet little garments. Or those who have no small girl attached to their own family will probably want to make a knitted cape for their next Sale of Work.

Two-Colour Knitting.

Of special interest to knitters is the Two-Colour Knitting described and illustrated in STITCHERY No. 39.

Two pretty examples of this are shown on this page. Any filet crochet or cross-stitch design can be carried out in this form of knitting.

A Crocheted Camisole Top.

STITCHERY No. 39 also contains a practical Camisole Top in crochet. It is quite easy to make.

The Result of the Letter Competition.

One other feature must not be omitted. This is the list of Prize Winners in the Letter Competition announced in STITCHERV No. 38. Every competitor will read this page with interest.

STITCHERY No. 39 is now ready. It is published at the office of this magazine, price 6d. net; by post 7d.



A SUMMER NIGHTGOWN. CAMI-KNICKERS. No. 9340. No. 9341. Each in sizes for 34 and 38 Inches bust measurement.

Whether you are wanting an indoor frock that will also serve as an apron for the hot weather, or a pretty outdoor dress for picnics and river parties, you can make either or both from Pattern No. 9342. The only fastening necessary is the sash tie or buttoned band at the back, whichever is preferred.



FOULARD WITH ORGANDIL
TRIMMINGS. No. 9342. Sizes for 34 and 38 inches bust measurement.

Dress Snippets

Knitted Frocks.

One of the greatest drawbacks to knitted frocks is that they perpetually want taking up. Quite apart from the bother of shortening, much wool or silk would be saved if they would drop the right length once and for all. A good method is this. Before you begin your frock, knit a length of the silk, say half a yard in length and about four inches deep. Measure this carefully. Then place it on an ironing-blanket, cover with a wet cloth, and iron flat, stretching as you go, After this process, measure again, and, according to the amount it has stretched, so make allowance in your knitting. When the frock is finished. treat it in the same way, and you will find that it will drop no more at all.

Washleather Gloves.

Washleather gloves should be washed on the hands in soft water, if possible.

Rub the soap on and proceed as though washing your hands. Rinse thoroughly in clean water, rub in plenty of soap, and place in a warm place to dry. As much harm is done to washleather gloves by drying too quickly as is done by washing in too hot water. Water should be just pleasantly warm. After drying, if you will iron your gloves with a not too hot iron, they will appear as though they were fresh from the shop. Also they are soft and pliable.

Appliqué Chintz, etc.

At the present day chintzes and cretonne are so extensively used that it may be of interest to many to know a useful hint when using cut out flowers, etc., from either of them. First lay the cretonne face down on a flat table. Then, with a small brush or piece of soft flannel, smear the entire back with a good, rather dry flour paste, or, better

still, with "Photofix." Press on to this a piece of tissue-paper, and lay upon it several heavy books. Allow to dry, when the design may be cut out easily and accurately, and there will be no sign at any time of the slightest fraying at the edge. This simplifies the appliquéing by giving a slight "body" to the material, and at the same time makes it easy work to buttonhole or blanketstitch the edges. On velvet or velveteen this is particularly good.

While on cretonne, let me suggest another idea in which it is involved. A pretty trimming for work-baskets, and especially for paper-baskets in bed-rooms, etc., is to cut out green leaves from any odd scraps of material, lay them face down on some pieces of plain green sateen, silk, or cotton material. Stitch them round the edges and trim off. Turn right side out and stuff with a thin piece of cotton-wool. Gather the end in,

(Continued on next page.)



Dress Snippets

and with green cotton take big stitches down the centre of the leaf to make the veins. Three or four of these, used artistically with some fruit, also made from scraps of bright-coloured silks, libbons, etc., is a pretty decoration. Cutting the leaves from the printed material gives the light and shade of the natural foliage.

For making grapes use an oddment of purple or blue or shot silk. Cut circles the size of a penny and turn the edge in, oversewing with long loose stitches. Fill with a piece of cotton-wool about the size of a hazelnut, and draw up tightly. Mount these single grapes on a piece of net, beginning with five at the top, then four, three, two, one, this making a very pretty bunch of grapes. For fruit such as apples and peaches use any coloured silk you like. Cut into three-inch circles, taking a roll of cotton-wool and cut off about a two-inch piece, but rolled tightly before

cutting Place this in the centre of the silk, and with the fingers draw the silk into tiny folds. Sew firmly at the top. Take a needleful of thick thread or silk, and pass it through the centre, pull out and then back again, and form a cross which corresponds to the little eye in the apple. This need not be finished off carefully, as the back is sewn firmly to the basket. A little ingenuity, and a little gold paint used for splashing on the fruit adds greatly to the effect. The brighter the colours the better the result.

For hat trimming, make the fruit from pieces of old kid gloves. Proceed in the same manner as for the silk fruit, save when leaves are cut out. I or this cut your glove open, and, with a knitting-needle—heated in a candle and stuck into a cork by which it is held—trace the outline of the leaf. Also mark the veins, and then proceed to the cutting out. A tiny piece of wire gummed on the back.

will make a stalk With the judicious use of a little paint very pretty effects may be obtained It is an extraordinarily pretty trimming for a simple hat.

Slipping Furs.

It is always noticeable how many girls are apt to hunch their shoulders up to keep their furs round their throat Or else they are perpetually lifting them from their arms, where the present mode of wearing the furs open at the throat invariably finds them. This is a most exasperating "little worry." which the well-dressed woman knows well To avoid this happening, have your furs lined with velvet or velveteen, and you will be delighted to find they will always stay on your shoulders. This simple tip was given me by one of the biggest furriers in Paris, and who never sent a fur out of his establishment that was not so lined.

(Concluded on page 391.)

STRAIGHT lines of silk braid make a very effective trimming on the little tweed frock on the left of the group, which closes at the

centre-back. Pattern No. 9324 is supplied in sizes for 10 and 12 years, and the larger size requires 2 yards of 54-inch tweed, with

7 yards of braid for trimming.

A novel feature of the centre design is the deep cape collar, which hangs to the waist at the back; the dress fastens on the left shoulder. Hand-embroidery in thick wool is applied at each side just above the waistline, and a long wool fringe left hanging. Pattern No. 9325 is issued in sizes for 14 and 16 years, and the larger size requires 41 yards of 40-inch gabardine.

The third figure shows a slip on frock with placket closing and the fashionable inset gathers giving a yoke appearance and added fulness to the front. Deep pockets simply embroidered add a pleasing and usetul touch for school wear. No. 9326 is supplied in sizes for 8, 10 and 12 years, and the larger size requires 23 yards of 54-inch serge.

Paper Patterns, price 7d. each, postage 1d. each extra by unsealed packet post, or 2d. by letter post. Address to the "Girl's Own" Fashion Editor, 4, Bouverie Street, Fleet Street, London, E.C 4.



No. 9324.

No. 9325.

No. 9326.

Ideas that have Occurred to Readers

The Valuable Orange Peel.

I get my family, when peeling an orange, to take the peel off in quarters. I soak the peel in water for forty-eight hours, then boil in fresh water until soft, pour away any liquid, and add a syrup previously prepared of half a pound of sugar to half a pint of water; boil gently for about half-an-hour, drain the peel on a sieve, and when dry dust with sifted sugar and store in covered glass jars.

Another method is to grate orange peel and put in wide-mouthed bottles with layers of sugar. This is most useful for flavouring puddings, cakes, etc., and will keep for a year.

Orange peel is also most useful, dried in the oven, for kindling the fire, and saves the firewood. - J. P. C., Dundee_

Saving in Household Service.

The most ordinary person has at least one bright idea during the course of life. For some time I regarded my bright idea as a very dull one. My idea was simply this-to go home to take the place of the maid who had left owing to the war."

There are very few town girls to whom housework really appeals. In the country, where the garden ensures privacy, where long flights of stairs are unknown, and where washing hung out remains free from smuts, it may be different. In town unlimited dirt, endless leg-work, and those trying interruptions on busy mornings are like hons in the path of the timid traveller. However, I summoned up courage and put my idea into being.

A business career died an early death,

but the preparation of war-time meals and the washing of pots and pans proved a lively successor. The latter is, perhaps, the most distasteful duty in housework, for grease will accumulate rapidly on cooking utensils.

There were days when a glance at my hands made me long for the office Others, when the sight of the crisp newly-baked loaves, or a peep into a sweet clean bed-room sufficed to lift me into a land where self-pity is unknown. It is hard work, for a house for ever demands attention - it can never be left for long; and there is no six-hour day in its category. Brain as well as muscle is required to keep it in true order, for, to the unintelligent, housework soon becomes drudgery. In my case the monetary gain is nil. But in no other service does one receive so much happiness and health .- J. S., Harrogate.



No. 9328 is cut in two straight pieces only; a tuck across each edged with trimming forms the pretty deep yoke effect.

No. 9329 is also cut in straight pieces, and the sleeve and side draperies are formed by adding narrow straight strips. Contrast-

ing materials are used effectively in the making, and the fulness at the waist is regulated by elastic

No. 9330 has the bodice cut separately from the skirt, but the straight-line still governs its construction,

The little straight-piece jumper blouse, No. 9327, is most effectively trimmed with straight lines of beads and a bead girdle; here again elastic is used to hold the fulness in position at the waist.

Foulard, taffeta, and crêpe-de-chine each lend themselves gracefully when straight-hanging effects are desired. Each of the patterns illustrated can be supplied in sizes for 34 and 38 inches bust measurement

Dress Snippets

No 9327.

Concluded from page 389

Evening Shirts.

To prevent a stiff-fronted evening shirt from bulging after it is on, take the bottom of the starched front between the thumb and finger of the two hands, and bend it upwards about an inch or two. Crease it well with the fingers, and when the wristcoat is donned, the bosom of the shirt will remain flat, and show no tendency throughout the whole evening to bulge.

For Cleaning Blouses, etc.

We are all of us at some time or other troubled with the unsightly line

of soil and grease which comes round the collar of coats, jackets, and very often of blouses. Where it is made of a washable material the difficulty is quickly overcome by the best of all cleaners-soap and water. But the following recipe will remove every sign of dirt, all obstinate spots, and is especially good for anything in black wear. Take a two-ounce cake of pure curd soap and shave it finely; dissolve in a pint of boiling water Add two ounces of ammonia, one ounce of alcohol, one of ether, and one of glycerine, after the water has cooled. When thoroughly mixed pour in two quarts of cold water,

and bottle. Cork down tightly. All the above ingredients may be purchased from a chemist, and may be weighed and poured into the same bottle at the shop.

For cleaning collars, etc., use just as it comes from the bottle; but for brightening colours and removing light surface dirt, use with an equal amount of water. Pour a little into a saucer, and, with a clean cotton cloth, rub the surface of the garment swiftly and lightly. Dry with a clean cloth and press with a heavy iron. In the case of really bad stains use the mixture undiluted and sop it on, drying with the clean cloth as for the greasy collar.

Children's Garments that are Easy to Launder

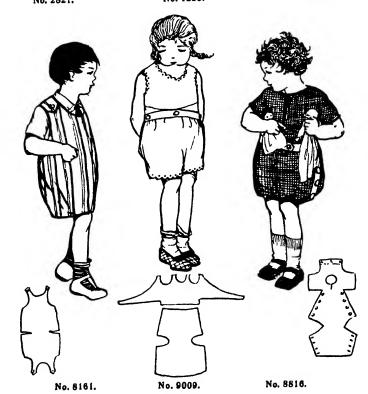
ALI, the children's garments on this page have the advantage of being constructed in a manner that even when made up they can be spread out practically flat for laundering purposes -no gathers or tiresome folds to get rucked up and disarranged under the iton-a great saving of time for those who do their laundering at home. And where children's garments are concerned, which must necessarily be frequently in the tub, such a point is well worth the consideration of those who are planning the making of fresh garments for the little ones.

Diagrams showing the shape of the patterns when cut out are given to illustrate more clearly the construction of each garment to help the amateur worker.

Three very useful little romper patterns are shown. No. 2821 has a placket cut for fastening at the centre-back, and the knicker section fastens with a flap buttoning from back to front of the garment. No. 8161 is similar in shape, but fastens on the shoulders only, and No. 8816 is a particularly attractive and useful model with its flap back and side openings. 11 yards of material 36 inches

wide will be sufficient for making either of these rompers in the 2-year size. These patterns are also issued in sizes for 1 and 4 years.

No. 2821. No. 1230. No. 8958.



a coloured bind the little bib pattern No. 1230 would look very sweet. ½ yard 36 inches wide is sufficient for cutting two bibs.

Any little girl would be pleased with the

Made in white

Tootal soft piqué with

Any little girl would be pleased with the slip-over apron, No. 8958, made in gaily-coloured cretonne or chintz, just as mother's aprons are. This pattern is issued in sizes for 4, 6 and 8 years, and the 6-year size requires 1½ yards of 30-inch material.

For the little bodice and knickers, No. goog, use nainsook or a fine madapollam. The bodice crosses at the back and fastens with a single button at the centre-front; a slot must be cut under the left arm to allow of the strap being passed through. The knickers are gathered into bands which can be buttoned on to the bodice. 12 yards of 36-inch material will be needed for the set in the 6-year size, and the pattern is also issued in sizes for 4, 8 and 10 years.

Those of our readers who have Sales of Work in view would find any of the above most saleable garments to make up for the children's - wear stall.

The price of each pattern is 7d, postage

1d. each extra by unsealed packet post, or 2d. by letter post. Address to the "Girl's Own" Fashion Editor, 4, Bouverie Street, Fleet Street, London, E.C. 4.

THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER AND



"Your turn next, Miss Arnold."

Mary Ainold looked up. The green-room was crowded-musicstands, violins, performers-a buzz of

had noticed her as she sat huddled in hall—the rows of staring faces. her corner, her head on her hands, trying to calm herself for the coming ordeal. Her heart beat fast; her knees shook under her; it must be faced: the time had almost come.

"Not nervous, surely?" Miss Danvers had caught a glimpse of the set face. She put down the conductor's baton and came across the room. "Why, your hands are quite cold. Let me rub them. There, that's better! I have never known you nervous before. What is it?" -for Mary Arnold had drawn away her hand with an exclamation of pain.

"My wrist is weak-it hurts, rather. Thank you-I shall get on all right." She patted her hair with trembling fingers.

Poor frightened creature! How quaint and charming she looked in the shimmering silk gown. There were threads of grey in the hair, but the figure was youthful.

Miss Danvers spoke reassuringly.

"Come, be brave! Your solo will soon be over, and you will not be nervous with the orchestra; we cannot get on without you."

They would have to get on without her very soon, Mary Arnold reflected bitterly. How cruel of the head-mistress to have spoken as she did only that morning! But she must not think of that now; in a

The Unfinished Rhapsody

By ETHEL L. EARLE

conversation filled the air. Nobody, moment she must face the crowded

A distant sound resembling a hailstorm was heard. Louder and louder it swelled, as the green-room door opened.

A self-satisfied vocalist in pink swept down the stairs, followed by her accompanist-an elderly, benevolent professor, beaming through spectacles. The hailstorm showed no signs of abating. The vocalist returned to the platform to bow her acknowledgments, reappearing more self-satisfied than before.

'Such a crowd—not a seat vacant; there must be a hundred people standing. But what heat!" The singer drew off her long gloves, and fanned herself vigorously with her music.

"Now, Miss Arnold "-the accompanist was speaking-" I have opened the piano and put down the desk." He offered a friendly hand. Miss Arnold looked ill, he thought, as he helped her up the steps to the platform.

Yes, the room was crowded. The afternoon sun was pouring in. A gust of hot air met her as she walked to the piano; a buzz of talking which sank into silence as she began to play.

Mary Arnold was a true artist: she had the artist's power of losing herself in her music. She bent to her work, her nervousness all forgotten as she evoked the passionate music of a Rhapsody by Brahms. Poignantly sad it was, subtly sweet, dying away into silence, then springing to

life again in triumphant chords. The audience sat entranced; the player was sweeping her hearers along in a tide of fierce emotion, the majestic climax was all but reached. Then, a gasp—a pause—a sharp pain in her wrist. Memory, power, everything went from her. keyboard was a blur; the rows of faces floated as through a mist. One struggling effort to recapture her failing powers, and Mary Arnold rose and fled. To get away-to escape from the staring eyes—to hide her failure and her disgrace—this was all she cared for now.

Miss Danvers had listened to the opening chords.

"She's getting on all right," she said as she softly closed the greenroom door, "Poor Miss Arnold! She did look ill. It was cruel of Miss Grantham to upset her so this morning."

The kindly accompanist looked questioningly through his spectacles. "What was the matter?" he

"I suppose there is no harm in telling you that Miss Arnold has to leave. Since Miss Grantham came, a year ago, there have been many changes. She is all for results, and the failures at the music examinations have been a sore point with her; the news of three more came this morning. Yes, I know it is very disappointing"-as her listener murmured

teaching is hopelessly out of date. regime was over, and Miss Grantham

We are all proud of her playing; but Miss Grantham expects results. Her success has been wonderful; in a year she has revolutionised the school; but women like Mary Arnold must inevitably be crowded out in the process. I must say it was too bad. though, to choose today to give her her conge, poor thing."

Miss Danvers stopped abruptly, for the green-room door opened, and

Mary Arnold stumbled in, ashenfaced. No storm of applause was heard -only a ghastly silence. She tried to speak, but the shaking lips would not frame the words. She looked round wildly. Get away-yes, she must. She clutched her hat, rushed for the outer door, and was gone.

In a moment the green-room seemed full of voices-everyone was talking.

"Poor thing! How dreadful! Was she ill? What a pity!"

The head-mistress appeared from the platform, a commanding figure. Her voice made itself heard at once.

"Go on with the programme, please; we are nearly at the end. Miss Grimshaw, violin solo."

Nervousness is terribly infectious. Miss Grimshaw, detaching herself from the crowd, was heard to murmur that " she didn't feel like it."

"Don't let the failure of one silly woman upset the whole concert.'

Miss Grantham was bitterly angry. She had worked hard for the success of this her first prize-day. When she came as head-mistress to the High School it was in a pitiable condition—pupils dwindling, teachers disheartened, failure everywhere. But her personality had worked wonders. With the rush for houses after the war, every nook and corner of the London suburb had filled up. The modern young headmistress had come in the nick of time. People began to talk of her; new pupils came; modern methods brought results in the way of examination successes; people actually began to be proud of the school

disapproval. "Miss Arnold is a won- they used to dub hopelessly oldderful pianist, but her method of fashioned. The first year of the new

> had poured all her energy into a great Prize Day which should set the seal on her success.

The Town Hall, a leading educational magnate to speak, the local M.P. in the chair, prizes distributed by the M.P.'s wife, and a short concert --- such was the programme. No trundling through indifferently-performed compositions by agitated pupils. All should be of the very best. A speci-

men of chorus singing as a beginning, then items by the various professors, ending with the crowning triumph, the school orchestra.

SCHOOL -

GIRL.

And now this ghastly fiasco-the pianoforte mistress breaking down and rushing off the platform like any silly school-girl! No wonder Miss Grantham spoke sternly.

Miss Grimshaw took up her violin. "I'll have to have the music, then," she said. "I feel regularly upset.'

"Don't delay!" Miss Grantham's tone was imperious; the audience was getting impatient. From the open door of the green-room she could see the MP. with fussy eyeglass peering round.

Miss Grimshaw marched off as to execution, followed by the kindly accompanist bearing violin-stand and music. The green-room door closed behind them.

" Is the orchestra ready? What is it?"-as Miss Danvers hesitated.

"They can't play without Miss Arnold. Nobody can find her; she has gone." Miss Danvers' voice was tragic. The orchestral "Symphonic Poem," with its intricate pianoforte part, was to have been the feature of the concert.

Miss Grantham turned on the hapless conductor.

"Gone? She must be found and fetched back." Then, as the impossibility of this presented itself to her: "Cannot anyone else play the piano part?"

Miss Danvers shook her head.

"Out of the question," she said briefly. "We must just give it up altogether. Perhaps Miss Arnold will remember and come back."

" I saw Miss Arnold rushing down the street," volunteered one of the orchestra. "She looked as if she were hurrying for the tram.'

"Hopeless to try to find her, then-If she does not return in a moment or two I will explain matters to the audience.'

Miss Danvers laid aside her white baton and took off her gloves. Even she felt angry with Miss Arnold now. To fail them like this—it was too bad.

".Everyone will be so disappointed," murmured one of the orchestra.

Disappointed they certainly were. Many a proud parent had come on purpose to see her Mary or Ethel or Gladys playing in the orchestra; many a white frock had been specially made for the occasion, with the broad blue ribbon as a distinguishing badge. But it was inevitable. Mary Arnold did not return. The large assembly dispersed with a sense of failure.

Mary Arnold hurried home as in a dream. Mechanically she produced the money for her tram fare, alighted at the end of the street where she lodged, and found her latch-key in the silk bag she had hastily snatched in her flight. She tossed away her hat, laid her head on the table and groaned aloud. Oh! what had she done? Could it be true that she had actually broken down-rushed away? And the orchestra? She started up at the stinging thought. Poor Miss Danvers! They had worked so well together. How hurt she would be! Was there time even now to go back? But no. The Town Hall was too far away; the audience must have dispersed by

And there was worse than failure to face. She must look for fresh work. Her little world had tumbled to pieces. Oh, what a terrible thing it is to be lonely-and a woman!

The air was full of the droning sound of many sewing-machines, for the house where Mary lived was occupied during the day by a dressmaker. She had been fortunate to find the sitting-room large enough to take her piano, with the tiny bed-room adjoining. Here she had lived for seven happy years. The house was left empty at night, save for a caretaker and his wife in the basement; and Mary had devoted herself to study, filling the silent house with lovely harmony. She had never felt really lonely while she had her music.

She had set forth this morning with such high hopes. Playing in public had no terrors for her; she was free from the self-consciousness which so often mars the performance of the would-be artist. But, oh! how cruel Miss Grantham had been! Mary lived again through the interview—the

obtaining the sort of post better suited to you."

Yes, it had been cruel, and Miss Grantham had owned to herself that she ought not to have gone so far, especially on this all-important day. But both women were tired out at the end of a long term's work, both were

overstrained at the prospect of the day's ordeal. The feeble defence of a feeble woman had roused the stronger woman to frenzy.

substantial one. A large awkward man stood just inside the door.

"They told me to come up, miss. I saw you through the door. You did not hear me speak. I ventured to bring you some roses."

Mary started up. Who was it? Surely she knew the voice.

The man went on confusedly-

"You won't remember me. I felt I must come. I was at the concert " Then, as Mary began to speak: "Don't be angry, Miss Mary. I know I've no right to intrude. Don't you remember Jim Bradby, who used to blow the organ for you years ago? I only landed yesterday from New Zealand. I had to see a man on business to-day, so I came down here after him. They said at his office he'd gone to a concert to hear his little girl play in an orchestra. So I went after him and stood up by the door. That wasn't your fault you broke all up as you did-it was the heat. I never felt anything like it. You looked so pale. So you do now. I frightened you, I do believe."

How scared she was, he thought;

and how she had aged; but the eves were the sameblue, appealing. Something rose in his throat as he looked at her.

Mary sat down and laid her head among the roses. It had been a terribly trying day. She was fighting her tears.

"Look here, Miss Mary. No wonder you're all upset. I'm a clumsy fellow, coming and startling you like this; but I felt I couldn't let the chance go. If I'd waited till to-morrow you

might have been off and away. See here-won't you come out with me for a bit? You need fresh air. And how about some tea? That 'ud do you good, I believe," he went on, her silence giving him courage. "I noticed a fine place as I came along, heaps of motors standing for hire. Just say you'll come, and I'll fetch one in a minute. Then we could have a talk over old times. You used to let me drive you in the old days."

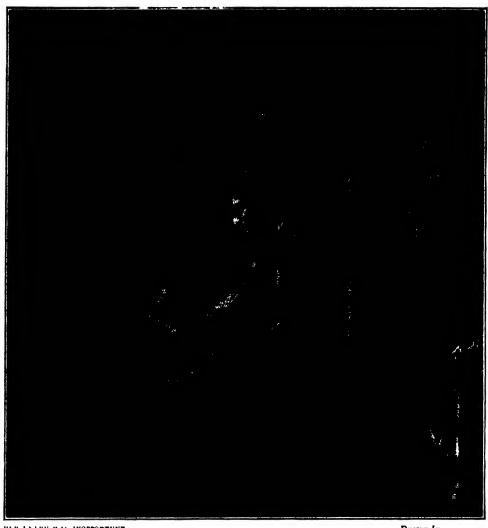


with which her excuses had been met. She had lost her self-possession, or she would never have given Miss Grantham such an opening. She seemed to hear her own voice raised in selfdefence: "I don't believe in music examinations." "If you do not believe in modern methods, Miss Arnold, I fear we can no longer hope to retain your services here. I am determined to raise the standard of work in every department, and music must come into line. I have seen for some time that your ideas and mine do not coincide. I really think you had better seek a position elsewhere. Your powers as a pianist, of which we have all been proud, will ensure your

seemed to caress the tear-stained cheek.

"Oh! how lovely!" She caught her breath. The table was a mass of roses-deep red roses. Their scent soothed the tired brain. But where had they come from? She buried her face in them; for a moment she almost believed in a miracle—they might have been brought by an angel to comfort her.

The angelic messenger was a most



HER ENIRY WAS INOPPORTUNE

Drawn by Elizabeth Earnshaw.

He fidgeted awkwardly and twisted his hat in his large hands. Miss Arnold was still to him the Rector's daughter—distant, unapproachable.

Mary raised her head; she could not speak, and tears were running down her cheeks, but she nodded assent.

He was gone, as quickly as he had come. Was it real? She wondered. She went to the window. Yes, he was striding down the road. Hastily she wiped her tears, put on the hat she had flung away; an old lace scarf would serve as a wrap. Her gloves were the weak point. She had managed to afford herself this new frock for the concert, but her gloves were only cotton—they must do; and she would carry some of the roses to hide her hands. Now she was ready.

There was a scraping of brakes as an open motor drew up at Madame Bonisson's door. The bobbed heads of the "young ladies" appeared cyer

the wire blinds. Miss Arnold was actually going out in the motor—and with a gentleman. Who could it be? And look at the lovely roses! Tongues and eyes were busy.

The cool air revived Miss Arnold. Her companion sat by, solicitous but silent.

"Are you feeling better?" he ventured at last.

She was able to smile as she answered—

"The roses brought it all back—the Rectory— What roses there were there! My happy life—my dear father. Yes "—in answer to his sympathetic look—" he died eight years ago; and I was left quite alone, and had to go out into the world."

"What were they all thinking of—the Squire and everyone—to let you be left like this?"

"They did their best. Sir Charles got me the good position I hold now; and I have been quite happy here."

"Why didn't they ask you to go

and see them?" Mr. Bradby was wroth.

"They did. But I could not bear to go back to the dear old place, and they got tired of inviting me. And I can't afford to pay visits. There wasn't much money left when father's affairs were all settled." Miss Arnold spoke with quiet dignity.

Selfish old fellow, the Rector. Jim remembered him well. And what a daughter she had been to him. Sad that it should end like this.

She should have a good time this afternoon, anyway, he vowed. On and on they went, leaving the busy suburb, right out into the lovely Surrey country. They stopped at an old-fashioned inn for tea, and over it he told her something of his life.

"I've done very well in New Zealand," he said. "I meant to come home before, but the war upset all my plans. I had to turn to and help, and they sent me all over the place on various recruiting jobs. I married when I first went out there—she died after a year, she

and her baby. I've been very lonely ever since, and the longing got stronger and stronger to come home and see the old place."

Mary stole a glance at him. As his shyness wore off he was talking more naturally. His face was kind, he looked big and strong.

She began to remember vaguely that she had heard how wonderfully well Jim Bradby had "turned out." And he was talking now with tact and gentleness, touching on one subject after another, delicately, appreciatively.

"You lent me books, Miss Mary; do you remember?" he was saying. "And I've often blessed you for that when I've been lonely over there."

When he put her down at her door he wouldn't say "Good-bye."

"I must see you again," he said.
"I feel I cannot let you go."

"Then you must come to tea with me," she said. "We will have a big pot of jam. I remember how

you so loved jam at the school treats."

"Yes. And do you remember how I went to sleep one Sunday-school festival over blowing the organ? How ashamed I was to find the service over. No last hymn, no voluntary, and me asleep in the blower's cupboard." He grinned at the reminiscence.

He opened the house door for her, and stood with bared head as she passed in. Then, dismissing the car, he wandered through the crowded suburban streets to his hotel, living it all over again. How he had worshipped her as a boy! She was miles above him then, but life had strangely brought her near.

The roses welcomed Mary to her room. She sat alone. Nobody came from the school. Someone might have remembered her, she thought. But she did not feel herself forsaken. She was not forgotten.

How delightful the afternoon had been! Was it possible that she had found real sympathy of mind in the awkward lad of years ago? His conversation had been like water to a thirsty soul. His interests seemed wide and varied as his life, his understanding keen, his heart tender.

A mammoth pot of strawberry jam was the pièce de résistance at the tea-party the next day. Jim Bradby arrived punctual to the moment, and consumed slice after slice of bread and jam, studying his hostess meanwhile. How much brighter she looked. Her troubles seemed all forgotten.

When tea was over, he made a request.

"Now I want you to play to me."
Mary had not touched her piano
since the concert. She sat down and
began to play. Softly and slowly—
then gradually becoming louder.
What a flood of harmony filled the
room!

The listener by the window was back again in the Rectory garden; the windows were open, he could see the slight figure at the piano, could feel again the passionate beat of his young heart. Years had gone by, but the heart could beat passionately still.

The music stopped abruptly—there was a cry. Mary, pale as death, was crouching on her seat, holding her wrist. In a moment he was at her side.

"What is it?" Then, as she did not speak: "Tell me; don't cry." He caught a stifled sob.

"Oh! my wrist! What shall I do? I shall never be able to play again. I loved it so. My life is ruined. I had only music, and now that is gone." She was a figure of woe indeed as she sat huddled up.

The man's face grew suddenly tense. "Only music, Mary?" How thick was the voice.

She started. Never before had she heard the passionate tones of love—once heard, never forgotten.

"Mary, all these years I've seemed to hear your music in my heart. And God has sent me just when you need me. You can't fight all by yourself—you're not made for it." He laid his large hand on the bowed

head. "Mary, listen. Won't you let me take care of you? I'm presuming, I know; but I'd try to make you happy. Mary, let me."

He stooped and tenderly kissed the poor lame wrist; then, growing bolder, drew her into his arms.

The head-mistress was uneasy. Through her busy day of preparation tor her holiday had come disturbing thoughts. The vision of a scared white face; her own bitter words. She was a just woman, if a stern one, and condemned herself. She must see Miss Arnold. They must not part like this.

Her entry was inopportune indeed!

"Miss Arnold—I came to say—
so sorry about the concert——" her
voice trailed into amazed silence.
A hasty glance, and all stood revealed
—the festive tea-table, the flowers,
the tall figure by the piano, Mary
Arnold's transfigured face.

"No need to feel sorry about the concert, ma'am." Jim extended a hearty hand in greeting. "The best thing that ever happened to me. Without it I might never have met her again, and she might never have felt she needed me. She's mine now, and I'll take good care of her."

No need for compassion there, Miss Grantham thought, as she made a hasty exit. A fine career—a brilliant record—these are great things. But what of the hungry heart, the lonely old age? She shivered. Her bachelor holiday had lost half its zest. Tears of pity stood thick in her eyes, but it was not for Mary Arnold she wept.



Drawn by C. J. Vine.

"Comehither" was not in the least like any other house. It stood right in the middle of a wide expanse of green grass, nibbled by sheep until it was as even as a lawn. A flight of white pigeons whirled up from an old-fashioned dovecote across the tiled roof, and every casement window in the low two-storied house was set wide to the air and light. The oak door led into a hall which ran the length of the front. It had evidently once been three rooms, and twisted posts marked the position where the partition walls had stood. Skin rugs lay on the brick floor.

But Evie had hardly time to look at this before she was confronted by the ugliest woman she had ever seen. Even in her young days Mrs. Maconochie could never have been pretty; now, middle-aged, stout all the way down, and with her homely features reddened and roughened by weather, she looked like an old-fashioned farmer's wife. Still, the warmth of her smile, the welcome of her two extremely dirty red hands outstretched, the twinkle of her small eyes, made her instantly lovable.

"Petit Pigeon," she said, addressing the small boy, "tell Adam we'll have tea in the garden. Meantime"—turning to Evie—"I see you're of my own sex; so much the better, if the less exhilarating. Come you along. That your luggage? Well, you have brought a Saratoga trunk!"—surveying the small suit-case Evie carried in her hand. "And burdened with that great thumping wean of mine"—taking the MS from her, and putting it on an old wheel-back chair. "And how did you manage to save the puling infant?"

This was characteristic of Mrs. Maconochie, as Evie soon learned. She flowed on the whole time without pause for words or breath. Without waiting for any reply, she led her guest through into a garden as charming and quaint as the house. Here, on the south side, the sun had warmed the red-tiled walk under the walls, and it was not too cold to sit out comfortably. The irregular garden, with its whim of bush and pond, its waving rows of yellow daffodils, and its concealing masses of bush, could not be seen all at once, but lured the imagination on by its suggestion of hidden nooks

While Mrs. Maconochie talked, asking endless questions but never allowing space for an answer, a very old man, in tightly-buttoned leggings and a sort of smock, brought out a daintily-set tray with home-made scones and jam, and "Pigeon" followed, carrying a monstrous cake. So thin the little arms looked, as he stood holding it, that Evie involuntarily made a move-

ment to support it, but her hostess stopped her.

Now, ye think the wean is delicate," she said with a snort. "Strong as a little pony he is, out in all winds and weathers; he'll fetch the sheep in better than a dog, I tell you. Look at that!" She took the plate from him, and encircled the pencil of an arm with her broad fingers. "Bone and muscle he is, for all he looks so precious. No, honey, you're not going to ha' the cake neither—that's for the lady. Ye go along with Adam and get your bread-and-milk."

The little boy gave her one appealing glance, and trotted obediently after the bent hobbling legs of the old man.

"Sugar?" asked Mrs. Maconochie, poising a lump over the cup "Cream? And it is cream, mind you, from our own cows. You'll not get that in the beastly town place. Adam, now—he's my servant—he does all the work here, I can't abide the lasses of to-day, always wanting amusements, always wanting the pictures—do you go to see the pictures?"

"I've been once," admitted Evie, taking her cup of tea, "when I was feeling very depressed; but I think they made me worse."

"So they would. And the book, now— The Comedy called Life—did that make you feel depressed?"

Evie put down her cup.

"Oh, Mrs. Maconochie!" she exclaimed. "I never read anything like it! How on earth did you get it on paper?"

"You're a writer, I gather, with your 'get it on paper,' Mrs. Maconochie observed, taking a huge mouthful of cake, and as she was rendered for the moment incapable of uttering a single word more, Evic seized her opportunity.

"And why did you throw it away? I've wondered and wondered. It's—it's just life."

"And that's why," Mrs. Maconochie remarked drily, as soon as she could speak at all. "That's why. It is life, my life—at least, some of it, and so I had not the face to put it in print."

"Why did you write it, then?"

"You asking that! You know well enough. I had to."

"But would it matter?"

"Yes, it would. That is because, as I said, it's my life; well, it is, and yet it isn't. There's the mischief. The main story of it's mine, but neither the father nor the husband in it is a true likeness, it would wrong the dead."

"But no one would know, if you published it anonymously."

"You think I could do that? Well, I don't. Maybe it might come out anonymously, but would I be able to keep it up? Answer me"

Evie gazed straight before her, through a gap in the bushes, down the rolling tree-dotted fields where sheep were feeding, grouping themselves as in the background of an old Italian picture.

"No," she said thoughtfully, "I don't. It's a masterpiece, Mrs. Maconochie, and the world would never rest until it knew the author's name."

"The world! Hear the child!" A broad red hand was laid on the girl's knee.

"But I still can't understand," Evie persisted. "Why did you throw it away? Why did you put it there in Kensington Gardens? For I suppose you did?"

"Yes, I did. And I doubt if I could make you or anyone else understand. That is just my way. I'm not quite like anyone, I suppose; we none of us are. I had written it against my will and conscience, as I said-I had to. Well, there it was. As I told you, I could not publish it, because a great deal of it is true. It would be like taking off all my reserve and standing in a marketplace with my thoughts laid bare to all who passed. What could I do? Burn it, you'll say. My dear, I hadn't the courage to see the flames curling it up sheet by sheet; and if you've ever tried to burn a lump of manuscript you'll know it must be sheet by sheet, assisted too. I thought of leaving it in a train, but my heart cried out against it; and then someone would have been sure to find it and publish it. I thought of burying it, but I knew for certain I'd dig it up again just to see how it was getting on. So I took it up to London with me one day, and it was just a tossup what happened to it. I might even have taken it to a publishers' office, but I didn't. I went and asked Peter Pan, and he said, 'Leave it around in the open, where I can read it when I get down from my pedestal at nights. 1 very rarely get any books left.' So I did; but I put it where no one else but he was likely to see it-at least I thought so."

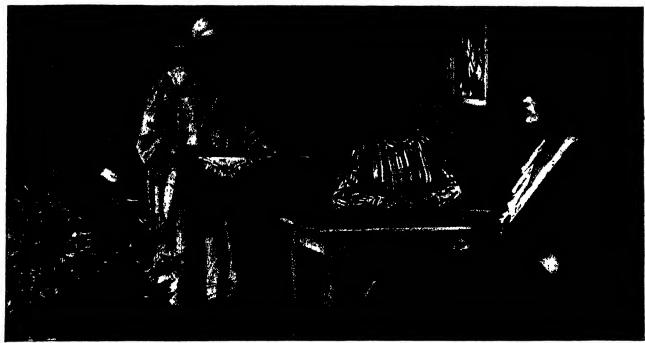
Evie did not in the least understand, but she perceived that Mrs. Maconochie was certainly not at all like anyone else. But then the woman who had written that stupendous book would not be like anyone else, and would never act as anyone expected her to act.

"I suppose you often thought of it lying out there all alone?" she asked presently, after deep thought.

"I did. I'm not sure but that I mightn't have gone and got it again some time. But I never thought of your finding it. How did you, now?"

Evic told her.

"I was lost in it directly I began to



A VERY OID MAN IN A SORT OF SMOCK BROUGHT OUT A DAINILLY-SET TRAY.

Drawn by

read it," she added. "Oh, Mrs. Maconochie, how in the world do you get life down on paper?"

"I don't know. It took a great deal out of me. It didn't come easily. Sometimes I sat for hours and could not get just the words that fitted the feeling. Sometimes, when I was gardening here among the rose bushes, a sentence or phrase came to me, nearer to what I wanted to say than that I had already written many pages back, but I never got it quite right. You think it good, child, that's your enthusiasm. I, who know it, know how feeble it is compared with the real thing."

" Feeble!" Evie gasped.

She had not yet understood that those who aim high are never satisfied with their work; it is only the facile shallow writer who thinks his glib phrases excellent. The most the real creator can allow is, "It is the best I can do."

For a while Evic thought of telling this new friend, who seemed so strangely familiar to her, all about her own attempt, and the astonishing way in which the book had changed. But she held her peace, for she was beginning to think it might be she who had changed, and not her book. She, who had passed on in the real education which the world gives, and this was why she was beginning dimly to realise heights which she could never have looked up to in the old girlish days.

"But you ought to publish it," she burst out suddenly. "Why care what the world would think of you personally?"

"What do I care about the world?

It's not the world in general, it's my world that stopped me."

"Your world? Oh, I see! But I thought you said all those you loved were dead."

"So they are, most of them; but a bit of my world is left, and it's for that I'm not going to do it." Then she added, with her deep chuckle, "Here it is!"

Evic turned, to find standing beside her a young man of two or three-andtwenty, slenderly built, with long thin brown hands and a crop of chestnut hair. He was undoubtedly very handsome, and had apparently just arrived, as he still wore the garb of a motor-cyclist.

"Lupin!" he cried, and then stopped, seeing a stranger.

"Oh, you needn't mind, you boy," said Mrs. Maconochie. "You can kiss me if you like." As he did so she added to Evie, "This is my stepson, Hamon Maconochie."

When the sinking of the sun made the air chill, they all removed to the hall, which was apparently the only living-room. And an hour later were settled before the wide open brick chimney-piece, where huge logs crackled. As the light waned it was only when a bundle of twigs flared up or a log crashed into the hot ash with a sputter, that they could see each other.

On one side sat the hostess on a very low chair, her knees wide apart, making an ample lap for the small boy, who snuggled against her, encircled by her rounded arm. On the other side of the hearth was Hamon, now neat and wellgroomed, smoking a cigarette, with his long legs over the arm of the wooden chair. Right in front of the flame was Evie, her fair fresh face lightened up against the high-backed oak chair she had chosen.

It was incredible how much at home she felt in that place, the very existence of which she had not known many hours previously. She listened lazily as the other two talked. She gathered from their conversation that Hamon had a place in Scotland, consisting mostly of farm land, which he ran himself; that he was an ardent motor-cyclist, and paid flying visits to his step-mother at intervals. She, for her part, discussed all sorts of live-stock with him in a way that showed the knowledge and experience of an able farmer. Once, when she chaffed him on some bad deal he had made, a little voice piped up from under her arm-

"You mustn't say that, Mumsie, or you'll hurt his proper armour."

"My what?" A shout of laughter from Hamon.

"The wee thing's in the right of it," exclaimed his mother indignantly, feeling the child wince. "And if he puts amour propre into English, who's to blame him?"

"Sorry, kid," said Hamon. "I was the dunce not to recognise it in its 'English' translation! Say, Miss Glennan, do you know Pigeon reads Milton and other poets of that order for recreation?"

"Why is he called Pigeon?" Evie asked, smiling at the little boy as he peeped up at her to see how she took the announcement.

The Lost MS.

"His name is St John Devereux Lupin Maconochie Naturally St John became Pi' John See?"

There was much of the school boy left in Hamon, but it was obvious to Evie he was not the stepson of the book. Neither the waster nor the reformed rake fitted this pleasant frank youth

It's time for you to go to bed, honey," said Mr. Maconochie presently to Pigeon, and carried him off forthwith

'What do you think of my small brother?"
Hamon asked as they vanished

He looks very delicate How old is he?"

Seven But he's not more than like a child of five You can see how Lupin blinds herself over him She won't see it None so blind—You know the saving She maintains he is strong and wiry and none the worse for being small But his bones are like chalk Sometimes I'm afrud—' He broke off

She is devoted to him "

'Idouses him That's the pity of it She must find out some day that he ll never be reared I feel it—everyone must except her, and Lupin is so capable so shrewd in everything else"

Why do you call her Lupin? Such an odd name" Evie began unwilling to carry on the painful train of thought

Her maiden name was Lavender Lupin You couldn't call her Lavender it would be grotesque—that mane straggly plant. But I upin! That fits her to a T. That jolly fleshy red flower full of vital sap.

Frie found herself unable to picture a lupin of that sort—before her vision there rose the tall rows of deep blue or white flowering plants in the karden at home—There were even bushes of scented sulphur coloured flowers under that name—but 'a jolly fleshy red flowers.' She did not like to contradict him however so she only laughed a little and remarked—

Oh I wasn't thinking of that sort of lupin!"
'She's wonderful isn't she? asked Hamon,
not noticing the implied correction

Wonderful!"

"When she was left a widow all the money there was came to me I ntil I came of age she lived with me but at that age I went to live at my place Garrachless in Scotland and she refused to come there. It had been let up to then, but I decided to live there and farm for myself. Could I get Lupin to come? Not it! Here she has stayed ever since making a living for herself and Pigeon out of sheep farming, and grand she is at it. Can give all the men points. She has the most independent proud spirit. Her idea is that I'll marry some day, and she says if she had taken root in Scotland, she wouldn't find it easy to turn out when the time came, so it's better for us to be apart."

" Perhaps she's right"

'I don't know I don't think I'm a marrying sort I like girls, the kind one sees nowadays, they re great sports, but the difficulty is, I like so many of them, quite a lot, but not any particular one for all in all I don't seem to get just the shove over which lands a man into matrimony I'm talking, of course, as if I could choose, but I couldn t, any more than the next fellow. It would be easy, I suppose for anyone to marry if they didn't mind who it



was they took, but not one of us can be certain of getting any particular girl "

Mrs Maconochie reappeared

'I'll just set the sausages on, and then we'll have tea," she said

Presently Adam came in, pulled out a folding table, laid it, and brought a lamp, by which Evie could see that the napery, silver, and china were all above reproach

It was a jolly homely meal Mrs Maconochie and Hamon were both gifted with humour, and carried on a sort of flying skirmish in words It was small wonder that afterwards, when the things were being removed, Evie exclaimed suddenly—

" I feel as if I had always known you, somehow"

Hamon was near her

It's queer," he assented, "but I feel just exactly that too I am more natural with you than I ever felt before with any girl"

Chapter XVI. Violet shows her Mettle.

"LEND me the glasses, Guy Oh, I can see splendidly now! 'exclaimed Violet Cornford on the day of the Grand National race in spring She had been the round of the horses in the paddock, had caressed the silky nose of her own possession Ship over, and had then climbed to the top of the Grand Stand, escorted by her brother and Leslie Hawke, with a humble following of admirers and friends behind

Violet had achieved the height of her ambition She was running a horse in the most dramatic race of the year. She had secured a good jockey, and her horse was sound Though the odds were against him, which is merely to say he was not 'the favourite 'yet there were many who had a high estimation of his chances Violet herself, a society favourite, noted for her beauty and wit, as the owner of a racehorse had attracted much attention, and she had had the pleasure of reading many a newspaper paragraph about herself Now the great day had come, and though outwardly she wore the cool air of complete self-possession, which concealed her real feelings, there was a flush on her usually pale cheek, and an animated sparkle in her dark eves, that showed her whole heart was set on the race Leslie Hawke had taken a couple of days away from the office to see it Though he had not yet declared himself, he had a feeling that the game was almost in his hand, and there was something of possessive pride in the way he stationed himself at Violet's side, and watched her pretty movements as she focussed the horses through the glasses

There was a big field, well over thirty at the starting post, away over on the right and most of the horses were dancing about, straining at their bits, and facing any way but down the long straight mile that ended a little beyond Becher's Brook Slip-over was as fractious as any of them, and showed a nasty inclination to kick

"I don't believe they'll ever get them in line,"

But even as she spoke there was a unanimous murmur—

" They're off!"

Slip-over's jockey had a head on his shoulders; he had been circling round behind the others, and as the word came he got a flying start He was also well placed, being sixth from the inside, so that there was no chance of his being crushed in on the rails, yet he had not to ride wide like those farther out Consequently he was well in the front when it came to the first jump From the grand stand it appeared as if he cleared it level with two others, if not a trifle before them

"Four and a half miles to go yet," said Leslie Hawke in Violet's ear "But it's a good beginning"

A horse stumbled at the second post and rail, and brought down two others. One jockey managed to hold his reins and scrambled on again, but the other horses went careering loose. They were joined by seven or eight more at the third obstacle, the rail, ditch, and fence where the refusal of two put several others off their stride. The field was thinning rapidly!

"Now the leaders are on Becher's Brook—that's a teaser," said Guy, who was looking very white and worried, so much so that Violet had been quite anxious about him

"Where's Slip over?" Violet asked, after shifting her gaze for a moment 'It's astonishing how difficult my colours, violet and apricot, are to see! That white with scarlet hoops is always obvious"

"They will come nearer again in the second round"

"Here they are!" cried Violet with more eagerness than he had ever heard in her tone "Only three, and two—five six seven of them—no eight—there's that hateful ied and white on the outside! What's become of the rest?

'They we all taken a toss somewhere or other I see three more a long way behind probably been remounted, one of them might win yet Some of these fellows who hold all the records could tell you when it was done"

It was a tense moment while they waited for their reappearance Faint shouts of Slip-over' could be heard from the far side of the field where a number of persons had taken up their stand near one or the other of the jumps Then the first horse came into the turn for 'home'

"Green black cap 'said Guy grimly

As he spoke two more came into sight, but there was no sight of the violet and apricot colours? Something suddenly seemed to go dead in Violet—it was all over! Slip-over could not win now, and what did she care who else did? But she braced herself to meet the catastrophe as she had met her heavy losses at cards, with a smile curving her lips.

'Something has happened," said Hawke, glancing at her as no other horse reappeared "I'll go and see"

As Violet sat there in the grand stand and realised that her horse had not appeared, she was conscious that a great many people were looking at her. Some of them she knew Suddenly she felt she could not bear the condolences that would be showered upon her

"I'll come too," she said hastily. And in the excitement of the moment when the first horses were passing the post, and everyone was absorbed in watching them, she and Hawke made their

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Half-way round they met the jockey, who looked very much upset.

"It wasn't my fault, Miss Cornford," he said nervously "Llandogo swerved right across at the big jump, and made Slip-over skew. He fell"

"I'm sure you did your best," said Violet with dignity "It was an accident. Where is Slip-over?"

He shifted from one foot to the other and looked at Hawke

"Well, you see, Miss Cornford, it was very awkward. He broke his foreleg in falling." As Violet started, he added. "I wouldn't go on, miss, if I was you. They had to shoot him."

Violet stared blankly ahead for a moment, with all her high hopes burst like a child's balloon But all she said was, "Thank you." Then turning to Hawke—

"Do you think you could find the car? I'll go back at once I'm staying with the Allisons, about thirty miles away There are none of them here"

Half an hour later she and Hawke were seated together in the beautiful car speeding along a smooth road. They had failed to find Guy, but, as Violet explained his leave was short, and he had probably had to catch a train back to town after looking for them in vain. Thereupon Leslie Hawke had asked if he might go so far with her as he could not bear the idea of her being alone after so great a shock and Violet had assented without any question as to how he was going to get home afterwards.

So there they sat Then presently, to his immense surprise he felt her arm in its warm covering of fur slip within his own, and Violet

' It doesn't really matter much I don't feel as if anything matters now

He was too much overcome to speak for a moment but his arm went naturally over her shoulders, and he drew her close to him, while her head rested on his shoulder.

"I couldn't-I didn't dare-" he stammered

"I know So I did it for you"

She put up her hands, and drawing his face down they kissed

' I believe you think I haven't got a heart," she went on, with a little whimsical note in her voice ' Sometimes I think I haven't myself, but I've found one for you"

' I never dared '" he repeated, his voice trembling ' To think—sometimes in my wild dreams I victured telling you of my great love and admiration for you—but that you should care for me never entered my wildest imagination"

"Well, I do! When you're there it's all good and when you're not there I don't care much about anything I've tried so many things I thought I would make a grand match, but when it came to the point, I couldn't, I wish I hadn't a heart"

"I know I'm nothing of a match for you but I've adored you ever since I first saw you that day in the hall in Scotland," he said Then an uncomfortable memory stirred within him Supposing she ever knew? Supposing any one ever told her that he had gone to Scotland to make "running with the heiress"? How he hated himself now for that base thought!

"We won't tell anyone about it yet, will



"I DON'T KNOW. I DON'T THINK I'M A MARRYING SORT.
I LIKE GIRLS, THE KIND ONE SEES NOWADAYS."

Drawn by
P. B. Hickline

we?" Violet was saying. "We'll get a little used to ourselves first, and then we'll slip away and be married very quietly before anyone knows."

"Of course, I should prefer that it should be very quiet—a man always does; but I thought girls liked orange blossom and that kind of thing?"

"I don't believe you know me the least bit."

"I don't; and I never shall know you completely. That is what enthrals me. You are so strange, Violet." He pronounced the unaccustomed name hesitatingly. It came so strangely to his lips. "Sometimes you are wholly the great lady, as you were to-day. I was so proud of you for the way you took this terrible disaster. Then, again, you seem so simple, so frank, and easily pleased. It is the most fascinating wonderful adorable combination in a woman."

"I was very simply brought up," said Violet. "I think we shall have a great deal to tell each other, Leslie. Ours is not the mating of two people who have known each other a long time. We've met just in a society way. Yet the very first time I saw you, in the great hall at the Jamiesons' place in Scotland, I said to myself, 'What an interesting face that man has. I want to talk to

him.' I didn't know who you were, but you made everything seem worth while " Again that pang at his notion in going to Scotland seized Hawke! He hoped earnestly she would never hear of it.

Violet, for her part, was also suffering from a pang. The mention of her girlhood had recalled Evic. For the very first time she felt suddenly ashamed of her conduct towards Evie. All self-justification left her. It was because she pictured herself telling the scene of the day she came of age to the man she loved, and to her immense surprise she found she could not. She felt herself blushing, and was conscious that incident would need a good deal of explanation if she were still to appear in his eyes an admirable figure. She was ashamed of herself because she loved, and Love demands the highest that is in us. Violet's code was not low, and her failure to act up to it on that particular occasion, which she had hitherto glossed over to herself, suddenly stood out prominent and hideous. She had been mean! And the worst of it was that Evie was now working in the office of her future husband, and that fact somehow seemed to emphasise it, and make it tenfold worse, for he would most naturally marvel how she, Violet, could have allowed her cousin to endure so much drudgery while she was enjoying herself so gaily.

It was all bad, very bad, whichever way you looked at it, and Violet bit her lip sharply, and wondered if she would ever have the courage to tell him that story. Yet it must be told, it was not the sort of thing she could keep dark. At any rate, she would defer it, and not spoil these first strange sweet moments in dwelling on it.

The moments were all the sweeter because, for both of them, there was something of a mystery about the other, it was a plunge into the dark in some ways. They did not know each other's families, or anything of their separate lives until they had met so comparatively short a time ago. Both were drawn by that irresistible mysterious attraction which is as strong and persistent as the natural force which draws up a tender plant through the tight crevice of a paving stone, or even through a covering of cement. They felt that their mating was inevitable,

there was nothing else for it. But neither quite knew how it would turn out, or what they would discover in the other in the long intimacy of married life.

To be continued. Long ago, I found a quiet land where restful moments live, and grow up into peaceful hours, days, and years. Their fibres are so deeply rooted that it is quite impossible

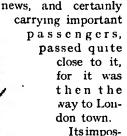
for touring folk to dig them up, carry them off in cars, and transplant them elsewhere. It is possible, however, to go there emptied of self, and so make ro m enough for the pleasant odour of peace, sufficient to last us on our homeward way. Happily, there are times when we may bear away enough to overflow into another, unrestful soul; which same influence returning to us in full measure, shall accompany us, when night comes, to that world of forgetfulness, sending us to sleep with a quiet mind and a smile on our faces.

We may not live always in this quiet land—life demands sterner things of us. Such bliss is reserved for the little greybrown folk who build castle and cottage, bungalow and dug-out, below ground, from whence they venture forth in the twilight, comfortable dames, chatting with other comfortable dames, while

white-tailed Tinies frisk about with the Tinies from next door.

It is not easy to pass by a beautiful house, with an imposing entrance, without being aware of it. Some gateway or other leading to it would be found upon a

highway; convenience of transport would demand it. This delectable Land, however, is not upon a highway of to-day, though in years gone by coaches, carrying important



ing entrance
must have
been there
even in
those days,
but I am not
so sure that the
brambles which so
cunningly hide its
gateway had then
found it necessary
to throw up their

shield.

If we dwell among

crowded habitations we cannot hope to step from our doorway, either front or back, straight into fairyland. The penalties of civilisation are against it; we cannot



have electric lighting and fairies; therefore you must climb a hill to find this quiet corner of God's world that seems to have been forgotten by mortal in his love of change, or what he calls "progress."

The upward road is fairly long, fairly rough and stony, but there are many compensations by the way. There is always "something going on," as people say in admiration of an up-to-date seaside resort; so the climb is never a dull affair. The lights showing through the larch copse on the right are never just the same on two consecutive days, or the peep through a hedge-gap over the blue glamour oi the Thames valley likely to be other than fascinating

You may see a stoat hurrying under a stile, a hedge-mouse at his toilet, a bullfinch lighting up a leafless tree with his glory; or, if you are among the favoured ones of the earth, you may watch that tiny bundle of charm, the willowwren, a sight alone worth the journey, and more to be desired than a whole procession of celebrities. Once upon the hill, invisible fairy-folk dance about one's footsteps, trying to lead one to right, where spreads a valley in bridal dress of may-blossom, or in rich red robe that sweeps in long velvet train down its steep sides, when haws are abundant. Then they lead to left where stretch the wide plains of Otmoor, with sunlight falling on fields of yellow and green; or newly-ploughed red earth; or the flame of a myriad poppies; light winds passing to and fro over the tops of oats, gracefully bowing in their supple unripeness; the iridescence of lights hovering over wide spaces; or the irresistible blue hills in the distance, calling us to behold "the land that is very far off."

The grassy way is soft and springy; one goes on, stepping lightly and quickly, almost forgetting the object of one's journeying, except that now and again there comes a consciousness that is akin to apprehension. It is something like meeting a friend after a period

The Sanctuary

of separation. We are aware of changes in ourselvescommon - sense tells us they will have changed-how, then, will it be between us? I have loved this valley of silence so long that if the weather is in a snappy mood, or if I myself am out of tune with the simplicity and holiness of the wilds, I turned have



Drawn by C. J. Vine.

back when just within sight of it. To have loved tor years, and then to look on the face of the beloved and find nothing there we hoped to see, even though the fault be our own blindness—it is too poignant a moment to be contemplated.

This hesitancy comes but seldom; usually one steps forward with happy expectancy of joys in store, till one arrives at the bramble flank which hides the corner. It would be quite easy to pass along the centre of the plain without catching sight of the hidden hollow lying on the left, for the ground slopes away immediately from the other side of the gate. One might notice its imposing entrance without being aware that the mighty beeches were guarding anything in particular.

Round the brambles and we are at the gateway between their gigantic grey-green pillars; beyond is a deep green gully, the ground swelling upward in smoothly-rounded green banks on either side. On the summit of the right bank stands a group of beeches, seven or eight in number, the branches of those nearest the slope of the bank trailing to the ground. I have seen a sudden ray of winter sunshine light their every twig and stem, transforming what a moment before had been the somewhat dingy brown of fallen leaves around their base, into a magnificent carpet of deepest crimson. Below is marshy ground where grow reeds and rushes, a green-grey group with red browns of stem, and damp earth about their feet. Sometimes, in the evening, they are mist-wrapped, like a pale lady swathed in diaphanous grey-blue gossamer, an intangible creature, who would vanish if touched with clumsy groping hands.

Beyond the rushes the gully stretches down, and away till it reaches a group of beautiful pines—a most enticing group with blue shadows in and out and around them.

The valley, which is a continuance of the gully, wanders on to the right till it gathers a wood into its depth. From the upper gate one looks across the tops of the low-lying trees, softly rounded, daintily pointed—chestnut and beech, oak and elm, with a bordering of pines on the near side. Always a mesh of colour, even when bare, in autumn they spread such a banquet of yellows and golds and browns in varying tones of sombre

so briety to richest reds, as might easily intoxicate the most sober soul.

And yet there is one beauty that transcends all others in this home of quiet thoughts, one season when it wears a robe of such surpassing loveliness, that one fears each time one makes the pilgrimage — and they are oft-

recurring now—that all ties of home and duty will be forgotten, that one will fail to return to the world that still has need of service. It is the hardest possible thing to tear oneself away. It is in spring, when the valley begins to change, taking on a pale blue light that is so elusive one hardly guesses its origin.

The light deepens day by day, till one catches a glimpse of it through the interstices of a hedge before reaching the bramble patch. The next point of vantage is beside the brambles, but it is not till they have been passed, and the gate reached, that the ethereal glory of the bluebells in this hidden delectable land is revealed.

The bluebells are like bits of heaven, as though skies looked down and were mirrored in a lovely lake. Down they flow over the rounded swelling side on the left to the bed of the gully; then from the opposite side they creep up round about the doors of these desirable country residences marked in red spots on the green, round the old, old holly tree and the ancient oak.

It is a world of blue! Everything melts into it. The holly becomes blue. A faint blue light lives along its bare arms, and about the trunk of the dead oak. The blue of the fairy blossoms melts into the blue that hovers over the marshy bottom where the rushes live—they are faintly blue. It merges into the blue that is over the trees in the wood, and the blue over the trees dissolves into the blues of hills beyond.

Leaning over the old gate one forgets Time and Self. One is drowning happily in a blue sea, plunging into the blue of the flowers, the tree-tops, and the hills. One loses one's identity among the rushes. One's spirit wanders dreaming by the tall pines at the far end, and almost slips through the mystery gate to the unknown. It is with a sigh of real regret one realises that not yet, not now, may the commonplace things of commonplace working days be laid down.

So, with a prayer that the mystery of the Silent Land may remain unspoiled, that its cup of precious youth-renewing elixir remain unbroken, its joys unspilled, one straightens one's back, and, with the pack strapped on again, one faces right about to meet the cares that abound, knowing that peace and rest are still in the quiet places, and strength and beauty in His Sanctuary.

Keeping Fit

This is a Necessity for the Business Woman

By WALTER CAMP

THE great influx of women into business life, greatly increased during the last few years, brings up some new problems for consideration.

Owing to their sports and games, the men that the business woman comes in contact with in business are very apt to know more than she does of how to take care of themselves in order to work a certain number of days and a certain number of hours a day. The wise ones know that too much absence, or too many days of illness. endangers their positions They know that if they are to enjoy their holidays, evenings, and halfdays, they must keep themselves in average

health. The foolish ones simply drag through a half-life of physical deterioration, with lack of ambition to do any more than make a living, in dread of illness and loss of position.

It is Not Enough Barely to Last Out the Day.

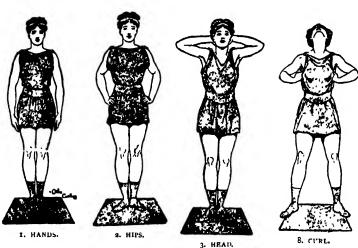
Business women of to-day are learning this lesson. They are often more enduring than men, and rise to emergencies with an unsuspected reserve of strength and fortitude. But they are learning that in order to advance, to feel well, to enjoy life, they must be in good health, and must preserve and conserve their physical strength and mental balance. They must have a certain margin of safety, as it were—be able to meet extra temporary demands upon their endurance without breaking down. It is not enough barely to last out the day, and then

strive to get rested before the next day's toil begins.

The business woman. like the business man. has to make up for the fact that civilisation has deprived us all of what was nature's normal life-work and play out of doors. The roof and the four walls of the office, schoolroom, or shop, hem her in, and she must make some compensatory adjustment, or nature will demand a toll in the shape of illness or low physical condition.

The Factors that Spell Well Being.

Now there are four great factors that spell well-being for the business woman.



They are: Diet; Exercise; Fresh Air; Regularity.

The business woman cannot afford to take any liberties with her digestion. And here the matter of regularity comes in. If it is necessary to get up a few minutes early in order not to hurry at breakfast, that few minutes taken away from sleep is well worth while. The business woman has personal idiosyncrasies just like anyone else, and it would be folly to suggest that because one person is hungry in the morning and eats a hearty breakfast, one who is less hungry should force herself to eat heartily at that time. But for the average business woman, going without breakfast is a real mistake. If a couple of glasses of water, cool preferably, are taken immediately upon rising, it usually prepares the way to a satisfactory breakfast. Luncheons should be simple and nourishing. Nor should dinner be taken when tired in the evening. A little rest first is necessary.

The Matter of Exercise.

Second-as to Exercise: Here is a very vital thing, in which we have learned much in the past few years. Exercise for the business woman should not be so strenuous as to produce fatigue or lower the vitality, which, in turn, will lessen the resistive force. Games, whenever possible, are of great value, if not carried to the point of exhaustion. Walking should be brisk and effective; but there is not always time for a

reasonable amount of this every day and regularity is the thing that counts

Any portion of these exercises may be taken at any time when, from confined position or working in a sedentary occupation, the muscles are tired from constant contraction; and the ensuing equalising circulation will prove very restful.

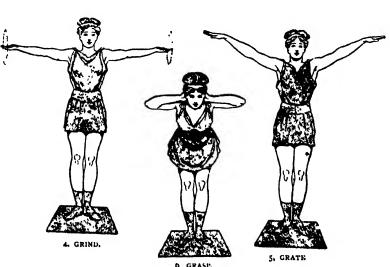
In taking these exercises, it should be remembered that they are intended to improve the carriage and benefit the breathing, and are in no sense for the purpose of building up muscular prodigies; they are to keep the business woman fit for her regular tasks.

The Importance of Fresh Air.

Third -Fresh Air: Fresh air and sunshine are the greatest medicines in the world, and every business woman should

> get just as much of both as she possibly can. Her holidays and other available moments for fresh air and sunshine should be made the most of. By cultivating proper breathing through the use of the Curl and Wing, by walking briskly and breathing deeply, holding the head erect always when out of doors, a woman will find that she gains in vitality every day.

Fourth—Regularity: Every portion of a life should be guided by this cardinal principle



Keeping Fit

of Regularity; but this does not mean that a break once in a while is a fatal error. The trouble is that, unless one

sticks religiously to regular habits, making just as few breaks as possible, carelessness begins, and then, instead of regularity with an occasional break, the habit of irregularity becomes established.

Same Pleasures are an Aid to Health.

Yet there is no desire to lay down an edict that each woman must devote all her thought and attention to this subject, go into training as it were, and omit all pleasure just to keep fit. Where the pleasure is physically beneficial, such as outdoor games and exercise, it goes without saying that it is of the best, but there is no reason why pleasure may not be pursued elsewhere.

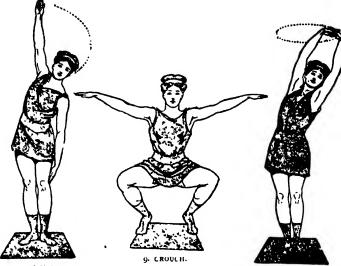
The great essential for the business woman is a form of calisthenics, which may be used at almost any time in the day, rather than a form that can be used only in the gymnasium or on a tennis court, or in connection with special equipment which is not available every day

For this reason the "Daily Dozen" exercises are particularly well adapted to her needs. The best time for six or seven minutes of this work is upon rising in the morning, for two reasons: first, because that is a good time to stretch the muscles, and, second, because if it is done then, it will be done with regularity, and is settled for the day. If, however, this is impossible, it is best to take them regularly at some other convenient time. For instance, upon returning home at night, or before going to bed

While it is advisable to take some fixed time of the day for this purpose, if some unusual complication prevents the taking of the exercise then, be sure to put it in some time during the day.

The business woman usually works at a desk, and oftentimes in a set and confined position. As I have said, it is well to take the entire set of exercises once a day; but there are also times when much relief and renewed energy will be found by taking two or three or more of these exercises just for a few' minutes when the opportunity offers. Some of the exercises lend themselves to such use more readily than the others. For instance, the Grind opens the chest and throws the shoulders back, and gives considerable relief after being in a stooping position. The Grasp rests the neck, and at the same time, if properly

performed, rests the eyes by giving them some muscular work of a quite different character from that used in reading.



CRAWL.

12 WING.

11. WEAVE.

The Curl is also a relief exercise, particularly if taken before an open window, filling up with fresh air. If the business woman dances, or has an opportunity to play games that exercise the arch of the foot and the leg, the Crouch is not so necessary. But she should take the Wave and the Weave without fail every morning, because that exercises the trunk, supples the body, produces secretions in the intestines, and hence is a health-giver.

Following is the description of the full set of twelve exercises, characteristic poses of which are illustrated. Do each thoroughly and vigorously, giving it your full attention and not merely going through the motions mechanically:—

The "Daily

- 1. Hands. Stand erect, arms hanging at sides, heels slightly separated, feet pointing straight ahead.
 - 2 Hips.—Raise the arms and, forcing

the elbows back, place the hands on the hips; then lower them to the sides.

 Head.—Raise the arms once more, and, again forcing back the elbows, touch the finger tips at the back of the neck.

Repeat each of these movements several times.

Note.—If you can do these three exercises with another person, they will be excellent training in coordination, in addition to the good posture which they stimulate. In doing them with someone else each person in turn directs, calling out "Hands," "Hips," "Head," in rapid succession and varying order, and you endeavour to follow directions accurately and swiftly.

4. Grind.—Extend arms sideways from shoulders; palms upward; count slowly from one to ten, and

at each count describe complete circle about twelve inches in diameter, the arms remaining stiff, and pivoting from the shoulders. Then reverse the direction of the circle, and do another ten of them.

- 5. Grate.—Raise arms as before. Then, while taking a deep breath, raise the arms to an angle of forty-five degrees, and also raise the heels until you are resting on the balls of the feet. Then, while you slowly let out the breath, come back to the original position, feet flat on the floor, arms horizontal. Be careful not to raise the arms more than forty-five degrees, or return them to below horizontal. Do this ten times.
- 6. Grasp.—Raise arms as before Place hands behind the neck, index fingers touching, elbows forced back While in this position, bend the body slowly forward from the waist as far as possible, keeping the head up. Return to upright position, and bend backward, only as far as comfortable. Do not make these movements jerky, and do not hurry through them. Repeat the whole movement five times.
- 7. Crawl.—Raise arms as before; then raise the left arm and lower the right, until the right is down close to the side, and the left is straight up overhead. Then slowly bend the body sideways from the waist, the right arm slipping down the right leg, and the left arm bending downward over the head, until the fingers touch the right ear. Do this, and the following exercise, five times.
- 8. Curl.—Raise arms as before. Move the right foot twelve inches from the left. Clench fists and lower arms downward from the elbows. Then curl the fists upward into the armpits, bending the head backward, and taking a deep breath.

Then, without resting, extend the arms straight forward from the shoulders, palms down; let the arms fall and the body bend forward from the waist, head up, eyes to the front, until the arms have been forced back and up as far as possible.

9. Crouch.—Move the right foot until the heels are about twelve inches apart. Raise arms to horizontal. Bend the knees and, with the weight on the toes, lower the body almost to the heels, keeping the trunk as nearly erect as possible.

10. Wave .- Stretch the arms straight about the head, fingers interlocked, arms touching the ears. Then, with the fingers still interlocked, describe a complete circle about twenty-four inches in diameter. the body bending only at the waist.

11. Weave .-- Raise arms to horizontal: heels twelve inches apart; turn the body to the left from the hips, thus having the right arm point straight forward, and the left arm straight backward, bend the body from the

waist, so that the right arm goes down until the right fingers touch the floor midway between the feet, and the left arm goes up.

12. Wing .-- Raise arms from horizontal until they are straight overhead. taking in a full breath; then let them fall forward and downward, while the body bends forward from the waist. Push the arms past the sides, and then upward and backward as far as possible, exhaling just as in Exercise 5.

The Possibilities of **Barrel Furniture**

in Belgium

By Mrs. GORDON-STABLES

On a recent visit to Belgium I was much remaining staves, one gives the table a struck with the various useful articles of much more finished appearance, while

from the humble wine barrel, and so decorative in appearance, and so strong in use, as to make one wonder why we on our side have hitherto failed to realise the possibilities that are latent in this connection.

In the majority of the Belgian cafés and brasseries, for instance, the customers are provided with double-decked tables that are nothing more or less than beer casks, which have had the upper half of each alternate pair of staves

removed and a second circular fitment of wood inserted within so as to form another tier on which to place glasses or periodicals. This wooden table-top being necessarily of larger diameter than that of the original cask-top, the temporary removal of the barrel-hoops is necessitated in order to insert it in position, and to affix the necessary wooden rests to the inner sides of the cask in order to keep it stationary. The removal of the alternate staves gives spaces through which to reach the objects placed

upon it, and

one can, of

course, widen

these spaces by

withdrawing,

say, three

staves and

leaving in posi-

tion at the

sides two or

even one, ac-

cording to

If one carves

a simple pat-

tern on the

edges of the

one's views.



A COMPORTABLE CHAIR.



is in good condition and of fair quality, the most satisfactory plan is to stain it brown and apply a thin coat of varnish. But if inferior in colour and surface, a coat of paint is the best solution. These barrel tables are excellent for garden use, as their broad base keeps them steady on a lawn or path, and there is little danger of their being upset. When

the top is set with the tea-tray, the lower shelf is handy for the extra plates and cups.

In the gardens of the Belgian seaside villas one comes across the barrel arm-chair. Having removed the hoops from the upper portion of the cask, one takes away likewise the top and the upper portion of one-half of the staves, the similar portion of the other half forming the back of the chair that-is-to-be. Next

A TWO-TIER TABLE.

comes the addition of a seat made from a circular piece of wood made to fit the widest portion of the barrel, and secured from below after the same manner as the lower tier of the table. The shape of the cask, dwindling as it does towards the base, naturally discourages any tendency which the seat might otherwise display towards slipping, while the lower hoops similarly keep all taut and firm. The hoops having been taken away from the upper part of the bancl, the back of the chair needs to be kept rigid by means of strong cords laced through holes bored in the staves. This device lends itself to decorative ends, especially if the cords be of crimson to match the crimson paint of

the hoops. Large tassels of crimson wool would give the ends of the cord a fine mediæval effect. A soft circular cushion of the same cheery tint would complete an ideal garden chair.

The Belgian peasant is remarkably skilful in contriving a comfortable cradle for his baby from a small cask (I gather that every family in Belgium orders in its beverage by the cask, and has, in consequence, a supply of barrels from which to add to its furnishings!), the cask in this case being cut in half vertically, so that one has a boat-shaped receptacle with a whole hoop at either end which will serve to suspend the cradle from a stand, or as a means by which gently to rock it. The half circles of wood at the ends form the head and foot and prevent the pillows or bedclothes from falling out, while the circular form of the base accommodates itself, when the cradle is placed on the



A WOODEN CRADLE.

floor, to a gentle rocking. As a curved cradle is less easy to clean than one which is flat, the bung-hole is retained, so that, with its cork removed, any particles of

fluff that may have deposited themselves in the bottom may readily be brushed through it.

One may make the barrel cradle as ornamental as one likes. Firstly, the hoop handles may be wound with ribbon or bound with silk; secondly, the entire cradle may be hung with a valance of muslin or flowered cretonne. and curtains may even be contrived at the head, the hoop being used as a foundation. The Belgian babies sleep most contentedly in their improvised swinging cradles, and I am inclined to think that the infants find the circular boat-shape cosier and warmer than one which is flat.

Rosemary

Chapters XV. and XVI. A sudden change comes over the scene

L. G. MOBERLY

"I CANNOT quite see eye to eye with Geoffrey in this. Rosemary has persuaded him to ask the man down, but we know nothing about him. Rosemary can coax her father into doing anything."

The slightly resentful note in Grace Sterndale's voice did not escape Miss Hester's shrewd observation, and she looked at her visitor kindly.

"From what I have heard Rosemary say about the poor man who has lost his memory, I should think there was nothing to be uneasy about," she said. "Your little daughter has a great deal of discernment and common-sense; and I confess to being something of a believer in a girl's intuitive powers."

"Rosemary is wonderfully sensible for anyone so young," Rosemary's mother answered slowly. "She, is much more sensible than I was at her age. In some ways, I believe, she is more sensible than I am now."

A troubled look stole into the speaker's eyes, there was a wistfulness in her voice which again was not lost upon her listener, and the pathos as well as the truth of the admission forcibly struck Miss Lethbridge.

"Rosemary and her father are alike in so many ways," Grace went on thoughtfully. "They both have much stronger characters than I have; they understand each other. Sometimes I think——" She broke her sentence off short, and sat forward a little in her chair, locking her hands together nervously, and looking into Miss Hester's face with a sort of appeal in her eyes, an appeal which went to the other woman's heart.

"What is it you think?" she asked in the sympathetic tone which never failed to win the confidence of those who came to her for help

"I sometimes think that it might have been better for Geoffrey, if he had only found Rosemary, and not me—if I had died before he was free." Grace's voice faltered, but her eyes did not flinch. "I lived in a backwater so long that I feel as if I had not kept up with him. He has gone on, I have stood still."

"But you mustn't think thoughts of that kind." Miss Hester's voice was very cheery. "Even if you do feel a little behind your husband in some ways, it is only a matter of catching up with him. And, after all, it is your love for each other that counts."

"We love each other," Grace said simply. "Ever since I first knew him, Geoffrey has been the centre of my life. Nothing could alter that. Only I am atraid—afraid—" Again she paused, and again Miss Hester put it in a soft question—

"Afraid of what?"

"Afraid I may fail him and made him feel that it has all been a mistake."

"You must never let yourself think that." Miss Hester spoke firmly. "Put such a thought completely out of your mind; only, try to pull yourself up to him wherever you think you have dropped behind." She smiled. "And about Rosemary's friend; I think you need not be troubled. As far as I can gather, he is no longer quite a young man; and even if he were, I have a good deal of faith in the dear girl's judgment."

"Perhaps you are right." Grace's tones expressed a mixture of relief and doubt, and through Hester Lethbridge's mind there flashed the thought: "She speaks the truth when she says Rosemary's character is stronger than her own. Either she has always been a little wobbly, or she has let herself become wobbly"

"You see," Grace went on speaking, "Rosemary has very little knowledge of the world, and this Mr. Smith may be any kind of adventurer"

Rosemary's lack of worldly knowledge is one of her best safeguards," Miss Hester said almost vehemently. "And from her description of Mr. Smith, I am sure the word adventurer could not be applied to him. And then, his visit is only to be a week-end one, you say?"

"Only a week-end—yes. Geoffrey was so sorry for the poor man, he felt he must agree to Rosemary's proposition. Geoffrey acts literally upon the words: 'I was a stranger, and ye took Me in.'"

"I don't think he, or any of you, will be the losers by acting literally upon those words." Miss Hester's voice was very gentle. "Perhaps you will find that those other words will come true too, and that you will have entertained an angel unawares."

Her own words came back to Miss Hester later on, recalling to her vividly the sunshiny afternoon, and Grace's wistful face, and the grateful clasp of her hand as she said good-bye.

It was on a no less sunshiny afternoon, a few days after this conversation, that Rosemary hurried in from the garden to greet their week-end guest, who stood looking round the long drawing-room with a mixture of pleasure and bewilderment upon his face.

"In some odd way this room makes me feel at home," he said, when he had shaken hands with the girl. "It is so restful. I must have known a room like this in my former life." He crossed to the window and looked out at the sloping lawn, and the great sweep of landscape beyond the garden.

"What a good world to live in!" he said under his breath.

"I do wish father and mother had been back in time to welcome you," Rosemary said. "They motored into Manderton, and they expected to be back long ago. Something must have detained them, it's long past the time; and anyhow, they quite meant to be here when you arrived."

"It was very wonderful of them to ask me at all." John Smith smiled. "Your father and mother must be very unique to invite a needy unknown adventurer to their house."

Rosemary's eyes flashed.

"You may be needy, and you may be unknown," she exclaimed with vehemence. "but I'm sure you're not an adventurer." Her eves met his blue eyes with their depths of sadness, and scanned his lined face, and then her smile flashed out. "To use the word adventurer for you is simply ridiculous." she said, with the fresh laugh that seemed characteristic of her wholesome "Father and mother would nature never think anything so silly about you. I only wish they would come in soon. But at any rate I can give you tea and show you the garden if-"

Rosemary's sentence was never finished, for whilst the words were still on her lips, the door was opened hurriedly, and Jennings, the old man-servant, entered with a precipitation very unlike his customary calm.

"Miss Rosemary! Oh, Miss Rosemary—" he began, his face blanched with horror, his lips trembling.

"What is it?" Rosemary asked, the colour fading from her own face. "What is the matter, Jennings? What has happened?"

"My master!" the old man faltered.
"I don't know how to tell you, miss.
Oh, that I should have lived to see such a thing happen."

"But what is it, Jennings?" Rosemary went up to the old servant and laid a hand on his trembling arm. "Is father—— Has something happened to father? What is it?"

"To both, missy—to both!" Jennings almost sobbed out the words. "They've just sent up from the village to say there was an accident—a bad accident—and the motor was smashed, and——"

"Are they both hurt, both father and mother? Are they in the village? Try and tell me quietly." Her own voice was curiously quiet. The man who stood

Rosemary

watching the little scene marvelled at her self-control, realising that she was putting great restraint upon herself, in order to calm the old man's excitement

"I can't tell you, missy" Jennings suddenly broke down and sobbed "The best master I ever knew—the best man, and more of friend than master to every one of us"

"But he isn't—— Father isn't——"
The girl's voice would not carry her to
the end of the sentence She could only

stare at Jennings with wide eyes of horror

"Dead, missy! He's killed!" the old man blurted out. "A great lorry ran into them and smashed the motor pretty well to atoms. They re bringing them up to the house, and a man ran on to tell us."

"Them?" It was the only word the girl could utter, and something in the stricken whiteness of her face brought John Smith to her side, his eyes full of deep concern

"It's both," Jennings said brokenly.
"Both of them gone—both of them gone! The best master that ever lived and the dearest lady!"

Rosemary stood there as if turned to stone staring at the speaker with a glance out of which every expression excepting frozen horror seemed to have been wiped clean away

"The doctor!" she said presently "We ought to send for the doctor—and——"

"He was in the village, miss, when it happened "—Jennings made a great effort to control himself—" and he's coming up here now. They sent a man on to—to break it to us, to prepare us. Oh!" And the old man broke down again, shuddering from head to foot

" Is there anyone

you would like to have with you?"
John Smith said gently, putting a hand on the girl's shoulder "Any woman friend? Any relation we ought to send for?" In his voice was a note of power, of authority which Rosemary had never heard from him before, emergency seemed to have brought into play some hidden force in the man's character, something which his strange circumstances had hitherto kept dormant "Would you rather I

left at once? I shall be in your way " $\,$

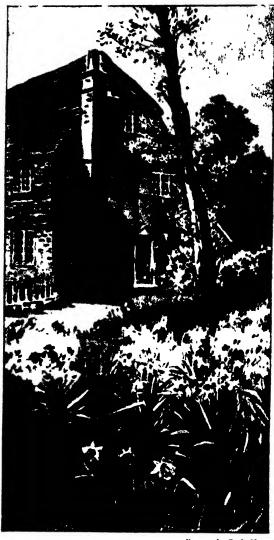
The dazed eyes were turned towards him, and Rosemary put out her hands with an impulsive and very child like gesture

"Please don't go How could you be in my way? You are my friend and I want help Please stay I don't think I could bear to be alone" She shivered I can't understand it all, and I can't cry"



THE MAN WHO STOOD WATCHING THE LITTLE SCENE MAKVELLED AT HER SELF-CONTROL

Drawn bs Harold Copping



Drawn by C. J. Vine.

"Never mind about that now." The man's voice was very gentle. "You are stunned for the moment. Tell me this, is there any relative for whom we ought to send at once? Your butler could telegraph."

"Aunt Bertha," Rosemary said mechanically. "She would have to come, and I think father's cousin Bertram too. I can find his address in the study." Her lips quivered, but with another great effort she controlled herself.

" Is there any friend here who would be a help to you?"

"Miss Hester." A little gleam of relief shot into Rosemary's dazed eyes. "Miss Hester Lethbridge. If she would come——"

"I am sure she would come. Can you send for her?" John Smith turned to the butler, and the new ring of authority in the quiet voice, the ring that seemed to tell of one accustomed to issue orders, galvanised the trembling old servant into life and energy. That someone could take the reins and give a definite command gave him courage. Responsibility

he could not face, not such a responsibility as that which had appeared to confront him ever since Matthew Ford had rushed into the stableyard with the ghastly tidings. left the drawing-room immediately to carry out his instructions, and his footsteps had hardly died away before the sound of a motor in the drive made Rosemary draw her breath sharply. But she did not speak, she stood just where Jennings had left her, her eyes fixed upon the door, her face white, her lips drawn into a straight determined line, the only indication of the great restraint she was putting upon herself.

There was a step on the stairs, and the door opened to admit Dr. Whitely, a little man with a clean-shaven face and a quiet manner. But it was obvious that the events of the afternoon had given him a severe shock, for there was unusual perturbation in his appearance, and his customary calm formality was disturbed.

"Miss Sterndale," he said, and paused as though to continue speaking were a difficult, if not an impossible task, and Rosemary went quickly forward, instinctively anxious

to make his hard task more easy.

"Jennings has told me," she said.

"Are they—is there nothing to be done?"

Her brave voice faltered, and the doctor laid a kindly hand on her shoulder.

"Nothing," he answered. "You have courage; it is better to tell you the plain truth. I could have done nothing even if I had been on the actual spot when the accident happened. Death must have been instantaneous."

"They-you have brought them home?"

Again her voice shook pitifully, and Dr. Whitely drew her towards a big couch and gently pushed her down upon it, seating himself beside her.

"They are being brought home," he said. "I have sent for the nurse from the village."

"A nurse? But Marie is here, and I am here. Couldn't we-"

"I am afraid——" He hesitated, looking from the unnatural stillness of the girl's white face to the tall man who

stood a silent onlooker. "I am afraid it will be best that you should not—"

Dr. Whitely looked again at the tall stranger, as though imploring his help in a difficult situation, and John Smith came instantly to the rescue.

"I think the doctor wants you to understand that it would be best to leave everything to him and to the nurse," he said.

"But I may see them? I may see father and mother?" Rosemary turned to the doctor, and put her hands on his arm. "You are not trying to tell me that I mustn't see them again?"

"I am afraid that is what I do mean, Miss Sterndale." The doctor put his hand on her two hands, and kept them for a moment in his firm grasp. "It would be best for you, happiest for you to remember them as you have always known them. The accident—has injured them. To see them would only be a painful memory for you, and it would do no good."

Rosemary sat very still, the dazed horror growing in her eyes, and neither of the two men who watched her anxiously would have been surprised if an outburst of some sort had followed. But no outburst came; the self-control which throughout had been the keynote of the girl's behaviour still held good. She made neither moan nor cry, nor did she show the slightest tendency to faint or become hysterical, as Dr. Whitely had more than half expected she would do Only her eyes hurt him. The horror in them, the wistfulness, the pain so courageously held at bay, all made the little doctor feel, as he afterwards told his wife, inclined to make a fool of himself. "She was wonderful-amazingthat bit of a thing with her great grey eyes and her white face," he told Mrs Whitely later in the evening. "She behaved splendidly-no fuss, no tears, no carrying on in any way. It was just the finest show of courage and selfcontrol I have ever seen. And it wasn't that she didn't care, or took the thing lightly. It was sheer strength of character."

Miss Hester echoed the doctor's words when, hurrying to the Manor House in response to Jennings's summons, she found Rosemary quietly giving orders, and calming the over-excited sobbing servants.

"Oh, do stop crying and making a noise!" Miss Hester heard her say in her clear young voice, not petulantly, but with a note of quiet scorn which had its due effect. "You will make things worse for yourselves, and for everybody clse." But when she joined Miss Hester in the drawing-room she clung for a moment to the elder woman, her little white face looking pathetically young and wistful. "I am glad you have come," she said. "It was good of you

to come so quickly. Mr. Smith has been so kind, too." She indicated the tall stranger who came forward from the window, and Miss Hester was instantly struck by the quiet strength of the man's face, the straightforward glance of his blue eyes.

"Poor Mrs. Sterndale!" she thought.

"She need not have worried over the child's friendship for this man." And a little whimsical picture of the visit Grace had paid her only a few days before came flashing back to her, as such visions will do even at the most tragic moments of life.

'Rosemary has made friends with this man, and neither Geoffrey nor I know him," Grace had said. Geoffrey has allowed her to ask him down here for a week-end; and it seems so rash. This man may be a mere adventurer" Miss Hester remembered her own answer as clearly as her visitor's question: "I believe in the instruct of a girl like Rosemary. Your little daughter has a great deal of discernment and common-sense." These were her words. "She would never for an instant have made friends with a mere adventurer; and, after all, if you and Mr. Sterndale don't like him you need not have him again. But I pin my faith on Rosemary's instincts."

"And I was right to pin my faith on them," the little lady reflected now, as the man called John Smith spoke to her in his quiet voice. "This man is straight through and through; and, in any case, he is old enough to be the child's father."

So her thoughts ran on as she noted the plentiful strewing of grey threads in the stranger's dark hair and beard, the lines about his eyes, and the bent shoulders.

"Only somehow his eyes belie the rest of him," she thought. "They are so bright and clear. But what has he been through to make them so hauntingly sad?"

There was little enough to be done in the house which had with such tragic suddenness been turned into a house of mourning. The doctor and the nurse he had summoned were upstairs in the room to which all that was mortal of Geoffrey and his wife had been carried; and Miss Hester found herself chiefly busied in helping Rosemary despatch necessary telegrams, and in persuading her to take necessary nourishment. John Smith had at once suggested transferring himself and his luggage to the village inn, saying that he would prefer to remain in the neighbourhood for a few days, in case there might be any small way in which he could help Rosemary. But Miss Hester firmly refused to allow him to carry out his suggestion

"The inn is a most uncomfortable little hole," she said, with her kindly

smile. "You are certainly not to go there. I have a spare room, and a servant who will take excellent care of you. You must be my guest for the present, if you will forgive me for not being at home myself. I mean to stay with Rosemary, at least until some of her own people come."

"I wish you could stay after they do come," the girl exclaimed. "Aunt Bertha thinks me tout ce qu'il y a d'inconvenable; and I have never seen father's cousin, Bertram Sterndale; and somehow they all seem to be greater strangers to me than you and Mr. John. I like that name better than Mr. Smith," she added, a tiny smile flickering over her white face, making it look more pathetic.

"I shall stay here as long as you want me," Miss Hester said firmly. "And I am deaf to all remonstrances from you, Mr. John, if I may adopt Rosemary's name," she added, turning to him. "Please go over to my little house, and make yourself at home there."

"But I have no credentials," the man said gently. "I am a perfect stranger to you—I have no guarantees of my own respectability."

"Sometimes one acts without asking for guarantees," Miss Hester answered, her grey eyes looking full into his blue ones. "My house and hospitality are at your disposal, and I should like to ask you to remember some famous words referring to strangers and angels. I hose old words still hold good, and at a time like this we more than ever remember them. You will be a welcome guest."

Chapter XVI.

Aunt and Niece.

The funeral was over. Geoffrey Sterndale and Grace, his wife, were laid to rest in the little churchyard a stone's-throw from their own park, and the great crowd of villagers and neighbours who had come to pay their last tribute of respect to the dead man and his wife had melted away. Only John Smith remained standing under the churchyard wall, looking across at the open grave round which lay the great heaps of wreaths that had been sent as tokens of respect and affection. The heavy scent of roses and likes floated across to

In a Mist of Green

In a mist of green the gardens lie; The happy birds go singing by; The sweet-breathed hyacinth is up; The tulip lifts a painted cup.

The farmer whistles at his plough;
The maple shows a tasselled bough;
The swarming elm-buds are uncuried,
For God has breathed upon His world.

Mary Frances Butts

him as he stood in the place where he had stood throughout the ceremony, a little removed from the crowd of mourners and friends, but watching them all intently—watching, above all the slim figure of the girl whose eyes looked across the churchyard with a tearless and steadfast gaze, which, in some strange fashion, was more heartbreaking than any demonstration of grief.

John Smith was the last person to pass out through the lych-gate under the overarching boughs of the great chestnut tree that flanked it, and as he turned into the lane leading to the village a blackbird's fluting song trilled out triumphantly, and the liquid notes and the words to which he had just listened joined themselves together in the listener's brain: "In sure and certain hope of a joyful resurrection" . . . "the gate of death." The gate? And a gate must infallibly lead somewhere. Annihilation, eternal sleep, these were not implied by the word "gate." Rather the gate of death led into a new life; the ring in that assertion of a sure and certain hope gave a sense of assurance, even of joy.

Whilst the stranger who had so suddenly been thrust into the very heart of her life was making his way to the cottage by the steep upland lane, Rosemary drove back to the Manor House in company with relations, who were either entirely unknown to her or in every way entirely alien to her. Miss Hester had gone to her own home on the day Bertha Sterndale reached the Manor, and on her return from the funeral Rosemary found herself surrounded by people who were all more or less strangers.

She had lunched upstairs in her own sitting-room, waited upon by old Marie, who had wept herself nearly ill over the tragic death of the mistress she had served so devotedly for twenty-one years But after the funeral it seemed to be taken for granted that the girl should join the rest of the party for tea in the drawing-room, and having realised what was expected of her, she played her part with a fine dignity and courage. Jennings the butler, as he expressed it afterwards in the housekeeper's room, "put Miss Bertha in her place," by standing the tea-table in front of Rosemary, and indicating plainly that it was her business to play the hostess, and the girl rose to the occasion. Very quietly but decidedly she accepted the position which was hers, and Mrs. Merraby murmured to an elderly spinster who sat next her: "Whatever Rosemary may or may not lack there is no doubt she has character."

No; there was no doubt she had character! The executors of her father's will also agreed on that score, when, on

Rosemary



the following morning they summoned her to the library to hear particulars of Geoffrey's will and to discuss her own future. The larger number of those who had journeyed to Grenlake for the funcral had left on the previous day, but Bertha Sterndale remained, Colonel and Mrs. Bertram Sterndale, Geoffrey's cousins, and another cousin from Yorkshire, a big burly man, one Douglas Manvers whose great booming voice seemed to match his huge frame Geoffrey's solicitor Mr. Vullaton, had also remained at the Manor House for

the night, and it was this assembled party which awaited Rosemary when she entered the library on that July morning"

Her face was still very white, but there was no shyness or shrinking in her manner. She had not been brought up to be shrinking or shy, and as Colonel Sterndale pushed forward a chair for her, she sat down with a composure and a total lack of self-consciousness which made the Colonel's wife tighten her thin lips and inwardly murmur. "Cold and heartless."

"The position is a rather curious one," Mr Vullaton began, as he drew the will from its envelope and slowly turned the pages "There is no necessity to pursue the old-fashioned methods of reading this to the assembled company" He glanced at the five people before him It is, I am sure, quite sufficient to state that this will was drawn up six months ago, that Mr Sterndale's property, with the exception of a few legacies, was left unreservedly to his wife, and that upon the death of Mrs Geoffrey Sterndale the whole property passed to their daughter Rosemary The executors of the will are. as you know, Colonel Bertram Sterndale

and Mr Douglas Manvers
But no guardian is appointed for Miss Rosemary Owing to the tragic
events of the last few days,
she becomes sole mistress
of the Manor House and
the land appertaining to
it I verything passes to
her in her own right"

But dear me!" Colonel Sterndale said rather pompously, "a young girl of her age cannot be left without a suitable guardian She cannot possibly administer her own affairs. It is unthinkable I conclude that her executors can appoint a guardian?

Mr Vullaton smiled

"I am afraid her executors have no powers to do anything beyond their actual executor duties. Possibly "—he looked at Bertha, and from her to her niece— possibly Miss Bertha Sterndale and Miss Rosemary may be able to make some arrangement."

"No doubt we shall be able to manage some thing," Bertha answered in her cold clear voice 'A good many arrange ments will have to be made"

"My own feeling is that it would be far better to let this house for the

present." Mr Manvers put in in his booming voice. "And Rosemary could stay about amongst friends and relations We shall be very pleased to see her in Yorkshire, and no doubt you, Bertram—"

"Certainly, of course," Bertram answered quickly, without looking at his wife, whose lips tightened again rather ominously. "I agree with you, it might be much wiser to let the Manor House for a time."

"But I don't want to let it," Rosemary said quietly, and with a decision it was impossible to mistake. "It is my home, and I mean to live here. Thank you very much for asking me to stay with you." She looked at the two men who had invited her. "Perhaps some day you will let me go to you; but—now"—her voice shook—"I think I would rather stay in my own home."

"You seem to have very independent ideas," Mrs. Bertram said acidly. "You are very young to make up your mind so decidedly without the advice of your elders."

Rosemary's eyes met the hard eyes which looked at her with such appraising coldness, and the faintest suspicion of a smile hovered over her lips.

"I've always learnt to be independent," she said simply. "When mother and I were at Dragnon she liked me to do all I could to help her, and I've always—"

"Stood on your own feet," Douglas Manvers said heartily. "Well, so much the more credit to you. I blame nobody for independence; like 'em for it, in fact. No doubt you and your Aunt Bertha will come to some arrangement between you; and if you ever care to come and see us in Yorkshire, you'll be welcome."

"Thank goodness your invitation was not accepted," Maria Sterndale said to her husband, the Colonel, during their homeward journey. "I didn't take to Rosemary at all. She is far too composed for me. I would rather have a girl who cried and clung to one and asked for help and advice."

The Colonel did not smile outwardly; he was better trained than to smile at any statement made by his wife. But he smiled inwardly. For himself, he had liked the girl with the steady eyes and quiet manner; he had liked her self-reliance and courage; the weeping, clinging type of female made no appeal to him, and he secretly felt considerable admiration for the little lonely mistress of the Manor.

"It will be a strange life for her," he said reflectively. "She is absolute mistress of everything."

"An absurd position for a girl of her age, not quite twenty-one," his wife sniffed. "Bertha will, of course, go and live there to look after her; but even so the whole position is preposterous."

She would have called it still more preposterous could she have overheard the coversation between aunt and niece on that same evening, when, the rest of the guests having departed, Bertha and Rosemary were left alone. It was Bertha who first broached the subject of the girl and her future, as they sat in the drawing-room after dinner, watching the light slowly fade in the western sky, and the rooks wheel homewards above the elm trees beyond the garden.

During dinner, in the presence of the servants, the talk had been jerky and perfunctory, but now that the two were alone, Bertha leant back in the big armchair by the window, and looked out at the daffodil sky and the homing rooks with an expression of profound dissatisfaction.

"Good gracious! what a life, buried here in the depths of the country!" she exclaimed. "But it will have to be done."

"What will have to be done, Aunt Bertha?" Rosemary questioned from her place on the wide window-seat, where she sat with her head leaning against the woodwork, looking out into the fragrant summer twilight. "And why do you hate life in the country?"

"Because I don't care for backwaters; I like to go in the middle of the stream. I am a Londoner to my finger tips; but of course, if I must give up my London life—well, I suppose I must."

"Why should you give up your London life? And what did you mean when you said it will have to be done?" Rosemary looked steadily into her aunt's coldly handsome face, and clasped her hands round her knees as she leant forward to scrutinise that lady more closely. "I don't understand."

"Really, in some ways you are rather dense, Rosemary," her aunt said irritably, "though your poor father had such an extraordinary opinion of your brains. Surely even you, unconventionally as you have been brought up, must realise that you can't live here alone? Naturally, I shall have to give up London and live here with you; that is what must be done. I am your nearest relation, and I must look after you."

"I'm afraid I don't really see why you must," Rosemary answered quietly. "I never thought of asking you to do such a thing."

"Asking me?" Bertha stared. "It is my business to come, whether you ask me or not."

"Oh, but I don't think so!" Rosemary said sweetly. "You see, Aunt Bertha, you don't really like me, do you?"

"You are talking nonsense, and rather rude nonsense." Bertha flushed angrily.

"I didn't mean to be rude "—Rose-mary's voice was very earnest—" but it is better to speak quite plainly and say just what one means. In the bottom of your heart, you don't really like me, and we have different ways of looking at everything. We should not be happy together."

"That has nothing to do with it. As your father's sister it is my duty to come and take care of you, unless you choose to make your home with me in town."

Rosemary shook her head.

"Thank you very much," she said; "but I couldn't do that. All these days since—since it happened, I've been thinking about what I have to do, and I know that I must try to carry out here

all that father would have liked. I know quite a good deal already about the estate. I have been so much with him, and he has talked to me of all his plans and hopes. I must stay here and do my best. He has taught me so much. I have been learning all about the estate as if I were a boy!"

"But you can't stay alone." Bertha's tones had increased in irritation. "Do for goodness' sake be reasonable, Rosemary. A girl of twenty can't live alone, even though she is in the absurd position of being mistress of a house and estate."

"I know I can't live alone; but, Aunt Bertha—please don't think I want to be rude—I am quite sure you and I would not be happy together."

"You have said that before, so I suppose you mean it."

"Yes, I mean it; and please don't be vexed. You would be wretched out of London, you have said so. We have nothing really in common; we should jar on each other all the time. And," she added shrewdly "you are only offering to come because you think it is your duty, not because you love me"

There was a little quaver in her voice as she spoke the last words, but her aunt was too self-absorbed to notice it.

"I have no wish to force myself upon you," she said stiffly; "and I cannot pretend I have the least desire to live in the country. But, although you are your own mistress, I feel I ought to advise you where you are necessarily ignorant."

"Please do advise me, Aunt Bertha," Rosemary said gently, but her aunt stirred impatiently.

"Oh, yes, I quite understand. You will listen to my advice, and then go your own way. However, I shall advise you nevertheless, my conscience urges me to do that. You must have a suitable chaperone here, and as soon as possible. What steps do you think of taking about it?"

"I only wish I could have Miss Hester," the girl said wistfully. "If she had not got her own cottage I could have asked her to come here."

"My dear child, don't talk nonsense. Miss Hester, as you call her, is a woman of independent means, not a poor lady looking out for work. Certainly she is eccentric enough for anything, and a good deal of a sentimental fool."

The contempt in Bertha's tones brought a flash of colour to Rosemary's face, her eyes gleamed.

"It being good to every living soul is eccentricity, then Miss Hester is eccentric, and I am glad she is," the girl said hotly. "And if being the soul of love is sentimental folly, then I hope she will go on being a sentimental fool."

"Dear me, you are a violent champion, my dear child," Bertha laughed. "Your Miss Hester seems to act very impulsively. I understand she has taken

Rosemary

in that John Smith man with whom you made friends. Why did she do that?"

"Because she was sorry for him, and he was a stranger and alone, Aunt Bertha." Rosemary's voice lost its vehemence, she spoke gravely. "I can't understand why people who go to church and call themselves Christians, don't seem to act up to what the Bible says."

" Rosemary, how dreadfully crude you are! We don't go about talking of the Bible in that pre-historic way.'

"And don't we try to do what the Bible tells us?" Rosemary's brows drew together. "It says so plainly: 'I was a stranger and ye took Me in'; and yet when somebody does take in a stranger, and tries to make him happy, you call that person eccentric and sentimental."

"You really can't fit the Bible into every act of ordinary life," Bertha said sharply. "Your upbringing has been so odd that I suppose one must overlook

your abnormal ideas. But we needn't waste time in discussing them. As you have definitely decided that you do not care to live with me, we must look round for a suitable lady to take you under her wing; and I do sincerely trust she will be able to cure you of some of

your unorthodox notions. Unconventionality may be interesting, but it does not pay-believe me, it is always a mistake, and it doesn't pay.'

To continued.

What is your Vocation?

It is not necessary to tell my educated readers that "vocation "literally means "calling," from the Latin voco. 1 call (vocatus, called).

This original significance has been lost sight of in our current use of the term as synonymous with "occupation," e g., " His calling was that of an electrical engineer.'

And yet there is a sense in which every "calling" should have in its origin some definite appeal to the faculties and fitness of the human being, or else it will not turn out to be much of a success.

A "religious vocation" is sometimes used in a narrow sense. But all life is God's, and every one of us has a religious vocation, strictly speaking. The fundamental vocation of everyone is surely to be a Christian, a follower of Christ, a "partaker of the Heavenly calling." This does not, however, mean that we are to be all alike. There are many types of Christians. St. John was not the same as St. Peter. "God's thought for each of us" expressed in "God's call"; that is not identical for every human being. But let us each remember that "Life is the ordered response to the upward call of God."

Associated with the word "calling," in the New Testament, we have the word "gifts." "The gifts and calling of God are without repentance ' (Rom. xi. 29). And the connection between the two is obvious. It is a serious thing to have "gifts," if they are wilfully allowed to he dormant. And if a profession, or occupation of any sort, be not also in some way a "vocation," it cannot contain the elements of success. The Christian ministry, for example, must be not only a profession but a vocation, for those who

Your own Preference Does

Not necessarily Decide This

would exercise it. It is most important to remember this, in choosing an occupation for life. The phrase, "That state of life unto which it shall please God to call me," has a significance. How often, by the way, this sentence from the catechism is misunderstood, interpreted as "unto which it has pleased God to call me," as if immovability were the Divine law of life!

'How am I to find out my true vocation?" a reader may object.

You will find light in this, as in other perplexities, by means of Prayer. Taking for granted what I have begun by saying, that the first vocation of each one of us is to be a Christian, we may go on to get help by bringing our difficulties to the Source of all Wisdom, and asking for the special gifts of the Spirit: " Understanding. Holy counsel, a sound mind" much is included here! But, with prayer, we must exercise intelligence in the matter.

It is well, first of all, to consider our own station in life, our position, our duties and responsibilities. We must remember that God, our Father, does not call to us tantalisingly through a door irrevocably closed.

Take a typical instance: that of a girl who feels that she has a medical vocation." Her future, it is true, is assured. But that is not the point. She has intelligence that would assimilate the training; she has the love and craving to help humanity that characterise the true Healer. It is her one ambition to fit herself to join the ranks of women doctors.

But she has special home claims. She has no sister; a frail mother depends upon her care; a father and brothers look to her for the many LILY WATSON

By

little offices that make the home comfortable and attractive; for the grace and charm of domestic intercourse after the day's work for all is done. Her time is full, and more than full, from morning to night.

But, oh, the tasks are so trivial, she thinks impatiently. "My vocation," she may miserably reflect, " is not to see that the drawing-room is dusted, or that the meals come up to time, to play accompaniments for the boys, or read the paper to my mother. Anybody could do that! While I might be doing fine work in my profession!" And so she frets and chafes, and does ill what comes to her hand.

Your profession? Yes, it might be that. But what of your vocation? Is it true that anybody else could do what you do?

Do not look at details, but regard your life as a whole. Has not God shown you what is His thought for you by the very circumstances of your environment, so different from that of many girls?

If you were free to leave home, your "vocation" might be plain enough. Now, surely, the medical "vocation" is not, and cannot be, yours.

"That is all very well; but why have I these gifts, and this desire for ministering to others, if they are of no use?"

But make them of use! Utilise your clear intelligence by rendering your household tasks fair and orderly, keeping them in their proper place. not magnifying them so as to "fuss" like the stupid housekeeper. Employ the sense of proportion, the accuracy you would need in a profession, to turn your domesticity into a fine Show your insight into human nature, which as a doctor you would require, in "getting on" with servants and those about you. Utilise your longing to help humanity by helping and ministering to those near to you, making the invalid's lot easier to bear, brightening the home life by the sense of humour which I trust you possess. Don't pose while doing this as a "blessed martyr," and you will find your vocation in being "the Angel in the House."

There was a girl, centuries ago, who grew up in the old Palace of Westminster with a definite sense of her vocation. She was the grandniece of Edward the Confessor, and was sheltered by him, together with her brother, sister, and her widowed mother, Princess Agatha, sister of the Queen of Hungary. Her father was the son of Edmund Ironside, King of the West Saxons, and died in England in 1057, immediately after his return from banishment.

The child Margaret, of whom I am writing, was then about twelve years old. She must have seen the beginnings of our present Westminster Abbey rise, as she lived in Westminster Palace from (about) 1057 to 1067. She was well educated, being taught by Lanfranc, afterwards Aichbishop of Canterbury. There is much to show that she was studious and of a deeply religious character, happy in her adopted home, but looking forward to the cloister, which was at that time considered as the goal of the religious life, as well as the fitting shelter for a high-born maiden, from a very stormy world.

When Edward the Confessor died, the Norman William issued an edict that the family, so long sheltered in his Palace, should leave England. Accordingly, they set sail for Hungary, but were so driven and tossed by the winds that they made for the Firth of Forth in Scotland. Here the poor creatures landed, and sat down to rest on a great block of stone, sending a message to the King of Scotland in Dunfermline Castle.

I like to think of the scene, when royal Malcolm Canmore, a tall handsome man of about forty years of age, with hair of ruddy gold, wearing an eagle's feather in his cap, came riding up at the head of his cavalcade and perceived the lovely girl, beautiful and graceful even in her piteous plight, with her mother, sister, and brother shivering on the rock.

He ordered at once that litters should be brought for the ladies and a horse for the Prince; so they all gratefully accepted his hospitality and returned with him to the Castle. A rough wild place it was in those days for ladies accustomed to the English Court at Westminster; but they adapted themselves to their surroundings, and the Prince was made one of the King's suite. The natural thing soon happened, and the King, who was a widower, fell in love with his beautiful guest, Margaret. He wished to make her his Ouecn, but she was intending to take the veil with her sister, and refused. The cloister, she said, was her vocation. Her religious training, her disposition, her early associations, all had prepared her for this lot, which she had contemplated from early childhood

But at last Margaret perceived the will of God in the matter, and, after much delay, the marriage was solemnised in the chapel of the Castle in 1070.

And now began a new era for Scotland. The Queen set herself to make the Court a centre from which refining power should spread through the land. She had sense to see that the Court must be a school of manners, and that state and dignity were essential here, in place of wild roughness; so she ordered gold and silver vessels for the royal table, and rich robes for herself and the King, "not because the honours of the world delighted her," but because kingly dignity required it.

She appointed herself ladies in waiting, and taught them to sew beautifully. A Royal Needlework Society was in practical operation at Dunfermline Castle eight and a half centuries ago! And not only did Queen Margaret bring refinement into the life hitherto lived at Court: she was able to do much for the help of the people. There were few laws in those days, and the King used to put into her hands the petitions he received. She would sit for hours on the stone, that still bears her name, listening to appeals from the poor and oppressed. Sometimes, when she wanted more money for

her poor, she would pretend to steal from the King, and nothing delighted him more than to catch her with her little hand full of gold pieces!

She had eight children of her own, who were most carefully trained. One of them, Matilda, became the wife of Henry I. of England, and was called "Good Queen Maud." of her sons ruled Scotland in succession, and ruled it well. Margaret was one of the most learned women of her time, and did much to promote the cause of education in Scotland. Probably we owe it to her influence, in the first instance, that Edinburgh now stands so high as an educational centre. But she never "posed" as superior to her untutored husband. He could not even read: but he used to kiss the letters in her book of the Gospels. She made religion beautiful to him, and to all about her. She never forgot to be charming.

It would be impossible to tell all that she did for the revival of religion: for example, until she came, the observance of Sunday had fallen into neglect, churches into ruins, and morality was at a low ebb. All this, as far as in her lay, she altered.

She was said to be "of incomparable beauty and of jocund speech." It is also evident that she was winsome, with a sense of humour. Her death, at the early age of forty-seven, was a calamity, but her work lives still.

Of course, in estimating all this, the conditions of the time must be taken into account; but it can be truly said of Queen Margaret that "she did what she could."

Is her life too remote from our own times to contain any lesson for the British girl of to-day? Surely not!

At a period when saintliness was connected with the cloister and retirement from the world, Margaret proved, even to those who held this ideal, that saintliness may be attained in the right fulfilment of daily duties. The world is the better now because she lived in it.

And the point of her story does not lie, after all, in the contrast of these two separate ideals. The lesson to be learnt, deducting all that belongs to an earlier age, is simply this: God's vocation for us may not be that for which we deem ourselves most fitted, and of which we fondly dream.

"FUTURISM is right out," I am informed at the shops, and the statement is borne out by the fact that jazz cretonnes and cubist ornaments have been marked down to figures that testify to their lapse Futurism in interior from favour. decoration seems to me to have been largely confined to the Teutonic races; for although there have been distinguished artists of this school among those of Latin descent, their womenkind have consistently turned the cold shoulder on curtains, hangings, and wallpapers of eccentric design and still more eccentric tint. With the Frenchwoman, for instance, the pastel colouring and elegance of design that we associate with Watteau and Fragonard, have never lost their attraction; and it is noticeable that in our reaction from our late excursions into extreme modernism in decoration, we ourselves are reverting to the eighteenth century cult of the delicate and the feminine note. The pendulum has swung back once again to the Watteauesque

When Watteau depicted his court lady and his Amarvllis, he loved to dress them in soft blues and mauves: and it is these two shades in combination that I would propose for my Watteauesque bed-room. Of course, were we living in times of plenty. I might allow my extravagant fancy to run riot in curtains of shot mauve-and-blue taffetas, bordered with a fine lace of gold thread, after the style of the boudoirs of his period; but since we are living in defiance of a sixshilling income tax, I intend to achieve my effect in a different manner. The pale mauve I propose to introduce-not in my curtains, but in my walls, using a plain colour wash, and employing two coats, or even three, till I secure the depth of tone that I am visualising. And in this connection I may remark that depth and darkness are by no means synonymous terms. Depth is a matter of quality and intensity, darkness one of tone, a fact which one does well to impress at an early stage upon one's decorator.

Now pale mauve is a colour to which we have been little accustomed of late in our walls; but I have found from experience that it is not only extremely effective, but it makes a beautiful background for pictures and mirrors. If your paint happens to be of white in a good condition, I should suggest no alteration, but if this needs to be done up, I should try the effect, on a small portion, of distempering it in the same colour as the walls. Some of the foremost decorators of the present day are averse from differentiating walls and woodwork in cases where wall-paper is not employed; but this is a matter which must be decided by the proportions and general architecture of the individual house.

For the curtains I have in mind a certain French print, in which small and exceedingly dainty woodland scenes of a Watteauesque type are displayed among alluring little groups of harps and violas, such as the artists of the period used so largely in their decorative works. These musical instruments are garlanded with little blue ribbons, making a charming effect against the creamy background with the tiny black pinspots. These curtains I would line with an unfadeable blue casement cloth in a soft pastel shade.

For the bedstead walnut inset with panels of gilt cane would be ideal, but here again we can compromise. The appropriate note may well be struck in connection with an ordinary metal bedstead by means of a lace spread on a foundation of mercerised sateen in blue, a dainty wreath of silken flowers in mauve and blue with leaves of myrtle green being set in one corner. These flowers represent no difficulty for home manufacture, for they may be fashioned with equal success from lengths of narrow ribbon or from odds and ends of satin from one's piece-bag. Or one can devise an effective spread from a square of the cretonne framed in a bordering of the casement cloth, conferring on the head and foot of the bedstead a stiff slip-on cover of the same Watteau print.

If the wardrobe should happen, as I hope it may, to have glass panels inset into its front, tightly stretched curtains of the blue casement will add a welcome touch of colour to the woodwork.

As for the dressing-table, a good effect may be secured by utilising for this purpose an old-fashioned card-table with a top that permits itself to be doubled up for everyday use. On this double top, which converts the table from a square into an oblong, set a tall mirror in a gilt frame, and place on either side a stately candlestick as lofty in dimensions as you can secure. When this is done, you will, I feel convinced, find that this arrangement suits better with your room than the ordinary swing-mirror and dressing-table of convention, for it will have introduced something of that picturesqueness that we find in the eighteenth century prints, which so often took for subject My Lady at her Toilette.

For the cretonne-covered arm-chair and ottoman I would counsel a pillow apiece of blue Japanese silk (it is as inexpensive now as in pre-war days), with a tiny cording in mauve silk to keep its ruchings or its gathers in place, and a mauve tassel at the corners.

For the bed in its day dress I would have one long bolster similarly covered, for purposes of "show" alone. The fashion of a day-bolster of this kind, laid either at the extreme foot of the bed or just below the pillows, is being much affected just now. It certainly relieves the excessive plainness that usually characterises this feature of the room.

I often leave the matter of the carpet till the last, since this, almost more than any other portion of one's furnishings, is so much more a matter of what one can afford than of what one would like. An economical choice would be a cork linoleum in a dull blue, with a purple rug or two disposed in suitable places. Plain coloured lino is now obtainable in excellent shades and of a quality that promises good wear. If you cannot afford a pile carpet in shades of blue or purple, this would be a wise choice.

On the mantelpiece I would have little figures of Watteauesque shepherds and shepherdesses, and, if possible, a long oval mirror in a gilt frame. And my electric fittings should be of the type that is adorned with little garlands and festoons of gilt metal. But if such niceties should not come within my compass, I should compromise with a good heart, knowing that if the items be but chosen with good taste, few will be captious enough to quarrel as to the details. After all, we can leave absolute accuracy to the museums. A bed-room is for rest.

"STITCHERY" No. 39

is a "Summer Sports Wear" Number

Now on Sale, price 6d.; by post 7d.

The Question of a Disappointed Woman

By FAY INCHFAWN

We sat alone together,
My empty heart and I—
My lonely heart,
My hungry, cheated heart—
We sat and reasoned why.
We asked each other why this thing should be.
We argued it together, drearily,
My hungry disappointed heart and I.

For we had asked no more
Than other women clamoured for, and got
No, nor so much. We asked a place to store
Our treasure-trove The right to pour, and pour
Life's wine away. We did not want to take,
But, just to give, and give—for giving's sake.

"O God! O God!" I said
"The other women cry to Thee for bread.
But give me crumbs, I shall be satisfied.
Give me the right to open my heart wide
I would expend. 'Tis thus that women grow
Lord, pity me. For Thou hast made me so!"

He heard me. Yes, He heard. But life had slipped, And He had said no word (Or thus I thought), and so I put my hand out, one dark night, and gripped His garment's hem . for He is very nigh To all who call upon Him I had cried, And He was there, beside My pillow So, I said "Now I hou art here, I will not let Thee go Till Thou hast answered My earnest questioning, Explained away this thing For here am I, Thy creature, and I cannot understand Why Thou, Who openest Thy bounteous Hand And satisfiest birds and beasts and flowers With golden sunbeams and with silver showers, And sendest winds to bless the violet, Canst so forget A woman . . yea, a woman Thou hast set Upon this earth, whether she will or no What has she done, that Thou should'st serve her so?

"Lord there is comfort in Thee, when great ills Afflict mankind. And when our erring wills Lead us astray,
Then Thou hast planned a way
To rescue us And, in the hour of death,
Thy Life will triumph, so the Scripture saith . . .
But—I can bring Thee no smooth shibboleth—
I ask to-day,
What hast Thou got to say
To women, in whose ears the crushing 'Nay'
Has sounded forth? Is there a salve? If so,
I want to let the other women know."

"My little one," He said,
"You, who have cried so piteously for bread,
But have not known
That woman does not live by bread alone
In joy's swift ecstasy, or sorrow's night,
Can tempting viands lure her appetite?
And yet she lives!... And is it, then, too much
To think that He,
Who made a woman's frame so skilfully,
And can sustain it without wheaten bread,
Can also see her spirit-nature fed?
What? Shall I let her life limp on a crutch?
And leave her passionate heart uncomforted?

"Why, Who first thought of Womansoul, and made her?

Whose musings moulded her? Whose hands arrayed her

In fold on fold of winsome wistfulness?

Oh, it was I!

And yet, when women cry,

And seek for words to utter their distress,

They pray as though I neither know nor care.

As though Chance fashioned Woman, unaware

They weep! And how they sigh!

As though I had a grudge against them.

"And thou would'st grow?
But how do lilies grow? They never fret
Nor grieve because they think I may forget
Their daily dole of sun and silver dew
They never strive
To keep themselves alive,
As human creatures do
They never beckon far-off Happiness,
Nor beat back coming Woe
I care for them, and shall I love thee less?
Not so, child! Oh, not so!"

"But life has slipped away," I whispered then "There's no time left for winds to blow again And change my desert to a garden fair.

Look in my face! Look at my whit'ning hair!"

"No time'? Nay, that is true! But," answered He, "Wert thou not fashioned for Eternity? Oh, tarry thou My leisure, child; for, see, It doth not yet appear what thou shalt be"

And so, I am just living by the day.
With just sufficient grace
To fill my own small place.
With just enough of quiet happiness
To spill a little here and there, to bless
Some lonelier heart on some more straightened way.

I do not cry nor clamour any more, Nor shake the fast-locked door I am so sure that He Who holds the key On the right day will open it for me.

Her Restful Afternoon

All she Wanted was a little Peace and Quiet

By HILARY BROWN

MRS. LUDDON felt harried. The children were cross, and Mr. Luddon declared that she'd spoilt them; then he banged the front door and went off to his work.

I suppose Mrs. Luddon was nervy; that was the secret of the whole thing, probably. Anyway, she felt that if she didn't get a little peace and quietness she would go out of her mind. Where she would go for the peace and quietness she didn't pause to think; it didn't seem to matter.

Everyone seemed talkative mad Bobbie would explain how his toy crane worked; Milly would ask her advice about Hephzibah, the doll, and her summer clothes; Janetta would tell her about her brother's wife's lumbago; and Mrs. Clatter, the charwoman and cook, would duet as to the best way to make mincemeat. Was it any wonder Doreen Luddon, good, patient housewife as she was, felt she would go crazy?

She escaped them all by saying she must catch the next car into the town, and left them all clattering together, no one heeding the other in the least Why she took the car into town she couldn't have told you; she just felt she must get out of the home atmosphere for a bit and have a rest. The other side of Dimton there was a park It was a beautiful spot of many acres: trees and flowers in abundance in their seasons, and even in winter a place of pine-scent and moss fragrance-and peace. She'd go there Just then someone stepped on her corn

" So sorry! Oh, is it you, Doreen? How delighted I am to see you; I was just thinking about you! You have such taste, I was wondering if you could advise me about my new coat and skirt. I can't decide as to the colour. I said to myself, as I got on the step, 'This very evening I'll run over to Doreen's and ask her to tell me what she thinks,' and then I get right in and find you next to me Of course, I know brown's my colour With brown hair and eyes, it 'goes' better than most shades. But with a dull skin I can't help fancying I should be safer in dark crimson. My husband is all for grey; but since I've had jaundice I'm chary of risking it. Then there's that lovely delphinium blue. I wore that in the spring -kind of jazz frock, all flowers and

green trellis and lovers' knots, made quite simply. The tailoress suggests navy; but one can always fall back on navy, and I do want a striking costume. What do you think?"

And Mrs. Luddon gasped that perhaps green would be a change. She didn't care what Mrs. Belver wore in the least. She knew she'd snap at the lady if she didn't exercise great self-control.

"Green! Why, don't you know how unlucky it is? Not, of course, that I believe in any such nonsense: but I do remember that Laura Locker wore green muslin March before last, in a woodland play performed in the Town Hall, and nearly died from pneumonia after it. True, it snowed, and she walked home in thin slippers and her unlined tussore coat, and people said she was asking for a chill. but there it was! And Mrs. Banner bought a green tattetas, last June, and lost her great-aunt, her old school triend, the housemaid's stepmother, and two pet rabbits, all within a fortnight of it being made up. She told me herself she never fancied it after Indeed, she wanted me to buy it, and I said I wouldn't for the world Not, that I think there's a grain of truth in these wicked superstitions I suppose it will end in a heather mixture. Could you spare me a minute and come with me while I get patterns . No: Ah, well, then I'll say good-bye. I get off here' And she stepped on both Mrs. Luddon's feet in her effort to reach the door.

Mrs. Luddon sighed What a relief. The car stopped.

"All change here, please. The roads are under repair."

She grabbe I the couple of sandwiches she'd cut so hurriedly, and made for the door.

"I wonder, ma'am, if you'd take Tommy's hand—I've got baby to carry, and the road is a bit rough. Thank you! I'm sure it's a mercy to find someone with a little feeling Tommy, don't you sticky the lady's glove with that toffee."

And Doreen found herself piloting a small boy with bulging checks and besmeared sailor suit over the considerable distance between the cars.

Tommy's mother was cheerful and chatty. She told Mrs. Luddon all about her family; relations; own

occupation; relations' occupations; own first-floor back; relations' first-floor backs and second-floor fronts; also villa residences—for some had "got on." Then she began on ailments. Her own ailments; the children's ailments; her husband's ailments; the relations' ailments; the neighbours' ailments; the neighbours' ailments. She drifted on to "films." Had Mrs. Luddon been to see—But Mrs. Luddon signalled to the conductor, and stumbled on to the pavement. This came of alighting from the car before it had stopped.

The conductor told her passengers did things like that at their own risk. She smiled wanly. What did a little sprain matter. And Tommy waved a stick of sucked sweet at her from the car window.

But she was on the way to peace at last! There were the gates of the park. She would stroll under the trees and be quiet. A playful tap on the shoulder.

"Off to the Children's Demonstration, I see. Splendid cause. Half-acrown entrance; rather stiff, but they need the money badly. All my little terrors are taking part. They're heart and soul with the movement." The beflagged gates yawn before them. "What! Not going after all? Well, you look pale. I should go right back home and get a cup of tea."

And Mrs Luddon went.

"Why, mum'" ejaculated cook, as she opened the door, "you do look tired. Just go into the back garden and sit in the sun behind the fowl's house. Quietest place in the world, to my thinking, when you'm used up I take me novelette there of an afternoon sometimes. No one can't see you, and it's a real rest."

Again Mrs Luddon went.

And the sun filtered through the one tree the twenty-yard patch possessed, and the world seemed very far away. For the twenty-yard patch was at the end of a row and adjoined a bit of waste ground where no one took the trouble to go.

Mrs. Luddon drank her tea and a robin sang gaily. She sat there until the western sky grew glory-filled, then dulled into grey. Her thick coat was cosy, and there was the medicine of quiet, not anyone to irk her. And she wondered why she hadn't tried this before.

By MAUDE ANGELL



Take, for instance, this sketch of an old gate in Somerset: this is an evening sketch, as you will notice by the lighting. The sun is low, and consequently the whole subject stands out in tone, dark against light, as the greatest light is in the sky, too near the horizon to show any of those definite shadows and broad lights we should see were it high in the

My point of sight was directly in front of me, so all the horizontal lines are parallel with the horizon. Had it been in angular perspective, that is, if I had been sitting in such a position that the angle of the gatepost came nearer towards me than its flat side, the lines of the structure, its copings, stones, bricks, etc, in fact all the horizontal lines, would have vanished to a point on the horizon at the same height as my

eve, but either to right or left in the picture, as my position determined. If we are standing on the sca-shore, and look seaward, the horizon, as we see it, is on a level with our eyes. Sit down on the beach, and the horizon has apparently followed our movements, and has dropped down also; mount a tall cliff or mountain, and it has climbed with us; lie down flat, and it has sunk down too! Now notice that every line above the horizon, unless parallel, must come down to its level, and every line below must come up to it, at your point of sight. So it is important to determine where this point comes in your picture, first of all Mark it on your paper; adhere to it through your sketch, and never forget its presence while blocking in main lines of construction. In the Somerset gateway I have taken as an

example, I was working directly in front of my model, so my horizontal lines were all parallel. Consequently, the linear perspective was a comparatively simple matter, though I had to take notice that the sides of the steps and the gate-posts vanished to a point on a level with the eye.

It is not within the province of the present series to deal fully with the science of perspective. Those of you who have attended Art Schools, have taken it as one of your subjects. those who have not, can buy a manual at any artists' colourman's for about one shilling and sixpence. The knowledge it contains will be useful for study and reference, but it is well, in these outdoor studies, if we can train our eyes to see things as they appear before us, and, by observation and comparison, commit our impressions to paper without mechanical help.

There are, however, a few simple expedients of a quite legitimate nature which are of great assistance in a quick sketch. A pencil held at arm's length on a level with the eye will assist you in measuring off your main proportions. With your thumb



Even a loosely-hung Cottage Gate has a charm of its own,

It is a bright, clear morning, just the day

to choose for study out of doors, and I propose for this lesson we take as our subject the garden gate. or, rather, a garden gate, for it is a subject that admits of much variety, and of which I can only speak in a general sense, not knowing. what your individual possession in the shape of a gate-post may be. If you live in a town you may not have a gate-post at all! But you have doubtless friends in country or suburb who will willingly let you sketch thems, if you admire it sufficiently to desire to take its portrait. An old Georgian gateway, with its posts of mellowed red brick with stone dressings, and its graceful wrought-iron work, is a lovely study, with a dignity all its own; and a tiny cottage gate, hanging somewhat loosely from its worn wooden posts, and showing a glimpse of flagged flower-bordered path beyond, has great possibilities also.

The study of gateways recalls to my mind many very beautiful and interesting specimens I have met with in different parts of the countryside and in ancient towns. Salisbury Close, for instance, is rich in them, and the soft, sweet, though somewhat humid air, the mist from the many limpid streams that make this bit of Constable country so very paintable and picturesque, add a growth of moss and lichen that still further enhances the colour. That rich green and rust, those big spots of lichen on the warm grey, make a beautiful colour-scheme for our brush. Sometimes the iron-work has been painted green, probably a crude colour when the painter left it,

for a guide you can make comparisons of sizes. By lightly resting your hand on the edge of your block or board, vour pencil held between thumb and torefinger, and resting on the second finger, the third and fourth finger underneath, you can draw accurate perpendicular or horizontal lines more quickly and more surely



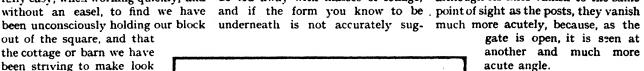
The Iron Gates of a Past Generation are often worth Study.

than without its aid. It is so painfully easy, when working quickly, and without an easel, to find we have

out of the square, and that the cottage or barn we have been striving to make look real and true is simply tumbling over on one side in a most impossible manner! If such a mistake should have crept into our sketch, it is better not to attempt to correct it until we can call a set-square to our aid, and then, taking the principal upright lines as right, cut the edges of the paper at right-angles with them, so that by this means the building may stand up straight in a self-respecting manner. But by the very simple little trick of steadying the hand by the edge of block or board, we cannot fail to draw lines that are absolutely square with the edges, and these will serve as our guides all through the study.

Draw in the main lines definitely, yet lightly enough to admit of erasure if necessary; charcoal, which can be easily dusted away, is useful for this. Note the form of the gate-posts, etc., even if they are smothered with a wealth of greenery, ivy,

roses, etc., because it is very easy to the gate itself be open, notice that be led away with masses of foliage, although its lines vanish to the same





An Evening Shetch of an Old Gateway in Somerset.

gested, even if you cannot see its actual lines, any imperfections will certainly be detected in the drawing. With the pencil held at arm's length, as I have previously advised, compare the proportions of height and breadth, the relative sizes of the stone slabs with the bricked parts, the capitals, pediments. steps, etc. If

gate is open, it is seen at another and much more acute angle.

Now stand the drawing at a short distance in front, and compare it with the scene before you. If satisfied your main lines are correct, notice your main masses of light and shade, eliminating all small confusing detail. Carefully map these out, as you see them broadly, with half-closed

This seems a long tirade of preliminaries before we get to colour, but, once realise the importance of first beginnings, and, believe me, you won't find the time wasted. I can speak to you most feelingly and sympathetically on the subject, for I know to my cost how, led away by a love of colour and a naturally somewhat impatient and impetuous temperament, I have often and often spoiled a drawing, all for want of a little care and deliberation in its elementary stages.

There are few more charming studies than an old gateway; either red brick, stone,



sloppiness of the surface, you will get a much more realistic effect of broken colour than if you first mixed the pigments on your palette.

Here are some useful combinations to be used either direct on wet paper, or (if you are not sufficiently daring; to be mixed on the palette. Yellow ochre, French blue, and light red; raw umber, cobalt, Indian red: cobalt. raw sienna. and a touch of rose madder. But be sure to allow the colours to flow on your drawing, even if previously mixed. Vary these mixtures according to individual effect, bearing in mind always that a cool grey requires a larger proportion of blue, a warm one more

when nearly dry, will help to give texture to your stones.

Make the most of the weatherworn edges of the posts. If you make them hard and sharp, as left by the mason's tool, much of their artistic value would be lost. They are worn and softened by the passing of years, and chipped and broken by weather and accident until their severity of outline is lost in a beautiful variety of line, a variety accentuated by mossy growth and lichen.

For the colour of the moss, if your season is a wet one, your purest green, composed of Indian yellow and Antwerp blue, will not be too bright a choice; but if the weather is dry, the velvety mossy growth is a deep rich bronze, for which raw sienna, brown pink, and just a touch of Antwerp blue will give the colour better. The orange spots of lichen, like golden coins, can be expressed with orange cadmium, while there is another lichen, so delicate and almost silvery, that it shows up light against

The suggestion of a Garden beyond gives added interest to any Gate.

Lichens, Moss and Foliage are very kind to Old Gateways.

or the delightful combination of both, so dear to the hearts of seventeenth and eighteenth century builders. The prevailing grey of stone, after years of the artistry of time and weather, is a wonderful and diversified lesson in colour. Its texture, here roughened, here smoothed by the action of storms and rains, admits of much blending of warm and cold tones, their broken irregular masses giving great character and variety, while the rich greens and bronze of the mosses, the orange spots of the lichens that gather on its surface, give an added charm.

After you have washed in your definite masses of shade with a soft purplish tone that is the best foil to the warm yellow tones of the sunlight, and perhaps a suggestion of sky and distance behind your gateposts (keeping this simple and quiet), you are, perhaps, turning your attention to the stone-work.

First, moisten the surface of your paper, and then, if you can manage to put on your colours pure, allowing them to mingle and mix on the wet

red, or, in sunlight, yellow. Keep the deeper shadows transparently

As the gate is in the foreground, the shadows will not be tempered with the blue the atmosphere always gives to more distant objects, and this warmth in the shadows, even in the small ledges of sculptured stone, will emphasise the lighter broader masses of grey with good effect. Put in any very definite dark with a strong decided touch, but beware of scattering dark spots over your surfaces, for by so doing you will destroy the broad effect of light and shade.

Sometimes a hog'shair brush, filled with rather dry colour, and dragged over the surface



the stone; lemon yellow and white and a touch of cobalt will be useful for this. These colourings vary so much in every case that you must depend on your own eyes and colour-sense to interpret them aright. Old red bricks and tiles have always had a great fascination for me, their gorgeous colouring, especially after a spell of wet, is such a joy to the eye. The weather (and the birds) have made havoc with the joints, and the absence of the mortar, though ruinous from a builder's point of view, is great as copy for the artist. The

irregular lines, set with tiny growing things that clothe them with beauty, afford him copy far more interesting than a newly-pointed effect could do. Then the diversity of colour in the bricks themselves! Light red, burnt sienna, yellow ochre, and Indian red; even a touch of orange vermilion here and there. But all these colours varied by the beauties of moss and lichen; some bricks, on which the first stages of mossy growth appear, are quite a brilliant shade of pale yellow green; some are bespangled with orange lichen, some

are pearly grey; some washed bright with weather, some darkened by drippings from trees, but one and all showing variety and beauty, and it is our duty and pleasure to seize this variety, and portray it faithfully, without, however, making it so definite and distinct that some bricks obtrude more forcibly their fellows, and so call attention to themselves at the expense of the whole wall or post of which they form a part. This is where the advantage of working with wet surfaces, and with your shadows put in definitely first, will tell.

On Praise and Prowess

In one of the largest of New York's hotels there is hung in every room a framed notice which invites visitors to bring to the attention of the management any case of special courtesy or efficiency on the part of the staft. Not of incivility, mind you, nor of slackness, nor of neglect, but of the virtues, of the absence of which we on this side are usually advised to inform the proprietor. I am told that that hotel is second to none in the comfort provided for its patrons

I know not whether the managerial policy is based upon a particularly profound psychological appreciation of the respective results of praise and blame upon the human will to achieve perfection, or whether it rises out of a personal bias for the amicable as opposed to the militant, but this I do recognise, that whoever is responsible for the tenor of that hostelry's staffing control is profiting by the realisation of the fact that a finer response can be reckoned on when praise, rather than blame, is made the controlling force. The method that relies upon stimulating the self-respect, self-confidence, even the vanity, of the individual, rather than upon securing results by working on the fear of reprimand, fines, or dismissal, has a sounder foundation, and is of more enduring influence, than one which takes it for granted that right action is only to be developed by appealing to the lower rather than to the higher of the human emotions.

I often wonder whether both teachers and parents are not a little too much inclined to develop their children's training on lines that depend unduly on the correction of faults rather than on the encouragement of virtues. We are so afraid of rendering our boys and girls over-satisfied with themselves, and of discouraging effort by praising achievement, that we frequently tend to over-look the fact that the stimulus of praise

may prove an even more important factor in education than that of censure.

I remember once hearing an address given to a girls' school by one of its own "old girls," a woman who had made good in her professional career and had returned to the scene of her early successes to expound her views on the various elements that in her opinion make for prowess. She had, she confessed, been at the commencement of her school career a somewhat listless worker, lacking in incentive and failing to put forth her finest powers. It happened, however, that an old family friend one day startled her into interest by impressing upon her the fact that her father took an immense pride in whatever she happened to achieve, and harboured a profound faith in her ultimate destiny. This was an entirely new point of view. She began to realise that her parent's niggardliness in praise must have its root, not in disapprobation, as she had imagined, but in the desire not to slacken endeavour, a desire which, it must be confessed, often complicates the relationship of parent and child by its mistaken psychology.

Once imbued with the sense that an appreciative rather than a censorious eye was upon her work, lessons took on a different complexion. It was rather in the nature of a sport to kindle a monosyllabic parent to something akin to fervour, and to wrest praise from lips inclined to be taciturn. Probably the tactful friend may have aided and abetted her in her endeavours by a word likewise spoken in season to the parental one!

Many of us are conscious in our days of grown-up-edness of suffering from a lack of confidence which we are able distinctly to trace to the superfluity of censure meted out to us in our youth. One of the bitterest recollections of my childhood is associated with a certain breaking up day when I presented to

Mrs. LOVAT

my elders and betters a report in which I was noted as first in arithmetic, but tenth in geography. During the ensuing holidays I heard frequently about the latter, but remarkably little about the former, a piece of injustice which I found it hard to forgive, and which certainly did not encourage me on my return to school to further develop the advance I had made in the one direction, or that which I had insufficiently made in the other.

While some parents are apt to err in singing the praises of their offspring in their presence, and often on insignificant counts, there are others who are distinctly sparing in the praise meted out to the young folk. Mary is blamed for being untidy, but not permitted to hear that her hair is so charming that, if only she would keep it better brushed, she would be really nice-looking. John is called to order for neglecting mathematics for science, but is not told that his collection of geological specimens is a really remarkable one, both for choice and arrangement, for a boy of his years. Neither Mary nor John is of those who evince a tendency to "swank," or swollen-headedness, and who call for a special type of upbringing in conse quence. They need encouragement it they are to progress, for to them, as to most young things, praise is as water to a plant-a food and a refreshment.

There are occasions when it is pohey deliberately to look for grounds for praise, and to turn the blind eye in the threction of censure. We all need to be pulled up occasionally, but we also need to be bucked up from time to time if we are to do our best. And when once we are on familiar terms with praise, we find it so pleasant that we usually try to secure a little more of it. This is not exactly the way in which the average child work the thing out in his mind, but this, ir effect, is how good results are attained.



MOUNT RUNDLE AND LUNNEL MOUNTAIN, BANFF

l hoto by the Canadian Pacific Railway

Tours Worth Taking

A Series of Holiday Suggestions No. I.—The Mediterranean and Canada

ONE of the results of the war was to suspend almost entirely for fully six years the possibilities of a holiday spent out of Ingland At this moment there are hundreds of women in our midst in the higher branches of the Civil Scr. vi c and the professions who are yearn ing for something that will take them out of the beaten track during their approaching vacation but who are not yet certain what possibilities are once more open to them. They are not as a rule, counting the cost in shillings and they know moreover that, if they were, the average seaside resort from the middle of July to the middle of September would not prove in the long run much less expensive than a well planned tour. Their real difficulty lies rather in finding the right objectives which should give them glimpses of peoples and scenery that will be a refreshment and recreation to the mind as well as to the body

In this series of articles it is proposed to outline what can be accomplished in a time limit of a month to six weeks, and to give some approximate ideas as to routes and cost. Experts have in all cases been consulted and these have been at real pains to formulate interesting itineraries. It depends entirely on the personal temperament

whether the independent woman sets forth with one or two congenial compamons or prefers to go alone

Now in opening these articles the two or three schemes that offer a sea voyage in conjunction with a land tour are given the first place. It is always desirable to secure a berth on a ship as far ahead as possible as the most desirable positions are invariably taken early. As to the delight of a sea cruise and its benefit nothing too good cin be said. There is all the comfort of a first rate hotel the stewards give one the best attention, the food is excellent The fear of sea sickness is an old fashioned attitude and people cross and recross the ocean for the mere enjoyment of doing so

To Gibraltar

As a three weeks holiday a capital base is Gibraltai. The great liners of the Peninsulai and Oriental Company usually have plenty of accommodation available from London either to the Rock or to Marseilles as it is here that four fifths of their Far Lastern and Australian passengers join the ship. Gibraltar is reached in about three and a half days. It is not apart from its massive grandeur a place of much interest, but you will have crossed.

the Bay of Biscay probably on an absolutely even keel and will have had glimpises of the coasts of Spain and Portugal across blue waters that recall great history as when Cape St Vincent and Cape Trafalgar are pointed out Spain is as yet very little known to Inglish travellers and in a subsequent article some suggestions will be given as to what may be covered there in ten days to three weeks

From Marseilles.

The P and O steamers leave Tilbury on Lidays Delightful on a summer's evening is it to recognise from the broad decks Margate, Ramsgate, and other familian coast resorts and as twilight comes down the various light houses Dinner on board calls for pretty semi-evening frocks, but no elaborate dress which indeed is never good form at sea

In three days from Gibraltar Marseilles will be reached, and the Gulf of Lyons is rarely unkind in the summer months. Marseilles is usually reached early in the morning or by mid-day, according to the speed of the steamer, but coming up to the wharves is a sight not to be missed. There are liners there from all ports and carrying the house flags of a score of companies.

Tours Worth Taking

A great patch of sulphur yellow marks where this commodity is landed, and above all towers Notre Dame de la Carde, at which the seamen offer thanks for safe and prosperous voyages.

Your fellow passengers will have told you to read Monte Cristo, for the island of some of those exploits is here; and others will have urged you to eat—or to avoid—the saffron coloured mixture of fish served here as Bouillabaisse.

The leading hotel is in the Cannebiere -the broad bustling lively street that runs through the centre of the town; but there are smaller and less expensive ones to be found. The bed-room in all French hotels is very simply furnished, but cleanliness may always be expected. Delicious coffee, rolls and butter, can be brought to the bed-room or taken in the restaurant; dejeuner or dinner can be taken here or outside, and the restaurants usually indicate what is their charge for a meal. A day may be spent here with a good deal of interest, for the shops are good and the people show many types.

Presupposing that there are fourteen days available, here are two fascinating tours as specially laid down by l'Office Français du Tourisme, whose English centre is at 56, Haymarket, London.

Marseilles will be specially interesting to visit this summer, as a great exhibition illustrative of the Overseas possessions of France will be held here. Historically, no better starting-point to understand the Roman occupation of old Gaul could be chosen.

A Fortnight in the South of France.

The general outline of the first tour laid down, to last for fourteen days, would cover all that is most interesting in connection with this period, as well as showing some of the fairest scenery of the Rhone Valley. Arles, fifty-three

miles from Marseilles, would be the first stopping place, with its beautiful Romanesque churches. At Nimes can still be traced the huge arena, and one of the oldest churches in Christendom. Two days are allowed here, and then comes Avignon, of great fame and rare interest.

Sunday would be spent quietly at Valence, prior to two days at Lyons, where, perhaps, a glimpse could be arranged of one of the silk or ribbon factories. The following morning there would be a steamer trip down the Rhone itself and back to Avignon and Marseilles to rejoin the returning steamer.

A Fortnight is the Riviera.

The second tour of corresponding length would include Toulon, France's great naval base in the Mediterranean, and a good part of the Riviera, including Hyères, Cannes, Grasse, the centre of manufacture of the choicest perfumes; while this district also gives us our finest crystallised fruits. Nice can be reached by the most beautiful tram ride in Europe, from which Cap Martin, Beaulieu, and Villefranche can be visited.

There is a most fascinating three days' motor run, starting from Nice, over the "Route des Alpes," via Briançon to Grenoble, which is also a base for shorter runs to St Pierre de Chartreuse. Valence and Avignon are stages on the journey back to Marseilles.

And the

At the moment of writing the P. and Ooreturn steamer fare, first-class, is £39, but by the summer months this will probably be substantially less. Exchange, even if not as much in favour of the visitor as it has been when it has touched 67 francs to the £1, bids fair still to be high. The intending traveller can, however, get an idea beforehand of

the current hotel rates, and the majority on the Continent go second-class by the trains. It is impossible, in suggesting routes, to go into all minor details, but the woman to whom such a journey appeals would be able to get information from either of the big travel companies.

A passport is still necessary for travel in France, but some of the more irritating formalities are now dispensed with.

A Holiday in

A few years ago the suggestion of a tour in Canada within the limits of a summer holiday would have seemed incredible. Yet it lies within our present scope, though few people yet have thought out what would be possible. To the untravelled woman, it would be the experience of a life-time, from which would be learnt more of the resources of the Empire and the true attitude of the Younger Nations towards the Crown and the Motherland than could be obtained in any other journey within such time restrictions.

The summer fares by the great lines are not settled at the time of writing, but this year is to see the introduction of a special first-class return rate by the magnificent ships of the Canadian Pacific Railway. But, as far as can be judged, the Company will be prepared to grant a first-class ticket from Liverpool to Victoria and British Columbia and back for about £140.

If the voyager prefers second-class on the boat—and a party of two or three women friends sharing a cabin would find the food and accommodation admirable in every detail—and first-class by rail, the fare for the same journey would be about £75. These figures are based on the present minimum rates of the steamers, and for specially situated bertils in outside cabins the charge would run from £5 to £20 more.

Once landed, the expenses would be on the scale that the traveller chooses to make them. To put up at the palaces of comfort represented by the chain of superb hotels owned by the C.P.R., the charges would work out at something like £3 10s. to £5 a day. But there is much more modest accommodation to be found at £2 a day in the towns, and, in many cases, there would be friends who would meet the visitor, either putting her up at their own house—Canada is gloriously hospitable—or able to advise her where to go.

These are the itineraries which could be followed by any one with thirty-three to forty days at command. They have been specially compiled by the



LADIES' THREE-LEGGED RACE ON A P. AND O. STEAMER.

Photo by the Peninsular and Oriental Co.

Tours Worth Taking

Canadian Pacific Railway for the Woman's Magazine and they take in something representative of all Canada's varied interest. Indeed, between the two, the traveller is offered a programme very similar to that laid down for the Imperial Press Conference in 1921, before and after their meeting at Ottawa. (See Itineraries below.)

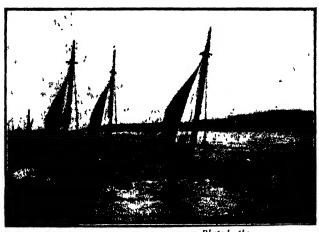
Quebec, of course, shows all that went to the making of Canada of to-day, and the whole strategy of Wolfe and Montcalm can be traced to the heroic end. There is a glorious vision of the St. Lawrence; while the French

market retains many features introduced by the earlier settlers.

In Montreal are many features of the old, as well as the newer Dominion, and Toronto, with its vast "sky-scrapers," its busy traffic, and its fine shops, is suggestive of the great business energy that is developing on all hands.

The visit to Niagara is a delightful experience, for the Falls are far finer on the Canadian than the American bank, while the Special Commissioners charged with the care of the surroundings have a sense of the dignity of their trust, and the fine park is not vulgarised by cheap shows or blatant advertisement.

Nothing is more impressive than the journey by way of the Great Lakes—literally inland seas—by which Fort William, whence so much of Canada's grain is shipped to the coast, is reached. The social life of these steamers is in itself a useful study, and from those travelling by them many odd and unexpected sidelights on the Canadian



WATER BOATS OFF LISBON.

Photo by the Peninsular and Oriental Co.

character is shown. From here to Winnipeg a most impressive section of the wheat-growing belt is traversed, and from the observation-car on that daylight run, if the journey be taken in August, there will be the sensation of travelling through a sea of gold in the vast unbroken stretches of the ripening corn that merge into the horizon itself.

The real West begins at Winnipeg—a city vast indeed now, but, like all new Canadian towns, laid out on a plan that will allow of indefinite expansion. Onwards to Calgary much is to be seen of rich grazing and ranching land, and the town itself is still in the making. But here one reaches the outer ramparts of the Rockies, whose time loveliness soon begins to reveal itself. The towering snow-crested mountains, the valleys with their winding ribbons of blue waters and dark pine trees, make a succession of endlessly beautiful, constantly changing scenes.

Banff is in the heart of one of the greatest of the National Parks, and in

the two days spent here there are wonderful canyons to be seen, a taste of climbing enjoyed, and glimpses of the buffalo and other jealously protected wild life. And Lake Louise is surely the loveliest place in Canada, in its setting of snow-clad hills, the beauty of the great glacier at its distant end, and the play of lights and reflections upon its surface.

Then there is all the wonder of the journey through to Vancouver, in itself a delightful and fascinating town; and the sea trip to Victoria, where East meets West in the great ships that come from Japan;

while Australia often here makes its first acquaintance with its sister Dominion. Very delightful, too, is the scenery of Vancouver Island, and its pretty homesteads are curiously reminiscent of home. If time allows the detour, the second suggested programme, should certainly be taken.

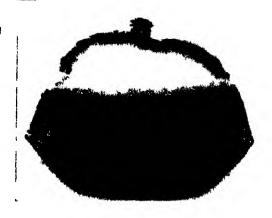
For a summer tour of this sort clothes must be varied. It is never really warm on the Atlantic, and a good serge coat and skirt, with a variety of blouses and jumpers will be most serviceable. At the same time Canada can be very warm indeed in July and August, and some cotton frocks will be needed. In the trains, too, one gets very dusty. One has to learn how to put off and assume the more intimate details of underwear inside the curtains of one's "sleeper," and a nice dressing-gown is essential for the journey to be taken to the ladies' toilet compartment at the end of the car, where will be found the lavatory basins and a mirror before which to do one's hair.

ltinerary No. 1.				
1st day Arrive Quebec				Stay two days.
3rd day Leave Quebec			2. o p.m.	
" Arrive Montre			7.15 p.m.	Stay two days.
5th dayLeave Montre	al .			
6th day.—Arrive Toronto		•	7. 0 a.m.	Stay four davs, including side trip to Niag- ara Falls.
10th day.—Leave Toronto			1. Opm.	
" Arrive Port Me	eNicoll		4.15 p m.	
" Leave Port Me	Nicoll		4.30 p.m.	Steamer.
12th day.—Arrive Fort W	illiam		8.30 a.m.	Steamer.
" Leave Fort W	illiam		9. 0 a.m.	
" Arrive Winnip			9.15 a.m.	Stay two days.
14th day.—Leave Winnip	eg .		3.25 p.m.	
15th day Arrive Calgary	,		7.25 p.m.	Stay two days.
17th day Leave Calgary	·		10.20 a.m.	
" Arrive Banff			I. 5 p.m.	Stay two days.
19th day.—Leave Banff			8.45 a.m.	
" Arrive Lake L	ouise		10.10 a.m.	Stay one day.
20th day.—Leave Lake L	ouise		10.10 a.m.	
" Arrive Glacier			3. 0 p.m.	Stay one day.
21st day Leave Glacier			3. op.m.	•
22nd day Arrive Vancou			9. o a.m.	Stay two days.
24th day.—Leave Vancou		•	10 30 a.m.	•

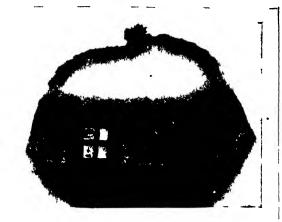
24th day.—Arrive Victoria 3. o p.m.	Stay two days.
26th day Leave Victoria 2.15 p.m.	
" Arrive Vancouver 6.45 p.m.	
" Leave Vancouver . 7.15 p.m.	Kettle Valley route.
27th day.—Arrive Nelson 10.45 p.m.	_
29th day.—Leave Nelson 6.30 a.m.	Steamer.
" Arrive Kootenay Landing 11. 0 a.m.	
" Leave Kootenay Landing 11.30 a.m.	Rail.
31st day.—Arrive Winnipeg 7.25 a.m.	
Leave Winnipeg 8. 5 a.m.	
331d day.—Arrive Montical 10. 0 a.m.	
Itinerary No. 2.	
As per No. 1 to Winnipeg thence as follows-	
14th day.—Leave Winnipeg 11.40 p.m.	
15th day Arrive Saskatoon 4.15 p m.	Stay one day.
16th day.—Leave Saskatoon 4.45 p.m.	
17th day.—Arrive Edmonton 7.40 a.m.	Stay one day.
15th day.—Leave Edmonton 12.50 p.m.	_
" Arrive Calgary 7.40 p.m.	Stay one day.
19th dayLeave Calgary 10 20 a.m.	

Thence as per Itinerary No. 1, except that the arrivals and departures would be two days later throughout, the passengers arriving at Montreal on the 35th day instead of the 33rd day.

Transforming Rush Baskets



These pictures show both sides of the "Cat' Basket On one side is a black cat dodging the boot, and on the other is the grey tat who is helping to disturb the sleepers.



The illustrations on these pages show what an attractive thing the ordinary rush basket can become if a little ingenuity and patience are bestowed on its decoration. This is very simple. All that is needed beyond the basket itself is a piece bag and a few lengths of wool and silk.

Rub the basket all over with a clean piece of cloth this removes the slightly greasy feel of the rush Then, with a piece of any material—sateen velvet or silk—bind the top—The binding must be cut on the cross

The "Orange" Basket.

The basket shown at the bottom of the page was bound with green sateen 2 ins wide by about 35 ins long. I began on the inside and sewed with fairly small running stitches. This done. I turned the binding out and stitched it with long loose stitches of jade green embroidery silk.

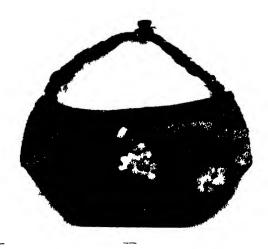
From a piece of old green velveteen I cut out leaves II ins long and an appropriate width. These were arranged and attached with long stitches of green silk to represent the veins of the leaves. I rom an odd piece a mere scrap—of white flannel. I cut pieces about the size of a penny. These I folded into four and cut to represent orange blossoms. These flowers were sewn to the baskets, with small vellow beads making a centre. I or buds, small triangular pieces were cut folded in three, and trimmed into points. These I sewed flatly on, and covered the

base with a tiny piece of green velveteen. Remember, in using velveteen and other materials for cutting out where a raw edge will be used, to paste a piece of tissue paper on the back first using photopaste for fixing. Place under a heavy weight and leave to dry. Then sketch on the paper whatever pattern you desire to cut out and the edges will never fray

From a piece of orange coloured velvet I cut circular pieces 2½ ins to 3 ins in diameter. With a strong thread I oversewed the edges of the circle in large stitches which would pull up easily. The centre of each was filled with a little cotton wool and the velvet pulled up so as to form a rather flat orange. I fastened this firmly to the basket. With a needleful of green silk I made a cross in the centre, which I stitched right through the velvet orange and the basket. This made the little spot at the bottom of the fruit and helped to keep it firm.

The 'Tree and Gate'

The basket at the top left corner of the next page was bound in black sateen. On one side, with black wool. I stitched a four barred gate and posts. Behind the gate are hollyhooks and in the path are daffodils and forget-me nots. The tree trunk and lower branches were cut from dark grey velveteen. This was attached to the basket with long stitches of grey wool placed in appropriate places, but so as to hold the material firmly to the basket. The flowers were easily made of coloured silk and wool. The



Both sides of the "Orange" Basket are here shown The fruit and leaves are of orange and green velvet respectively. The orange blossom is of white flannel centred with yellow beads.



For Shopping or Work



The "Tree and Gate" Basket on the left has small coloured flowers climbing up the tree trunk and over the gate. The Apple" Basket on the right is very effective with silk fruit and braid leaves



opposite side of the basket has a fence (made of black wool stitches) and flowers growing up it

The "Apple" Basket

The basket next to it was bound at the top with some old bright-blue braid. With the blue braid, also, I made leaves which were veined in bright green silk and stitched firmly to the basket. I made apples of shot green-and-mauve silk. These I sewed on after the manner of the oranges described in the first basket. For a touch of colour I used tiny groups of imitation holly beines. These were pushed through the rush and sewn firmly on the inside of the basket. Both sides were treated in this way.

The "Chicken

The basket at the bottom of the page—one which I sent to a little girl in the country and has been a great joy—was decorated with vellow wool chickens. I bound it in black sateen, and with black wool worked a post and rail fence as a background. I then made the chicks with the aid of a little vellow wool. This I wound round my fingers until I had a nice thick wad. I then tied it in the centre with a double piece of vellow wool. Slipping it off my fingers, I cut the loops and fluffed them out. Then I trimmed them to the desired shape. As the chicks are only "halves—the balls need not be very full. I sewed the fluffy pieces on and worked their legs with black wool. For the eye a black bead was used, and for their beaks a scrap of orange velvet.

On one side I put two chicks eating, and on the reverse one chick eating and one coming out of its shell. The shell was cut from a piece of white flannel and the cracks stitched with a little ordinary black sewing cotton.

The "Cat '

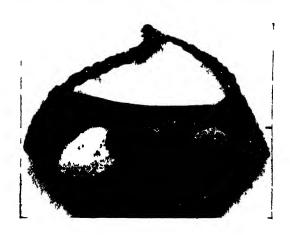
The 'cat basket I first bound with a piece of brushed wool trimming. With a piece of red satin I covered the bottom of the basket to a depth of 2 ins, on both sides. On one I added a piece 2 ins. by 1½ ins to represent a chimney-pot I hemmed this down along the top bottom, and sides, and then, with black darning silk. I sewed straight lines 1 in apart right across the satin from side to side intervals of 1 in I put vertical stitches between the two lines to represent tiles. This I did also on the The top of the chimney pot I finished chimney-pot off with a small piece of grey velveteen 1 in deep and large enough to lap over each side of the chimney about 1 in. This was sewn with large black stitches I rom a piece of black velveteen I cut a small black cat adding a little white paint for the lines and eyes, and a little red for the mouth

Beside the chimney-pot I sewed a large yellow moon made of sateen, and buttonholed on to the basket. Against this I sewed the cat. A few inches away from him and about 3 instabove the red roof, is a small black boot.

This makes you want to look what is around the



The "Chicken"
Basketwould please
children. On one
side are two yellow
lluffy chickens feed
ing, and on the op
posite side is one
chick feeding and
one coming out of
the very realistic
shell



Transforming Rush Baskets

corner of the roof, so we turn the basket over. There you see the reason of the boot.

At the left-hand side of the other red roof I cut a square piece of red satin about 4 ins. 'This was pointed to represent a gable, and stitched in black to look like bricks. I finished the gable in the same fashion as the chimney, with a piece of grey velveteen stitched in black, but cut in the shape of a V.

In the centre of the gable I sewed a piece of white linen and made a frame of grey velveteen, again stitched into position with black darning-silk. On the white window I drew a little tin candlestick. I used black water-colour paint for this, and added a splash of red and yellow for the flame. Then I lightly sketched in an old man's face and red nightcap. On the extreme left of the window, and standing on the red roof, I put a very large grey velveteen cat with a movable head. This was quite easy, for I cut the head separately, and, after painting it, I put a loose stitch through the middle of his nose. This, by being left loose, allows his head to be turned about, and gives him a most saucy expression.

Wayside Thoughts

THE greatest love on earth is a mother's love. The destiny of our nation lies in the hearts of the mothers of our country. The greatest influence upon the future of the world is that of the world's mothers. Mothers put the stamp of character on the children of the world. It is the mother heart that sends the first heart-beat into the unborn child; and it is the mother heart that yearns for the love of that heart until its last notes have sung itself to eternal sleep.

The child who has not known a mother's love has missed one of God's great miracles. The child who has lived to manhood in the love of a good mother has felt the touch of a Divine hand. The child knows that there must be such a good place as Heaven where Mother can wait, as she always has, for her tardy children to come home. There is nothing sweeter, dearer, nor better than a mother, but, like the golden day, we do not realise it until it has gone.

A Great Mother is a Good Mother,

While I was thinking about mothers the other day, I began looking in histories to find out something about the mothers of some of our great men, the men all of us have heard about. I did not find as much as I expected. Most of them were just good mothers, just doing a mother's part with little thought of making her boy great, but with a single desire and conscience determined to make him as good as her strength and persistence could.

But it is interesting to trace back the ancestry and note the marked influences of the mothers of great men. They are not as clear as they should be, for, of course, no one expected them to be great in their childhood, and the history of many of them was not of particular interest until they had passed middle-age and the good mother had not lived to see their honour and success.

The point of it all is, of course, that the good and patient mother can only be just the best mother she knows how to be. Some of you may now have toddling at your knees a genius, a great poet, preacher, philosopher, statesman, and all you can do is to do what all mothers want to do—be a real mother to him, for he is blood of your blood and flesh of your flesh. You can never tell, they may be looking you up some day.

Are you Busy?

The world's wealth comes from labour. When a milhon workers stop, the world's wealth decreases thousands of pounds each day. Do not be idle, especially in these times. Do something. Be at work at some definite job. There are lots of things you can do, inside

the house and out, that ought to be done. If you patch and repair, attend to the fowls, mend your fence, make a garden, cook, and clean, you are adding something to your own worth and the wealth of the world, as much as if you were working in an office or painting in a studio.

Are you Able to Concentrate?

We often have cause to wonder why men of brilliant talents make but little mark in the world, whilst others who are far less gifted lead successful and useful careers. It sometimes almost seems as though genius were rather a handicap than a help in the race for fame.

The secret, however, lies elsewhere. Good work most certainly requires ability and experience, but it needs also concentration. Now, concentration is more a habit than a gift; it may be inherent, but it certainly can be cultivated, and a little trouble spent in training one's mind to obedience is amply repaid by the result. The most brilliant talents will lie fallow without the mental discipline needed to concentrate them in a given direction. Opportunities of learning new sciences, of hearing new music, of reading new literature, will slip past us if we are not able, at any given moment, to concentrate our attention at will.

In sudden crises, again, concentration is the first requisite for prompt and efficient action. We must be prepared to waste no mental energy over "ifs" and "might have beens," but to force our thoughts at once upon the problem to be decided. A disciplined mind shou'd be able to concentrate its whole activity, at will, in any direction, and entirely to cut off all communication on other sides. Thus the public speaker is immune from nervousness if he is sufficiently self-controlled to engage his thoughts only upon the subject he is discussing.

Perhaps the hardest proof to which we can put our power of concentration is when we feel it best to leave some matter entirely alone. An anxiety which cannot be settled, a worry which entails suspense, or a question which we are bound by honour not to ask, are all cases which call for the habit of controlled thought. It requires as much self-discipline to keep our minds from forbidden subjects as to engage them upon uncongenial work. Habits of concentration and self-control gained by patient self-discipline in trifles, stand us in good stead in times of mental strain and physical weakness, and lessen the burden of nervous fret when more than our share of responsibility falls to us. Concentration is one of the most important factors which make for capability and reliability. Self-reverence, knowledge, and also self-control alone lead man to sovereign power.

The bottom corner of my library, where I keep my reference books, I call 'the kneeling shelf," for one has to kneel to get to it, and the various volumes seem to me like kneeling camels, or some even more patient and dumb beasts of burden, waiting uncomplainingly in the market place to be employed. The beasts of burden, the "pack mules" of literature, in a sense they are, and weighed down under heavy burdens

Of the makers of such books the men who, for our convenience, have brought to our very door, and from the four corners of the globe, their bales of precious store, I once heard an author, who accounted himself a man of creative genius, slightingly, if not contemptuously, speak as 'the

hodmen of our craft" Perhaps they are, perhaps the compilers of Reference Books are no more than fetchers and carriers for the rest of the world But that which they carry had first of all to be collected, and at infinite cost-reading and rereading countless publications (some of them fugitive and difficult of access), comparing sclecting omitting and verifying tosay nothing of the fact that much of the information had to be gathered from other sources than the printed sheet or page Reference Books, apart from educational reasons are as indispens able as railway time tables or almanacs

If friends from the country wish us to take them to some place of amusement, the necessary particulars can generally be ascertained from the advertisement columns of a newspaper But if our friends wish to visit the Tower, a museum, an art gallery, or exhibition, or to be taken to Kew or the Zoological Gardens, we have generally to consult a Reference Book to ascertain wlat days and at what time the museum, gallery, or garden is open to the public. To a Book of

Reference, an almanac or a year book we turn for the tides the time of the rising or setting of sun or moon, lighting-up time, for lists of clubs, charitable societies, and banks members of the Cabinet or Members of Parliament, and their constituencies, exports, imports, populations of various countries, cities, or towns and for a thousand other necessary items

The Statesman's Year-Book

Probably the most valuable reference book next to an encyclopædia is the Statesman's Year Book which contains a marvellous amount of facts and figures relating to every country in the world Not only does this give every official item of information obtainable concerning the Government, population, finance, commerce, education, laws, defence etc., of each country, but it also includes a most useful list of books that deal with the country in question. This great work is the standard book of reference for all international matters, and is, without doubt, the most informative annual published. All students of contemporary history and geography will find this a wonderfully interesting and illuminating publication.

Knowing Who's Who

In Victorian times not many girls or women took part in public life or came often in contact with those outside their

> To-day, any reader of this magazine-whether she follow a profession or have no occupation may at a bazaar, prize distribution sale of work, or at a meeting called in furtherance of some religious, charitable or patriotic cause have to meet, possibly to assist in entertaining a person of distinction who is to her, no more than a Not for srobname bish reasons but for the sake of the social amenities and most of all to avoid, in conversation, the mention of a subject on which the visitor and yourself hold different views, it is well to know something of the person you are to meet By doing so, you may be saved an awkward moment

own immediate circle

Women and Girls in Public Life.

Even a girl or woman whom nothing would induce to speak in pubhe or even to be seen on a platform may at least be requested to do her 'bit" for some good cause, some charitable and worthy object, by undertaking secretarial or adminis-Valutrative duties able work is done by women and girls who prefer to remain in the background, and work only for the sake of the



LIEN SQUARE BRICK PILLARS CAN BECOME INTERESTING WHEN TOUCHED WITH THE HAND OF TIME.

See Miss Angell's Article, page 419.

But, if only in the interests of that cause, she will wish what she undertakes to succeed. It will be her business, whether by letter or in an interview, to enlist the interest and the help of some possibly distinguished person. I agree that the public ought to support a deserving object merely because it is deserving, but the fact remains that the public, whose support is required if success is to be achieved, will flock to a meeting where "eminent" folk are to be heard, whereas a meeting called for an equally excellent cause, at which no one of importance is announced to attend, may have a thin audience. Eminent folk have many calls upon their time, and the way in which the invitation is worded may turn the scales between acceptance or refusal. The chances are that you may be writing to someone whose tastes and interests are not known to you, and these may be gathered from the pages of Who's Who, in which the necessary facts concerning practically every living man and woman of note are briefly given.

Readers of limited means, whose interests or occupations necessitate frequent references to Who's Who, but who wish to be spared the trouble of going to a club or public library to consult the work, may find the following hint useful A new edition is published every year, and is bought by those who can afford to do so. In clubs and hbranes, and in the home of the folk to whom money is no object, the edition for the current year is generally kept. This means that a good many of the superseded copies find their way to the second-hand bookshops, where they may sometimes be purchased for a few shillings Though thus superseded, they are less out of date than similar works, new and revised editions of which appear only once in a while. An edition of Who's Who two or three years old-the older, of course, the cheaper-will serve most purposes.

Other Useful Handbooks

Whitaker's Almanack is not so large a volume as the Statesman's Year-Book. It gives the more prominent facts concerning all the countries of the world. but may be said to specialise on the British Empire. As an almanac and a calendar, for chronological notes: weather records; information concerning Royalty, the peerage, baronetage, Orders of Chivairy; House of Lords and House of Commons; Privy Council. Government and public offices; the Services; religious bodies; law; universities and schools; banks; hospitals; postal matters; sport; finance; clubs, etc., I have never turned to Whitaker in vain.

Hazell's Annual is another useful compendium of matter one needs to turn to daily.

Encyclopedias, dictionaries, peerages, etc., of long ago ran generally into tomes. Debrett's Peerage and Burke's Peerage, Baronetage, and Knighthood retain their position as the standard works of the sort, and are still volumes of some bulk, but one can also obtain the same information, abbreviated, in Kelly's Handbook to the Titled, Landed, and Official Classes. Whitaker's Peerage, Baronetcy, Knightage, and Companionship, once a crown octavo, is now a demy octavo volume, and has supplements with Honours Lists to June, 1921, promotions and creations, an obituary, and gives directions in regard to the order in which decorations are worn. The tendency to-day is to the two extremes, of expansion (as in the case of Who's Who, which is now 42s. instead of 3s. 6d., and many times its original size) or into compression into more or less miniature form. Thus Mr. Dent supplies an admirable miniature encyclopædia (Everyman's) in twelve volumes at 2s 6d each; and Messrs. Nelson and Son do the same (in ten volumes) with the New Age Encyclopædia at 3s od. each Thumbnail in size, by comparison with the great encyclopædias, the Eceryman's and the New Age Encyclopædia are marvellously comprehensive and correct.

Some Dictionaries and Encyclopædias of Great Worth.

Chambers's Encyclopædia, a Dictionary of Useful Knowledge, I have often consulted As the imprint of the great House of Chambers guarantees, every article is by one of the most competent of scholars, as witness a few names from the list of nearly a thousand contributors Gladstone, Edison, Edmund Gosse, P. G. Hamerton, Holman Hunt, Stanley Lane-Poole, Andrew Lang, W. H. Lecky, Sir John Murray, F. T. Palgrave, A. R. Wallace, Walter Besant. Baring Gould, Henry Drummond, Viscount Grey of Fallodon, Justin Mc-Carthy, William Morris, Professor Saintsbury, Goldwin Smith, and Pas-

Except for the fact that the Encyclopadia Britannica is the much older work and runs to twenty-nine volumes, and Chambers's Encyclopadia only to ten, the latter is scarcely less monumental a work than the former, and scholars known to me count it the more valuable. It has 30,000 articles, 3,500 engravings, and 53 coloured maps

Another great work issued by the firm of Chambers is their Encyclopædia of English Literature, in three volumes. It is illustrated by 300 portraits and facsimiles, and the articles critical, as well as biographical cover the whole held of British authors from the earliest to the present time, with carefully selected and representative pages from their writings.

peerages, A Short Biographical Dichenary of cally into English Literature, in one volume, by a Burke's Mr. John W. Cousin, included in Mr. inighthood Dent's admirable Everyman's Library, standard I have often consulted, and always I volumes found accurate and scholarly.

Messrs. T. C. and E. C. Jack publish an excellent "popular" History of English Literature, by Dr. A. Compton-Rickett. It is divided into eight parts—English Literature in the Making, the English Renascence, the Age of Dryden and Pope, the Age of Johnson and Fielding, the Romantic Revival, the Victorian Era, and American Literature, and Present Day Tendencies in Literature. Each section is preceded by an historical sketch of contemporary social and political events, in order that the intermediate relation between Art and Life may the more clearly be illustrated.

Chambers's Biographical Dictionary 1 have always used as the very handiest work to which to turn when in a hurry for brief information or a fact or date about some eminent person. Unlike the Dictionary of National Biography, which includes only British celebrities. Chambers's Biographical Dictionary includes those of all nations and all times, the living (which the Dictionary of National Biography does not) as well as the dead. The biographies of the illustrious dead-I have never yet discovered an omission-are, of course, the more extended Those of the eminent living are, for the most part, short, and the list is restricted, the editor's aim being he tells us, "to include all who may reasonably be looked for, and to admit none who will never be wanted."

Appleton's Encyclopædia of American Biography is in several volumes, whereas Chambers's Biographical Dictionary, though it contains, roughly speaking, as much matter as three volumes of the Dictionary of National Biography, is in one-volume form. At the foot of each biography of a person, concerning whom books—an autobiography, a biography, or a critical estimate—have been written, a list of such books is given

Of classical dictionaries, Lembrière's and that by Dr. (afterward Sir) William Smith have long held the field. Classical dictionaries the classical scholar, who knows where to turn in the original Latin or Greek, rarely uses, but for the general reader I commend A Smaller Classical Dictionary, by a distinguished scholar, Mr. E. H. Blakeney, M.A., and published at 2s. 6d. by Mr. Dent. In effect it is a revised, sometimes amplified, sometimes abbreviated by the omission of what is redundant, edition of Dr. William Smith's famous work; but Mr. Blakeney has introduced into the text many new references and biblio graphical notes of great assistance to readers. The book is made the more valuable by an appendix, with illustrations in half-tone, of classical architec-

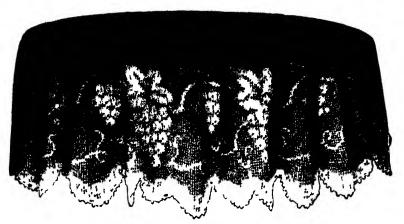
ture and sculpture. Nor is this all, for, compact in size as dictionary 15, being issued in one volume, Mr Blakeney has added lists of standard works, a note on Classical Architecture, lists of famous classical scholars, the dates of memorable events in Greek and Roman history, and other information of value to readers

There are many other works on encyclopædia, dictionary, or reference book

lines which I have not space to mention. Biblical dictionaries and encyclopædias commentaries, and handbooks would require a whole article to themselves

On professions and occupations for women and on matters concerning the literests and the status of women and

girls, whether in public or private life, The Englishwoman's Year Book gives the necessary particulars.



This Border could also be used for a "Centre" to lie flat on the Table.

Speaking of professions and occupations for women reminds me of *The* Il riters' and Artists' Year Book In this will be found a list of the principal British Canadian and Ameri can publications annuals, quarterlies monthlies weeklies, and dailies, with the address of the office; the name of the editor (when known), rates of pay, and whether a preliminary letter

> is or is not necessary. There is also a classified list of pub lications, indicating which accepts serials which short stories, general or which juvenile articles, and which verse Fursimplify to things for the beginner, there is a subject-index giving list of publications which accept contri butions on archæ ology, art, domestic and social education, fashion

history, music nursing photography religion science and natural history, sports, games

and travels, to name only some

The Literary Year Book is also packed with information of interest and value to would-be authors

A Beautiful Grape Vine Border

USI Peri I usta Cotton No 70 and No 6 hook. This filet horder may be made for my size cloth desired, 54 inches being size of model. Whip a hem on the linen

centre and cover with diable crochet then work a row of filet spices (sp) all round, allowing 50 sp for each section or repeat of pattern. The model had 600 sp or twelve repeats

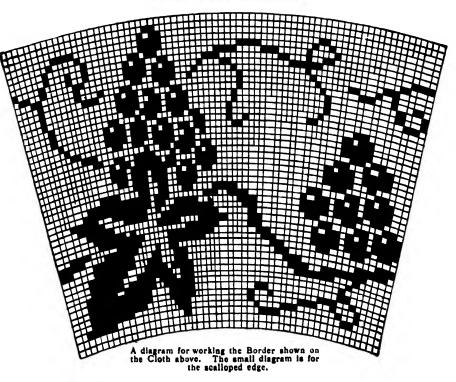
The increase necessary to make the border curve sufficiently is made in the sp, the solid blocks being made in the usual way. It will be noticed that the sp and blocks vary in size in the block pattern, but this



is only because of the cuive and to accommodate the added sp, and does not mean there are more stitches in the blocks. To increase, simply make 2 sp over 1 (tr in tr,

ch 2, tr in sp ch 2, tr in sp ch 2, tr in tr) Do this wher ever indicated on pattern Work from right to left of pattern, then repeat, joining at end of each row. Ch 5 if next row begins with a sp, or ch 3 if it begins with a block

The scallopon the edge are made on each 25 sp of last row and must be made separate ly This edge may be omitted if one prefers finishing with double crochet and proots.



Jade in Jewellery and Decoration

THOUGH the value and the virtue of jade carvings have long been appreciated by the connoisseur, it was not until the opening of the present century that such appreciation was accorded by the individual whom, for lack of a better description, we designate "the man in the street." The impetus given to the importation of Oriental art into this country some twenty years ago by apostles of æsthetics such as Whistler and his followers, awakened interest in the many branches of handi-

craft in which the Eastern workman excels, among them in the exquisite craft of hardstone carving, with the result that to-day "the woman in the street" has herself become something of an expert in distinguishing between the fine and the inferior, the valuable and the valueless. One cannot walk down any London thoroughfare in which obliging shopkeepers cater for luxury-lovers without being able to feast one's eyes on jade jewels and carvings as irreproachable in their beauty as one might meet with in the shops of Tokio itself.

Of all the hard stones jade ranks as the most valuable, and the Oriental would indeed be amused, if he were not hornfied, to hear the average Englishwoman refer to it as one of the semi-precious class. Its value varies, naturally, according to its rarity of colour. The deep green tint that approaches that of an emerald is the most valuable, the pure "mutton-fat" white is greatly prized, while the "smoked muttonfat " likewise fetches high prices. It is not generally known that jade is not invariably green or white; there is violet jade, pink jade, and crimson tade, some species including combinations of the various tints. The skilful carver is not slow in turning such freakish specimens to artistic codvantage, and curious are the inturnious devices which his fantastic



JADE VASE, DECORATED WITH HO-HO BIRDS. RING

bent enables him to develop from such examples. By eliminating the portions and shades which do not enter into his scheme. he will produce a flower composition, an animal group, a figure, in which each separate tone enters so appropriately that it is difficult to believe that the whole has been fashioned from a single block.

The smaller pieces of jadestone of good colour naturally find themselves, as a rule, converted into beads, ear-rings, bangles, or finger rings. With a nice regard for the fitness of things, the

Chinese designer will leave the specimen that is of faultless colour in its perfection of plainness; it is the stone of less blameless tint which will receive the elaborate carving which goes to compensate for its inferior tone. Fitments of chased gold are often employed to hide the junctions, as in a bangle composed from some three or four portions.

These settings do not be trav their purpose, but have the effect of being introduced solely for the sake of a richer effect.

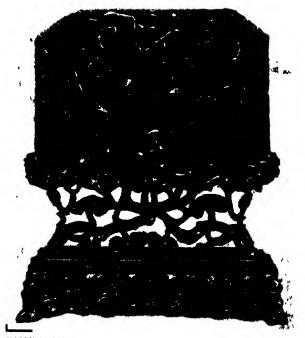
The larger pieces of jade are greatly prized for purely decorative purposes, and are often used as flat panels, screens, box-lids, jardinières, and vases. Realising how excellently a stand or frame of black teakwood will set off the green tones of the jade, the Oriental artist frequently uses the two in combination, as in the screen and stand illustrated, in which the latter is

An Article for the Collector

given almost as much prominence as the carving it supports. The vase with the ring handles formed from the same stone as the body, and therefore guiltless of join, has likewise its cover and stand of wood.

The mythical Ho-Ho bird, the crane, the nightingale, are frequent themes for the carver in jade; so are inscriptions, either from the sacred writings of the East or conveying messages of good fortune and prosperity. There is little ornament introduced into these carvings that is not emblematic in one way or another; even the ring handles are symbolical of eternity in their lack of beginning and of end. On important pieces one occasionally comes across an entire scene taken from a Chinese legend, or an elaborate composition treating of social life. The gradations of green naturally render representations of tree-life a favourite theme, the carver working his specimen so that a verdant background is given to figures and animals cut from the coloured In this connection the streaks. smoky jade helps to give variety to the composition, while the introduction of the "mutton-fat" variety gives scope for cloud effects.

There is no end to the purposes to which the worker in jade does not put his specimens. Sometimes it is a



SCREEN OF CARVED

Jade in Jewellery and Decoration

complete set for the writing-table, inclusive of a paperweight wrought in some fantastic form, and a vase to hold a flower for the delectation of the scribe. Sometimes it is merely a pendant carved in some grotesque manner and daintily hung from a coral tassel or an amethyst button. At others it is merely a figure of a stag or dragon, intended to adorn a table, sometimes it is a cup and saucer, beautifully incised so that when held up to the light a lovely opaqueness sets off the skill of the designer.

Such is the present favour accorded to jade of all tints, that many are the imitations scattered abroad among the vendors. Most of these are merely coloured glass, cleverly moulded so as to deceive the inexperienced eye. The sure test lies, however, in the temperature of the object, stone being colder to the touch than glass. The expert, however, does not need this test; to him the matchless colour of the real thing tells its own tale.

Though the Chinese carver has made jade especially his own, it is claimed that the first specimens of jade carvings came from Mexico, where the stone is found in considerable quantities. Interesting, however, as Mexican craftsmanship undoubtedly is in its own sphere, it yet lacks that subtlety and ingenuity which is characteristic of the Oriental mind. Hence it has followed that it is in the Chinese jade carving that we find method best suited to medium.

One might write a volume and still not exhaust the various by-paths into which the study of old jade carvings may lead us. We might, for instance, specialise on the lotus carvings, with their sacred associations, or concentrate on the use of jade in connection with the ornaments worn by personages of high degree within the Celestial Kingdom. Or, on the other hand, we might study the subject purely from the furnishing point of view, and collect specimens in which it enters into the construction of wall-pictures, bird cages, table appointments, and the like. For jade has become the national stone of China, and there are few of the trappings of Chinese daily life in which it does not play its part.

Furnishing Items

Mending the Wire Mattress.

The wire mattress, that looks so agreeably rigid when one purchases it, has a distressing way of losing that rigidity after a course of steady use. It is now possible, however, to buy appropriate lengths of four-ply wire mesh, with instructions as to the method of re-wiring one's erring mattress for oneself. This is naturally a great advantage, since the actual business of affixing and threading the mesh is no more than the average lay intelligence can compass.

For the

Ever since the Flood, the story of the Aik built by Noah has wielded an unrivalled fascination over the child mind. Were I in the position of having to furnish a nursery, I should have no hesitation in choosing for it, before all else, one of the alluring Noah's Ark carpets that are the speciality of a wellknown furnishing firm. The centre of the carpet is of a pleasing Wedgwoodblue chequered in cream, while the wide border displays not alone the ark, but Noah and his entire family, and, of course, in faithful pairs, every conceivable bird. beast, and fowl. These are all depicted with that unselfconscious naïveté that we associate with the traditional figures. In the two yards by three yards size, which is about as extensive an area as most of us can afford nowadays to devote to a nursery, this alluring carpet costs £3 7s. 6d., but it is stocked also in as many as five different measurements.

A variant of this nursery carpet is the "Farmstead," in which both centre and border are devoted to the portrayal

And Useful Novelties

of the ducks, pigs, fowls, and sheep that form to the youthful mind the attractions of a country life.

For the Youthful Scribe.

I feel convinced that half the distress occasioned to the budding mind in the acquirement of the three R's, is due to the discomfort connected with the use by a small person of a writing table far too lofty to be reached without effort. How can one write or spell satisfactorily when one's elbows are brought nearly up to one's chin at a table meant for someone twice the size? All this unfeeling disregard for the child's comfort is obviated by a neat little writing table (of the kneehole variety) that is but two feet seven inches in height, and has a couple of handy little drawers on either side to take the writing materials and copybooks. Furthermore, being expressed in white enamelled wood, decorated with parrots, Teddy bears, and bunnies in colour, it adds to lesson-time a welcome note of gaiety that the hour sometimes lacks. After lesson-time, too, the table is convenient for toys, its small back-piece dropping down so as to extend the size of the tabletop. The price of this covetable bit of nursery equipment is £12 125.

The Chippendale Carpet.

Everyone is talking just now about "Chinese Chippendale," and seeking to combine in one the two vogues respectively of Chinese decoration and Chippendale style. To meet the needs of those who are acquiring furniture and mirrors in the manner adopted by the famous cabinetmaker when under the Chinese

By Mrs. GORDON-STABLES

influence, a Wilton carpet with a black ground and fringed ends has been specially carried out, the border being designed after a pattern much affected by Chippendale in his carvings, while the body shows groups of conventionalised flowers and geometrical motifs such as one meets with in Oriental embroideries and ceramics. In the three yards by four yards size the price is £25.

Classes for Cretonne Designing.

The enormous impetus given during the last few years to the production of original designs for cretonnes and other furnishing fabrics has furnished women of artistic leanings with a new career. Manufacturers of such goods are only too ready to welcome novel suggestions for patternings, provided, of course, that they conform to the practical requirements as regard width and "repeats," of which the average amateur is blissfully oblivious. To instruct such aspirants both on the artistic and the commercial side of design, classes have been instituted in town which should enable the pupil of promise eventually to earn a very excellent livelihood in this direction, as well as in that of wall-paper design. The class meets one evening a week.

You can Change your Chimneypiece.

Some of us have the misfortune to inhabit a house in which each room is equipped with a chimneypiece of enamelled iron which seems to nullify all attempts to make the ensemble really pleasing to live with. At the present moment a good deal of attention is being concentrated by decorators on

Furnishing Items

the chimney piece as a feature in the room; and in order that it shall conform as closely as possible with the leading characteristics of the furniture, chimneypieces are being produced in wood, and carton-pierre, to suit practically all periods. This is naturally a great boon to those who wish their effects to be correct in all their details.

Fans as Decoration.

Most of us possess, hidden away, some beautiful old fan that belonged to a far-off ancestress. Such fans seldom come forth from their retirement, because they are too fragile to expose to view, unless enclosed within a cabinet, a method of displaying them which hardly does justice to their delicate beauty. Fans of real merit are worth a frame to themselves. The frame must, however. be made to fit the individual fan, for this will only look its best if, when opened, it is given an even amount of space on every side. Such frames may cost anything from thirty shillings apiece, according to the style of moulding chosen, for they are by no means so simple in construction as the ordinary picture-frame, the "cradle," as it is called, necessitating a hinged back for the adjustment and possible removal of its contents. A piece of brightly-hued silk, chosen to contrast with the colour predominant in the fan, is pasted to the interior to show off its beauties to the best advantage.

An Adapted Mirror.

When during my walks abroad I turn into a friend's house for an hour's relaxation, you may be sure that I cast a professional eye over the trappings of her room. Such is the life of a journalist that she comes, in time, to make copy even out of her dearest acquaintances! Not long ago I came across, in this way, a really brilliant idea for utilising in acceptable form one of those enormous noor-to-ceiling mirrors in which the pompous early-nineteenth-century double drawing-room took such delight. In spite of the inflated cost at the present time of plate-glass, these vast pierglasses are occasionally to be met with at the price of a few pounds, since in this instance the supply is distinctly in advance of the demand. If plate-glass were not such a risky thing to attempt to cut, I have no doubt that the glasses would fetch some ten times what is now asked for them,

My friend had acquired this particular mirror in a direfully shabby gilt frame for the sum of four pounds, and had placed it at the end of a rather ill-lighted room. Aluminium paint had been used to hide the tarnished gilding, this according excellently with the rest of the paint, which happened to be of a soft grey. Then came the stroke of

genius. The walls being of primrose yellow, a deep valance of mercerised rep, striped in grey, primrose, and blue had been suspended from the top of the mirror, its lower edge being curved in approved pelmet style, and the ends finished off by a large knot and ends of silver cord, embellished with heavy tassels. Across the lower portion of the re-formed mirror was placed a semi-circular card-table, holding one large Chinese vase of yellow ground and filled with sprays of honesty. Altogether a most charming arrangement for a dull wall.

Arranging the Miniatures.

In the same room was to be observed an original method of dealing with miniatures or silhouette portraits. These small pictures are apt to be lost if posed among other more insistent objects upon a table or mantelpiece. So my friend, who is a great collector of daguerreotype portraits, has given them a niche all to themselves-on the door! The door was divided into a number of smallish panels, after the manner of drawing-room doors, and in each panel was placed a small portrait. Thus each was given its special little space, and responded by showing itself off to full advantage.

To Renew

Is the first gleam of spring sunshine dispiriting you by showing you how much colour has faded from the leather seats of your couch and chairs? If so, there is little need to repine, for it is not a difficult matter to bring back the original tint permanently. A preparation which is much used for recolouring the leather cushions of motorcars is equally efficacious for furniture coverings, and costs very little, considering its efficiency.

Do It Yourself.

If one has a cushion or a chair seat which is past repair, one can, provided it be not of too extensive dimensions, re-cover it oneself at the cost of some six shillings, in what is technically known as "Velvet Persian," a leather of a peculiarly soft finish. Leather prices have slumped of late at least 200 per cent., but if you should take the seat direct to a professional, you will be unlikely to profit much thereby. Better obtain the leather direct and do it yourself.

A Really Sanitary Bin.

I greatly fear that the ordinary sanitary dust-bin is sanitary only in name. Now that only a few of the select Borough Councils provide their dustmen with a sanitary compound to sprinkle in the bins after emptying them, it is up to the conscientious housewife to see that the omission is supplied by

herself. The newest dust-bin is so deserving of the sanitary appellation that it can be harboured indoors without fear of consequences, a great point for flat-dwellers or those unblessed with appropriate outdoor accommodation. Formed of white enamelled steel, its perfectly-fitting lid is controlled by a stout foot lever, and, most commendable of all, it is equipped with a holder for disinfectant. Lastly, it stands away from the floor on four feet, so that one can clean under and around it with case. The holder itself fits into a frame so that it can be lifted out for emptying.

To Match the Curtains.

How many weary hours cannot one waste in seeking fringe, cords, and tassels to match a particular curtain fabric. It is good to know that a firm in town makes it their business to produce for one any style of trimming to match any pattern furnished them, special handlooms being kept for the production of the lengths needed.

To Kill the Furniture

The amateur in concocting fluids with a view to killing worm in furniture, is apt to do damage to the wood itself, such preparations often removing all pretensions to polish, and at the same time destroying the wood's beauty of tint. Four and sixpence will, however, buy a bottle of woodworm-killer that, while spelling death to the little pest, can be relied upon not to harm the finest wood. Thus, in the long run, it comes far less expensive than a homemade decoction that involves payment later to a furniture restorer.

A Cold Water Glue.

A glue-pot is by no means an easy thing for the amateur to manipulate, so that a strong glue which only needs to be mixed with a little cold water is most acceptable. I have found it admirable for replacing bits of veneer and in reconciling joints that have decided to go their several ways. A small tin costs but sixpence, and is sufficient to do quite a number of odd jobs about the house. You mix a teaspoonful with an equal quantity of cold water, till it becomes a paste, and allow it to stand for five minutes before using.

A Gas Economiser.

Two shillings will procure you a set of perforated stands to use beneath your kettles and stewpans. These raise the utensils above the flame in such a way that none of the heat is dissipated at the sides, but the whole force is concentrated on the bottom. Formerly, we have only been able to secure the kettle already constructed on this principle; the new sets of economisers enable us to make use of our old pans and kettles on the same lines.

THE EDITOR Writes:

A large section of our readers will be interested to know that I am bringing out an entirely new work on Cookery, to be issued in handy little books, compact in size, and printed in a clear direct manner, with the information put in so straightforward and simple a style that the most inexperienced can use it with a certainty of success.

Volume I., which is entitled-

"FISH: WITH FORCEMEATS AND FLAVOURINGS,"

will be ready immediately. Other volumes will follow in due course.

That there is a big need for a new cookery book is evidenced by the number of letters I receive asking for such a book as this I am bringing out.

Cookery to-day differs considerably from cookery before the war. Prices have changed, necessitating a

readjustment of the ingredients used. The disappearance of the trained cook from all but the homes of the wealthy has made the time employed, and the work involved, a matter of great importance where cooking is concerned. Moreover, our tastes and our ideas have altered with the experience gained during the war.

I am constantly asked for a cookery book that is in line with modern conditions, and suited to the needs of the hard-hit mistresses of middle-class households who have to keep their expenditure within certain limits, and often do much of the cooking themselves. My book is intended for those who wish to provide nourishing yet attractive meals, while observing careful economy both in food bills and service.

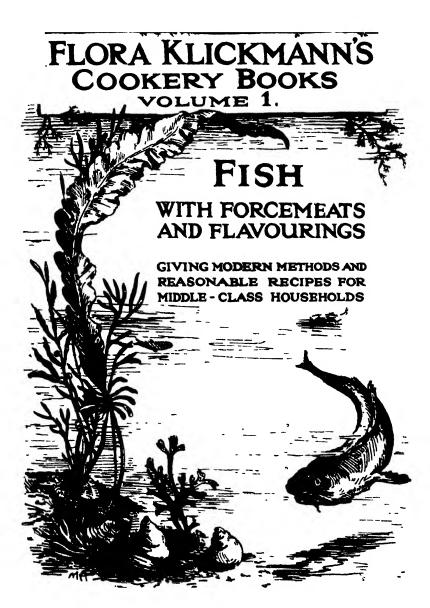
A Mental Sense of Taste amounts to Genius in a Cook.

We are often told that the secret of successful cooking lies in a knowledge of food values, a careful attention to exact measurements, and a precise regulation of heat. To some extent this is true. But there is one important qualification for successful cooking that I have never seen dealt with in print; yet it is most valuable and at times amounts to genius. The greatest chefs possess it; and it is this faculty that has given the French preeminence in the art of cooking. For want of a technical term, I must call it "A Mental Sense of Taste," by which I mean the power to recognise in the mind what will result from a combination of several flavours; the instinct which tells one what will be the taste of a dish merely from reading the recipe, and what other item would combine with it to improve it, or to emphasise

its good qualities.

This faculty is akin to that possessed by the true musician, whereby he can sit down with nothing but silence and a music score, and yet hear in his mind the whole of a symphony, with every detail of orchestration, merely by reading the printed notes.

It is the streak of genius, possessed by a few fortunate persons, which enables them to take every-day materials and turn out a meal that is both a work of art and a veritable feast. This faculty can be developed to a wonderful extent, and in itself it is a fascinating study that opens up new avenues of adventure where before one saw nothing but a kitchen and a larder; while it can raise the labours of the cook from mere drudgery to creative work and artistic production. I mention this matter here, as it



The Editor's Page

is well worth the attention of the one who would specialise in cookery.

An Asset in Fish-Cookery that be Wasted.

During the lean years of the war a reader of THE WOMAN'S MAGAZINE wrote to me: "I notice that most articles on fish cookery tell one to be sure and have the bones and trimmings from the fishmonger when he fillets the fish; but what am I to do with them when I have them?"

Many others have asked this question; and because so few amateur cooks know what to do with the fish bones and trimmings, or realise their value and possibilities in the home meals, I draw particular attention to them in my new book.

They are a real asset in home cooking, as they will make an extra dish whenever fish is on the menu. Not only do they contain nutriment, but they take far less time than meat bones to cook, and hence use less firing. Half-an-hour's simmering will provide the foundation for some delicious fish soups and fish stews—appetising dishes that are body-building both for children and adults, easily digested, and very economical.

Or the liquor can be made into sauce with real food value; and sauce in one form or another should be served with practically every fish dish (excepting shell-fish), since it is invariably enjoyed. Also, where cost is a consideration, the sauce helps the fish to go farther for a family meal

Fish Soupe and Fish Stews should be Better Known.

Pish soups and fish stews are not nearly as well known as they deserve to be. Several recipes for each will be found in my volume, and I am anxious to recommend them very specially to the notice of the house mistress who has never yet served them at her table; for I have found that one trial is sufficient to insure their popularity.

Moreover, they are dishes that are easily and quickly prepared—a great advantage to the cook!

Savoury Balls are a Novelty in Fish Soup.

But I can confidently advocate them as a pleasant variation, giving more substantiality to the soup. You will find these easy to make, and always popular. A number of recipes for these balls are given in the new book.

Unnecessary Work should be Cut Out.

To save work where possible is important, especially in the kitchen. Therefore the recipes in my book have been simplified as much as possible, omitting those small finicking etceteras of comparatively little value that used to figure so often in pre-war cookery literature, but which are no longer possible in the average private house, owing to the time taken in their preparation and the scarcity of domestic workers.

It is necessary for most of us, now, to consider whether a dish, or a course, is really worth the array of pots and pans, basins, cups and spoons, that were called for in the directions for making even a semi-elaborate dish in the years preceding the war! In the majority of cases it will be found that results quite as appetising, and every bit as nourishing, can be produced with fewer

ingredients and fewer utensils than had to be used in carrying out the old-time recipes.

While no one wishes to be stinted with utensils, nor to reduce cooking from a science and an art to a mere medley of foodstuffs, there is a useful medium course possible to the small household, whereby well-cooked and tempting variety can be provided (and in an orderly methodical manner) without that heavy aftermath of washing-up that was inevitable in former days. And this is obtained by a judicious selection of few ingredients in place of an extravagant admixture of sundries where one only serves to annul another.

Also, it saves much unnecessary labour when all the items can be cooked in one saucepan or casserole, and sent to table on one dish, instead of fish, vegetables, and sauce having separate saucepans and separate serving Of course, this is not always desirable, as it would tend to monotony; but it is a principle worth consideration, and a number of recipes for such labour-saving dishes will be found in my book

Greater Variety is needed in Most Households.

Many households keep to a narrow groove where fish is concerned, alternating plaice, cod, and sole; or whiting, halibut, and cod; with salmon and turbot as occasional luxuries. Yet there are other fish quite as palatable and less expensive.

John Dory and sea bream seldom soar high in price; hake is an excellent and inexpensive fish with more flavour than cod; megrims and witches are cheaper than soles, and will often serve the same purpose; gurnet is well worth baking—only beware of its treacherous backbone! And turbot, though numbered among the luxuries, is sometimes so plentiful that it is cheaper than plaice; in which case it is a bargain indeed, since it is exceptionally nutritive.

Tinned and preserved fish is much more used than before the war in the making of hot dishes, and also for fish-salads. A number of delicious novelties are now on the market that should be better known to the house-wife. These are described in my book. They are a boon to those who live in the country, or out of reach of a fresh-fish market.

Foreign Recipes provide much Useful Nevelty.

I have included in this volume a number of foreign recipes that have been sent me by readers of The Woman's Magazine; as these have all been tested, they can be well recommended, and they will provide fresh ideas for the enterprising cook who likes to experiment in new directions.

Never Serve Fish by Itself.

Formerly fish was seldom served in polite society with any vegetables, apart from garnishings. Yet it combines well with so many things, that it is a wasted opportunity to serve it alone. Directions are given for combining all kinds of vegetables with fish in several ways.

The Newest Methods in Cooking Fish.

The newest methods dispense with much that was merely work-making and extravagant in pre-war recipes. It is certainly unnecessary to egg and breadcrumb fish before frying; neither need one go to the trouble and expense of batter unless specially desired. The war taught us that fried fish can be quite as appetising and successful without these additions as with them.

And another war-time discovery was the value of the skin of the fish. Nowadays the generality of fish is not necessarily skinned, unless for an invalid or for some special white dish, and even then the skin need not be wasted, as it can be simmered for soup or stew.

Many Pre-war Recipes were very Extravagant.

nother point of difference between the modern and pre-war cookery is in the "quantities" of ingredients used in the recipes. The majority of prewar recipes not only called for more eggs and butter and cream than were necessary for the making of a dish, but they also called for more than the average modern digestion can deal with! And this lavish use of rich ingredients was due to the fact that many of the recipes in the cookery books that were current before the war had been taken, sometimes without any modification, from cookery books that were published in the eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries, when the whole life of the nation was less sedentary, and less expensive, than in this twentieth century; and people could use-and also could digest-eggs, cream and butter, with rich roasts and other fat fare at a rate that would cause even the wife of a modern war profiteer to gasp if she had to pay the bills to-day.

Yet the pre-war recipes still go on prattling about eggs by the half-dozen and butter by the half-pound, when one egg and one ounce of butter are often all the recipe needs, and all most of us can now afford.

The recipes in my new book have been compiled to suit modern prices, modern tastes, and modern digestions. At the same time the need for nourishment has never been overlooked. A dish that is deficient in body-building properties is, as a general rule, nothing more than a waste of time and material.

And yet another difference between cookery past and present lies in the number of persons to be catered for. Much smaller dishes are now needed in the average middle-class household, since daughters as well as sons often live away from the parental roof, or, at any rate, take their meals in town; and we no longer require our recipes to provide for eight to ten persons, as they did in the past. In the main, the quantities given in my recipes provide for three or four persons.

My new book does not profess to give instructions for the preparation of elaborate and expensive dishes for extraordinary occasions, since these are seldom made at home But sufficient information will be found in its pages to serve the everyday needs of the average middle-class household. While the new ideas in recipes, and the simplified methods in cooking, will be found a real boon to the modern housewife who is tired of the reckless extravagance of the old-time cookery books, and the monotony of pre-war recipes.



LAKE LOUISE IN WINTER.
(See the article on " Tours Worth Taking.")

Photo by the Canadian Pacific Railway.

By SALLY ISLER

Supper and Breakfast Dishes for May

Pot au Surprise.

One sheep's kidney, I set of brains, I lb. sheep's liver, I lb. stewing steak, I hard-boiled egg, I potato, I onion, carrot, and turnip, I tablespin. boiled lice, I tablespin. barley, I tablespin. sago, I sheep's tongue, I qt. water or second stock.

Scald the tongue and kidney and skin carefully. Cut the tongue into squares of 1 in. in size. Halve the kidney, and halve it again. Cut the liver into 1-in. squares, also the steak, and boil the b ains until they are well set. Allow the brains to become quite cold, then cut into pieces about the size of a small walnut. Put the tongue, kidney, liver, and steak into a fryingpan with a little butter. Slice the onion and add, and try all until they are a nice dark brown. Put the water or stock into a deep pan, and slice the potato into it Add the sago and barley, pepper and sair, and, lastly, the carrot and turnip cut into dice. Bring to the boil and simmer for 1 hour. Add the liver, steak, tongue, and kidney Simmer for

I hour, or until the steak is quite soft Add the brains kidney, and I hard-boiled egg whole Cook for 5 min. more and dish up very hot. Pour into a deep tureen and, before serving, break a thick slice of toasted bread into small pieces and put at the bottom of the tureen. Add tour or five more pieces of the broken toast, and allow to stand 1 min. until the bread swells a little. This will be found a most delicious supper dish-nourishing, tasty, and cheap.

Leicestershire

½ lb. minced meat, 1 oz. ham, 1 onion, parsley, pepper and salt to taste, 1 egg per person, a little butter, ½ pt. good brown gravy or a little Bovril.

Mince the meat finely, using any cold meat and pieces that you have left from other meals Mince the ham, and chop the onion very finely. Chop the parsley, mix with the ham, meat, and onion, and season rather highly with pepper. Have ready four small teacups, and well grease them with butter or dripping. Halffill these with the meat, and make a hole in the centre with a teaspoon. Break 1 egg into each hole, pour over 1 tablespn. good brown gravy and a few drops of Worcestershire saucc.

Cover with greased paper, and steam for 1 hour, or bake in a slow oven for about 30 min. The length of time for cooking depends solely upon whether one likes one's eggs hard or soft; 10 min. will suffice to heat the meat through, but the egg cooks very slowly in the cups. Serve in their cups with small tea napkins pinned round them. Serve with them small sippets of toast or fingers of fried bread.

Ham and Fish

I lb. cod or any white fish, \(\frac{1}{2}\) lb. sliced ham, \(\frac{1}{2}\) pt. milk, 2 eggs (or dried eggs will do nicely), I breakfastcup mashed potatoes, I large raw potato, I tablespn. flour, I oz. butter, salt and pepper to taste.

Boil the fish, and, while still hot, remove every bone most carefully. Beat the eggs and mash the potatoes. Flake the fish and put into a deep frying-pan; cover with the milk, and allow to simmer gently until it is thoroughly hot through. Mix the flour with a little cold milk until quite smooth, then add to the fish.

Stir well, so as to prevent it becoming lumpy. Add pepper and salt. Beat the eggs thoroughly again just before putting into the fish. Stir round three times, then remove immediately from the fire. Set where it will keep warm Meantime, cut the potato into thin slices and fry in a pan with the ham. Have ready a pie-dish and grease it well with bacon fat, and place a layer of ham in the bottom. Cover with a layer of fried potatoes, using up all the potato in this one thick layer. Stir the fish custard well and pour over the bacon and ham. The custard will be thick like a milk pudding. Flatten the fish with a fork, and cover with another layer of fried ham. Heap up with mashed potato on which the ounce of butter has been beaten. Put in the oven for 15 min., and allow to become a golden brown. Should the pie be a little stiff, a hole should be made in it with a skewer pushed right down to the bottom layer of ham. Into this pour 1 tablespn melted bacon fat. Turn the dish in your hands so that the fat may run all

> round the bottom of the pie Serve very hot, as the fat soon chills and is anything but appetising in this condition

Baltimore Bread and Onions.

I loaf of bread, I lb. onions. 2 slices bacon or ham (or any meat preferred), chopped pars ley, carrot. and turnp, I egg 4 oz. flour, a pinch of salt, ½ oz butter, ½ pt. milk, frying-fat.

Cut the loaf of bread into thick slices measuring about 11 in. deep and the full size of a small tin loaf. Set the crust to soak in a little warm milk, and beat thoroughly to a pulp Chop very finely the meat, 1 onion, parsley, carrot, and turnip, add the bread crusts which should be squeezed very dry. Mix all together and bind with an egg. Season highly with pepper and a little salt With a sharp knife make an incision in each slice of bread. Legin as if you were going to cut the pieces into two thinner slices. Be careful not to cut them apart, but make an opening about 3 in. across. Fill this opening with some of the mincemeat, and press as flat as possible. Meantime, make a batter with the flour, salt, and butter, mixed to a thick cream with a little warm milk. Beat the egg thoroughly and last of all. Dip the bread



Nothing could be Simpler in Construction than this Gate, yet it lends itself to Artistic treatment.

(See Miss Angel's article, page 419.)

slices in this and coat thoroughly, then roll them quickly in breadcrumbs and fry a golden brown in boiling fat. Drain well. Fry the remainder of the onions in thin slices. Let them become a good brown. Heap on a dish, and arrange the Baltimore bread on the top. If liked, a little brown gravy may be served with this dish.

Pig's-Foot

2 pig's feet, I tablespn. dried peas, I onion, 6 peppercorns, teaspn. powdered sage, \(\frac{1}{4}\) lb. flour, \(\frac{1}{4}\) lb. lard, water, I egg, and a little good clear stock.

· Choose pigs' feet that are only slightly salted, and boil until tender, changing the water twice at least. Cut the feet into small pieces, separating each toe. Lay these into the bottom of a deep pie-dish. Cover with the stock, and sprinkle in the dried peas. Slice the onion, and add the peppercorns. Allow to simmer in the oven for 20 min. Have ready a crust made from the following. Sift 1 lb. flour with a little salt. Sprinkle in the powdered sage, and mix well. Rub in half the quantity of fat, and knead thoroughly. Mix with a little water to a good paste. Turn on to a well-floured board and roll out. then spread on half . the remaining quantity of butter. Sprinkle with flour and a soupcon of sage. Knead again. Roll out a second time, using all the fat. Roll out finally 1 in. thick. Allow the pie to cool, then put I hard-boiled egg in the centre. Cover with the crust and make an opening near the centre. Bake in a good oven for 30 min.

Serve with this the following sauce:
pt. liquor in which the feet have been boiled, 2 tablespn. flour mixed with a little cold milk, 3 capers. Bring to the boil slowly, and allow just time enough to cook the flour. Should the sauce be too thick, thin with a little cold milk.

Liver Pudding Nouvelle.

1 lb. calf's liver, 4 oz. suet, 8 oz. flour, teaspn. baking-powder, salt, a little cold water, 1 onion, 3 slices bacon, 2 oz. breadcrumbs, 1 large potato.

Shred the suet finely, and mix with the flour. Sift in the baking-powder and salt, and add sufficient water to make a thick crust. Line a pudding-basin with this, pressing it carefully to the sides. Parboil the liver and onion, and boil the potato. Cut the liver into long thin slices, and press round the basin into the crust. Cut the bacon into halves and lay over the liver. Mash the potato, and chop the onion very finely, and mix with the breadcrumbs. Moisten with a little milk. Fill in the centre of the basin with this, covering all with a round of suct crust. Make a hole in the crust and pour in 1 cup stock or water. Tie down with a cloth and steam for 2 hours. Turn out, and serve with some rich

gravy, or, if liked, some Bovril thickened with brown flour.

Stuffed Ox Cheek

I ox cheek, 2 oz. butter, 2 oz. flour, I onion, carrot, a little parsley, and a strip of celery, a few peppercorns, cloves, and a bay leaf, seasoning to taste, I egg, breadcrumbs, a little forcemeat.

Soak the cheek in salted water for 10 hours, changing the water frequently. Put into a deep pot and cover with cold water. Bring to the boil and skim it carefully. Add the vegetables and spices and I teaspn. salt. Cook gently for 3 hours, or until the meat is easily removed from the bones. Remove the meat and lay on a flat board. Sprinkle with flour and breadcrumbs, and spread with a thick layer of forcemeat. Roll up tightly and tie with a string. Roll in egg and breadcrumbs. Set in a baking-tin and bake in a moderate oven for 11 hours. Baste with hot dripping. Dish up with a ring of fried rolls of bacon and slices of lemon. Garnish with a little chopped

Some Good Breakfast Dishes

Macaroni Hash.

4 oz macaroni, 2 slices bacon, 1 egg, 1 cup milk, browning, pepper and salt.

Boil the macaroni in salted water for 20 min., drain and leave until wanted. This can easily be done the day before, or any cold macaroni left from cheese dishes can be used up for the hash. Chop the macaroni finely and also the bacon. Cut a hard-boiled egg into small squares and add. Put into a saucepan with the cup of milk and allow to become thoroughly hot. Season with pepper and salt, and a little browning added to the milk makes a nice coloured gravy. Serve on slices of toast dipped in boiling water. This is a very good means of using up odds and ends, as the addition of pieces of potato or rice or scraps of meat all add to the goodness.

Cupped Eggs.

I egg per person, I tablespn. milk, 2 small rounds buttered toast, ½ oz. butter, pepper and salt, a little chopped parsley, I hard-boiled e.g.

Have the egg ready hard-boiled and stand in cold water. Take a small cup, and at the bottom place a round of buttered toast or bread. Pour over I tablespn. milk, a small piece of butter, pepper, and salt. Break I egg into this Cover with another slice of toast or bread, cut to fit the cup. Bake in a slow oven for 20 min. If properly done the cup eggs will turn out solid. Shell the boiled egg, and grate over the tops of all when turned out. Garnsh with a little finely-chopped parsley. These eggs are extremely good when

served on bacon or fried ham; and also, as a luncheon "first dish," very good served on mince.

Scrambled Egg and Fish.

Remains of cold fish, 2 dried eggs, 1 small onion, parsley, salt and pepper, any cold potatoes.

Soak the eggs in warm milk for 20 min. Beat well with a silver fork. Carefully remove any bones from the fish and break into small pieces. Put into a frying-pan with some hot dripping and heat through thoroughly. Beat the eggs with I tablespn. milk, a little chopped parsley, and an onion finely shredded. If any cold potatoes are to be had, chop these also and add to the fish. When the fish is thoroughly hot, pour over the eggs, etc., and stir well. Cook for about 5 min. until the eggs begin to scramble. Dish up on pieces of toast dipped in hot water or milk. Drain the toast well before using, but the dipping in the milk or water makes the toast soft and palatable. Season all well with pepper and salt, and garnish with a little chopped parsley. The addition of a little parsley as a trimming to a dish is well worth the time expended on its preparation, as the daintiness of the dish when brought to table certainly helps to stimulate the appetite.

Bacon and Savoury Rice.

2 oz. boiled rice, I onion, also boiled, I oz. dripping, a good pinch salt, pepper, and ½ cup gravy, bacon sliced.

Put the rice, chopped onion, pepper, and salt all together in a saucepan. Heat for 5 min. in the gravy. Turn into a deep pie-dish, cover with breadcrumbs. Put some dripping in small pieces over the top, and bake in a gentle oven until brown, or, better still, brown before a clear fire or under a gas grid. This latter is to my mind the most satisfactory, because it is done so quickly and has such an appetising colour. Dish up with hot bacon in rolls round it.

Baked Dried Haddock.

This is a very delicious method of cooking the inevitable breakfast haddock.

I dried haddock or I lb. Finnan haddock (in the case of the former, bone and remove the tail and fins; in the case of the latter, remove the rough skin at the back, wash thoroughly), I egg, breadcrumbs, I cup milk, and I oz butter.

Grease a pie-dish well and sprinkle with breadcrumbs. Lay the fish in this, cut into convenient-sized pieces. Cover with milk. Add I egg well beaten, pepper and salt, and pieces of butter scattered over the surface. Cover with thick breadcrumbs, and bake in the oven for 15 min. This dish may be prepared over-night,

Supper and Breaklast Dishes

and, if stood in a cool place, will keep perfectly fresh for the morning cooking.

Saucage Balls with Bread.

1 lb. sausages, several thick slices of bread, r egg, breadcrumbs, frying-fat, bacon if desired.

Dip the sausages into boiling water for 1 min., and then remove the skins. Cut each sausage into three or four pieces according to the size of the sausage. Cut the bread into similarsized pieces. Roll the sausage-meat into rounds between your palms. Beat I egg well, drop in the sausage balls and bread, and roll in breadcrumbs, coating thickly. Fry in boiling fat to a golden brown. Remove, drain, and roll in brown breadcrumbs to take off the greasy appearance. Liver may be used cut into small pieces, or a kidney treated in the same way is delicious. This is a dish I frequently use when I have been unable to procure more than I kidney or 2 or 3 sausages. This greatly adds to the bacon, and, in the instance of one being able to buy plenty of kidneys, this, with the bread, saves the bacon tremendously.

Potato Omelette.

2 dried eggs, 2 large cold boiled potatoes, ½ cup milk, 1 tablespn. flour, pepper and salt, a little butter (about ½ oz.).

Cut the potatoes into small pieces and set on the fire with a little dripping to become hot and brown. Soak the eggs in werm milk for 20 min, or do this over-night, which is a much better plan, as the eggs thicken much better. Beat well, and add the butter melted, pepper and salt. Mix the flour to a smooth cream with a little of the cold milk. Add to the eggs also the remainder of the milk. Whip well with a fork. Have ready a pan with hot fat from which the smoke rises in a blue colour. Pour into it the omelette, and cook very slowly for 3 min. Put into the oven for another 3 min., or before the fire or under the grid. Brown slightly, but allow the eggs to become set. Turn out on a very hot plate, spread the potatoes on half, and turn the other half over the top. Dish up immediately, or it will fall, and become rather "rubbery" in consequence.

Seven Good Supper Sweets

Lemon Dumplings.

8 oz. breadcrumbs, 4 oz. suet, 3 oz. brown sugar, 1 teaspn. golden syrup, juice and rind of 1 lemon, 1 egg.

Grate the breadcrumbs finely and shred the suet, sprinkling a little flour over it to prevent its sticking to the shredder. Mix with the breadcrumbs and add the brown sugar. Grate the lemon and add, then the juice, and, lastly, the syrup. Mix all thoroughly

together. Beat the egg well and add slowly, working it in carefully and allowing no lumps to form. Form into small dumplings and drop into cups. Steam for 40 min. Turn into a dish and sprinkle with fine white sugar. Serve with them the following sauce.

Lemon Sauce

I large cup water, juice and rind of lemon or teaspn. lemon essence, I dried egg, ½ oz. butter, I oz. flour, I tablespn. white sugar.

Grate the lemon rind into a bowl and add the sugar to it. Squeeze into it the juice. Melt the butter and mix the flour with it, cook gently for a few minutes, but do not allow it to brown. Add the water to the flour and butter, and stir until it boils, then add the lemon juice and sugar. Allow the sauce to cool a little, and then beat the egg well and add. Stir carefully, and allow to remain just long enough for the sauce to thicken. Remove at once, and serve poured over the dumplings. The addition of a little grated lemon peel over all is a pretty garnish.

Zephyr Puffs.

I cup water, I oz. butter, about I cup flour, a pinch of salt, grated lemon or orange peel, I lump sugar, 2 small eggs, deep frying-fat.

Put the butter into a stewpan, add a lump of sugar, a little grated lemon peel, a pinch of salt, and I breakfastcup water. Bring to the boil, and allow to continue for nearly 1 min. Stir dry flour in until it becomes a thick paste. It is almost impossible to say to a fraction how much flour should be added, as measures vary so, and some "ounces" of butter and "half pints" of water are considerably overweight. Therefore stir in I cup flour, but add more should the paste be not stiff enough. It should be of the consistency of dough used in making tarts, etc. Continue stirring the flour, and then gradually add, one at a time, two wellbeaten eggs. Stir continually until the mixture is thin enough to drop from a spoon. Have ready a pan of lard or clear fat that does not quite boil. Take dessertspoon, and drop lumps of the paste about the size of a walnut into the hot fat. They will swell to three or four times their original size. Allow to become a warm golden brown, then remove, drain, and sprinkle thickly with sugar. Serve very hot, and heaped in a deep dish. Quartered lemon is a delicious addition, but a very good change is quartered orange. A very little experience will soon show what is the exact consistency for the dough, but the directions given ought to turn out perfectly. Cook about 5 min. in the fat. Care should be taken to drain them in a warm place, otherwise they are apt to fall a little.

Princess Mary Pudding.

This is an old-fashioned pudding, the recipe for which was given me a day or so ago by an old village woman. Her remark was to the effect that "Royal doin's meant royal eatin's, and this here puddin's as royal as the little bride 'erself." I had the pudding made for lunch the next day, and I certainly confirm the old woman's opinion.

6 apples, \(\frac{1}{2}\) cup cold water, 3 oz. butter, 2 eggs, slice of crusty bread, I tablespn. milk, grate of nutmeg, 2 oz. white sugar. This is the recipe as she gave it by word of mouth.

Peel and core the apples, but leave them whole. Set in a saucepan with the 1 small cup water. Cook gently until they are done and the apples quite soft. Add 3 oz. butter and stir well. Grate a piece of stale bread, using the crust as well as the crumb. Add to the apples, next the milk, then the sugar, and allow to cool slightly. Then beat the eggs thoroughly and add to the other ingredients. Mix thoroughly. Pour into a small round baking-dish, well greased, and bake in a good oven for 15 to 20 min. Dust a little fine sugar over them before sending to table. Serve a little cream, if procurable, with

Tutti Frutti Batter Pudding.

2 oz. dried peaches, I oz. dried apricots, I oz. prunes, and I apple sliced (any thing in the way of fruit that you have by you can be added, as the more fruits in the batter the better is the flavour), 2 bananas sliced, and small piece of angelica, ½ lb. breadcrumbs, I tablespn. treacle or clear jam, ½ pt. milk, 5 oz. flour, 3 dried eggs or 2 fresh ones, a good pinch of salt.

Place a layer of breadcrumbs at the bottom of a pie-dish. Slice the fruit as flat as possible, but the dried fruit should be soaked overnight, or be cooked before using. Place a layer of fruit over the breadcrumbs, and use up all the fruit you have. It should halffill the pie-dish. Cover with the remainder of the breadcrumbs. Add a tiny scrap of butter here and there among the breadcrumbs. Mix the flour with the milk, add the salt and the well-beaten eggs. Melt the jam or syrup and pour over the mixture in the dish. Lastly, pour over all the batter, and steam for 11 hours. If preferred, this pudding may be baked. Serve with it a little fruit juice sweetened and made hot, to which has been added I teaspn. clear red jam.

Railway Pudding.

4 oz. flour, 4 oz. butter, 2 eggs, vanilla essence, marmalade, sugar.

Sift the flour and slightly warm it

Supper and Breakfast Dishes

Beat the butter to a cream, and add the eggs. Add a few drops of vanilla essence, and then stir in the flour. Beat well, and, when full of bubbles, spread on a thin baking-dish and bake in a not too hot oven for 15 min. Divide the cake into 2 strips and spread each with marmalade. Roll up nicely, and sprinkle all with fine white sugar. Serve with this cream, or custard in glasses.

Dolos Bianco.

I large cup boiled rice, I large cup boiled tapioca, † pt. milk, I teaspn. cornflour, I oz. sweet almonds, I oz. shelled walnuts, penny bar (now two-

pence) plain chocolate, 1 egg, 2 tablespn. white sugar.

Put the rice and tapioca into a saucepan with the milk and sugar. Allow to become warm. Mix the cornflour smoothly with a little milk and add to the rice and tapioca. Stir, and cook for 3 min., taking care that the mixture does not scorch. Beat the egg, and add when the mixture is slightly cool, also 2 or 3 drops vanilla essence. Cook for 1 min. until all is blended nicely and the mixture rather stiff. Heap up on a glass dish and allow to become cold. Make the outside of the sweet as rough looking as possible. Just before serving cover with grated chocolate, and stick the almonds, which must be blanched, all over it. Also stick in the walnuts, which make a very pretty pattern if carefully done.

Orange Fritters.

2 oranges, sugar, batter.

Wash the oranges, and slice them with the peel still on. Remove the pips. Dip each into a batter similar to the one given in tutti frutti batter, drop into boiling fat and fry 5 min. Drain, and sprinkle with sugar. Serve on slices of plain cake dipped in cold milk.

Dyeing with Natural Dyes

Yellow Dves.

The list of these is large, and contains Persian berries, fustic, turmeric, ebony, wild mignonette, yellow broom, and heather. The splendid golden-yellow dye given by the last-named is so little, known, and so easy to obtain, that I propose to describe the process in detail.

Take I lb. of the leaves, flowers, and small terminal twigs of the wild heather, either ling (Erica vulgaris) or other varieties, cut them up, and enclose in a muslin bag. Prepare the bath with a gallon of water, I oz. of alum, and ½ oz. of tartar, enter the bag of heather, and boil from one to two hours. Lift and strain. Enter wool or cloth, previously mordanted with 5 per cent. of alum, into the boiling heather bath, and keep under the boil for an hour. Lift, rinse, and dry. The material will be dyed a clear old-gold yellow.

A much more brilliant yellow is obtained by placing the fresh-chopped heather in a bag, in the proportion of legible to r lb. to the gallon of water, and keeping it down to the bottom of the vat or bowl by stones or wooden bars or rods. The mordanted wool or cloth, previously wetted, is laid in the bath water above.

The bath is then placed over the heater. The water boiling up through the heather dyes the wool or cloth a strong bright golden-yellow. The depth of the colour depends on the length of time of boiling, which should not exceed more than from ten to twenty minutes. After this time the pure strong yellow dye will not be produced.

Very fine orange tints and ruddy yellows can be obtained by combining this intense yellow dye with madder, or by using an old madder bath in

Part II. Yellows and Black

which to steep or boil the yellow dyed stuffs.

By adding sulphate of iron to the heather dye bath olive green dyes can be obtained.

Of the other yellow dye stuffs mentioned, fustic is that which is the most easily obtained, either in the form of ground chips or extract. A good jonquilyellow is obtained by boiling together—

Ground fustic. . . . 5 parts
Alum 5 parts
Tartar 1 part

Turmeric gives very brilliant yellows, but they are not fast to light; it is, however, sometimes used to brighten yellows which are more durable, as, for example—

Black Dva

Black dyeing remains—in spite of all the efforts, and remarkably successful efforts, to obtain brilhant colours—the greatest of the dye interests, and to obtain better and better blacks is the subject of constant demand.

The chrome-logwood process is that which can be carried out most successfully in a small way, and as a domestic art. I taught it many years ago to the peasants in the then remote districts of congested Donegal, and I do not think the process has altered much since then. It depends on the action of bichromate of potassium on logwood, by means of which the purple of the logwood is changed into black. The cloth is first mordanted with potassium bichromate, copper sulphate, and sulphuric acid in the proportions of $\frac{1}{2}$ oz. of each. It is

By Mrs. ERNEST HART

boiled for an hour and a half in the mordanting bath; it is then passed into a strong bath of ground logwood chips, or, if preferred, of logwood extract, and is boiled for an hour, or longer. The strength of the bath and the length of time of boiling must be greatly a matter of experience, and it depends in a great measure on the weight and weave of the material to be dved. Sometimes it is necessary to replace the material in the dye bath. When satisfactorily dyed a good black, the material is lifted and washed in an abundance of cold water, and is passed into a weak bath of fustic to finish.

Processes and Labour-Saving Appliances.

The processes of dyeing herein described are the simplest possible; but the inevitable labour involved can be considerably lessened by appliances which are easily constructed. Thus, a solid wooden roller from 6 in. to 9 in. in diameter, and from 12 in. to 18 in. long is fitted with round wooden rods at each end, these are supported on upright brackets and worked at one end with a handle. This may be a permanent erection, or may be movable, and placed when required over the dye vat, which consists of a deep enamelled trough, placed over a gas ring. The ends of the cloth to be dyed are stitched together so that the material hangs free on each side of the roller and into the dye vat. When the dye bath is ready and the material adjusted, the handle is turned either by hand or by motor-

power furnished by a stream of water from the tap.

In this way constant movement in the dye bath and level

dyeing are ensured.

be continued.

Furnishing the Garden-room

WHEN one's morning-room happens to be adjacent one's garden, one misses a great opportunity if one does not turnish it as a garden-room—that is to say, as a room which, as far as a room is able, conveys the sense of being but a prolongation and a development of what in bygone parlance would have been known as the "pleasaunce." Too many breakfast-rooms opening directly on to the garden afford too sudden a break, limiting the feeling of openness and airiness that should still be with us when we enter the house from the lawn, and failing to develop indoors the same simplicity and directness that charm us in the open.

Brown and Moss Green for the Floor.

Had I, therefore, to furnish and to decorate a garden-room, I should endeavour, as far as possible, to render it a sort of logical conclusion to the garden. The brown of the earth and the treetrunks, the green of the grass and the leaves, and something of the valuant colour of the lilac and the irises and the marigolds, should enter into its colour scheme, while the sophistication of textiles and wall-paper should be rigidly restricted from the introduction of an undue sense of the artificial. For the floor, for instance, the woven carpet should be taboo, and in its place should be found a Crex rug in warm coffee-colour and green, or, if you prefer it, in a plain mossy green, unpatterned. These rugs, which are to be obtained in a great variety of dimensions, possess just that note of rusticity that one needs in a room of this description. and have, further, the advantage of being particularly hygienic, since they are easily freed from any soil or gravel which may be brought in from without. For bungalows, riverside houses or rooms that boast a stone floor, these matting rugs are a great asset. They are more pleasant to the tread than the usual matting carpet, and lie flatter and more evenly than rush of the usual weave.

Cream Distemper

For the walls I feel that a distemper in warm cream must be a better choice than the flowered paper that one so often finds in this connection, since the proximity of Nature's own blossoms invites a comparison between the real and the artificial which cannot but result adversely to the latter. Blossoms on the walls of the town house, if you will, just to remind one of the joys that one cannot have with one in the original, but for the house that boasts a garden,

cannot have with one in the original, but for the house that boasts a garden, better the plain surface that contrasts with the flowers, whose fragrance makes itself felt within. With doors and wainscot of brown, there will be no hard line of demarcation to disturb the vision

as one goes to and fro.

As for the chairs, I would permit as little upholstery as may be. They should be of the type that suggests the peasant craftsman rather than the factory, the spindlebacks and the ladderbacks, the wheelback and the fiddlebacks, of which the tradition has run in countryside workshops for many a generation. Differing in detail rather than in essentials, these various styles permit of their being mixed with impunity, for one and all, they speak of cottage life and simple rusticity. Among the chairs I would secure a preponderance of the arms rather than of the singles, for these make for that relaxation and comfort that one looks for in a room of this description. If you have no luck in securing examples of the antique, there is little need for regret, since the modern specimens, produced now in rural workshops, are modelled on exactly similar lines and with similar regard for workmanship. A wheelback armchair can be obtained for just under three pounds, while a small chair is priced at a couple of guineas. For a very small extra charge, seat cushions covered in cretonne will be provided.

A Small Refectory Table would be Ideal.

Oak, elm, beech, or cherry appear to me to be the woods most suitable to a room of this sort, since there is a rough-hewn quality about them that we miss in walnut, mahogany, and the finer woods. A small refectory table, such as might have come from an old dining-hall or convent, would, of course, be ideal for a room of the garden type, but, failing this, the gate-leg table would be an acceptable substitute. A small

By Mrs. GORDON-STABLES

oak settle, wide enough to seat a couple of people, and with side wings to keep off the draught from the open door, would be delightful for the side of the fireplace. Eleven pounds would secure an excellent stool of this description, with a panelled back and gracefully curved sides.

In the garden-room the treatment of the windows is important. The window frame that opens both inwards and outwards is an immense advantage, since it not only permits of greater case in cleaning operations, but seems to give a greater sense of unity with the garden. Especially is this the case when the window operates on a pivot in the centre of the frame. When the window is revolved on this, the sense of a barrier is removed. For hangings, why not a mauve-and-white checked gingham, out of compliment to the white-and-purple lilac out of doors?

The oak dresser that serves the triple office of sideboard, china shelf, and cupboard is difficult to better in this connection, although I am conscious that of late its vogue has been slightly overdone. If the room is small, one might, as an alternative, choose a certain "Romney" corner cupboard of panelled oak, an extremely roomy practical affair that stands on a triangular fitment that lifts it to a convenient height at which its two shelves can be handily reached. These are sufficiently spacious to house all the table impedimenta necessary. The cost of this cupboard is thirteen pounds. It is five and a half feet in height and two and a half feet in

Then, if you feel that you have not enough colour to make your room worthy of its name, remember the virtues of the coloured woodcut in this connection. Many of these have been especially designed with a view to meeting a situation such as this. Suggesting rather than copying Nature's own blooms, their pictured ranunculi and buttercups and poppies are invaluable in bringing the garden element inside the house. Then, with a few bits of coloured pottery for the table and the shelves, one would have a room in which one would not feel sensible of a divorce from the garden itself.



Practical Romper Suits

The jolly little one-plece Romper No. 9360 can either be made with the ordinary curved envelope fastening as illustrated at the top of the page, or with a long flap extending from the front to the back of the romper, and fastening with two buttons only.

The knee edges should be finished with easings threaded with elastic.



For the blue-eyed baby, cornflowerblue linen, with white bias bindings, would make a most attractive little garment from Pattern No. 9360. The bindings should be

No. 9359.

Sizes for 2, 4, 6 and 8 years.

cut about I inch wide on the blas of the material. Smocking, or two or three rows of gathers, can be put in to ornament the front of the Romper.



No. 9360.
Sizes for 1, 2 and 4 years.

The greatest wish of the small boy from 3 to 4 years is to have a real boy's suit to wear, and not a babyish-looking romper, and in No. 9359 his needs have been met in a way that cannot possibly fail to give him satisfaction. On the other hand, while this romper has the appearance of a sailor suit, it is a much easier garment for mother to make, and, incidentally, to put on. A number of these little suits can be very quickly made up.

Choose boyish colours and materials for making. These suits look smart and sturdy developed in Tobralco, linen, gingham, or casement cloth

For colours you may select the always popular blue in light or dark tones, or a cool grev or green. You can also utilise the clearer tones of brown, tan, and yellow.

The braid that trims it is white, and washable of course. The tie may be black, or it can match the material of the suit in colour. Sometimes a contrast is delightful, especially if a navy blue suit is brightened with a red tie, or a dark brown suit is cheered up with a yellow one.

For the Small Boy

As will be seen from the illustration at the bottom of the page, the back flap method of fastening the Romper is a very practical one, and the buttons are easier to get at than when the closing is made between the legs; the pattern is perforated for cutting off the flap if this is not desired.



THE SAILOR ROWLER SUIT OPPOSITE WHEN
THE BELT IS FASTENED HAS THE APPEARANCE
OF A SAILOR SUIT.



BACK VIEW OF THE ONF-PIECE ROMPER ABOVE, SHOWING THE FLAP FASTENING.

Material required for the one-piece Romper in the 2-year size, 1‡ yards 30 inches wide; and for the Sallor Romper, No. 9359, in the 4-year size, 2 yards 36 inches wide. Patterns price 7d., postage extra. Address to the "Girl's Own" Fashion Editor, 4, Bouverle Street, Fleet Street, London, E.C. 4.

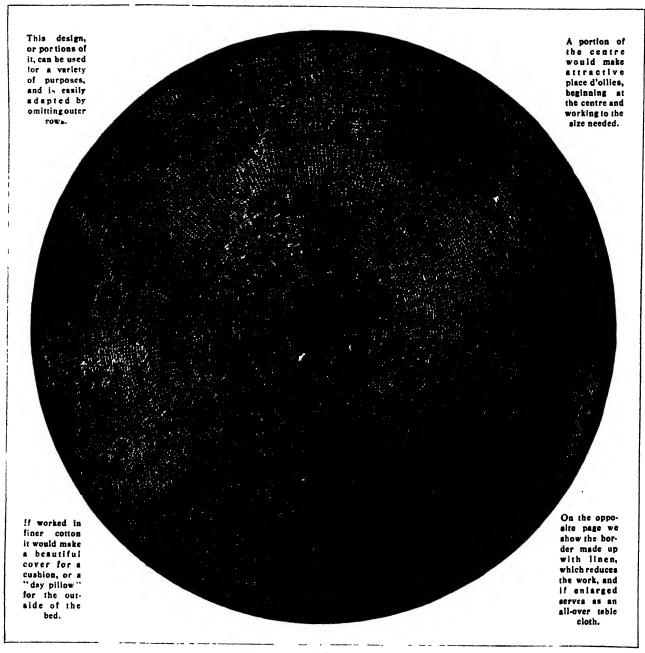
An All-Over Crochet Centre

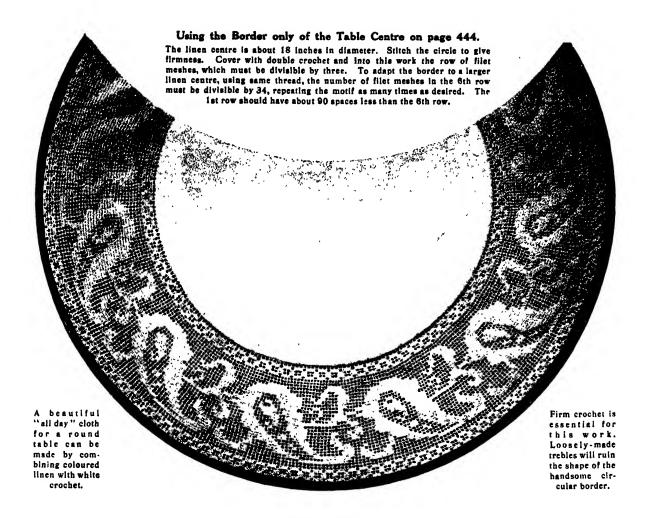
THERE is always a tr in every tr throughout this design. When a group of tr extend over one or more spaces make 2 tr in spaces unless otherwise directed. A space (sp) is ch 2, skip 2, tr in next st, the last tr being counted as the 1st tr of any succeeding group. Ch 3 at beginning of each new row for a tr, or ch 5 for a sp. In some cases a row may both begin and end with sp; this is intentional and not an error.

Use Ardern's No. 24 Crochet Cotton and a No. 5½ hook. 1st Row.—Wind thread round the little finger 15 times, which makes a ½-inch ring, fill ring with 56 d c, join, ch 4. 2nd Row.—Tr in every other d c with 1 ch between, join to 3rd st of 4 ch, ch 5. 3rd Row.—Tr in each sp with 2 ch between, join, ch 3. 4th Row.—* Shell (sh) of (2 tr, ch 1, tr in 1st tr, ch 3, skip 1 sp, tr in next, tr in tr, tr in next sp, ch 3, skip 1 tr. Repeat from * round and join, in every row; this will not be mentioned again. Sl st to centre of sh, ch 3. 5th Row.—(Sh in sh, ch 3, 3 tr, ch 3) 7 times, sl st to centre of

sh, ch 3. 6th Row.—Like 5th row, adding 1 tr each side the 3 tr; 3 more rows made in same way, but adding 2 tr in each sp beside the tr, joining at end of 9th row with sl st in 1st tr of sh, ch 6. 10th Row.—* Tr in last tr of sh, 2 tr in sp, 19 tr, 2 tr in sp, tr in 1st tr of sh, ch 3; join, ch 3. 11th Row.—3 tr in each sp with 25 tr between. 12th, 13th, and 14th Rows.—96 sp. 15th Row.—* (1 sp, 9 tr with 3 tr in sp) twice, 6 sp. 16th Row.—* 26 tr, 5 sp. 17th Row.—* 12 tr, 1 sp, 11 tr, 5 sp. 18th Row.—* 1 sp, 7 tr, ch 2, skip 1, 4 tr, ch 2, skip 1, 7 tr, 6 sp. 19th Row.—* 13 tr, 1 sp, 13 tr, 5 sp. 20th Row.—* 28 tr, 5 sp.

21st Row.—Ch 5, * skip 1, 11 tr, 1 sp, 11 tr, ch 2, skip 1, tr in last tr of motif, 5 sp, ch 2. 22nd Row.—144 sp (tr in every other tr over each solid section of motif). 23rd Row.—144 sp. 24th and 25th Rows.—* 5 tr, 3 tr in sp), 2 sp. 26th Row.—* 5 tr in 5 tr, 2 sp. 27th Row.—Ch 6, * 7 tr, ch 3 over 5 tr. 28th Row.—160 sp (tr in every 3rd st). 29th Row.—





160 sp. 30th Row.—7 tr, * 11 sp, 10 tr, 3 sp, 10 tr. 31st Row.—
11 tr (3 tr in sp), * 9 sp, 18 tr, (3 tr in sp each side of group),
1 sp, 18 tr. 32nd Row.—11 tr, * 9 sp, 19 tr (2 tr in 10th tr),
1 sp, 19 tr. 33rd Row.—SI st in 1st tr, ch 5 for space, 7 tr,
* 9 sp, 7 tr, 1 sp, 22 tr, 1 sp, 7 tr. 34th Row.—7 tr, * 1 sp, 4 tr,
6 sp, 4 tr, 2 sp, 16 tr, 1 sp, 16 tr. 35th Row.—* 4 sp, 10 tr,
4 sp, 7 tr, 2 sp, 4 tr, 1 sp, 10 tr, 1 sp, 4 tr. 36th Row.—9 tr
(3 tr in sp), * 2 sp, tr in tr, 2 tr in next tr, tr in tr, ch 2, skip 1,
7 tr in 6 tr, 2 sp, 7 tr, 2 sp, 19 tr, (3 tr in sp), 1 sp (in centre of motif), 19 tr. 37th Row.—10 tr, * 2 sp, 4 tr, 3 sp, 4 tr, 2 sp,
13 tr, 1 sp, 22 tr, 1 sp, 10 tr. 38th Row.—10 tr, * 2 sp, 4 tr,
6 sp, 25 tr, 1 sp, 25 tr. 39th Row.—Like 38th Row. 40th
Row—9 tr, * 3 sp, 4 tr, 3 sp, 4 tr, (3 tr in sp), 3 sp, 19 tr,
3 sp, 19 tr.

41st Row.—4 sp (tr in every other tr), * 2 sp, 10 tr, 1 sp, ch 2, tr in next sp, 5 tr, tr in next sp, ch 2, 1 sp, 4 tr, 9 sp (tr in other tr), 3 sp, 9 sp (tr in every other tr). (This makes 21 sp across top of each motif). 42nd Row.—10 tr, * 1 sp, 4 tr, 2 sp, 7 tr, 2 sp, 4 tr, 12 sp, 37 tr. 43rd Row.—13 tr, * (3 sp, 4 tr) 3 times, 9 sp, 37 tr. 44th Row.—3 sp, * (4 tr, 3 sp) twice, 7 tr, (1 sp, 4 tr) twice, 7 sp, 16 tr, 7 sp. 45th Row.—2 sp, * 7 tr, 2 sp, 4 tr, 3 sp) twice, 7 tr, 12 sp, 4 tr, 10 sp. 46th Row.—2 sp, * (4 tr, 3 sp) twice, 7 tr, 12 sp, 4 tr, 10 sp. 47th and 48th Rows.—5 sp, * 4 tr, 4 sp, 7 tr, 26 sp. 49th Row.—5 sp, * 4 tr, 4 sp, 7 tr, 26 sp. 51st Row.—7 tr, * (1 sp, 7 tr) twice, 24 sp, 10 tr. 52nd Row.—5 tr, * (1 sp, 7 tr) twice, 24 sp, 10 tr. 52nd Row.—5 tr, * (1 sp, 7 tr) twice, 24 sp, 10 tr. 52nd Row.—Sl st in 1st tr, ch 2, skip 1, tr in last tr of group, 1 sp, * 13 tr, 1 sp, 7 tr, 27 sp (3 sp over 7 tr). 54th Row.—2 sp, * 13 tr, 30 sp (3 sp over 7 tr).

55th and 56th Rows.—2 sp, * 13 tr, 30 sp. 57th Row.—2 sp, * (ch 2, tr in 2nd tr) twice, another tr in last tr, 3 tr, 2 tr in next (ch 2, tr in 2nd tr) twice, 29 sp. 58th Row.—280 sp.

The Border

1st Row.-2 sp over all but two groups of 7 tr, 3 sp over those two, to make 282 sp in row. 2nd Row. 2 bl, 1 sp. 3rd and 4th Rows -2 sp, 1 bl. 5th Row.-Like 2nd row. 6th Row.—3 sp over some groups of 7 tr and 2 sp over others to make 374 sp in row. 7th Row.-374 sp. 8th Row.-5 sp, (13 tr, 30 sp) 11 times, ending row with 25 sp, join at end of each row. 9th Row.—4 sp, (19 tr, 11 sp, 16 tr, 12 sp) 11 times, ending with 8 sp. 10th Row.—3 sp (7 tr, 1 sp, ch 2, skip 1, 11 tr, 8 sp, 28 tr, 10 sp) 11 times, ending with 7 sp. 11th Row. -3 sp, (7 tr, 3 sp, 11 tr, 6 sp, 37 tr, 8 sp) 11 times, ending with 5 sp. 12th Row.—(4 tr, 1 sp, 7 tr, 4 sp, 11 tr, 5 sp, 46 tr, 3 sp) 11 times. 13th Row.—1 sp (7 tr, 5 sp, 11 tr, 5 sp, 13 tr, 5 sp (last two skipping first), 21 tr, 4 sp) 11 times, ending with 3 sp. 14th Row. - 9 sp (3 over 7 tr), (8 tr, 6 sp; 13 tr, 5 sp, ch 2, skip 1, 19 tr, 12 sp) 11 times, ending with 3 sp. 15th Row. -1 sp (7 tr, 6 sp, 8 tr, 5 sp, 14 tr, ch 2, skip 1, 3 sp, 7 tr, 2 sp, ch 2, skip 1, 17 tr, 4 sp) 11 times, ending with 3 sp. 16th Row.—(4 tr, 2 sp, 4 tr, 5 sp, 5 tr, 4 sp, 20 tr, 2 sp, 4 tr, 2 sp, 4 tr, 2 sp, 14 tr, 4 sp) 11 times. 17th Row.—3 sp (4 tr, 4 sp, 8 tr, 1 sp, 10 tr, 2 sp, 14 tr, 2 sp, 16 tr, 2 sp, 17 tr, 5 sp, 11 times, ending with 2 sp. 18th Row.—2 sp (4 tr, 4 sp, 14 tr, 3 sp, 20 tr, 3 sp, 13 tr, 2 sp, 17 tr, 4 sp) 11 times, ending with 2 sp. 19th Row.-- 1 sp (4 tr, 4 sp, 20 tr, 4 sp, 17 tr, 3 sp, 13 tr, 2 sp, 14 tr, 3 sp) 11 times, ending with 2 sp. 20th Row.—26 tr,

A Crochet Centre

(3 sp, 10 tr, 3 sp, 14 tr, 5 sp, 7 tr, 2 sp, 45 tr) II times, ending with 19 tr.

21st Row —9 sp over 26 tr, 4 more sp (7 tr, 5 sp, 11 tr, 5 sp, 4 tr, 2 sp, ch 2, skip 1, 15 tr, 14 sp) 11 times, ending with 1 sp 22nd Row —(14 sp, 7 tr, 4 sp, 14 tr, 2 sp, 4 tr, 1 sp, 4 tr, 3 sp, 18 tr) 11 times. 23rd Row —(7 sp, 7 tr, 3 sp, 4 tr, 1 sp, 7 tr, 4 sp, 17 tr, 2 sp, 4 tr, 4 sp, 18 tr) 11 times. 24th Row —(7 sp, 4 tr, 4 sp, 13 tr, 4 sp, 20 tr, 7 sp, 15 tr) 11 times 25th Row.—(7 sp, 7 tr, 4 sp, 7 tr, 6 sp, 20 tr, 3 sp, 7 tr, 1 sp, 15 tr) 11 times. 20th Row.—4 tr (6 sp, 10 tr, 13 sp (3 over 7 tr), ch 2, skip 1, 18 tr, 2 sp, 7 tr, 2 sp, 16 tr) 11 times, ending with 12 tr. 27th Row.—4 tr (7 sp, 13 tr, 12 sp, 21 tr,

6 sp, 13 tr) 11 times, ending with 9 tr. 28th Row.—7 tr (7 sp, 13 tr, 3 sp, 4 tr, 7 sp, 4 tr, 1 sp, 18 tr, 3 sp, 4 tr, 2 sp, 13 tr) 11 times, ending with 6 tr. 29th Row.—10 tr (7 sp, 10 tr, 2 sp, 4 tr, 8 sp, 4 tr, 4 sp, 12 tr, 3 sp, 4 tr, 2 sp, 13 tr) 11 times, ending with 3 tr. 30th Row.—13 tr (6 sp, 10 tr, 2 sp, 7 tr, 6 sp, 7 tr, 4 sp, 15 tr, 6 sp) 11 times. 31st Row.—3 sp (32 tr, 2 sp, 10 tr, 4 sp, 7 tr, 6 sp, ch 2, skip 1, 16 tr, 7 sp) 11 times, ending with 4 sp. 32nd Row.—4 sp, 2 more sp, skipping 1 tr (22 tr, 4 sp, 25 tr, 9 sp, 2 more sp, skipping 1 tr, 12 tr, 8 sp) 11 times, ending with 2 sp. 33rd Row.—37 tr (6 sp, 22 tr, 14 sp, ch 2, skip 1, 46 tr), ending with 9 tr. 34th Row.—495 sp.



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A special feature that gives this design an advantage over other garments of the cami-knicker type is that the knickers have a 4-inch placket on the outside of the leg, with the knee-bands buttoned, instead of being threaded with elastic to hold them tight in to the knee. This makes the garment easy to get into, and does away with any undue bulkiness at the knee, without dispensing with the necessary fulness above.

The back and front of the garment should be slashed up the



No. 9350.

is the Chemaloon

fold of the material as far as the single notch, and the edges faced in the form of open knickers.

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No. 9351.

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No. 9358.

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The attractive little Overdress on the righthand figure in the centre group would look well made in Tootal Velvet Cloth, and would be an admirable garment for outdoor wear over a thin frock or a blouse and skirt.

WOMAN'S MAGAZINE



Ir was one of the ambitions of my early childhood to have a neck like that of Alice in Wonderland. The picture of that little lady, with her head well removed from her body, fascinated me. I would stand before it, craning my neck to its utmost, till, my mother.

fearing a stricture of the œsophagus, I was forcibly restrained.

I verily believed that I gained some slight elongation by the process. Certain it is that the difficulty of clothing my neck becomingly has been present with me ever since.

I have forgotten alike the necessity for, and the advantages of, Alice's telescopic neck. I suppose that the unusual aspect of it made that appear to a child's mind sublime, which to a maturer mind is merely ridiculous. Disillusion, in the shape of an elder brother who contemptuously asserted that the whole thing was "only a dream," robbed me of my joy in the book.

It seems to me, however, that a great many of the ambitions of later life are like that. Grown-up children that we are, we strive for the things which, if they come at all, must come naturally. We crane our necks to look over the hedge when we should be well content to peer through. We hold out eager hands for the fruit which falls only in due season.

For true attainment only comes with growth, and that is a gradual thing. It is but the outward expression of inward changes. A man may not by taking thought increase his stature. In his heart all real growth begins, because there is the original source of life itself. Physically and spiritually the truth holds good that all growth is from within, outwards. "A good man"—not out of the fertility of his brain, but "out of the treasure of his heart bringeth forth good fruit."

It is in the right relationship of thought and feeling that the philosophy of life lies; in the wedding together of knowledge and understanding by experience. For understanding is as the bride of knowledge. The one is incomplete without the other.

You can bey knowledge. You can even borrow it with good effect. Understanding comes, or it comes

The Understanding Heart

By E. E. GARNETT

not. For knowledge is, after all, an acquisition of the mind; but understanding is a development of the heart, a part of life itself.

I have a friend whose wont it is to think out possible improvements upon Nature. It is one of her pet theories that we should

be born, metaphorically speaking, thirty years old. We should then, she asserts, be wise enough to make the best use of our short life here. We should be saved much trouble in the pursuit of knowledge (At this point I restrain myself with difficulty from crying aloud of the things that we should miss!)

She wags her little head at me "We learn so very

She wags her little head at me "We learn so very slowly, my dear," she says I listen dutifully, for she is a wise woman, and I respect wisdom. But when she has had her say I invariably put up a pathetic appeal which makes her smile upon me, always good-naturedly, somewhat indulgently. That smile is the only answer that I have yet received to my demand, "How do you propose to compensate us for the supreme experience of a dawning understanding?"

Life opens up so beautifully. It brings us gradually the experiences that make up our human lot. One by one they come, a sorrow and a joy, a blessing and a burden, a disappointment and an inspiration. Each sets its own colour in the sky, and together they make up life's heaven.

We learn but slowly, but we learn well in this school of experience, because only what we are capable of learning is taught. There is nothing more disastrous to a delicate appetite than the sight of too much food. The greatest Teacher the wirld has ever seen once said, out of the depths of perfect wisdom and understanding, "I have yet many things to say unto you, but ye cannot bear them now."

We need not go far to seek these things that belong to our peace. All in good time life will bring them home to us. By personal experience, knowledge and understanding come hand in hand, and the understanding heart is evolved. You will never find anyone whose life has been just like yours, but you will surely find someone whose need you can exactly fill, for the understanding heart is the key that unlocks all others.

"My dear, you mustn't let the estate make you an old woman before you are a young one. Why not leave things more in Mr. Marriott's hands, and worry less over them yourself. After all, he is your agent. It is his business."

"But the property is mine." Rosemary looked straight into Mrs Grant's hazel eyes, and wished that the lady's soft voice did not remind her so forcibly of a softly purring cat "And I am responsible for the wages of the labourers, and for their cottages."

"But everybody says you worry too much about little details, and you must remember that Mr Marriott has had long experience"

"I don't really much mind what

e v e r y b o d y says'" Rose-mary's eves twinkled "You see, Mrs Grant, as my aunt perhaps told you, I was brought up quite unconventionally, and what everybody says does not seem to me to matter very much"

But you will come to the garden party at Sir James Jackson's, won't you, even if you won't leave the estate affairs to your agent? After your lifteen months of such a quiet hard-working life at is good for you to meet other people."

Mrs Grant, the rather neutraltinted lady who had been found to act as Rosemary's haperone, looked quite anxiously at her charge The time she had spent at the Manor House since the tragedy of more than a year ago had greatly endeared the girl to her, but her outlook was a narrow one, lacking in modernity, and

she still clung to the Victorian coneption of a young girl as a being to be amused, sheltered, and as soon as possible married, rather than as a vital

personality capable of doing good work in the world, and filling a recognised place in it.

"Yes, I will go to the Jacksons," Rosemary answered. "Everybody has been so kind about calling, and about trying to be friendly to me. And I do like parties, too," she added, smiling rather wistfully. "Only life seems so full of more important things."

"Let Mr. Marriott manage what you call the important things," Mrs. Grant urged

But Rosemary shook her head

"I must go and see those cottages in Mengers Lane this morning," she said. "Dad was never quite happy about them, and I am not going to

as perfect a house to live in as I can give him."

"Oh, my dear, do be careful not to be socialistic." Mrs. Grant's eyes grew quite round with dismay. "The poor people nowadays do expect so much, and we must keep them in their place."

"What is their place, I wonder?" Rosemary said, her eyes dreamy.

"Well, they ought to order themselves lowly and reverently to all their betters." Mrs. Grant quoted the catechism confusedly.

"But I don't see that I am then better, unless having more money makes me better." Rosemary's tones were very decided. "I am sure poor little Mrs Hopley, in Mill Cottage, is a thousand times better than I am. She has five children, and she works hard from morning till night, and she is never very strong, but always cheery. I am no more her better than I am an Ojibbeway Indian."

"You must be careful not to put ideas into these people's heads, or make them get above their station," Mrs Grant said nervously, and Rosemary interrupted her with unusual vehemence

"Why do we talk about 'above their station'? I can't understand how we say one minute that we believe in the brotherhood of man, and the next

minute try to make out that brothers are below or above each other in station. I don't understand it "



OUTDOOR GIRLS.

Sketched by Elizabeth

have them just patched up, because Mr. Marriott thinks anything more would be extravagant. Every single person on the estate is going to have



"It is because you have lived so much in rather out-of-the-way places," Mrs Grant said as though apologising for an amiable eccentricity "But in an ordered, settled country like ours there must be divisions of class and differences between rich and poor Things would get quite—well, quite anarchical and topsy turvy if we didn't take care

' I daresay there must always be differences'' Rosemary's eyes turned towards the great view visible from the window of her special sanctum, in which she and Mrs Grant sat

But I should think everybody ought as much as possible to have equal chances. Her mouth set in a determined line Mrs Grant had learnt to recognise. 'And if good houses and good wages help towards the chances. I am going to see that the people here have them

"Oh my dear where do you leain all these things? In Mrs Grant's eyes there was something of awc." When I was your age I thought of nothing but tennis and dancing and having a good time. I never dreamt of all these serious subjects.

' I just read and think and wonder the girl answered ' And dad taught me so much. He made me feel that life isn't only having a good time, but making the world better and my bit of world is here. And Miss Hester feels as I do and I believe Mr. John does too

Mrs Grant was too worldly-wise to say what it was on the tip of her tongue to say that in her estimation Miss Hester and Mr John were what the ordinary being would term cranks so she held her peace and Rosemary changed the subject to a guilsh discussion of her clothes for the garden party

There could not have been a weeter picture of gulhood than she presented as she and Mrs Grant walked across the wide lawns of The Heiritage to greet their hostess, and many admiring glances followed the slim form in its white draperies. The greater number of the guests had not seen the girl since her be reavement and her grace and chaim flashed upon those who watched her as a surprise.

As she left her hostess and moved on along a path between wide beds of roses a young man detached him self from a group of tennis players, and came toward her with outstretched hand

"I wonder whether you will remember me Miss Sterndale," he said. We met more than a year ago at a dance in town."

Rosemary's clear eyes met Denis Nayne's brown ones, and the colour



I KNOW MORE THAN I DID

slowly mounted to her face, as she recognised the man who had startled her and outraged her sense of dignity on that summer evening that now seemed so very long ago

Drawn by Harold Coppin

Yes I remember you," she said, allowing him to shake hands with her, "but——"

'Don't say but, and don't look at me as if I were a beast," Denis pleaded,

Rosemary

walking slowly along the path beside her, whilst Mrs. Grant joined a party of dowagers under a great cypress tree. "When I met you first, I didn't know how utterly different you were from other girls. I never meant to upset you. Other girls wouldn't have minded a single thing I did or said. You—are different. Will you believe I had no idea of insulting you?"

They had turned into a deserted path between hedges of rambler roses, whose blossoming loveliness showed pink and crimson against the blue of the summer sky, and Rosemary halted and looked at her companion with an oddly appraising glance.

"I know more than I did when I first met you," she said, with disconcerting directness; "and I don't think you meant to insult me. But I shouldn't ever like to be treated as you treated me."

"I'm awfully sorry." Young Mayne's fair face flushed; the girl by his side made an appeal to him, for which he was not quite capable of accounting, but to feel abashed before a slip of a thing with grave grey eyes, and no battery of laughing badinage such as most of his contemporaries gave him, was an entirely new experience. "I wish we could be pals—you and I," he went on a little hurriedly. "I'd no notion I was going to meet you here to-day. I'm only staying with the Jacksons, and I never dreamt of seeing you."

"I live only four miles away." Rosemary's coldness thawed a little. "My nouse is just on the far side of Melstone Hill, and this is the first time I've been to a party since—what happened last year. My father and mother—"

"I say, I never realised. Was it your father and mother who had the ghastly motor smash? I'm most fearfully sorry. And are you all by yourself?"

"Mrs. Grant lives with me; they said somebody must live with me. Excepting for her, I am alone, and Mr. John stays often with Miss Hester. He's one of my greatest friends."

"He's a jolly lucky chap," Denis said fervently. "Why does he have such luck? Is he somebody you've known a long time?"

With characteristic simplicity Rosemary told him shortly the story of the stranger she had first met at Dragnon, and Denis showed himself more interested and sympathetic than Rosemary had been inclined to expect.

"By Jove! poor chap!" the young man exclaimed. "I call it rotten luck to forget your past like that. It makes such a beastly handicap for the future. But he's quite an old chap, isn't he? Perhaps he hasn't got much future."

"He's not old !" Rosemary cried indignantly. "Lot's older than me, but not really an old man. Only his eyes make you feel he has been through something most awful, and his face is lined. But he's not really old," she ended with decision.

That afternoon was a pleasant landmark to Rosemary. Youth called to youth, and all the cares and burdens which had been prematurely, thrust upon her slipped away in the atmosphere of gaiety and freshness by which she was surrounded that afternoon.

Mrs. Grant looked on with approving smiles when she saw her charge absorbed into a big group of laughing young men and maidens, and ready to enter with zest into their amusement.

"It makes my heart rejoice to see Rosemary being frivolous," she said to Miss Hester, who had joined her on the lawn. "She has too many responsibilities for such a young girl, and she takes her responsibilities so seriously. I do wish she would marry. Now, if she would only marry someone like that tall fair young fellow who has just pushed his way through the group to Rosemary's side "-she indicated Denis Mayne-" he is the same man who spoke to her when we first arrived, just the right sort." Mrs. Grant spoke complacently. "Wellset-up, smart, a man of the world, and of the right world," she added with a solemnity of conviction which brought a smile to her companion's face.

"I don't believe any of the qualifications you have mentioned will appeal to Rosemary," she said. "I will undertake to say that she won't care in the least about smartness, or whether a man is a man of the world, even the right world. If I have gauged Rosemary aright, she judges by other standards, unique standards of her own."

"She had a very unconventional upbringing, I am afraid." Mrs. Grant gave a little sigh. "But I do hope and trust she won't marry anyone very outré or— Bohemian or anything."

"She will make her choice in some wise fashion of her own." Miss Hester's voice was tender, and her eyes held a tender light as they watched Rosemary's animated face. "She has a wonderfully balanced judgment for a young girl. My own impression is that she must always have mothered her mother far more than Mrs. Sterndale mothered her; she has so much character and personality."

"And her father, from all I have heard of him, he must surely have been a man of strong character."

"Undoubtedly. But owing to the strange tragedy in their lives, father and daughter were together very little. But during the short time they were together they were an immense deal to one another. very perfect friends. They understood each other so wonderfully; they were so alike in many ways. I sometimes think"—Miss Hester paused for an instant, looking into Mrs. Grant's kindly, but not very intellectual countenance—"I

sometimes think that if the Sterndales had lived there might in the future have been difficulties."

" Difficulties ? "

"Yes. The husband and wife had been so long separated that, dearly as they loved each other, they had in some ways grown apart. She had lagged behind him; he had gone on. And Rosemary and her father were so extraordinarily at one with each other, that by-and-by Mrs. Sterndale might have felt left behind. The second tragedy might have been worse than the first, if death had not taken both wife and husband. Perhaps what seemed so terrible was less tragic than we thought. They died together, loving each other."

"Dreadfully sad," Mrs. Grant murmured. "And I do wish the dear girl would marry some nice sensible man, who would look after the property for her. She has marvellous knowledge for a girl; her father seems to have taught her all about the estate. But it is too much responsibility, and when her cousin Colonel Sterndale told her to leave everything to Mr. Marriott, the agent, she simply shook her head and said she couldn't leave her own duties to anybody else; and she very often sets her opinions against Mr. Marriott's, not from any conceit or self-assurance-Rosemary is not like that-but because she doesn't always approve of his ways. Yet surely, as I say to her, 'Surely a man who has been trained to do the work must know more about it than you do."

"He may know more about the technicalities, but perhaps Rosemary knows more about humanity; and I should not be surprised if some day that is the rock upon which Mr. Marriott's ship will founder," Miss Hester said gently. "Mr. Marriott thinks in terms of rents and rates, and saving expenses, and making small economies. Rosemary thinks in terms of the living men and women on her property. Her sign-posts and his point along different roads."

Chapter XVIII.

The Dismissal.

"I could not make any other decision. The cottages in Trimmer's Field must be put into thorough repair, and the same thing for the cottages in Mender's Lane."

"You will excuse me for contradicting you, Miss Rosemary, but you are asking impossibilities. A young lady like you....."

"Not Miss Rosemary, please, Mr. Marriott." The young mistress of the Manor stood very straight and slim before her agent, and her eyes looked quietly into his, which wore an expression of easy amusement bordering on insolence. "And I should like you to understand that the word impossible does not come into this question at all.

I think, perhaps, you forget that Grenlake belongs to me."

The small man with the foxy face, and eyes set a trifle too near together, had the grace to look a little abashed, but he was more accustomed to bully a woman than to defer to her wishes, and he tried to hide the fact that he was taken aback under a rather loud laugh.

"Come, come," he said in a facetious tone that straightened Rosemary's back into poker-like stiffness. "You mustn't take offence at my innocent remark, my dear young lady." An ominous little flush mounted to Rosemary's forehead. "Naturally you are mistress here, and we all bow to your decrees." A somewhat exaggerated bow gave point to his words. "But my duty is to put a brake on your wheel when it is going too fast; and I can only repeat that the improvements you suggest for those cottages are impossible. No doubt the people have been grumbling to you. They are born grumblers, and they know you have a tender heart; and, if I may venture to say so, you are young and inexperienced."

Rosemary allowed him to finish his sentence, but there was a gleam in her eyes, and a little curl of scorn about her lips, which might have warned a man less self-opinionated than Andrew Marriott.

" I have been going carefully into the expenses of the whole estate," she said, " and I find that by doing without some unnecessary luxuries, and by saving in various ways, I can afford what is needed for the cottages, what is essential," she added emphatically. "Nobody has been grumbling to me, but if they did grumble they are within their rights. Everybody on the Grenlake property has a perfect right to ask me for anything he or she wants. And those cottages must be put in hand at once. My father planned the improvements he had arranged with you for their carrying out, and since he died I have spoken to you about them more than once. But you have always delayed and delayed, and pleaded the difficulty of doing things until all the estate business was wound up. It is all wound up now, and I have been through all the accounts myself."

"You?" Marriott exclaimed hotly.

"But how absurd! How could you understand complicated affairs of that kind? You should have left them to business people."

Again Rosemary flushed, but her selfcontrol did not desert her. She looked at the angry man with unflinching

"I am not too young to understand accounts," she said. "Besides which I had help from a man who understands thoroughly."

"Then I am inclined to think I had better resign in his favour," Mr. Marriott said insolently. "If my methods are to

be called in question, if you insist upon the impossible, I would suggest your finding someone in my place."

"I was going to make the same suggestion myself," Rosemary answered composedly, greatly to the surprise and chagrin of her listener. "The real impossibility is not in improving cottages. to improve which I would cut down expenses in every other direction; the real impossibility is to continue working the estate with someone who does not care to see the cottages improved, who is out of sympathy with the people living in those cottages. I am glad to accept your resignation, Mr. Marriott, and under the circumstances, I think the sooner you can make arrangements to leave Grenlake the better."

The little foxy-faced man looked blankly at the girl who faced him with such an unflinching and composed demeanour, and though he began to bluster and remonstrate, he knew in his heart that blustering was waste of time and energy. This girl, young as she was, was not made of the stuff which blustering can affect or alter.

"You will not find it easy to replace me," he said at last rather spitefully. "I know the estate and its affairs through and through. A new hand will make a nice mess of things."

Rosemary's quiet dignity was no whit abated.

"That is for me to take into consideration," she said. "You have only to consider when you can arrange to leave. For a long time I have not been satisfied with the way some of the tenants were treated, and——"

"You'll make rank paupers with your socialist schemes," the angry man said with a sneer, but still Rosemary kept her temper.

"That again is my affair," she answered. "I'm afraid I must remind you again, Mr. Marriott, that Grenlake is mine."

"Yes—absurd—that a young girl should have unlimited control," Marriott began wrathfully, when Rosemary put up her hand with a peremptory gesture.

"That will do, Mr. Marriott," she said.
"There is nothing more to be said. Goodmorning." And with the air of an outraged young queen she moved across to the door and went out of the room, leaving an impotently furious man standing on the hearthrug glaring after her.

"I have dismissed Mr. Marriott," she announced calmly to Mrs. Grant, who was knitting placidly in the drawingroom.

"My dear, how could you?" Mrs. Grant dropped a half-made shawl of fluffy white wool on the floor. "Are you sure you were wise? And how could you be brave enough to dismiss a man? And you look so ridiculously young."

Rosemary laughed, and having retrieved Mrs. Grant's half-knitted shawl, knelt down beside that much flurried lady.

"It didn't need much courage," she said contemptuously. "He's a horrid little worm, though he did try to bully me. I have always distrusted him and his work. I know father didn't much like him, only he came here well recommended. But I can't bear his ways to the cottagers, and he is insolent to me, and when I went through the accounts with Mr. John, I found one or two things that didn't please me. So I have dismissed him."

"Oh, my dear," Mrs. Grant reiterated, "it is not suitable that you should have these things to do for yourself. You are too young to have such responsibilities. I wish——"

"I'm getting older every day." Rosemary put a hand on Mrs. Grant's plump white hands, and laughed softly. "And I could follow every item of the accounts. Mr. John said I hadn't at all a bad head for business. And do you know, I have a scheme in my mind?"

"Your brain works too hard, my dear, don't think out any more schemes. I do wish you could marry. If you could find a nice sensible man, who would help you with all your difficulties, I should feel so much happier, even though it would mean saying good-bye to you."

"But I'm not likely to marry," Rosemary protested. "I can't imagine wanting to marry any of the men I meet at tennis parties. They seem so young and so silly. Dad spoilt me for younger men; he was so wise and broad-minded, and he knew so much about everything. All the young men I meet compare very badly with dad, and with——"

Her sentence broke off short as the door opened and Jenkins ushered Denis Mayne into the room, filling Mrs. Grant with the thrilling certainty that the visitor had appeared at precisely the psychological moment, and that it behoved her shortly to retire upstairs and finish an important letter for the post.

Denis and Rosemary had met frequently since the Jacksons' party, and Mrs. Grant had not been slow to mark how often the young man appeared at Grenlake on this or that excuse, and although her early Victorian sentimental soul failed to trace in Rosemary any signs of reciprocation, her hopes rose high at this particular juncture. She was so sure that under like circumstances she would, figuratively speaking, have welcomed with open arms so personable and pleasant a man as Denis Mayne. a man who would stand between her and insolent agents, and take her burdens upon his own wider shoulders.

"If he strikes now he will surely find the iron hot," she thought as she sat

Rosemary

before her writing table, leaving the rather mythical letters unwritten.

She must feel the need of a man to help her, and now is the exact moment for the right man to come forward

The right" man! In that one word lay the crux of the whole matter Denis chose this moment to strike but perhaps after all the iron was not sufficiently hot

I'm jolly glad Mrs. Grant was sporting enough to clear out,' he said, leaving his chair and seating himself on the big couch beside Rosemary

She guessed I hadn t come just to pay an afternoon call

But haven't you?"
Rosemary sud innocently, shrinking into the corner of the couch as he edged nearer to her. And why should Mrs. Grant know what made you come?"

Because she's a good old sport and has been there herself—the young rian answered his slang making. Rosemary draw her brows together in a vain effort to understand the incomprehensible yords. She was still very eften at a loss to follow the glib slang of her own generation—and she was far from certain that she liked it even when she did understand it.

You look so awfully

topping with that little puzzled look in your cycs. Denis exclaimed his own cycs very bright and eager. 'And, I say, what did Mrs Grant mean by saying you had had a row with your agent? Was the beast rude to you? You oughtn't to have to tackle chaps like that by yourself.

Why not 'He's agent for my property, and there isn't any body else to tackle him as you call it"

But there could be somebody else I isten to me No—don't look as if you thought I was a kind of wild animal I'm not going to do anything you wouldn't like" He put his hand on hers, and again she shrank from him Don't be afraid of me, Rosemary; you needn't mind my calling you that Why, if you were like most girls, I'd have been calling you' old thing' ages ago"

"I'm sure you would never have called me 'old thing.'" Rosemary snatched



WITH THE AIR OF AN OUTRAGED YOUNG QUELN SHE MOVED ACROSS TO THE DOOR.

Drawn by Harold Copping.

her hand from his and sprang up, her face affame I don't like the way girls let men call them old thing and old dear, it makes me angry "

' Don't be angry" He had risen too and was standing beside her. His face wore a more earnest expression than the girl had ever before seen there 'You've lived in such a sort of world of your own that you don't realise we modern chaps aren't knights errant or —or Bayards"

"No, but you might be," she retorted "What is to prevent you from having knightly ways? Why shouldn't you be sans peur et sans reproche? Why can't you treat a girl as a preux chevalier would treat her?"

"We don't seem made that way to day In this present year of grace we're more commonplace But we can still love a girl, and take care of her, and shield her from the unpleasant things of life And—trust me! Rosemary, if you'd marry me, I wouldn't let auy beastly agents make your life a burden "

"Marry—you?" Rosemary stared at him "Oh, but you're much too young!"

"Too voung?" It was Denis's turn to stare "I'm twenty-eight, and I've been my own master for four years. And though I'm not frightfully rich, I've got enough to give my wife all she wants. And—Rosemary, couldn't you marry me?" He broke into a boyish pleading which made the girl like him better than she had ever done. "I care for you most awfully, and I'd do my level best to make you happy. You're so jolly unique, and your eyes make a chap feel as if he wanted to get up and do something with his life."

"I should hope you would do that anyhow," Rosemary said gravely. "I don't see how I could make you do something with your life, if you can't make yourself do it."

Rosemary

I believe I've always been a bit or a rotter," the young man burst out. "Or if not a rotter, a slacker. But you make a chap feel that to slack is a piffling sort of game. I say, Rosemary, couldn't you care enough for me to marry me? I can't put it into fine language, or spout poetry, or do any of the kind of things a trent chevalier sort of chap might do. But no girl ever made me feel as I feel about you. I've trotted round a bit and fancied myself in love, and played the ass generally, but this is the real thing, and I'd run straight all the rest of my life for your sake."

Again a puzzled expression shot into the grey eyes that watched him; many of his words were incomprehensible to his listener, and the suppressed passion of his manner frightened her.

"I wish you didn't care for me so much," she said naively. "Now that I know you better, I should have liked to have you just for a friend. But I couldn't marry you. I don't care for you enough to marry you."

"I believe I could make you care," he said eagerly.

But she shook her head.

"I'm very ignorant about lots of things, and I've lived a very different life from the life other girls live. But I know I couldn't marry a man I didn't love with all my heart and soul." She spoke with simplicity and earnestness. "One of the best men in the world said I must tell a man straight out if I didn't love him, and I don't love you."

In spite of the pain which leapt into his eyes, a little smile crossed young Mayne's face, the carnest simplicity of Rosemary's words guaranteed their sincerity.

"Whoever told you to be straight with a fellow told you right," he said, some of the disappointment in his heart showing itself in his voice. "It isn't playing the game to keep a fellow hanging on just to play with him. But you think I couldn't ever make you love me, even if I swotted hard to be the kind of chap you like?"

"I don't know what swotting hard means." Again Rosemary shook her head "But I know I couldn't ever love you in the way you want."

"I say, I. don't want to be an impertment beast, but is one of the best

men in the world, this man you quoted just now, the kind of man you could care for? Perhaps he's the man you care for already?"

"He died ever so long ago," Rosemary said gently. "He was my godfather, and when I was a baby he wrote me a wonderful letter. He was going out to India, and somehow he thought he might never come back. He never did. He was killed in a Frontier war, and his letter has always helped me. In it he said I must never forget the words: 'To thing own self be true,' and I shouldn't be true to myself if I married you."

"And because of what your unknown godfather wrote to you, you won't listen to me?"

"It isn't that" Rosemary put up her hand with an eager gesture. "It isn't only because of what my godfather wrote that I am telling you I can't marry you. What he wrote only helps me to be sure that the feeling in my

own heart is right. I can't marry you, because I don't love you enough. I must be true to myself—indeed, indeed I must "

To be continued



GREATER STITCHWORT: THE GLORY OF THE ENGLISH HEDGEROW IN JUNE-

Photo by J. L. Cato (Enter Mrs. Saywell, in outdoor attire. She walks with a buoyant step, and, arriving at the house, knocks with a confident air, as befits one whose special mission it is to scatter cheer and gladness.)

"Good afternoon, Mrs. Brown. (Addressing the melancholy opener of the door.) How are you? I thought I'd just look in and see how things were, and cheer you up a little.

... "Thank you. (Entering and sitting down.)

"You don't look very fit. I hope you're not going to have 'flu! Nasty thing that is. The people that have died from it lately! It's just dreadful! And if they haven't died, it's taken them in some other funny way. Mrs. Iones told me her sister has never been the same since she had it ten years ago. It's made her that contradictory and cantankerous, no one dare go near her. Yes, I hope you're not going to have that, because it spreads through the house like wildfire, and there's no stopping it. And just thinking about it seems to make some people get it. But don't you think anything about it, my dear. I wouldn't.

"And how is your husband now?
... "No better? Dear! dear!
... "There, fancy that! Doesn't
get any better, and doesn't get any
worse. It's a nuisance when it's like
that. Seems as if it would be better
for him to get something different.
You sort of know where you are
better, don't you? But there, cheer
up! I always believe in looking on the
bright side. I expect he'll take a turn
for the better or the worse one day.

"What does the doctor say is the matter with him?

"Yes, I expect you do wish he would. But there, I wouldn't worry. Sometimes it's better not to know. You see, if he told you it was something dreadful, you'd only be worrying more—to say nothing of how poor Mr. Brown himself would be feeling. Now I knew a man, and he was lying in bed as quiet and happy as you please, not knowing what was the matter with him. But one day the doctor told him he was put together wrong, and his parts were all in the wrong place. That killed him! No! you never know how a

thing like that is going to take them. So cheer up, my dear! It's better not to know. I always say it's no good going to meet trouble.

"Where's Albert? I don't seem to see him about?

. . . "Out, is he? Gone to see his Auntie?

. . . "Went at two o'clock. Two hours ago! That's a long time! Now don't you start worrying about him. I expect you feel a bit uneasy if he's out a little while with all those horrid accidents and things that are happening. But there, after all, if you get run over there's that nice, quick motor ambulance to take you off to the hospital. And before you can say 'Jack Robinson,' you find yourself in a nice clean bed, with all the doctors and nurses standing round and waiting on you. Why, if anything like that happened to Albert, he'd have a fine tale to tell you. It's quite an experience for a boy. There was nothing like that when I was young. But they make it so easy for you to be run over nowadays, that I wonder we're not all under 'buses and motors. It's a nice day, too. (Meditatively.) I always said that if I had to be run over. I wouldn't like the road to be muddy. You'd get in such a mess.

... "What's that?

. . . "Now, don't you go thinking any such thing. I don't suppose for a minute he's dead, even if he is run over. Boys have a lot of life in them. Besides, perhaps he isn't run over at all. Much more likely he's got up to some mischief and got marched off to the police station. Boys will be boys! I know them! (With a tolerant smile.) . . . " Now, now! (Soothingly.) Of course, you don't want him taken to the police station, but at least he would be safe there. But likely as not he won't get there at all. After all, he has hardly had time to go to his Auntie's and back, let alone spending a little time with her. So I really think, my dear, that you're looking for trouble, if you won't mind my saying so, as an old friend.

"Speaking of old friends, did you hear that old Mrs. Bundle was dead? Yes, died last week. Hers started with influenza, and then went on to something worse. And my! what a funeral they had! Quite a nice little affair. There was—

. . . " Don't feel as if you wanted

to hear about funerals, don't you? Well, now, you are low. I'm glad I looked in. Well, let's talk about weddings, then. Not but what some funerals are a great deal more cheerful than some weddings. There's always a feeling of Not knowing what's going to happen about a wedding. You never know how it's going to turn out. Now, my cousin Susan was telling me the other day about a girl who was married last year. Before they had been married a fortnight it was a fair cat-anddog life, and after three weeks he had pushed her down the stairs and nearly killed her.

"That reminds me; when is your Sylvia going to be married?

Well, I'm sure I hope that will turn out all right. Pushing down the stairs and such-like things are so common nowadays that one feels a bit nervous. But there, you must hope for the best! She didn't look well the last time I saw her—looked kind of pinched up and ill. When she looks like that, she always reminds me of my second cousin's girl Maria, who died of consumption. She had just that look.

. . . "Oh! had toothache, has she? . . . "Gone to have it out. Well, I hope it is only a decayed tooth. But you never know, with so many new-fangled complaints they find the matter with you. It might be a diseased bone in the jaw, or a growth, or ever so many different things. But I wouldn't worry! You'll see how she is when she comes home. I only hope it will heal up quick. Martha couldn't stop hers all night and all next day after she had a tooth out. And she had toothache worse than ever afterwards. Then they found out that that idiot of a dentist had taken out two teeth, and neither was the right one.

"But you do look quite pale and queer. I do hope it isn't that nasty 'flu. I must be going now. I must say you don't look much better for my visit. I'm afraid you worry too much about things. You want a long course of cheering up—half-an-hour like this is nothing. I only wish I could come and stay with you. But I'll come again just as soon as I can. Good-bye, my dear. Now do cheer up!" (Exit.)



By far the most hopeful path into good journalism at the present time is that of being able to offer expert work. The interests of the modern newspaper range over every topic, every pursuit, every hobby, and the regular column on some

particular subject is becoming more and more a settled feature.

Even the least observant reader of the leading daily papers is familiar with such a line as "By our Agri-

cultural Correspondent," or "From our Chess Correspondent," unless the column bears at the top the name of someone widely known as an authority on the particular phase of athletics, the arts, the industries, or the cults that may cover photography or philately, entomology or embroidery.

Now the woman who has a specialised knowledge on any subject can study the daily and weekly papers and judge for herself where best to offer articles upon it. Perhaps she not only understands cookery, but is able to express her knowledge upon paper clearly and concisely. Let her note carefully where an occasional article on this important matter appears, and the length and the style that distinguishes it. A specimen article, showing that something more than a mere chance shot has been made in sending it, will be treated with respect and consideration that would not be accorded to a merely academic or abstract essay.

A Subject of World-wide Importance.

The question of infant welfare is one in which a majority of a paper's readers feel strongly. It has aspects Imperial, municipal, and domestic; upon it meet the national progress and the happiness of the home. Yet it has called so far for little attention as a theme for the pen of the woman ready to take it up as a serious and specialised study. But there is no doubt that there would be wide welcome in many directions for well-considered notes and papers on it, if these showed something more than just superficial chatter from some one who had merely gathered surface impressions.

The Nursing Profession is also Neglected.

It has always been a matter of wonder to me that the general Press evinces so little interest in the Nursing Profession. Every paper of any status numbers among its readers nurses and those who owe much to them, with, therefore, a sense of personal concern as to a great vocation; but unless some exceptional event occurs, it is only very rarely that the Press affords any "inside information" as to what is happening

I have myself made rather a careful study of economic and other questions as they affect the splendid calling, and am constantly finding that with such knowledge I am asked by magnates of the hospital world to deal with some problem as to how a reorganisation of hours will work out in actual increase of staff, or the needs for more probationers of good education.

Other Subjects that require Specialised Knowledge.

There are women who have made themselves conversant with all the points and intricacies of the cult of dogs or cats, and they find themselves engaged to attend the big shows and give a full record of prize winners and the general interests of the occasion, not only to the weekly papers for women, but in many instances for the big daily journals also.

Poultry and cage birds similarly are a study of others, but this all means, of course, that the would-be writer on such subjects is more than superficially conversant with them. For there are many ramifications in connection with them, and she must have knowledge of strains and pedigrees, of kennels, catteries, yards and their owners, of the particular qualities that the judges have set up as standards.

Women's work is another department in which good specialising can be done. Every editor knows that class of contributor who reads somewhere that a woman has been appointed director of shunting at some unknown junction in America, or that a lady has received a commission to go to East Africa to investigate certain fungi and their possible relation to local maladies, and who forthwith sends an article on the glowing prospects before the sex in connection with the disposition of rolling stock, or the wonderful openings that searchwork overseas offer!

But in the case of the one appointment of the latter kind made by the Colonial Office, it was conferred upon a woman who has devoted her life to the study of the most obscure forms of vegetable and yeast growths.

Real information, however, of a practical kind in relation to the demand for women workers—what are the trades that need apprentices to learn their finer branches, where new processes are being developed and can absorb a certain number who would make themselves skilful as to the technical details—would have a value that would be quickly recognised. And such things are not past finding out. To do so, however, would involve much study of Board of Trade publications and of the conditions governing the markets. The higher officials in the Government offices are always ready to help inquirers who will present intelligently the facts that can be given.

How very rarely, too, does one meet a woman who understands the problems of the school teacher's life? Between the girl who is fitting herself to take charge of

a class in the public elementary school, and the tutor—as she now prefers to call herself—in the women's colleges of the universities, there is a little world of its own. Yet the person who thinks that journalism consists in writing snippets as to "Are Horn



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Spectacles Becoming?" or "Daily Manicure Hints to Typists," never dreams of the interests, and the varied aspects of a profession so great and so essential to the Empire.

Writing about

Dress.

What every aspirant feels herself capable of being is that of an authority on fashions. Let me at once make a distinction quite clear Of recent times there has grown up a system of giving detailed notice to the shops, not only at sale times. but at frequent intervals. It is a measure entirely in the interests of advertising, as the space taken in the papers by the big stores and drapery firms is an exceedingly important asset to the prosperity of even the greatest papers

This is work that is often given to the less experienced, as it is pre-supposed that a girl of fair intelligence can go to one of these establishments and ask

for the manager, or who he may depute to see her, and report fairly clearly that Harfridges are offering wonderful value this week in coats and shirts—describing some examples with their price; or that Barwhites have now something quite remarkable in blouses and jumpers It is an easy form of reporting, though some do it, naturally, better than others.

But it is not fashion writing, which is, indeed, one of the branches of the work that demands expert knowledge. A really capable writer on this topic of universal feminine interest is a truly valuable asset on any of the recognised papers for women.

And many qualifications go to the making of such a writer. She must first of all possess an education that will allow her to make a thorough study of dress down the periods of history. She must have the artistic sense that enables her to judge unerringly what is beautiful and correct as to form and line and colour

These latter considerations do not, it may be said, enter into the greater part of what, in these days, is put forward for our approval. None the less, the knowledge of what should be will assist in the judgment which she should bring to bear upon even the extravagant exaggeration. And she must possess the good address and the tact that will gain admission for her into the show-rooms of the great leaders of fashionable design here and in Paris. As a class, they are mistrustful of those they do not know, for the writer might be merely a rival taking this disguise, and it will be necessary to act carefully in order to allay any suspicions.

There are two further attributes which, unfortunately, go very rarely together. One is that indefinable sense of dress—the faculty which recognises what is essentially new and smart and likely to be acceptable to women who dress with good taste, as opposed to those who would put on any eccentricity provided it drew attention to themselves



The other, often, alas! painfully absent, is the faculty for describing dress in clear and lucid English. So many, in the effort to be original, fall into affectations of phrase, or use with annoying reiteration some word regarded as sprightly or expressive in relation to dress. How exasperating it can be to read that some detail is "amusing " or "fluffy," or "It" six or seven times in half a column is known only to those who have to revise proofs in which they occur with irritating insistence.

Other Departments.

It is a dream of some who desire to enter journalism that they might obtain appointments as art, musical, or dramatic critics. As to the first, there have been one or two ladies who have proved very competent judges, and have worked for papers of considerable influence. And there seems, indeed, no reason that they should

not aspire to the second and third responsibilities. Women are usually in the majority whether in the concert room or the theatre, and it might reasonably be supposed that the woman as critic might well express what would be the feminine view of the performance of pianist or violinist, of actor or actress.

But any one hoping to be appointed to such a position would have to impress the editor, and also the proprietor, as to her knowledge of the technique, the history, and the principles that are recognised in regard to passing judgment on the composition or the play, and the interpretation it is receiving at such and such hands

Unhappily for those who are cherishing such hopes, it is very difficult to overcome what are marked prejudices in favour of the masculine judgment. It is easy to express strong opinions as to an unfairness in the matter. No good, however, is done by it. We all know that trite old axiom as to possession being nine-tenths of the law. The men are in possession, and intend to remain there, and the women with such ambitions—and such aspirations are by no means unworthy or outside the scope of the trained feminine mind—will have to show something very exceptional in support of their claim

Inside Office

No great daily paper, to my knowledge, employs any woman as a sub-editor, though during the war one or two, not quite of premier importance, gave them some work of the kind But there are on the weekly papers for women several who are very fittingly and usefully employed. The Woman's Magazine itself has quite exceptionally capable lady assistants in the Editor's rooms, as I have good and grateful reason to know.

The work, however, of a morning or evening daily paper is of a different character from that of a weekly or monthly. It is done at the highest pressure. It is

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extremely specialised, and the Parliamentary reports, the law reports, the racing, the athletics, all come to their own departmental sub-editors for final revision. The foreign editor has his own sub-editors, and others deal with the day's general news.

There is ever the possibility of some great event having taken place, the news of which reaches the office somewhere about midnight, upsetting the whole scheme, and the almost automatic proportions assigned to every item. Some great ruler has been assassinated; a fearful wreck has occurred. The whole make-up and arrangement has to be entirely revised, in a fierce struggle against time, in order to send the early copies away by the newspaper trains.

To the chief sub-editor comes the nightly problem of the allocation of space. The advertising department has sent up its requisitions in so many columns of "smalls," and the special positions on certain pages that it will want. Meantime the editorial instructions arrive, stating the engagements of the various members of the staff, and long experience has taught him to appraise their space-value with keen judgment.

For Parliament, if sitting, so many columns must be allowed, and so much will be necessary for the leading articles, the foreign news, and other features. Quite early in the evening-he may find that he has material for, say, seventy columns, and has only sixty open Moreover the congestion will probably get worse and worse.

Then comes in the sub-editor's blue pencil. "Jones has written half a column on the Labour dispute at the Docks—give a quarter." "Brown's report of the meeting of the Education Committee is three-quarters of a column—make it a short third" And thus everything save the barest essential facts are thrown out

Any elaborate writing, or the slightest irrelevancy has no chance at all. The art of condensation and the faculty of seeing at a glance what can be spared, are priceless assets to a sub-editor.

On a big daily paper he expects to have the work of

trained people to deal with, but even these can, and do, add to his woes by involved sentences and confusion in composition. I know a case in which a really capable man began his account of how a great ship entered the waters, in this fashion: "Favoured by fine weather, and in the presence of an enormous crowd of spectators, the *Coronatia* was launched by Lady Blank, wife of the chairman of the company. Her proportions are simply enormous." The sub-editor took care it did not go into print in that form!

Inside work, therefore, can be sufficiently strenuous, though the outsider knows little of this. A newspaper may be described as an ultimate triumph of co-ordination. Everyone's labour goes into a vast organisation of many members, requisite to bring about the perfect whole. Those who would enter into its finished precision must fit into the exact notch, where they contribute a working part to a very complex machine, in which the personal equation must adapt itself to given conditions.

But this is the point that the novice so rarely grasps, and, in conclusion, I would like to emphasise the fact that unless she can see herself as able to enter into the plan with some effectual force, she has no place in it. So many imagine that they can make money out of journalism without bringing into it anything but the outlook and limited knowledge of a commonplace mental equipment. For such there can be nothing but disappointment.

It is held by many that the journalist is born and not made. To that I do not wholly assent, for if to good education be added keen powers of observation, sympathy with one's fellows, and a good working acquaintance with the world, a great deal can be acquired. But it is not a vocation to be followed from an arm-chair at the fireside. Anyone who has real ambitions in its direction must be ready to face very strenuous labours of a kind not to be understood until they are scriously taken up.

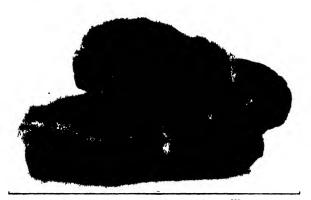
Moccasins Made of Coloured Leather

LEATHER-WORK IS now a much favoured form of hand-craft, and it would be quite an easy matter for those interested in this fascinating work to make for themselves a pair of comfortable moccasins as here illustrated, using our Pattern No. 9360.

For these a pretty shade of mauve leather was used, with a trimming of grey fur, and a floral silk lining, in which grey and mauve were the predominating colours; an interlining of wadding between the leather and the silk adds greatly to the comfort of the slipper.

One skin of leather should be sufficient for making two pairs of slippers, with half a yard of silk, one yard of wadding, and one yard of fur edging.

Cut out both pieces of the pattern in the leather, wadding, and silk. John up the back seam of the leather slipper, turning up the edge of the under part



These Slippers are most Comfortable in Wear.

to meet the pieces that jut out at the back. Gather the front edge of the lower section to bring it to the size of the upper toe-flap; then sew the two parts together along the gathered edge; if twist the same colour as the leather is used, these stitches will hardly be visible.

Now place the wadding and lining sections together, and, before joining them up, stitch them across in squares to give a quilted effect. Join up, as in the case of the leather slipper, then slip the lining in and neaten the ankle edge with the fur trimming.

Cut a small diamond-shaped piece of leather to trim the front of each shoe. Slash one end of these in fringe effect, and fasten to the slipper with a loose strip of leather, finished at the end with a fancy button

Pattern No. 9360 is supplied for a size four to five lady's slipper, and it would be quite easy to cut the pattern a little larger or smaller for other sizes.

Price 7d., postage 1d. extra by unsealed packet post, or 2d. by letter post. Address to the "Girl's Own" Fashion Editor, 4, Bouverie Street, Fleet Street, London. E.C.

EVIE would never have noticed Violet's name in the papers in connection with the race, had not her attention been drawn to it by Hamon Maconochie. Somehow it had happened that she had spent a good many week-ends at "Comehither" lately, and on most of them Hamon had contrived to be there too. It was on one of these occasions that he was reading bits of the paper aloud, and commenting on them, and he said something about "Miss Cornford's bad luck," Evie had looked up quickly, and said so quietly that Violet was her cousin, that for the moment both the Maconochies stared at her, not understanding what she meant.

She was rather sorry then that she had spoken, for she had not so far told them anything about herself, but she could not now well withhold further information. So she explained that she and Violet had been brought up as sisters at the sweet home in Hertfordshire, and that Violet had come into a fortune whilst she had had to work for her living. She said nothing about her cousin's meanness, naturally, but expatiated on the fact that Violet had offered her a home if she wanted one, and asserted that it was her own pride which made her prefer to earn her living. Neither of her listeners gathered that there had been any breach between the

On the whole, Evie was glad when the ice had been thus broken. She had, in a quite unusual degree, reticence in speaking of herself and her own affairs, but she had now found "Comehither" a second home, and she owed it to her kind hostess that she should tell her something of that other home of her childhood. As "Comehither" was in Sussex, and nearer London than Crossways, she had been there more often, but she intended always to spend the longer holidays at what was still her real home.

She had been several times to "Comehither" before she ventured to suggest to Mrs. Maconochie that The Comedy called Life ought to be published; and she was met at first with a goodhumoured but most obstinate refusal. Evie could be very persistent when she liked, and she went hammering on at the subject, and even in the end gained permission for Hamon to read the book. He was as full of admiration for it as Evie. He said that it was not a transcript of life, but the material of life, welded, through the literary genius of the writer, into a story which bore the impress of life, but was far more than a mere photograph of events. When he said this Evie was astonished for though she liked Hamon very much

she had never considered him clever in a bookish way.

"It is perfectly true, of course, but I never thought of putting it like that," she said admiringly.

He laughed.

"Duffers often hit upon an obvious truth," he explained. "Why, of course it's obvious! You or I or anyone could put down on paper just exactly what happened day by day and call it life, but it wouldn't be. Even if we were clever enough to get it so exact that it was as perfect in its way as a photograph, it might be of value as a document, but it need not necessarily be interesting. It takes an artist either in paint or words to handle the stuff of life, the material lying all around us, and select and pass it through the medium of their brain, and turn it out as art."

Hamon very seldom spoke at such length, and Evie laughed. She liked him to say "you or I." Never, never should he know of that most unreal daub—she could call it nothing else—which bore her disgraced name on its cover! She had looked often for any reviews in the weekly and daily papers which came to the office, but had never seen it mentioned.

After Hamon had read The Comedy called Life, the task of persuading his step-mother to publish it was not so difficult. She seemed rather pleased that her "two young things," as she affectionately called them, should take so much interest in her work, and at length agreed it might be published, but only on condition the whole affair was managed by Evie, whom she chaffed as an expert well up to all the wiles of publishers. All correspondence must be addressed to her, and the writer's anonymity be strictly preserved. Evie was naturally longing to give the chance to her firm, particularly in order to see what that drastic critic, Mr. Forest, would say about this superb MS. But she did not want to bring herself into the matter openly, especially because it might make it a difficult matter to keep the real identity of the author the strict secret Mrs. Maconochie insisted on. So it was arranged that she should send up the MS. in the usual way through the post, and not let the publishers know that she had anything to do with it

She and Hamon both rejected the pseudonym of "Joyful Elder," as being too fantastic. Mrs. Maconochie placidly agreed, and suggested that the initials "E.G." would be the best substitute, so as in some way to connect Evie with the book.

"Everything Good," suggested Pigeon shyly, being present when the discussion

had arrived at this stage. Already he adored Evic, as all children did.

"Evil Girl," countered Hamon mischievously, preparing to receive the onslaught his little brother made upon him instantly.

"Ernest Givern," said Mrs. Maconochie. "No one can tell if that is a pseudonym or not."

So the matter had been settled, and the correspondence concerning the book was to be addressed to the little shop at the corner of the street in Earl's Court.

The response came with surprising quickness, one Saturday morning when Evie had made preparations to go down to Comehither:—

"DEAR SIR,—Our. Reader has reported very favourably on your MS., The Comedy called Life. It would be well if you could make an appointment to come here to discuss terms. If that is impossible, we are prepared to make you an offer on the basis of a ten per cent. royalty."

When Evie arrived at the little countryside station bearing the letter that same afternoon, with shining eyes and joy in her heart, she was met by Hamon with a new attachment to his motor-cycle—a comfortable sidecar. She expressed her surprise and pleasure, and he did his utmost to make believe that he had contemplated buying one for a long time.

They ran up the two miles in less than no time, as Evie phrased it, and bursting in on Mrs. Maconochie, who was in her gardening gloves and capacious apron, hurled the news about the book at her.

"And what am I to do about it?" she asked, flopping down then and there on the damp grass.

Evie considered herself quite an expert on publishing terms by now.

"I should ask for a rising royalty after the first three thousand," she suggested. "I'm sure they think so well of it that they would give it to you."

"Very well. Do that." And Mrs. Maconochie turned happily to her gardening again.

"I'm sure it will sell in thousands and tens of thousands," cried Evie enthusiastically. "Then you'll have to write another."

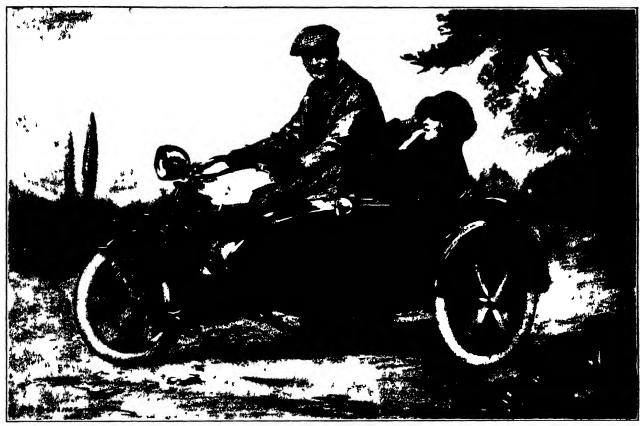
"That I'll never do."

"Oh, Lupin, don't be so final," cried Hamon. "But never mind, Evie, I've noticed that when she's most final she's the easiest to dissuade."

"Do you really truly mean it?" Evic asked the sturdy author.

" I do."

" Why?"



THEY RAN UP THE TWO MILES IN LESS THAN NO TIME, AS EVIE PHRASED IT

Drawn by
P B Hickling

"Because there's another already written," replied I upin smiling broadly

Thereafter ensued a wild scramble through the bushes and flower beds a game of hide and seek or "catch who-catch-can" between the three juniors and their light and wholesome laughter resounded through the fields

"You're just like three kittens or puppies," said Mis Maconochie, smoothing down her dress where Pigeon had caught it in his last wild rush to escape "Come in to tea all of you"

Later on, when tea had been cleared away, I vie sat down very scriously at the table in the hall to compose the draft of a reply to Watson and Hawke Hamon leaned over her pretending to help But instead, as they were quite by themselves, he said gently in her ear—

"I vie, is there any chance for me?"

She kept her face turned down over the paper, but felt the blood flush into her cheeks

"Chance for you to become an author?" she asked, wilfully misunder-standing "No You are much too volatile"

"Chance for me to become——" He stopped "Look at me Evie"

At this direct challenge she glanced up with mischief in her face

"You think I'm too volatile for a husband?" he asked

"I never said that"

'Will you take charge of me then?"

She shook her head and the smile vanished that strange sad expression which had sometimes troubled him swept across her face chasing the mischief out of it as a cloud shadow chases the sunlight over the hills

"Is there someone else?" he asked in a very low tone, kneeling down on the bricks beside her

"Oh, Hamon'" she cried 'Yes I think so but sometimes lately—I m not so sure now"

When she saw how greatly she had puzzled him, she felt it was only fair to explain what she meant

Let us go out," she said

As they paced side by side over the short green grass glistening with the new itsing sap of spring, she told him about Dick

"I can't urge you Ivie," he said soberly, when she had ended 'but I'll wait You're young, and I m young I can wait years, as Jacob did for Rachel Say—if he hasn't come back in seven years will you have me?'

' I don't know, Hamon "

"You like me a bit?

"I like you very much "

"Then I il wait It's only you out of all the girls I ever met who's made me feel I come right home in coming to you" That evening Mis Maconochie, with that astuteness which distinguished her, saw that something had happened between the two she cared for, and she followed Evic into her room at bedtime

"You've not turned down the poor boy, Evie?" she asked in her direct way

The moonlight was flooding in through the low casement window, making the room white with its pure light. Evie blew out the candle, and made a motion for her kind friend to sit down on the window seat, and then she knelt on the floor by her and holding her arms about her, tried to explain

"I can't say yes Lupin dear, because I don't love Hamon in that way If I'd never known any other way I might have thought it was all right I want to tell you something"

"You're more like a daughter to me than any I could have had of my own, and I believe you'll be my real daughter yet But take your time and tell me about it Your heart's deep, and not one to change soon"

Then Evie did what she very seldom did, she began to cry softly but bitterly

Oh, Lupin! Lupin!" she sobbed "There is someone else I love you and wee Pigeon, and I'm so much interested in your beautiful book, and sometimes

The Lost MS.

I think I am ever so happy here, but all the time underneath there's a great ache, and nothing, nothing can ever make up to me for Dick. I feel the touch of his dear hands, I see his face so near to me, and sometimes when I'm all alone at nights I can hardly bear it, the longing is so great. It doesn't get better, it gets worse and worse. I want my Dick—my Dick—"

The warm strong arms were round her, the motherly bosom received her, and Mrs. Maconochie held her until the sobbing quieted.

"My dear, my dear," she said at last, "though it would be like a dream come true for you to marry Hamon, I'll honestly pray that your Dick may return to you; for a love like that is the reallest thing in life, and few there are who ever know it."

Chapter XVIIL

Guy in Danger.

VIOLET arrived home the afternoon after the race. She found a note sent by hand awaiting her in the hall marked "Urgent." On opening it she read a summons from the Colonel of her brother's regiment. Guy, it appeared, had turned up the evening before in a very queer condition, and had raved in delirium most of the night. He was a little quieter this morning, but the doctor had diagnosed the case as brain fever, and thought very gravely of it.

Without waiting even to go upstairs and change, Violet went round to the officers' quarters of the barracks, which were quite near. After a very short time the regimental surgeon came to her. As he entered the room his manner was reassuring.

"Captain Coinford is a little easier," he said at once "But it will be a long struggle, and the least carelessness might be very serious indeed, might mean that even if he lived his brain might be impaired; absolute quiet is essential."

"He cannot get that here," said Violet, standing before him with a drawn face. "There is constant noise. Can he not be removed to my house in an ambulance? There is a good strip of ground at the back between us and the park which ensures a certain amount of quietness."

"Certainly he cannot be moved at present, nor can you see him even; but directly it is possible I will do my best to remove him there," he answered; and with this she had to be content.

It was a very distracted and restless Violet that wandered about the next few days. She cancelled all her engagements, and her whole mind and heart were absorbed by the thought of her brother. It had been a blow when the news came about Dick, but Dick had never stood for Violet in the same cate-

gory with Guy. Dick had been a playmate, but to Guy, eight years her senior, she had looked up with reverence and admiration. The high-spirited, goodlooking, clever boy had been her ideal of manhood from childhood, and though she had lately learnt that Guy's judgment was not infallible, in fact not so good as her own, she still cherished for him the deepest feeling she was capable of next to that she felt for Leslie Hawke.

While Guy was ill she attended to his correspondence, which was sent on to her by hand each day. In doing so she experienced a terrible shock, for she discovered debts and duns on all sides. She found that he had even tried to sell Crossways, but had not found a purchaser, and then had mortgaged it. She was horrified! Willingly would she herself have bought it from him, if necessary, But to part with it without even mentioning it to her! It was this which planted a sting in her heart. There was no manner of doubt that in spite of the money she had given him at intervals, Guy was hopelessly insolvent. At the same time there was a gleam of comfort. Glowing accounts of the new coast colony "Houses for Hundreds," were appearing in the papers. The reporters had swarmed down there, it appeared, and after having arrived sceptical, had come away convinced and even enthusiastic. Violet's name had been kept out of it, but Mosley's prediction had been verified; the Press had given them a huge gratis advertisement.

A week later Violet received a letter from Mosley himself; everything was going swimmingly, he wrote, they had booked a long waiting list of orders for houses. However, as these were not paid for in advance, but the houses had to be built first, there was a shortage of cash. If Violet could let the firm have £10,000 more, he was absolutely certain that by the end of the year the £20,000 she had put into the partnership would have become £100,000; in fact, according to his arithmetic, it could not be otherwise

This came on a day when Violet was engulfed in a flood of depression over her brother's financial situation. another time she might have hesitated, or, at any rate, gone more into details before acceding to this enlargement of her liability, but now she had neither the heart nor the time to get such details. She was waiting any day, any hour, to hear that Guy had returned to consciousness, so that she might see him. She examined her credit, and found plenty there, for a great deal of the capital she had sold out still remained uninvested, so she sent off a cheque to Mosley, expressing her pleasure at the results, and urging him to keep inviolate the secret of her identity as the third and financial partner. She did not

mention the matter to Leslie Hawke. They saw each other every day, but she had too much delicacy to touch on the matter of her money, which he felt so acutely, so she decided to wait until the marriage had actually taken place before telling him of her venture.

Meantime she was in a very strange and restless state of mind. She was thankful for the company of Mary Meadows, who was deeply sympathetic over Guy, but far too much a woman of the world ever to be intrusive in forcing her society on Violet if she saw she was not wanted. Perhaps she carried this a little too far, for there were times when Violet felt so restless that to be alone was torment.

On one of these occasions she went out into Kensington Gardens and wandered along by the Serpentine, a thing she had never done before. Several things combined to make her unsettled. First, her natural anxiety about Guy. who was not yet out of all danger; secondly, the great change ahead of her in the prospect of her marriage; thirdly, the absolute silence she kept on the subject of money matters when she was with her flance. She naturally thought a good deal about them, both on Guy's account and her own, and several times it was only an almost excessive delicacy that had prevented her telling Leslie the whole situation, both in regard to Guy's debts and her own great responsibility in the new Company. Then at the back of all was the question of Evie, which had never ceased to trouble her since that day in the car when her conscience seemed suddenly to awake. The fact that she had elected to marry the man she loved, and not the man who could give her a great position in society, had no doubt given the better side of her nature just that impetus it needed. Over and over again she pondered on the best means of introducing the subject to Hawke, and over and over again she shrank from it. She could not imagine how to phrase it, and meantime Evie continued in the office. Violet knew quite enough of her cousin to be sure that no financial offer would tempt her to leave; had she not already shown that she preferred independence to comfort? Besides that, she could not face meeting Evic, and having to acknowledge herself in the wrong. After all, there was time to settle these things, for her wedding would have to be postponed until Guy was quite himself again. Even then, the doctor had said that the best thing for him would be to go abroad for a while, and who could take him but

Nevertheless, the question of Evicwould have to be tackled some time or another, however long a lack of moral courage made her put it off.

One day Violet found herself arguing

aloud, a sure sign of an uneasy conscience.

"If Evie hadn't been so proud we should have come to an understanding She never gave me a chance. I expect I should have done just the same in her case, but that is because I am proud too. If we hadn't both been proud all this would never have happened"

Still she took no steps towards reconciliation. She could not bend her pride so far as that all at once.

Then came at last the day when Guy was carried in blankets from the barracks to his sister's house and put to bed

there. He still had a night nurse, but by day Violet and Mary took it in turns to nurse him devotedly. He was so weak he made no sign that he knew or cared who was there, but one day, just as Violet was stealing from the room, she heard him say in a very low voice

"Is that you, Mousie?"
She thought him wandering, and glided back to the bed. How terribly changed he was! He looked ten? years older, his cropped head showed greyish at the temples, his face was sharp and hol lowed, his long thin hand was like a skeleton hand as it lay along the coverlet.

As she stood there, he looked at her with a pale gleam of recognition in his eyes, and a wan smile moved his lips

"You don't know who that is," he said. "M M. --Mousie, of course!"

"She is out; she will come soon," Violet said gently, understanding then who he meant, though she had not heard the pet name before.

Then some recollection came to him, a swift shaft of fear swept over his face, and he turned from her and spoke no more.

In the next week Violet noticed that though he spoke a little, and even smiled when she was there, the coming of herself, his sister, seemed to terrify him, and make him withdraw into humself.

At last he was well enough to sit up in a long chair on the veranda at the back of the house, and Violet, whose heart was very full at this strange invisible curtain that seemed to hang between them, began to talk of cheerful things to distract him and tempt him to smile. She told him of the great prosperity of "Houses for Hundreds," and drew a humorous sketch of the reporters notices. Guy stopped her by holding up his transparent hand.

"Come and sit close by me," he said. Then, as she complied, a spasm of pain contracted his face. "I must tell you something, Vi."

"Don't, dear; don't tell me anything distressing. I know," she said soothingly.

"You know?" He looke l at her almost with horror.

"Yes. I had to open your correspondence, there was no one else to do it, and I have found out how dreadfully troubled and worried you have been about money. Oh, Guy dearest, we will make that all right now that the 'Houses for Hundreds' is booming."

"Ah, you don't know," he said sadly. "I have still to tell you. No, don't stop me, I shall never sleep again until I've told you. Violet, I robbed you, you who've been so good to me."



IT WAS SOME WEEKS AFTER THIS, WHEN HE WAS MUCH STRONGER, AND OUT IN THE GARDEN, THAT MARY MEADOWS CAME TO HIM.

Drawn by P. B. Hickling.

The Lost MS.

She held his hand between her own, but she could find no words.

"Yes," he went on. "You gave me a cheque once for ten thousand, for that society, you know, I mean 'Houses for Hundreds.' Violet, I altered it, I made it fifteen thousand and kept the rest myself."

Violet sat rigid; she could not believe her ears.

"But it's impossible," she said at last stiffly.

"No. I initialled it, as I had seen you do once before; and as I took it myself to the bank, the manager passed it without question."

Violet would have given the world to be able to reassure him, to pretend it was nothing, to save the fearful drain of his feeble strength she knew must be going on, but she could not. This brother of hers, whom she had admired and looked up to all her days a—a forger and a thief! She could not speak. With a mighty effort she taught her lips to smile, and turned to him. He had gone off in a dead faint.

By the time he had come round she had recovered herself and learned her part; she talked to him with a loving sympathy that anyone who knew Violet would have thought her wholly incapable of. She refused to discuss the matter in any way, and in his weakness he clung to her like a child, and tears ran down his poor wasted cheeks.

It was some weeks after this, when he was much stronger and out in the little strip of secluded garden abutting on the park, which no one could overlook, that Mary Meadows came to him one afternoon cheerfully, as she always did, with her hands full of roses, and sat down beside him. Anyone who knew Mary very intimately might have noticed that there was a little nervousness, very foreign to her, now apparent in her manner, and that her laugh did not ring quite true. However, she started off bravely.

"There, you boy! Roses! You'll see heap, of them in Switzerland if we can get you there."

"Switzerland?" asked Guy. "Are you going there?"

"Yes. The doctor says you can stand the journey now, especially if we do as much of it as we can by motor."

"What ho!" said Guy, with something of his old manner. Then— "But no, I can't! I'm not going to let Violet stand that extra expense for me, after all she must have paid already."

"Violet?" queried Mary, opening her eyes very wide, and burying her face in the sweet-smelling petals. "But she isn't coming!"

Guy turned in his chair and looked at her with a smile of mischief.

"You unconventional darling!" he said. "But we can't go alone."

"It's you who are unconventional, I think," said Mary, with a little catch in her breath.

" Me? Why?"

"Well, I think it's the most unconventional suggestion I ever heard of, for a man to suggest bringing his sister along with him on his honeymoon!"

To be continued.



THE EDUCATION OF

Photo by Donald McLeish.

H.R.H. The Prince of Wales

To attempt to write an adequate sketch of the life of the Prince of Wales within the limitations of a magazine article were as futile as to try to tell the story of the Great War in a hundred-page text-book. Few men have condensed so many experiences, or seen as much of the world since his birth, in 1893, as he has done in the years that have intervened. Those who want "biographies" of His Royal Highness, to tell them when he joined the Britannia, the months he spent at Oxford, his appearance within the fightingzone, and so forth, may find them in sundry inexpensive volumes compiled by industrious students of the files of the daily papers.

The older generation of those about the Court hold that in the Prince are united those distinctive attributes which imparted such clearcut characterisation to his two grandparents, King Edward and Princess Mary, Duchess of Teck. He has all

the ready tact and savoir faire, all the quick intuitive perception of those he meets, that helped to the boundless popularity both here and on the Continent of King Edward. From the late Duchess of Teck comes the attractive geniality, the desire at any cost to give pleasure to those with whom he may come into contact, the deep Imperial sense that she possessed in common with Queen Victoria.

How the Prince was Educated.

It must be remembered, too, in appraising the great place in the affections of the Empire to which the Prince has won, that both the King and Queen understood, as perhaps none before them of their long line of ancestors did, how important was the matter of education, in the sense of preparation for the vast responsibilities lying ahead. The young Prince received his earliest instruction from Mme. Bricka, who, as governess to Her Majesty, had implanted in her that love of the study of history on the broadest lines of human development and progress that she has since retained. There were all those simple principles, too, that in those early days she could inculcate in a manner that would be lasting and sincere.

It was after Mr. Hansell had been appointed tutor to the young Prince that he and Mme. Bricka took the three older children to Westminster Abbey one afternoon. The Prince of Wales became a little detached from the rest of the party, and showed such a good knowledge of some historical event that the Canon,



H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES.

who was escorting him, said, "Why, your tutor must have taught you a great deal." To which the Prince answered, "Oh, no, it was from Madame I learnt all that," which, as she said afterwards, relating the episode, showed that he had grasped for ever the meaning of according honour where honour is due.

And in Mr. Hansell Their Majesties had found the tutor who would pick up and carry on these elemental truths. Formerly a master at Eton, and then charged with the education of Prince Arthur of Connaught, he brought rare experience to his task. The course of study at Sandringham, where the royal children were chiefly brought up, was as regular and disciplined as at a public school. Amusements were of the simple character that the country-side provides, and the Prince there learned the love of animals which underlies all true sportsmanship. He was drilled by an ex-piper of the Scots Guards; one of

the royal grooms taught him to manage horses, and the fashionable riding master had no part in making him the finished horseman that he is, able to hold his own over some of the stiffest courses in England.

His Training in the Navy and at Oxford.

Then came Osborne, Dartmouth, and the preparation for the Royal Navy. For this he rather specialised on mechanics and engineering, which, of course, makes its own appeal to the modern naval cadet. He served on H.M.S. Hindustan, which he joined in 1911, having meantime received the title of Prince of Wales, which must be conferred by the Sovereign, and is not, as many believe, the hereditary rank of the heir to the throne. The inclusion of David among his names, it may here be said, is believed to be due to a special wish of Queen Victoria, who had a premonition that a David might shed a lustre upon the Crown not less in its degree than that of the Psalmist. In any case it fell in well with those of George, Patrick, and Andrew, as the other patron saints of the United Kingdom.

To Oxford he went in 1912, remaining there less than two years. As to his work there, Sir Herbert Warren, President of Magdalen, has given us an absolutely authoritative judgment which must always remain the standard pronouncement on the subject, and as it is not widely known, it may be cited :-

"He acquired a sense of literary style in both English and French at the same time. His essays, which at first were conscientious reproductions and compilations,

H.R.H. The Prince of Wales



HR H. THE PRINCE OF WALES AT CHRISTS HOSPITAL, HORSHAM, WITH THE HEAD MASTER AND THE EX-LORD MAYOR OF LONDON.

Photo by Photopress.

became more and more his own both in thought and expression. In the end, though not yet twenty, and only at the age when many sixth form boys are just beginning Oxford, he acquired a considerable mastery, gifted with a good verbal memory, a freshness of view, and a decided independence of character; his essays, if not wholly original, became more and more interesting, and again and again were striking and eloquent, if only in their genuine sincerity and simple honesty. . . . The Prince of Wales will not want for power of ready and forcible presentation in speech or writing. And every time he was learning more and more, every day gauging character, watching its play, and getting to know what Englishmen are like, both individually and, still more, in the mass."

His Service in the War.

The Prince made use of a strong and striking expression at a Guildhall banquet when he said, "It was in the war I found my manhood" He never shirked a duty, and the fact that he escaped being wounded was literally "the fortune of war," for he was in dangerous positions on many occasions. But he did the Throne a very real service in the way in which he bore himself as a Staff Officer; for men then saw him at very close quarters. He has himself told of his appreciation of Salvation Army sandwiches, and no one entered more keenly than he into the real spirit of the little amuse-

ments and recreations in which the men in the intervals of their time in the trenches tried to find some diversion after hours of shelling and the possibilities of clouds of poison gas rolling over.

It was in this way that the men from the Dominions came to know him and to appreciate him in the manner that later was to be expressed in such unparalleled demonstration overseas.

Like all thoughtful officers, too, he has had a very real sympathy with the men who have found it so hard to obtain employment, and it will not be forgotten that he set aside on their behalf his refusal to take part in any public ceremony in the weeks immediately preceding his departure for India. In appealing for a guarantee fund for the great Empire Exhibition, in 1924, his most eloquent passage was that in which he pointed out what it would do for such men in providing them with work.

The Canadian Tour.

In Canada the Prince assuredly found his great mission as an Ambassador of Empire, and in the protracted course of his long journey across from Newfoundland to Vancouver and back he developed those qualities which have rendered equal service in Australia and India.

In the first place, he showed that he had come in no exclusive spirit. Receptions by the great officials had to be treated with all respect and formality, but what appealed to Canada, from the moment that he could call his time his own, was his readiness to mix with the crowds. Times and again, with that amazing memory for faces which, in common with the rest of the Royal House, he possesses, he would recognise some stalwart fellow he had seen, perhaps in hospital in France, and

make him a proud and happy man by shaking hands with him.

To understand fully how his personality impressed itself on all classes, you must have travelled over practically the same route as he followed Then may you hear the little stories: then may you see, in all the glories of a massive silver frame, the menu card he signed; then may you hear of the walks and the river dips that he managed to secure when the train went into a siding for an



H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALLS CHATTING TO A VETERAN CONSTABLE AT BRIGHTON.

Photo by Photopress

hour or two before the official arrival. And he never wearied of the people or their hearty goodwill.

There are those even who went with him who aver that the splendours of the Rockies and the beauties of peaks and canyons and sapphire lakes took a secondary place in his interests, as compared with the robust geniality of the people. And never once from anyone is a word to be heard that is not entirely in favour of his character and good sense.

"Down Under."

Just a summer in London, with a constant succession of public engagements to be filled, and the Prince was again on his way to another section of his high Imperial

pilgrimage. It was New Zealand and Australia to be visited on this occasion, and the Southern Dominion was reached by way of the Panama Canal. The conditions of travel were more strenuous than in Canada, for railway development is less advanced, and H.M.S Renown was more employed conveying him from port to port, with shorter train journeys inland.

In Australia he had the experience of a really nasty railway accident, when some of the permanent way had been weakened by floods, but he was imperturbably calm over it, and took care that his favourite pipe was not left behind.

The Australians designated hum a "Digger," and in doing so conferred their highest compliment upon him. He had there to meet a Labour Party disposed to be exceedingly critical, but he won their hearts very largely because he treated its

representatives whom he met with perfect candour and sincerity. They liked him personally, as well as for the very real interest and sound knowledge that he displayed over their flocks and herds, their grain and fruit, for agriculture on its vastest scale appeals to him.

He came back in time for the busiest weeks of a hot and tiring season, shirking no call of duty or charity, and at the same time making his preparations for perhaps the most exacting tour of all—that through India, and on to Japan. The wisdom of permitting him to visit the Eastern Empire at such a time was severely criticised Disaffection, unrest, even actual revolt prevailed in many districts. But it would have been a sign of weakness to accept the dictates of Mr. Gaudhi and his followers and to have deferred the tour.

The Prince in

The reception in Bombay was certainly frigid. A hartal, or boycott, had been proclaimed by the upholders of sedition, though the British and the Parsees, as well as the native chiefs, did their best to make up for the aloofness of the Hindus acting under orders.

The situation was even worse in two or three other towns visited; but at Calcutta the leaders' orders began to be disregarded. The Prince met and mixed freely with the people. He rode the horse of a native magnate to victory in a race; he proved an excellent polo player; his personality was recognised, and it had triumphed.

Few men understand the native mind and outlook



H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES AT ST. BARTHOLOMEW'S HOSPITAL, OI WHICH HE IS PRESIDENT.

Photo by Photobress.

better than Mr. Perceval Landon, and on the termination of this first stage in the tour, he wrote: "The only conceivable aspect of the Prince's tour-that of the representative of a Sovereign and a principle above all politics, has been maintained. Never for a moment has the Prince deviated from this clear conception of his purpose in visiting India, and of his status therein. Steadily, and with his own characteristic charm, he has done his Imperial work. Never by even a hint has he admitted that he is affected by the 'malice domestic,' which is seething under India's surface to-day. His presence has silenced the open voice of sedition, though in places it has not been able to overcome the barrier which sedition has attempted to lay continually beside his path. He has scrupulously and with dignity maintained his aloofness from all political issues. . . . He

H.R.H. The Prince of Wales

has always assumed—and rightly assumed—that the hearts of the mass of Indians were with him, and, whatever the extremists may now decide to do, the Prince can do no other or better than he has already done."

At the date we go to press the Prince is still in the East, but soon after this magazine is in our readers' hands we hope to be welcoming His Royal Highness back from a tour which must have been exacting in the extreme.

The Need for Self-Discipline

And its Influence on the Spiritual Life

By LILY WATSON

THOSE who would advance in the Spiritual Life must grow in the knowledge of God, and also in the knowledge of Self. The thoughts I have been trying to put before my readers will, I hope, lead them to see how, by means of Prayer, study of the Bible, and the realisation of a Divine purpose in their life, they may grow in the knowledge of God. And the closer they come to Him, the more clearly will they perceive their own unlikeness to His image. "Fellowship with Him" requires an attempt to reach towards His ideal.

Perhaps some girl, who has begun to pray in real earnest and to long after a higher level of attainment, may be feeling alarmed and discouraged by the growing sense of all that hinders her development. Let her take heart, for the desire to grow into the Divine Likeness will ultimately lead towards its own fulfilment. "The saints are the sinners who kept on trying."

We are not saved by our own efforts after perfection. And yet our Lord bids us to be "perfect"; throughout all His teaching runs a strenuous note of urgency. "Strive," He says, and He lays stress upon the inner life, unseen of men.

A Perhaps this has been a little overlooked by many who are, nevertheless, sincere Christians. They are energetic, and love active work. They delight in manifold service, which may even tend to become fussy. The silent task of selfdiscipline, self-examination, is irksome in contrast with the joy of sallying forth on one and another religious errand. But the latter does not compensate for the former. The two should exist together.

With regard to society as a whole, I confess that in studying young people, and even their elders, in the present day, I am struck by the absence of self-discipline. The love of self-pleasing stands out from the columns of every newspaper. "What

do I like?"—that seems the main question often and often. "My emotions have led me to break laws, human and Divine; I cannot help it."

And yet, what a different standard was evolved in the war! Long before compulsion was exercised, young men left lives of ease and enjoyment, forsaking all that the world holds dear, to sacrifice self at the call of duty, renouncing individual liberty, renouncing even life itself. And I need not speak of the heroic devotion shown by women. I often feel amazed at the contrast; for it must be, sometimes, the very same people, who a few years ago were leading a life of sternest self-abnegation, who now are worshipping Pleasure, flinging away all restraint.

Why is there this tremendous incongruity between the two standards of life?

It is because in the former case there was a motive strong enough to prevail against the love of self. And we can surely find an equally strong motive; for "the love of Christ constraineth us."

One observes that it is often, not merely alleged, but even considered a sufficient excuse for wrongdoing: "My feelings were too strong for me." Now, I need not waste time in emphasising the fact that any such plea is utterly antagonistic to real progress in holiness. The first thing to remember is, that nothing in our daily life is without result in the shaping of character for eternity.

I hope some of my readers are students of Browning. In "An Epistle of Kharshish, the Arab Physician," the supposed writer describes the change in Lazarus after he has risen from the dead. He has been vouchsafed an insight into the things that really matter. It is recorded that calamities which seem of enormous import to others, pass him by as relatively unimportant. But a word, a gesture, startles him

to an agony of fear and expostulation. He has, in his brief sojourn in the Unseen, learnt a new standard of comparisons. All that disturbs him is ignorance, carelessness, or sin. Character—that is the all-important thing—

"He holds on firmly to some thread of life—

Which runs across some vast distracting orb

Of glory, on either side that meagre thread,

Which, conscious of, he must not enter yet,

The spiritual life around the earthly life:

The law of that, is known to him as this.

His heart and brain move there, his feet stay here."

In short, Lazarus-

"Endures as seeing Him who is invisible."

He has learnt that no action is too small to be of moment in the framing of character, while troubles that befall us, apart from sin, are of no lasting consequence.

What we are is all-important. And a chief element to consider in character-building is the discipline of the Will. It is a wonderful thing to know, as we do know, that we are free agents, when we consider all that must influence us.

But there is too much stress nowadays laid upon the forces that help to make us what we are. Even a girl, unskilled in psychology, may see that certain factors have been important in her life. "I have had such and such an environment, such and such friendships, such and such temptations; it is only natural I should be what I am." I heard of a man, brought up in religious surroundings, respected as a churchwarden, beloved by his own family, who fell into the most terrible sin in mature life, and who said, to excuse

himself: "Oh well, I know I was good till I went to that school, as a boy."

Such excuses won't do. Within every one of us there is the sense of freedom; we know that we are not automatic. The force of temptation may be greater or less according to our environment, but there is the power to fight; yes, and if beaten, to fight and fight again to reconquer liberty. We are born free, as we intuitively know, and we have One on our side Who is greater than all who are against us. A sympathetic reader of this series of papers has suggested to me a text that we should each and all remember in our aspirations after holiness: "He will be very gracious unto thee at the voice of thy cry; when He shall hear it, He will answer thee " (Isa. xxx. 19).

The will is being exercised all day long. We have to keep on making decisions as to what we will do. From the first thing in the morning, when we have to decide whether we will get up at once or lie a little longer in the warm comfort, to let our prayers take care of themselves, we are choosing between two courses. If we let our will get weak and vacillating, in what may seem a trifling item of self-indulgence, we are helping to form a habit. Even at school such decisions have continually to be taken, although the general outline of our lives is controlled for us.

"Will you lend me your French exercise?" said a tall girl to a new-comer at a great Northern school for girls.

"Why?" inquired the other, in a hesitating voice.

The speaker looked surprised, and said coldly, "Because I have not been able to do mine for to-day, and M. le Professeur will be furious."

"Could not I help you write it now?" ventured the other.

"Oh, no! there isn't time. Besides, I simply don't understand that rule about the agreement of the past participle in the very least. I just want to copy down what you've done, to prevent any fuss."

It would have been by far the easiest thing to lend the French exercise, and the new girl, who had

quickly acquired a certain reputation, was torn between the fear of seeming disobliging and priggish, of becoming unpopular for her supposed intellectual conceit on the one hand, of conniving at dishonesty on the other. The questioner, seeing her turn red, exclaimed—

"Oh, I shouldn't copy it too exactly; you needn't be afraid. Yours is sure to be extra good, and I will sprinkle some mistakes up and down mine."

The miserable neophyte stood her ground, and declined to lend the exercise, with tears in her eyes.

"I'd do anything I could to help you, but I don't think this would be honest of me," she said.

It cost her a tremendous effect.

Luckily, the other girl, if rather shaky in her ethics, was good-natured.

"Oh, don't cry, for goodness' sake!" she returned. "Nobody thinks anything about that sort of thing here; but if you do, it doesn't signify a bit!" And she departed, to seek other, less scrupulous, help elsewhere.

A trifle! yes, but if the younger girl had given way, her will would have been weakened, and at every fresh attack of the kind she would have found it harder to stand her ground. It is a wise saying: "Sow an action, and you reap a habit; sow a habit, and you reap a character; sow a character, and you reap a destiny."

Discipline the will, then; remember that small things lead on to great things; and remember that it is the will which is, so to speak, the helm of the vessel. By the way in which it is set, your course of life is determined. Avoid not only that which is bad, but that which is silly. Remember that the gifts of the Spirit are "understanding, counsel, wisdom." Do not be vacillating. Even in matters where there is no particular right and wrong, be decided. Have an opinion-a definite choice. Make up your mind what you would prefer, for example, if you are asked to choose, and are not interfering with the pleasure of others by doing so. Those terrible infant guests at a party who, when asked what they

would like to play at, say, "Oh, I don't mind!" strike despair into the breast of a hostess. If a child can be found brave enough to state frankly, " I should like such and such a game, if the others would like it," things begin to cheer up at once. And this is typical of greater things. woman whose will is trained in wise decision, becomes, in later life, one on whom others will rely. But, oh! do not confuse decision with self will! This childish example is of something in which there is no right or wrong, save that the "right" is to help the hostess by intelligent self-assertion.

And there, also, a loophole is given for the acquiescence of others. But to infer from the illustration that self-pleasing is to be the law of life would indeed be delusive! There is a greater law; and in conformity with this, the will must be trained. I suppose Bunyan's Holy War is little read nowadays; but if I mistake not, the rebel Lord Will-be-Will becomes, after discipline, a true servant of the King.

Some of us, perhaps, have known the horror of living with people whose will is of iron. Women, when they are self-willed, are terrible companions in a house. The velvet glove may conceal the steely grip, but it is felt all the time. It hardens with years. "I—I am the final court of appeal on every subject. What I choose, that is law."

The woman with this sort of will need not necessarily be selfish all through. She may be "a good woman," and may mean well, after a fashion. She insists on managing you for your good. Those dependent on her give up the struggle after a short time. Those not dependent on her, not obliged to live with her, speedily put as great a distance as possible between her and themselves! Hers is not the sort of will that is to be cultivated, because it is directed by overweening personal pride. And it grows more oppressive with age.

No! discipline your will, to do and choose the right, in the fear of God, always remembering the Law of Love. To be continued.

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When Mr. Atkins Assisted

By WINONA GODFREY

In the brand-new offices of Atkins and Co., agents for the Valiant motorcar, sat young Arthur Atkins and his friend and sales manager, Ralph Pennell. The latter's attitude was one of dejection.

"Well, I asked to call," he was saying, gloomily argumentative, "and I called, and sent her flowers and chocolates, and she just said really I mustn't. I asked her to go for a trip in my motor, and she went; and I've taken her to a concert or two——"

"I'd certainly call that progressing," said Atkins with friendly interest.

"Progressing: Oh, she doesn't mind going with me just for the sake of going; but she's got no more interest in me personally than she has in—you, Arthur!"

"I know her very slightly," said Mr Atkins thoughtfully.

"That's the way she knows me," cried Pennell bitterly. "Slightly Never flickers an eyelash! And I'm just crazy about her!"

Atkins considered. He was five or six years older than Ralph, and had known him since they were youngsters. It was a good many years since Ralph had begun to take his problems to Atkins. Atkins was a serious efficient young man, and, as his clerk would tell you, "had no nonsense about him." Now, he did not see any reason why Miss Virginia Ramsey should not look a little more eagerly on the suit of his protigi Ralph Pennell, who was young and handsome and getting on well. If a man has the money and wants a car, why shouldn't he buy a Valiant? Wasn't it much the same proposition? The cool Virginia would undoubtedly marry, and why not the perfectly eligible Pennell? Your business is to persuade the prospective purchaser that the Valiant is the car for him! And there you are! Besides, Mr. Atkins understood women.

"Now, look here, Ralph, go into this as you would any other proposition. Don't let emotion control you. Play the best system you know."

"Well, isn't that what I'm doing? I'm attentive, I let her know I've got prospects—"

Atkins shook his head.

"I think you're wrong—and I've observed a bit. What's woman's

strongest passion? The maternal. Which of her children does she love the best? The weakest! All the fellows who need guidance can always get some nice girl to advise them. Haven't you noticed that? 'He needs me!' That's the thing that moves a woman."

"But how about hero business? I thought that was the latest."

Atkins waved that aside.

"Not very likely to work with Miss Ramsey, do you think?"

"Well, but look here, I don't even

smoke! You can't ask a girl to help you become a total abstainer, for instance, when she knows you have no liking for intoxicants."

"No, no, of course; I don't mean anything like that. But I was reading a story the other day about a girl who helped a fellow 'find himself.' I think that's what she called it. That sort of thing, you know."

"Oh! this guiding-star business. Yes, I read that too. He'd never been much till he met her, and then she helped him 'make good.'"



"OF COURSE, IT'S A DUTY TO USE WHAT INFLUENCE ONE HAS TO HELP," SAID VIRGINIA,

Drawn by L. Porn Bird,

"That's it!"

"Well, look here, there's something in that!" Pennell brightened. "You know, Arthur, if that girl would just do it for me!"

"Follow the course of wisdom," smiled Mr. Atkins. "You can't go wrong." He made a little gesture that said, "I've opened the way for you—go on!"

Virginia Ramsey was not prim, though there was about her that gentle young dignity which suggests nobility of character. The more Ralph Pennell studied her, sitting with her on the veranda of the beautiful Ramsey house in the lazy June twilight, the more credit he gave his friend Atkins for being a wise old bird! What a dream Virginia would look in a Red Cross uniform. Wasn't there fairly written on her calm forehead. in her deep blue eyes, on her gravely sweet young mouth: "Succour the Ah, that maternal wounded?" smile which she bestowed upon the very kitten!

"You know," he said wistfully, "I've been feeling sort of—blue lately."

"Why, what have you to be blue about?" She smiled.

"I wonder why people think a man can live just for himself?"

"Can't he?"

"Oh, perhaps some can. But take a fellow like me, Miss Ramsey—a fellow who likes homes, but is away from his own. Nobody much to take any interest in him, in whether he's succeeding or not. You know sometimes he gets to thinking it doesn't matter much whether he does do well."

"Oh, he shouldn't do that," said she kindly.

"I know he shouldn't; but, believe me, it makes a difference to know somebody wants you to succeed, that somebody's always waiting with a word of encouragement. You've no idea what a difference it makes to a fellow."

"But, of course, all your friends are interested in your success, Mr. Pennell."

"That's so general, though. Now, if you'd just be interested—"

"Why, I am, of course."

Earnestly he leaned towards her.

"Virginia! May I call you Virginia? Won't you be my friend? Such a friend? Help me to—to find myself? To make good? Be the one I can come to for—for inspiration?"

She looked at him with that sweet gravity of hers.

"It's wonderful of you to want me," she said.

"If you would!" he sighed. It really seemed a cue for a declaration, but he must not, he told himself, spoil it all by being premature. But she was going to be kind—kinder!

He was in high spirits when he returned to the bachelor flat he shared with Atkins.

"I give you credit!" he sang out to that yawning gentleman. "I think it's going to work!"

"Good luck to you!" responded Mr. Atkins complacently. He knew a thing or two about women.

Thus, to Pennell's great satisfaction. the friendship between Virginia and himself took on a firmer colour. He was always consulting her about things which he said troubled him, about his moments of unrest, about why it seemed impossible to sell old Silas Warrington a Valiant. And he was thrilled by the conscientious efforts she made to advise and inspirit him. Sometimes she would seem about to refuse an invitation to an evening's pleasure, hesitate to say, "Yes; call for me" when he 'phoned, but if he put a tired note into his voice, hinted that the world did not look too bright, she was sure to rally to the defence of his well-being. "Staunch little comrade," he called her, and was proud of this subtle method of love-making, this knowing the secret springs of a woman's heart!

And, after all, it was pleasant to feel there was one who understood and sympathised, who sometimes had some very good advice to give you. He tried to stress the good-comrade part—there would be time for sentiment after a while. He was patient. He knew that day was going to come when she would understand just what he had grown to be to her.

Once at a party she talked a little to Atkins, who had tried to put in a good word for his friend with a "Fine fellow, Ralph is!"

"Yes," Virginia assented briefly, looking at him thoughtfully with those calm blue eyes.

"If you will let me say so," Atkins went on, wishing to draw out some enthusiasm, "your friendship has been a wonderful thing for him."

"I'm glad," said Virginia. "He seemed to—need a woman friend."

"He did! The friendship of a girl like you, Miss Ramsey, is a wonderful thing for a fellow like Pennell—for any fellow, of course. Helps him to

—er—make good, to have—ah—higher ideals."

"Of course, it's a duty to use what influence one has to help," said Virginia, and suddenly dimpled into a smile. "I'm glad you're doing so well, Mr. Atkins."

So Atkins began to hold forth on the great future of the town, the selling points of the Valiant car, some of the difficulties a man encounters in introducing a new machine, and so on.

"And don't you feel sometimes as if things were a little too much for you?" asked the interested Virginia.

"No, no!" Atkins declared earnestly. "The difficulties only put you on your mettle. Smooth sailing is all right for children, but men want a harder game."

"I should think they would," she murmured.

"Ripping girl to talk to!" Atkins reported later to Pennell. "Takes an interest in worth-while things. And didn't I put you on the right track, ch?"

"Seems to like me, doesn't she?" Ralph evaded, not wishing to be too grateful for that sort of tip. "Want to be best man, old chap?"

Pennell decided that he would speak. For three months he had been building so carefully, and lately Virginia had been looking at him with a new expression in those calm blue eyes—he was sure it was maternal, protective! He would say to her that his life was in her hands to make or mar, that with her sympathy and encouragement there were no heights he might not climb. And so that moonlit night he said—

"Oh, Virginia, I need you so!"

Atkins sat smoking in that bachelor flat which he would soon occupy alone. His expression was pensive. Of course, he'd miss old Ralph; but he wasn't thinking so much about that as he was about what a lucky beggar old Ralph was. Certainly he was getting a splendid girl! And rather thanks to Arthur Atkins that he was getting her! Wasn't making much progress by his own admission until Atkins gave him that little tip. And—much good Atkins' subtle insight did himself. He sighed.

Somebody stamped upstairs, flung open the door: Ralph Pennell, hatless, hair rumpled, face flushed, and angry.

"Why—why, Ralph!" Atkins exclaimed in surprise and concern.

When Mr. Atkins Assisted

"Oh!" cried Mr. Pennell, putting into that ejaculation an amazing amount of scorn, disgust, complete repudiation of all that was Atkins'. "You managed it, didn't you? You managed me with your crazy ideas about women. Where I might have managed by myself, you muddled the whole thing up for me!"

"Wait, wait!" begged Atkins. "What is it? What do you mean?"

"She refused me," groaned Pennell, throwing himself into a chair and putting his head in both hands.

"What! Refused you! Must be some mistake!"

"No mistake," mumbled the dejected rejected one.

"But there must be! Why, it seemed as good as settled!"

But Pennell scorned to discuss it. He let Atkins emphatically know that he was the guilty party, and sulked off to bed.

Atkins was perturbed, to say the least. There was a mistake somewhere; and it rather seemed up to him to set it straight. He couldn't let Ralph think that he, Atkins, had been wrong.

So the next morning he called on Virginia. She was surprised, and he was embarrassed. It's really quite an errand to ask a young lady why she doesn't care to marry my friend. Virginia had on a madonna-blue little morning dress which became her wonderfully, and, after they had agreed on the charm of the morning, there was that little pause which delicately says, "Well?"

"Miss Ramsey," Atkins finally began, "I—I hope you will forgive my coming here this morning. I—hope you'll understand my—motives. I—I'm awfully grieved about Pennell. I realise that it's a very—ah—delicate subject. I know my interest—I mean—I don't want you to think I'm interfering, really, but——"

"But what?" asked Virginia calmly, lifting those blue eyes to look straight into his pleading grey ones.

" May I ask why you-you-'

"Because I don't wish to." So calm and decided was Virginia's tone, it seemed as if the interview might terminate right there.

Atkins opened his mouth, but no words would come.

"But since your interest is, I'm sure, so kindly meant, Mr. Atkins," she continued, "I don't mind telling you why Ralph failed to—hold—my interest."

"Hold?" murmured Atkins with misgivings.

"Well, at first I thought—to be quite frank—that I might 'find him,' you know. But just as I was beginning to think that, I began to discover his—weakness."

"Weakness?" faltered Atkins, touching his forehead with his hand-kerchief.

"Mr. Atkins," said Virginia earnestly, "I don't know whether you've ever thought about the women who marry men to reform them."

"But Pennell-"

"Yes; I know he hasn't any vices. It isn't that. But I—I'm frank with you, Mr. Atkins—I've an ideal man I've always wanted—expected certain qualities in the man I—marry."

"Yes." He nodded.

"And the quality I admire most is —strength!"

"Strength!" Atkins echoed weakly.

"Strength!" repeated Virginia rapturously. Her calmness was becoming warm animation, her cool little voice thrilled. "Maybe I'm old-fashioned, Mr. Atkins, or—or romantic, and, of course, I'd always want to be a help to my husband in every way—it isn't that I don't want to help—but my ideal man is going to be so strong that he won't have to come to me with every trivial decision. He'll know what's right and best for him—and for me. Little things won't dis-

turb him. I remember you saying one night that 'the difficulties only

put you on your mettle.' That's the right spirit I think, too.

"So you see, while Ralph is an awfully nice boy, really his only fault is just that very one! Not standing on his own feet, you know. Of course, I wanted to help him all I could, but you'd be surprised the way he's been consulting me about everything—his business and everything. Really, I've felt the responsibility! And then, you know, needing sympathy and encouragement all the time-wanting me to cheer him up, and that. I expect I am old-fashioned, Mr. Atkins, but I just want to keep the house nice for him and be sweet and comradely, of course, but-I'm afraid "-her eyes fell, a delicious little blush ran up into her cheeks-"I want to lean on him."

Atkins swallowed hard twice.

"But, Miss Virginia, you're mistaken about Pennell. He isn't really like that—weak, I mean. He was just—he thought you'd like him better——"

How those blue eyes widened at him! "I don't understand!"

"Well—you know, he thought he wasn't—ah—progressing with you, and—and—it's all my fault! I thought women liked it if a man seemed to—to need them. And I advised him—— It's all my fault."

"You mean you advised Ralph to consult me about things, to act as if he was always needing to be—bolstered up."

"I'm sorry to say I did," murmured the contrite Atkins.

"And if I may ask, Mr. Atkins" it was the cool Virginia—" where do you get your ideas?"

"Well," he gulped. "I've noticed how women are always marrying men to—reform them. And, why, half the stories you read are about how she helped him to—er—find himself, you know! All the heroines keep saying, 'He needs me!' Now don't they? And I thought—well—I thought—"

Virginia laughed.

"It was because he cared so much, don't you see?" Atkins urged. "You can, I assure you, lean on Ralph. I see I was a—a meddling misguided fool. Please forgive me."

"Oh, of course, I know you mean well, Mr. Atkins," said Virginia.

"And I may tell Pennell to come to see you—again?"

"No—o; I don't believe so. You may have advised him badly, but—you know, if he'd been really strong, he'd never have consulted you on such a matter!"

Poor Atkins could only stare at her. She looked back at him with eyes kind and decidedly merry.

"After all, don't feel badly. I suppose I'd have been like all the rest and not cared if he were weak or strong, if—if I'd loved him."

"I'm sorry," he mumbled, and got slowly to his feet. "I—is there anything I can say or do?"

"I think there is nothing—about that. But—don't let us stop being friends. Mr. Atkins."

"You've very kind," said the miserable Atkins.

He went back to the office. In spite of feeling terribly about Pennell, his step was buoyant, due, no doubt, to his being so fit physically, because he was really humiliated about this. What presumption for a man to think he understood such a fascinatingly intricate thing as a woman!

Wonderful, wonderful girl, Virginia! And he was glad she knew he was strong!

WHEN one begins to talk about what was current in "my young days," then, assuredly, middle-age is upon us. But in spite of thus being obliged to admit the disaster, one has to compare the Spartan simplicity of outlook which the guides and guardians of "my young days" took such pains to inculcate in the youth of their epoch, with the truly Epicurean ideals which, I find, are being carefully presented to the juveniles of the present generation. For in the last thirty or forty years a very radical change has passed over that aspect of education which primarily affects the social career that is to follow in the wake of the educational, a change which is bound to have a profound influence on the standpoint adopted by those who are to succeed us.

In my young days the Spartan element figured largely, perhaps a little too largely, in our upbringing. Not only did severe parents insist on our rising at unnecessarily early hours, and even on turning a disdainful eye in the direction

of early cups of tea and cans of hot water, but they similarly carried out their policy of suppressing all love of luxury by discouraging any suggestions that might have led to an excess of amusement, a liberality of expenditure, a love of ease, or a disposition to display. The average parent of the closing quarter of the nineteenth century was something of a martinet. The food of the nursery and school-room was plain to the point of being unappetising, and the clothes of the inmates were similarly severe to the point of the unbecoming. If we were taken to a concert, it was a red-letter day; if we travelled by cab (there were no taxis then) instead of by omnibus, it was an event. If we possessed a dress that was not cut down from one of our elders', or acquired a hat that was a little bit "frisky" in style, it was regarded with such awe that we dared not don it without special permission. As often as not, it remained for the major part of its existence in the wardrobe, for us to outgrow it or for it to

become old-fashioned while we awaited a sufficiently festive occasion to bring it forth.

At the root of this parental attitude lay the idea of bringing up the child to evince a certain indifference to material things. If we had never been accustomed to excess of comfort or of luxury, we should not in after life greatly feel the lack should we never be in a position to attain them. By limiting our needs, we should attain a philosophic indifference, and achieve happiness even under adverse conditions.

The modern parent has changed all that, and formulates his theories with entire frankness. "If," he says, "Joan and Peter are always accustomed to enjoy the best that material means have to offer, they will, when the time comes for self-support, both demand and obtain the opportunity to establish themselves on their own account in a similar fashion. They will not consider the possibility of accepting inferior jobs and mediocre pay, but will stand out for, and eventu-

ally obtain, a position where they will be able to carry on life on the lines to which we have accustomed them."

And so Joan has expensive clothes (even if it means running up a long account for them), is taken to the stalls instead of to the family circle, and keeps her appointments by taxi; while Peter is denied none of the many subscriptions that he demands for tennis, dances, and golf, and is given every opportunity to keep himself as smart and well-groomed as the veriest aristocrat in the school. "We are bringing them up beyond our means," admits the parent, "but we look on this as an investment. It will launch the children better than if we gave them more modest ideals."

This, briefly, is the choice that parents have to face. Will they gamble, as it were, in the futures of their children; or will they so inspire them that they may face any eventuality undismayed? The parent of "my young days" undoubtedly overdid the Spartan, just as the parent of 1922 is undoubtedly over-

doing the Epicurean. For whereas the former developed, by over-insistence on the rugged road, a somewhat exaggerated appreciation of the "primrose path of dalliance." and so frustrated his own efforts, the over-indulgent parent of to-day is, by constantly placing before his offspring the softer side of existence, depriving him of that very real pleasure and satisfaction that are to be derived from a more occasional indulgence in the pleasurable. There is, indeed, something pathetic about the lack of enthusiasm displayed by the child brought up in such a way that he has early become blase and callous. What will be left for him to explore or to enjoy when he emerges from childhood to man's estate?

From the purely material point of view of worldly position, the modern plan seems equally to be wanting in wisdom. It is one thing to be qualified to demand a superior post, another to be qualified to secure it. The child of Spartan upbringing had at least a goal to strive for, that of



Big Ideas or Small Ideals?

attaining a position of greater comfort than he had been granted in his highly uncomfortable youth, the memories of which spurred him to effort. If he did not at once obtain it, at least he suffered little less discomfort than he had been used to. But the modern child is not used to discomfort, and is apt to be a pitiable object if suddenly launched into it. Nothing in his training helps him to face such an emergency, there is no philosophy engrafted to help him bear

this turn of fortune. And so he comes to regret that greater foresight had not characterised his original upbringing. He sees too late how little, in the modern phrase, "there is to" mere ease and luxury, and finds it in his heart to wish that he had been taught earlier how to cut a coat according to the cloth.

What we really need seems to be a half-way method that shall show the adolescent how to balance his view of existence. While we should not accustom him to a life wherein an undue degree of thrift prevails, we should not at the same time choose to familiarise him with a selfindulgence 'hat means do not justify. What life holds in store will depend very much on the way in which he has been mentally and morally equipped to face it, not on that which he is taught to believe his prerogative. The war is responsible for having temporarily upset the balance that should prevail in these matters. Might not we parents readjust it?

Dyeing with **Natural Dyes**

Part III.

Mrs. ERNEST HART

Scarlet Dyes

The invincible "thin red line" of the British Army, known and dreaded in so many battlefields of the past, was made by the aid of the little insignificant grub called the Cochineal, which furnished the dye with which the scarlet coats of the soldiers were dyed.

The insect which produces this wonderful dye is the female of the Coccus cacti. It attaches itself, when hatched, to some plant which does not shed its leaves, such as the cactus, and it lives, grows, and dies on the same spot, and produces innumerable eggs, of which its distended leathery body is the protective covering. When mature, it is about the size of a pea, and in its commercial form it is a dry, rough, purplish granule. For over a hundred years cochineal was cultivated on a large scale in the Canary Islands and in Mexico, but the introduction of alizarine and other synthetic dyes killed the large industry which had been created.

To the amateur dyer, the manufacturers of artists' colours, and of dyes for confectionery and sweetmeats, cocluneal is still valuable and indispensable, and it can always be obtained from drysalters or dye merchants in granules, or ground into a fine powder.

Cochineal does not naturally yield a scarlet dye; the tints produced are crimson or purplish if acted upon by the ordinary mordants. Thus a crimson dye is given with alum, orange-red tints with cream of tartar, and purple with alkaline salts; the scarlet colour is produced by the action of a tin salt in solution on the cochineal extract. The tin salt which is used is that known in the trade as the oxy-muriate of tin, the preparation of which is described in my previous article. It will be signified here in the following recipes by the letters O.M.T.

Different tones of scarlet are produced by varying the proportionate amounts of alum, cream of tartar, and tin solution used with the cochineal. Thus, for example -

A bright light scarlet is produced by --

Ground	cochineal					$2\frac{1}{2}$	parts
Alum						6	parts
O.M.T.	•	•	•	•	•	3	parts
A deeper, a	stron	ger sca	rlet	by —			

Ground cochineal parts parts Alum 6 O.M.T. parts A much deeper colour by-

O.M.T.

Ground	cochin	eal				10	parts
Alum			•	÷	•	8	parts
Tartar							parts
O.M.T.						4	parts
scarlet of	great	bri	lliancy	and	durab	ilits	v bv—
	•					•	
Ground	cocmin	cai	•	•	•	5	parts
Tartar			_			5	parts

If the material be mordanted with tartar I part and O.M.T. 1 part, and 1s dyed with—

Ground	coch	ineal		•	1	part
Tartar			•		1	part
O M.T.					1	part

a brilliant orange-red colour is produced.

A part may represent a dram, an ounce, or a pound, or any metric weight. It takes generally I ounce of ground cochineal to dye 1 lb. of wool or silk.

If it should not be possible to purchase, nor to make at home, the oxy-muriate of tin, vinegar may be used to take its place in the proportion of 5 parts of vinegar to 1 part of cochineal. Sea-salt is also sometimes used to make the dye more solid and penetrative, in the proportion of 2 parts of salt or brine to 1 of

Very beautiful tints and new shades may be obtained by combining in the dye-bath cochineal with brazil wood, Persian berries, or madder in varying proportions. Such attempts should be boldly made by the amateur or home dyer, as thereby original tones and dyes may be obtained which cannot be bought at any shop, This possibility of inventing gives indeed charm and artistic delight to the art of making one's own dyes. and thereby discovering and creating new tints.

The I

The cochineal, having been ground into a powder, is enclosed in a fine muslin bag, large enough to allow of the free passage of water. The alum and tartar, in the proportions indicated, are placed in the bath of warm water together with the cochineal, and is brought gently up to the boil and is boiled for half-an-hour, being constantly stirred with a glass rod or clean stick of white wood.

Dyeing with Natural Dyes

Great care must be taken that everything used is scrupulously clean; the dye-bath must be either enamelled or tin-lined, and no iron vessel or implement must be used. When the dye-bath is ready the proportion of O.M.T. is added, and the cloth, yarn, or silk, which has been previously damped, is plunged in, and is kept always beneath the surface, being constantly moved about by a rod. It is kept in the bath, boiling quietly, for one hour; at the end of this time the heat is turned off and the material is allowed to cool in the bath. It is then lifted, rinsed in clean cold water, and hung up to dry.

The bath can then be thrown away, but it is well to keep the bag of cochineal and dry it, as it may be useful subsequently to give a reddish tint to a yellow or purple dye.

Maroon Dyes.

These are very useful, for though the dyer loves to produce the purest and most brilliant tints, yet the darker and sombre colours are more used for work-a-day clothes, and maroons make an agreeable change from the eternal navy-blue costume.

Maroons may be purplish or reddish in tint, and are sometimes so mysterious in tone that it is impossible to say what colour they really are, which fact makes them all the more interesting to create.

The following recipes will be found useful-

Cudbear		•	4	parts
Ground logwood			2	parts
Alum .			2	parts

Enclose in a bag and boil till a deep purple colour is produced, then add to the bath—

Sulphate of iron . . . 1 part Sulphate of copper . . . 1 part

and continue boiling. The colour will be changed to a deep purplish maroon.

A rich reddish-toned maroon is produced by boiling together—

Ground brazil wood. . . 5 parts Sulphate of zinc . . . 2½ parts

In both of these recipes the cudbear and the brazil wood are interchangeable, another variety of tint being obtained by substituting one for the other; in fact, with a little experience and some venturesome initiative, a number of maroon dyes may be devised by combining, in various proportions, purple and red dyes with the metallic salts, sulphate of iron (green vitriol), sulphate of copper, and sulphate of zinc, with or without alum and tartar.

Brown Dyes.

Brown dyes, although sober in tone, are extremely important, as they are used largely in dyeing woollen and silk goods for wearing apparel. The following is a good recipe for a bright orange-brown dye –

Place the ground Persian berries and brazil wood in a cotton or muslin bag, and boil with the alum and sulphate of copper for one hour. Add I part of O.M.T. to the dye-bath before entering the material to be dyed.

A good chocolate brown is produced as follows-

Boil together for half-an-hour, then enter the material—which should have been mordanted with alum—and boil steadily for one hour. Then add to the bath 1 part of sulphate of iron and continue boiling till the depth of colour desired is obtained. Lift, cool, and wash thoroughly in cold water. This is a very fast dye.

Good and inexpensive brown dyes, which are also fast, can be obtained by first mordanting the material with sulphate of iron and boiling in a decoction of ground sanders wood. The tint can be modified by adding alum and sulphate of iron to the dye-bath.

Buff and Tan Dyes.

These naturally follow on from brown dyes, and can often be obtained by using weak baths of brown dyes, or old baths that have been used. These tints, from the palest buff to rich browns, can be got by simply boiling the black lichen Parmelia saxitilis in soft water. This lichen, commonly called crotal, is found in much abundance on bogs or moors, covering the surface of granite boulders like a spreading black sponge. Break up the lichen into small pieces, enclose these in a muslin bag, and boil in an abundance of soft water for an hour or more. Unmordanted loose wool, yarn, or cloth can be dyed in this simple lichen dye-bath shades of buff or tan, or even brown tints, all of which are very suitable for homespun making. These dyes are fast to soap and light.

Another lichen, called the *Ramalina frazinea*, which hangs like a grey beard from the bark of oak trees, or on the sea-girt rocks and cliffs facing west, yields, on boiling in soft water, beautiful, golden, tan dyes to wool.

The dyes obtained from both these lichens can be modified considerably in tint by mordanting the wool, or woollen material, with either I per cent. to 2 per cent. of sulphate of iron, or I per cent. to 2 per cent. of bichromate of potash; also by dipping the lichen-dyed materials into an old used madder bath, which should be heated to a temperature of about 150 degrees Fahrenheit, and the dyed material left to cool in it. By these means the lichen-dyed wool can be given greenish, yellowish, or reddish tones. These lichen baths should not be thrown away, but should be kept, if possible, and renewed from time to time. For though these dyestuffs only cost the trouble of collecting, they are invaluable in making homespuns, and stocks may fail, or be unprocurable when most wanted.

The following recipe will give a sound tan dye to woollens—

Enclose in a bag and boil for one hour, then add to the dye-bath 2 parts of sulphate of iron and proceed to dye in the usual manner. A warmer tint may be obtained by omitting the iron salt or by diminishing the amount. Also, another yellow dye, such as quercitron or fustic, may be used instead of ebony, but not turmeric or Persian berries.

II.—On the Beigian Coast,

Tours Worth Taking

For those unversed in Continental travel, and not over familiar with foreign tongues, there is no simpler holiday to be taken abroad than one spent at a Belgian watering-place. The journey is an easy one to negotiate (it is both shorter and cheaper than a trip to Cornwall or Devon), and it is still further simplified by the fact that since 1914 the majority of Belgians, of all classes, seem to have acquired an admirable knowledge of our own language, and to prefer to make use of it rather than to permit us to wrestle with theirs.

Six hours will see us from Victoria to Ostend, the starting place for the comfortable electric trams that thence make their way on the eastern side almost as far as the Dutch frontier, touching during their hour-and-a-half journey at some dozen seaside resorts. Similar resorts there are on the western side of Ostend, but, with the exception of La Panne, the headquarters of the Belgian Government during the War, these have suffered too severely to be able as yet to offer the visitor suitable accommodation.

One will choose one's destination according as to whether one seeks gaiety or repose. The larger towns such as Blankenberghe, Knocke, and Heyst, with their multiplicity of shops, calés, and amusements, offer unstinted attractions to those who seek distraction in these directions. For those who prefer a quieter and more restful holiday, Le Zoute, Duynbergen, or Westduyne will be their choice. If one is fond of extensive sand-dunes, can enjoy good walks among great flat expanses of open country and wide stretches of sand, and is keen on tennis and on golf, one will find all along this coast delightful little watering-places that provide these in full measure.

As for the bathing, this is good in spite of the fact that currents and shallows necessitate the supervision, wherever bathing machines are established, of a band of watermen who watch over the bathers in a manner that is almost too motherly.

For the determined excursionist there are exceptional advantages, for from Knocke one can reach Bruges by the steam tram in an hour, where one can spend many a day without nearly exhausting its treasures. Another morning may be spent at Zeebrugge examining the famous mole and the remains of the ship that was so gallantly blown up that the exit of the German submarines might be barred. For those who can bear their holiday mood to be shadowed by more memories of the

Grear War, charabanc excursions are arranged to the Belgian battlefields. But one may see interesting relics of the German occupation all along this coast without making any special journeys, for everywhere one comes across gun emplacements and batteries. Some of these are kept as showplaces, to visit which one pays a small fee; others have been ingeniously turned into dwellings for those who were rendered homeless.

One can make an excursion, too, into Holland, either on foot, or on one of those organised trips that will show you a typical Dutch town on market day, and take you a short canal trip afterwards, thus giving you an interesting glimpse into a life which retains its national character more faithfully than does that of almost any Northern people.

Belgian food is excellent, and more especially so in the hotels and pensions that cater for Belgian rather than for foreign visitors. So long as the exchange maintains the favourable rate that has distinguished it of late, a Belgian holiday works out reasonably for the English

visitor, though its cost is not comparable with its pre-war economy. Excluding August, when the charges for board naturally rise per diem in accordance with the standing of the establishment, one can at the smaller boarding-houses and hotels secure a modest room from twenty francs a day, the only "extra," as a rule, being that charged for electric light. Afternoon tea is not included, so that quite a considerable sum may be saved by taking with one the necessary apparatus for making it in one's room.

Bathing charges are not so low as they might be, the authorities exacting as much as two francs per person for each dip. In fact one discovers that prices have in most cases been nicely calculated so as to nullify to a great extent the advantages that the foreigner might expect to derive from the exchange. But this notwithstanding, the Belgian holiday compares very favourably in respect of cost with that spent at home. And, furthermore, one can depend, no matter how simply one may be lodged.



ZEELAND GIRLS IN THE ANCIENT CLOISTERS

Photo by Donald McLeish.

Tours Worth Taking

on clean@ness and courtesy, two important points in the eyes of the holiday seeker, who would fain store in the memory wholly pleasant recollections of her travels.

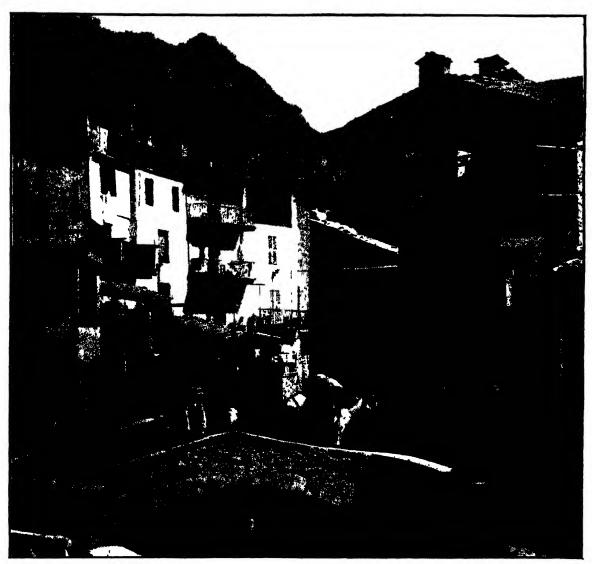
Middleburg is worth

Another place well worth visiting, and within short reach of London, is

the quaint old Dutch town of Middleburg, with its old abbey, not far from Flushing, in Holland. It is an easy journey, and for those who can only afford time for a short holiday, or for anyone who has not yet seen the Dutch women in their charming caps and trim dresses, it makes an excellent starting-point for a closer : with Holland.

The route is from Victoria to Folkestone, and then by boat to Flushing; Middleburg being an hour's tram journey from Flushing.

Return Fares: 1st Class about Six Guineas, and 2nd Class £4 55.



A STREET IN ANNOT. WE DESCRIBED LAST MONTH A TOUR IN FRANCE.

Photo by L'Office Française du Tourisme.

The late Sir Ernest Shackleton's Message to the Readers of the "Boy's Own Paper"

A specially-written article by the late Sir Ernest Shackleton, the Antarctic explorer, entitled, "Adventure: a Message to Boys," will be a notable feature of the June number of the "Boy's Own Paper"

Supper and Breakfast Dishes for June

By SALLY ISLER

HERE are some light and appetising dishes for June evenings, when all the world is out of doors, and eating seems a very boring necessity. Food we must have, but let it be food that is good to the eye and the palate, suitable for the occasion, and not too long in the preparation.

Here are half-a-dozen very nice

recipes for light suppers that will not hurt the most delicate of digestions.

Salad au Surprise.

½ lb. cold cooked white fish without bone, 2 eggs, 3 oz. breadcrumbs, 2 cooked potatoes. ½ small onion, a little chopped parsley, a head of lettuce, 1 tablespn. vinegar, 1 tablespn. oil. ½ teaspn. white sugar, made mustard, a squeeze of lemon, bread and butter.

Break fish into small flakes. Hard boil the eggs and set in cold water, cook the potatoes Set all aside to become quite cold. Line a pudding-basin with thick slices of bread and butter, and cut a good-sized circular piece for the bottom. Press all well into the basin, buttered side in. Put the fish. sliced potatoes, and the eggs (also cut into slices) into a basin. Chop the onion very finely, together with the parsley, and add. Pour over all the oil and vinegar, mixed with the mustard and a few drops of lemon juice. Pepper and salt to taste. Mix thoroughly, and leave

for a few minutes until the moisture is partly absorbed. Pour into the pudding-dish, and cover with more slices of bread until the fish, etc., is quite hidden. With a saucer (put the convex side into the basin) press down firmly, and stand a heavy weight on it. The best thing is two flat-irons, as these keep the saucer well in position. Allow to stand over-night if possible, and preferably on the ice. When wanted for use, line a glass or silver dish with fresh crisp

lettuce leaves, and turn out the salad surprise in the centre. Serve with it the following sauce: I yolk of egg, well beaten with I teaspn. lemon juice. Beat well, and add 20 drops salad oil, a pinch of salt, pepper, and I chopped olive. Whip well, Whisk the white of egg to a stiff froth and stir in. Pile all on top of the fish mould and serve very cold. If

preferred, an iced lemon sauce may be substituted, and is really very good indeed with it.

Fried Cow-Heel.

I often think how very rarely one comes across this really delicious dish.

1 cow-heel and a large sprig of parsley, a little lemon rind, 1 egg, breadcrumbs, 2 teaspn. flour, a good pinch of salt, and about \(\frac{1}{2}\) teaspn. black pepper, frying-fat.

Thoroughly wash the cow-heel, and

cook gently in water for about 3 hours or more. Simmer until the bones can be quite easily removed from the flesh. When this is done, remove from the stock and drain, then press between two plates and leave to become cold. Cut with a circular cutter into 3-in. rounds, or into 1½-in. squares. Mix the flour with the salt and add the pepper, beat

the egg thoroughly, and add to it the grated rind of 1 lemon and I teaspn. finelychopped parsley. Coat the meat thickly with the egg mixture, and roll well in brown breadcrumbs. Fry in boiling fat until a golden brown. Drain and pile on a plate. Serve with them heaps of crisply fried parsley and quarters of lemon. A good brown gravy or tomato sauce can be handed with them, if liked.

Stuffed Eggs in Spinach.

I egg per person, 2 lb. spinach, 1 tablespn. flour, pepper and salt, a little milk, 1 oz. butter, 1 tablespn chopped ham or bacon, parsley, a little onion, breadcrumbs.

Boil the eggs hard and keep warm until wanted. Thoroughly wash the spinach and take every care that no grit whatever remains in the leaves. I have seen many a delicious dish spoiled by biting on grits, which will cling to the fine leaves and the short stalks of the vegetable. Boil the spinach until very tender, and press in a fine sieve to extract the water. Cut

with a knife and pass through a fine sieve. Mix the flour, pepper and salt with the milk. Return the spinach to the saucepan and pour in the flour mixture. Stir until the flour is cooked—2 or 3 min. will suffice. Add the butter, and set aside to keep warm. Halve the eggs and remove the yolks. Mix the yolk with a little very finely-chopped ham and parsley, and rub the chopping-board with a good piece of onion before cutting the ham. If no ham is available, 2 dessertspn.

Supper and Breakfast Dishes

chicken and ham paste will make a delightful substitute. Pound the ingredients together and add the breadcrumbs, beat with a wooden spoon and add the butter. Form into balls, and fill the egg centres with this. Press down the other half of the egg so as to make it appear as a whole uncut one. Whip the spinach with a fork and pile on to rounds of buttered toast. Set an egg in the centre of each round, and serve either hot or cold.

Crab Crunnels.

I large crab, 4 or 5 potatoes, I oz. butter, pepper and salt, bread.

Choose large firm potatoes, and scrub them well. From the centre of each cut a hole about the size of a five-shilling piece. With a sharp knife or spoon scrape out the centre of the potato to within in, of the skin. Put the potato scraping into a bowl. Remove the meat from the crab and mix with the raw potato. Melt the butter and pour over. Season rather highly with salt and pepper, and add about I teaspn. milk, or just enough to moisten the mixture. Fill each potato with this mixture and return the circular piece to the hole. Set in a steamer and steam for 1 to 1 hour, but do not let the skins burst. Remove the circular piece again from the potatoes and fill up with breadcrumbs and a piece of butter about the size of a small nut. Put in the oven to brown for 5 min, and serve either hot or cold, with vinegar and oil. This is an excellent way of using up any odds and ends of fish or a few oysters or shrimps.

Mutton Puffs.

6 slices of cold roast mutton, I large onion, I tomato, I egg, I tablespn. flour, seasoning to taste, about ½ cup milk.

Cut the slices of meat into circles about 2 in. across. Lay a slice of onion on the top of each and a slice of tomato on the top of all. Sprinkle with pepper and salt. Mix the flour, pepper and salt with the well-beaten egg, and sufficient milk to make into a fairly stiff batter. Have ready a pan of boiling deep fat. Dip the meat circles in the batter, taking care not to let the onion and tomato slip off. Set in the boiling fat and cook for 5 to 7 min., until the batter has become puffed up and a warm golden brown. Drain well, and sprinkle with a little cayenne. Dish up on a folded



SIDEBOARD RUNNER.

Described on another fuge.

serviette to help absorb the grease. Garnish with parsley and cut lemon.

Risotto con Carne.

Several slices of any kind of meat, $\frac{1}{4}$ lb. rice, 2 onions, pepper and salt, and water.

Thoroughly wash the rice and put into a deep earthenware stewing-jar with the onions cut into slices and sufficient water to cover all. Stew gently until the rice is thoroughly cooked and the water entirely evaporated. Draw to the side of the stove and add I dessertspn. good butter, pepper and salt to taste, and about 1 cup good thick brown gravy or I tablespn. beef extract mixed with ½ teaspn. flour. Stir the rice well. Trim all the fat from the meat, and cut into fairly small neat slices. Put the meat into the jar and stir it into the centre of the rice. Return the jar to the heat and allow the meat to become thoroughly hot, Serve in the jar with a serviette wrapped round the outside. If liked, the addition of a few sliced tomatoes is rather an improvement. Also a little finely-grated Parmesan cheese certainly gives flavour to the dish, and should be handed separately after the risotto has been served.

Vegetable Mould.

I cup cooked green peas, I small carrot, I small conion, I large potato, 2 or 3 sticks cooked macaroni, I olive, 3 or 4 capers, I tablespn. vinegar, ½ pt. water, juice of I lemon, 6 cloves, I oz. gelatine, I tablespn. tarragon vinegar, a few peppercorns, a bunch of herbs, whites and shells of 2 eggs, I egg.

Boil the vegetables, and when cold cut the carrots into fancy rings with a cutter, and the potato into small squares about 1 in. in size. Chop the onion finely. Hard boil I egg, and cut into slices. Wash the shells of the eggs, crush them, and whip the whites fairly stiffly. Peel the lemon thinly and squeeze out the juice. Put all the ingredients (but not the vegetables) into a stew-pan with the grated onion, and whisk over the fire until the mixture is nearly boiling. Remove from the stove, and stand 10 to 12 min. with the lid on. Strain through a cloth. Have ready a plain round mould, such as a tongue-glass. Rinse this out in cold water and cover the bottom with green peas. Pour over this about 1 cup of the liquid, and allow to just become set. This keeps the peas in position. Next

Supper and Breakfast Dishes

decorate the sides of the glass with sliced carrot, potato, and egg. Pour in the remainder of the liquid, and put in a cold place to set. This becomes very hard in quite a short time. When ready for use turn out in the centre of a dish of salad and decorate with the following: 2 oz. fresh butter, pepper, a little cayenne, 3 or 4 drops lemon juice, and enough green spinach colouring to make it a bright green colour. Beat all together in a dish, and put into a forcingsyringe. Decorate the top and edges of the vegetable-mould with this, and if any is over roll into balls and serve separately.

Breakfast Dishes

Bacon Balle.

A few slices of fat bacon and pieces of crumb of bread about the size of a walnut, 1 hard-boiled egg, pepper and salt.

Remove the rind of the bacon and dip the pieces of bread into hot dripping. Wrap a piece of bacon round each piece of bread, and secure with a tiny wooden skewer. Fry in the usual way and dish up heaped in a deep dish and surrounded with finely-chopped and fried potatoes, with a dash of onion and parsley. Be careful to remove the little skewers before sending to table. Grate a hard-boiled egg over the entire dish just before serving. This may be omitted, if desired.

Haddock en Casse.

I lb. Finnan haddock, I oz. butter, I teaspn. flour, pepper and salt, a little breadcrumbs, and a few drops lemon juice, I cup milk.

Boil the haddock for 15 min. and flake Butter several into large pieces. ramekin cases and line with breadcrumbs. Put into each sufficient haddock to almost fill it. Mix the flour with the milk and add the salt. Cook gently until the flour is nicely thickened. Squeeze a few drops of lemon juice over each case of haddock and pour over them sufficient of the white sauce to quite fill the ramekins. Put a nice piece of butter on the top of each, and sprinkle well with pepper. Cover with a few brown breadcrumbs, and bake in the oven for 7 min. The baking is to heat the fish rather than to cook it, and if the ingredients are kept thoroughly hot there will be no necessity to put the ramekin cases in the oven at all. Hardboiled eggs may be used in place of the haddock, and in this instance they must be cut into thick slices, and I egg per case be allowed. The lemon juice may or may not be added, according to individual taste. In the case of the eggs anchovy essence to the amount of 2 drops to 1 egg may be substituted.

Supper Sweets

Coburg Trifle.

3 slices plain cake, 1 orange, 1 banana, 1 oz. angelica, 1 pt. milk, 1 tablespn.

flour, a few drops cochineal, I teaspn. strawberry flavouring, I oz. sweet almonds, a few crystallised rose leaves, I tablespn. red jam of any sort, 5 lumps sugar.

Cut the slices of cake to a uniform size. Blanch the almonds and cut into strips. Mix the flour with the milk and a tiny pinch of salt. Bring slowly to the boil and add the sugar. Allow to cook gently for 2 or 3 min. until the flour is thoroughly done. Draw to the side of the stove and allow it to cool a little. Meantime, peel and slice the orange and banana, and cut the angelica into small diamond-shaped pieces. Take two of these pieces and chop very finely, also 2 or 3 almonds. Cover one slice of the cake with the sliced orange and a sprinkling of chopped almond and angelica. Dip the second slice of cake into milk, drain, and put on the top of the first slice. Spread a layer of sliced banana on the top of this, and the remainder of the chopped angelica and almonds. Dip the last piece of cake into milk and put on top of all. Cover this with a thin spreading of red-coloured jam and flatten well with a knife. Pour 1 teaspn. strawberry essence into the custard on the stove, and whisk thoroughly with a fork. Pour over the trifle so as to completely cover the cake. If poured immediately in the centre on top of the jam a pretty marbled effect is obtained. Allow to become quite cold. Decorate with the sliced almonds stuck into the cake in a pattern, and diced angelica with a powdering of rose leaves.

Pippin Cups.

Several large firm apples, r small tin of pineapple, r lemon, $\frac{1}{2}$ oz. gelatine, desiccated cocoanut.

Wash and polish the apples thoroughly, and scoop out as much of the centres as possible. Shred the pineapple pieces very finely, and put the juice on the stove in a saucepan. Dissolve the gelatine in a little warm water and add to the juice, stir well, and add the shredded pineapple. Fill the apple cases with the mixture, adding a little lemon juice to each. Cover with desiccated cocoanut, cover, and set on the ice. Another variation of this sweet is to coat the whole apple with a little melted jam and then roll in the cocoanut, giving the apples the appearance of snowballs.

Strawberry Whips.

½ lb. strawberries, 4 teaspn. redcurrant jelly, 1 gill cream, 2 few drops vanilla essence, 1 teaspn. orange flower water.

Pick the strawberries carefully and fill tall custard-glasses to the brim with them. Pour a few drops of orangeflower water flavouring over each, and add I teaspn. red-currant jelly to each glass. Whip the cream stiffly and add a little vanilla essence. Put into a forcing-syringe, and form large roses which will cover the top of each glass showing no fruit. In the centre of each place one firm red berry. These whips are also very good with raspberries, but in this case omit the orange-flower water altogether.

Orange Soufflé.

1 lb. caster sugar, 3 eggs, 1 oz. gelatine, 3 oranges, 1 pt. whipped cream, 1 pt. water.

Whip the cream stiffly and set on the ice, or in a cold place to keep sweet, if the weather is very hot. Put the yolks of eggs, sugar, grated rind of the oranges, also their juice, into a saucepan. Whisk this mixture until nearly boiling. Strain into a basin. When it is cold add the well-whipped whites of the eggs (these should be very stiff), the cream and the gelatine, previously dissolved in warm water. Stir it as it sets, and turn into a china soufflé case with a band of paper tied round it to keep it from spilling, as the sponge is apt to swell a little. When quite cold remove the paper and turn out. Sprinkle macaroon crumbs on the top and decorate with diced orange peel.

Chocolate Lady Fingers.

½ oz. butter, I lump sugar, grated peel of I lemon, ½ pt. water, I egg, enough flour for a stiff paste, I tablespn. chocolate, I teaspn. caster sugar, I teaspn. cream.

Put the water in a stewpan on the fire. and add the butter, lemon rind, and the pieces of sugar. Allow to boil for 2 min. Stir in enough flour to make a thick paste (about 2 cups will be sufficient). Stir well, and do not allow to form any lumps. The paste should be stiff enough to leave the sides of the saucepan quite clean. Beat the egg and stir into the paste. Continue stirring until the egg is well worked in and the mixture quite smooth. See that the paste is thick enough to roll out easily. Turn on to a floured board and knead with the fingers. Then roll out about 1 in. in thickness. Cut in the shape of ladies' fingers with a tin cutter, and bake in the oven for 5 to 10 min. Meantime, mix the chocolate with the sugar and r teason, flour, Add enough milk to make a thin cream. Stir over the fire until it becomes very thick. Allow to become cold by setting in a basin of cold water. Add the cream, and stir all together. When the fingers are done set aside to become cold. Fill two with chocolate and press together. Put a dab of the chocolate on the top of each, and set aside to become cold and firm.

The Big Outdoors

Wild Mint in the Hedge-row.

Have you ever been down Suffolk way
When the corn is turning golden,
When the yellow yarrow burns along the way,
When the sober pink rest-harrow makes a carpet by
the road-side,

And bryony festoons and binds the spray?

And the mint—ah, the mint,
The misty purple mint—
It grows along the cool ditch-side and spreads about the grass;
So cool and fresh and fragrant,
As you brush your gown against it,
And butterfies and honey bees fly round you as you pass.

There's a place I know in Suffolk
(So quiet and sweet and lonely)
Where the willow-herb waves crimson
banners wide—
Like gaudy-coloured arras
Hung from an upper window
When some great prince rides forth to
meet his bride.

But the mint—ah, the mint,
The sober purple mint—
Standing like a Quaker maid clad for her
holiday;

So cool and fresh and fragrant, Like a morning breeze in summer, Soothing sultry August with the young sweet breath of May.

There are cornfields down in Suffolk
All white and gold and tawny,
Where a man may stand breast-high in waving corn—
Breast-high in waving barley,
Golden bearded barley,
And hear far off the mystic Harvest-horn.

But it's the mint—ah, the mint,
The homely purple mint—
That fills my heart with longing wherever I may stray;
But I'm coming back, I'm coming
To a resting-place in Suffolk,
And there, beside the purple mint, I'll dream my life away.

L. P.

Heralds of the Dawn.

A thrush awoke and hailed the morn With song so sweet, of thrilling notes And turns and trills, the whole world hushed To hear him hail the coming day

> In song so swift, one phrase was lost, While, hark, the next was half-way finished.

> A blackbird heard, and, half afraid
> To break into that stream of notes,
> Let fall a few clear liquid sounds,
> Then whistled shrilly, and poured forth
> A medley of such wondrous sweetness.
> That the thrush paused in his singing:

Till, inspired by the black singer,
Once again took up his music:
And the melting, lilting, sweetness
Of the one voice, and the stirring
Thrilling summons of the other
Blended marv'llously together.
Then the sun, rising in splendour,
Smiled upon the two sweet songsters.
With the dawn, the choir of voices
That burst forth in joyous greeting
Almost drowned the two chief singers.

So we leave them, striving still, Striving to out-sing the other In their praise, and in their wonder, Of the peaceful earth and heaven, While the beauty of the Godhead, Shone in everything around them.

ELSIE BARBER.



Drawn by C. J. Vine.

To some it seems a very little thing

To find a primrose sliyly peeping through;

To watch a seagull wheeling on the wing;

Or a brown skylark rising in the blue.

To me it is a joy to view the set
Or rise of sun; or gaily search the hills
For fairy lore; or woody paths that let
You find your way to tiny babbling rills

To some it seems a very little thing

To see the aspen leaves that shake and quiver.

I've found a sight that always makes me sing—

A silver birch reflected in a river.

MARJORIE I. HARRIS.



ORLO(K WEIR,

Drawn by J. Pike.

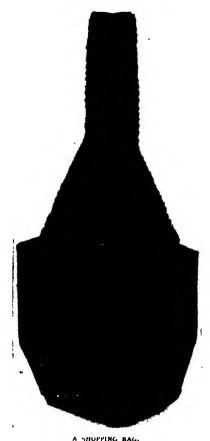
Leather Work

The leather work which is at present so fashionable is a very interesting handicraft, by which any careful worker can produce a great variety of pretty and useful articles. Those described below were all cut from one skin of velvet Persian suede, costing 4s. 6d., and enough remains to make a couple of small articles.

The Materials Required.

Possibly the only other thing that a beginner must purchase is a leather punch, No. 2, as many of the other requirements will be found in most houses. It is nice to have a wooden manet to hammer the punch with, but a block of wood or the side of a tack hammer make very good substitutes. A piece of smooth board is necessary to lay the leather on when punching holes. But as the board quickly roughens, it is also useful to have some smooth cardboard, such as one gets in stationery boxes or in writing-blocks. This cardboard laid between the board and the leather saves the former The cardboard can be more easily replaced than the wood when it becomes rough.

An inch rule in necessary; if it has to be purchased an iron one is the more serviceable kind



Pattern No. 9361.

A Fashionable Handicraft

Having selected the pattern and cut it out, lay the inch rule about inch from the edge where you wish to make a series of holes, and with the point of a bone knitting-needle mark firmly where each hole is to be made, that is, 1 inch or inch apart, as may be preferred. These marks are best made on the smooth side of the leather. as it retains them better than the suède side. When all the marks are made, place the cutting end of the punch on a mark and hammer it sharply; it ought to cut a little round piece completely out Proceed to cut out each hole in turn.

About Punching.

Where two pieces of leather are to be joined, the two edges can be laid on the board and punched together Another

method, and I think a more accurate one, is to punch one piece first, then to lay the second piece very carefully under it, and to mark it by pressing the point of the knitting-needle on it through the holes in the first piece.

Whichever method the worker prefers,

it is absolutely necessary that in two pieces to be joined the holes should exactly correspond both in number and spacing. The leather thongs with which the various parts are sewn together should be even strips of about 1 inch in width. For large pieces of work they are sometimes cut wider, but in all the articles given below they are cut the narrow width. Great care should be taken to cut the thongs of even width, and, for nearly all work, as long as possible, for it is troublesome to make

neat joinings. When planning the portions of a skin to be used for various articles, endeavour as far as you can to keep one full-length piece for cutting thongs. It is not always possible to do this, but it is wonderful what good lengths can be reserved for them by careful planning.

Before beginning to cut a skin, it is well to be acquainted with all its blemishes. Sometimes by holding it up to the light one can find thin places, and these should be marked as places to be

By Mrs. SHEARMAN



A PURSE BAG. Pattern No. 9361.

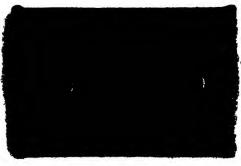
avoided. It is sometimes very disastrous if a thin place comes at an edge to be joined.

Various Methods of Joining.

There are various methods of joining two pieces of leather together, according to their position. Fig. 1 shows a common method of joining two edges by overcasting them much as a dressmaker overcasts raw edges. This overcasting is also used to strengthen single edges.

Flat seams are often required, and there are various ways of making these. Fig. 2 shows a way in which two pieces can be joined by a running stitch. The edges are placed reversely and so that the holes come together, one underanother. The thong is then run up and down the pairs of holes alternately.

Fig. 3 gives a very common way of treating a flat seam. The two edges are laid together reversely, and the thong is passed down the hole at the right side and upwards in the left hole, making a series of sloping stitches. At Fig 4 there is yet another method. Two thongs



A TREASURY NOTE CASE.

are used, and cross stitches are made along the seam.

When working all these joinings the stitches should be firmly made. They should never be so tight as to turn the edges, but they should be firm enough to look neat and even.

Before beginning to sew, a sharp point should be cut on the sewing end of the thong. Sometimes, when it is cut from the extreme end of a skin, a stiff place is found there, and this makes an excellent sewing point. It is not easy to sew with a very soft point, but this can be to some extent remedied by saturating the end of a thong with paste and leaving it to get quite dry before using it.

Starting the Sewing.

The suède side of the leather is that most liked as the right side, but many people use the smooth side out in the thongs, to make a pretty contrast. When beginning to sew leave an inch of the thong to go either between two edges, if at a joining, or at the back if working only over one. The end can be tucked into its place, and the sewing proceeded with, or else the first few stitches can be made loosely, the end tucked in and the stitches tightened up. In the same manner, at the end of a seam, the end can be pushed under a few loosely made stitches at the back of the work. The stitches should then be tightened up and the endpulled firmly into its place.

Sometimes at both ends of a flat seam, like that given at Fig. 2, the best method of securing the ends of the thongs is to paste them down neatly on the wrong side with some shoemakers' paste. Photographic mountant may also be used, but the shoemakers' paste is stronger

As the cutting of the leather should be very accurately done it is a great help to have a set-square, or a T-square, as it looks very ugly if the ends and sides of oblongs or squares are not at right-angles Sometimes, however, something can be found with little trouble to take their place. In the many sized envelopes that are in common use, it is often possible to find a square or oblong of the desired size for some small article. For example, the needle-case below is exactly the size of a mercantile envelope much used. When cutting out large pieces of leather

it is convenient to have a drawing-board and drawing-pins. The leather should be placed smooth side uppermost, carefully stretched, smoothed, and pinned out. The pattern can then be laid on the leather and firmly outlined with a knittingneedle point.

A Needle Book.

Cut an oblong of leather 5 inches in length and 32 inches in width. For a pocket cut a piece 31 inches in width and 11 inches in depth.

Lay an inch rule along each of the four sides in turn, of the larger piece inch from the edge,

and make a mark at each 1 inch. Then, with a No. 2 punch, make a hole at every mark. Lay the smaller piece under one end of the larger piece and mark accurately the places of the holes along the end and two sides. Join the two Punch these. pieces together as in Fig. 1. It is very important that the thong should not be allowed to twist in any kind of sewing, and it requires careful watching to avoid it. When the pocket is joined continue the overcasting the whole way round and fasten

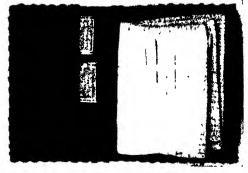
off neatly. At each corner, to turn nicely, two stitches should be taken into one hole.

Fold the leather exactly in the centre, with the pocket inside, and put it carefully under a weight for some hours. Meanwhile, cut out two oblongs of fine white flannel, rather smaller than the leather, and blanket-stitch the edges with fine sewing silk

When the leather is sufficiently pressed, punch three holes down the centre crease, one exactly in the centre. and one exactly 2 inch from each end of the crease. Then punch two rows of holes from end to end of the leather. Lay the inch rule 11 inch from the edge along one side of the leather and mark l inches; repeat this at the opposite side Punch the two rows of holes, including the pocket Run a thong in each row as at Fig 2 This makes three little pockets at one end just the size to hold three little packets of needles. Secure the ends of the thongs with some shoemakers' paste.

Double the flannel leaves and thread a large wool-needle with 15 inches of narrow ribbon. Place the leaves in the cover, and at the centre hole from

> the outside pass through the leather and the flannel leaves, then pass to the outside again through one of the side holes. Cross over to the other side hole



THE NEEDLE-CASE OPENED.

and sew to the inside. Last of all, pass up the centre hole, taking care not to catch in the ribbon on the needle. Arrange the ribbon evenly so that both ends will be the same length, and one should be at each side of the bar of ribbon lying along the back. Tie the two ends into a neat bow.

A Treasury Note

Cut an oblong of leather measuring 73 inches in length and 41 inches in width. Round the four corners neatly and make all exactly the same. Cut a pocket for one end measuring 41 inches in width, and 21 inches in depth. Round two corners to match the end of the larger piece. Cut two flaps of leather, each 21 inches deep, and measuring 2 inches at one end, widening to 21inches at the other.

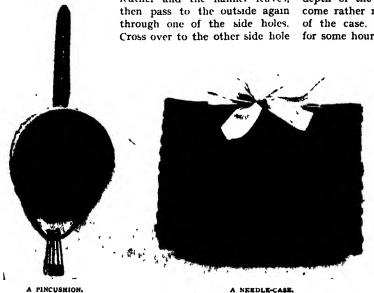
Mark and punch holes 1 inch apart on all sides of the largest piece of leather. Then mark and punch holes along three sides of the pocket piece. Leave a space of 1 inch between the pocket and the flaps at each side. Mark and punch holes along the base of these.

Overcast the case all round, securing pocket and flaps as you come to them. Fasten off neatly. Fold the case the depth of the pocket. The top should come rather more than half the depth of the case. Place it under pressure for some hours to mark the folds. The

case may be finished with two buttons and buttonholes cut in the leather: but a much nicer fastening is made with two strong spring fasteners, which can be put on by any portmanteau maker.

A Pincushion.

A small pincushion is excellent for using up odds and ends of skin left over. The materials required are the leather, about 7 inches of 1 inch wide ribbon, some sewing silk to match, and some scraps of flannel to make the stuffing.



A NEEDLE-CASE.

Leather Work

Cut two rounds of leather 2 inches in diameter. Place the pattern on the leather, smooth side up, and run the knittingneedle closely round it. When the rounds are cut, buttonholestitch the edge of the ribbon to the edge of a round of leather. Cut as many rounds of soft flannel as will make a 1-inch pile when held closely. Sew them together in the centre to keep them in place Put this padding carefully into the side of the pincushion you have made, then buttonholestitch the opposite side of the ribbon to the second round of leather. Join the ends of the ribbon neatly. For a work-basket pincushion it is now finished; but for a hanging one, like the model, make a loop of 4 inches of thong and buttonhole-stitch it neatly

to the back edge of the pincushion. At the opposite side sew a 3-inch loop of thong festoonwise to the back edge. This lower loop is intended for keeping a supply of safety pins.

A Small Bag.

There are three pattern pieces in this bag, front, back and flap, and gusset. With these you can proceed to cut out the leather. The handles are made of two 13-inch lengths of leather; the width is \$\frac{1}{2}\$ inch. The best way to cut these is to lay down the rule on the leather, and mark the pieces before cutting them.

With the assistance of the rule, mark the places for the holes to be punched for sewing the seam. The back piece should be marked through the front holes, and the gussets should also be marked and punched.

Before sewing the pieces together, the slits in the back piece for the handles to pass through should be cut; there are four of them. Failing a leather-knife, a sharp penknife will answer quite well.

There are also three holes at each side

to be punched below these slits, where the handles will be sewn in place. Then there are three holes to be punched near the point of the flap for the cord and tassels. Those marked in the front and gussets should be left till later on.

Overcast one edge of each gusset to the back, beginning at the top. Last of all overcast the front to the front of the gussets, and the remaining portion of the back. If you can possibly secure a thong



FIG. 5. PORTION OF TASSEL

measuring nearly a yard in length use it for this last sewing, as it is important to be able to sew without having any joining

When all the joining together is done, examine the tops of the gussets to see if they appear above the edge of the front. If they do, pare off very carefully enough to make all level.

Punch three holes at each side of the front and the front half of each gusset. The two upper holes must be only a inch apart. Place a piece of thick cardboard into the gusset to prevent any injury to the back half while doing the punching. Punch three corresponding holes at the end of a handle. Push the handle down between the front and the gusset,

making the three sets of holes come together. Take a short length of thong and sew three stitches making a triangle in front. Cut the thong, leaving two short ends at the back; sew these securely together with a needle and thread. Repeat this with the second handle at the other side of the front.

Pass the two handles upwards through the upper slit in the back of the bag. Make three holes in the opposite ends of the handles, pass them downwards through the remaining slits and secure them as in the front with two triangles of stitchery.

The tassels have now to be made. Cut two pieces of leather 1½ inches by 4 inches.

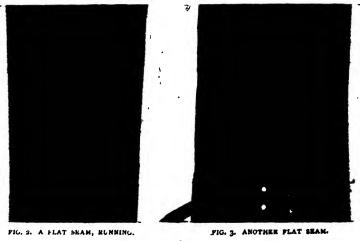
Cut a fringe in these, as shown in Fig. 5. Take a strong piece of thong 4 inches in length; sew one end of the fringe securely to the end of the thong, then roll the fringe tightly round the end of the thong and secure the roll with a few stitches of thread or silk the same colour as the leather. The smooth side of the leather should be to the outside. Pass the other end of the thong from front to back through the lower hole, up through the left hole above, down through the right one, and up again through the lower one. Attach the second tassel to the end of the thong as before. Straighten them nicely into their places.

A Shopping

There are two pieces in this pattern, viz., side and straight piece. Mark and punch holes along both edges of the straight piece and along all the edges of the two side pieces. The holes for the ornamental cross-stitch on the two side pieces should be punched before joining the pieces.

The easiest way to get the holes

punched evenly for the cross-stitch decoration is by means of perforated card. There is a kind to be obtained at any good school store with holes pierced 1 inch apart each way. Lay this carefully on the broad part of the bag. Find the exact centre. Mark two rows of twenty holes down the centre. Begin a row lower down than the top and mark two rows of eighteen holes at each side of the centre. Begin again a row lower down and



mark two rows of sixteen holes at either side of the last sets.

For the cross-stitch see flat seam, Fig. 4. Bring up both ends of a long thong at the first pair of holes in one of the two rows, work till you come to the end, and then cut the ends of the thong off short, and secure them with a few stitches at the back. Work all the cross-stitch in this way, avoiding joinings on the way as far as possible. When all the cross-stitch is completed, join the

sides of the bag to the straight piece with a flat seam as in Fig. 3. At the two lower corners take two stitches into one hole of the side in order to ease the straight pieces a little. When the joining is completed there will probably be a little too much of the straight piece at the end. Cut off the extra piece to make it match the first end.

Punch holes in the edges of the gussets. Join the handle of the bag as in the flat seam at Fig. 2. Overcast the handle of the bag and the gussets. Arrange so as to make any fasteningsoff either at the side of a gusset or at
the joining of the handle. All the ends
which meet at the handle joining can be
neatly tucked in between the overlapping
edges and secured with shoemakers' paste.

Pattern No. 9361 for making the two bags can be supplied, price 7d., by post 8d. Address to the "Girl's Own" Fashion Editor, 4, Bouverie Street, Fleet Street, E.C. 4.

A D'oily with an Adaptable Crochet Motif

THE crochet motif edging this pretty d'oily is one that can be adapted to any size d'oily, table-centre, tea-cloth border, etc. By a repetition of the two rows which form the pattern the size of the motif can be increased indefinitely. In the size illustrated five of the

motifs form an edging for a small d'oily. The d'oily illustrated is nine inches across and has ten motifs inset into the linen centre.

Peri-Lusta Crochet Cotton No. 70 was used in making the crochet, with a number 6 hook.

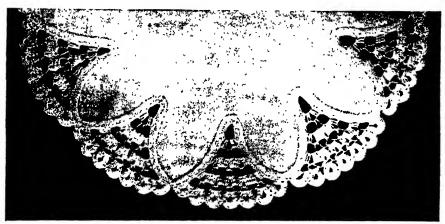
Form 18 ch into a ring.

1st Row.—5 ch 2 long tr into the ring, 3 ch 3 long tr beside last tr, turn.

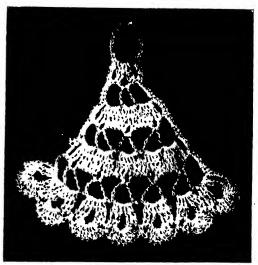
2nd Row.—8 ch, into the 3 ch space put 1 long tr 3 ch 1 long tr, 3 ch, 1 long tr into the top of the first 5 ch, turn.

3rd Row.—5 ch (to stand for a long tr), into each space 3 long tr 3 ch 3 long tr, turn.

4th Row.—8 ch, into each 3 ch



This is a very effective D'oily arrangement.



The Motif used in the D'oily.

space put 1 long tr 3 ch 1 long tr, 3 ch, 1 long tr into the top of the 5 ch, turn.

5th Row.— Same as the 3rd, turn.

6th Row.—
Same as the 4th.
7th Row.—
9 tr into each
3 ch space, 1 dc
between the
groups of tr.
1 dc into the
top of the 5 ch.
Continue down

the side with d c worked closely over each long tr and 5 ch, round the ring and down the other side to the top again where the thread is fastened off and cut.

Cut out the linen centre, nine inches in diameter, arrange the motifs round the edge and mark on the linen the space they will occupy. Trace the outline with a coarse thread, then cut away the linen behind the lace allowing a margin of the eighth of an inch beyond the tracing line, remove the motifs and work a row of d c round the points, covering the tracing threads.

Now top-sew the motifs in the spaces, using the same kind of thread.

A REMINDER

All the Profits of this Magazine are Devoted to the Spread of Christian Literature all over the world, more especially in Non-Christian Lands. Not one penny of our Profits goes to Enrich any Proprietor or Director. By gaining New Subscribers for us, you are Furthering the work of Foreign Missions

Perhaps, because I am a lover of young people and very much their advocate, I hear a great deal of criticism of them. Chiefly, the complaint seems to be that they lack poise "Flyaways, that's what they are," I heard someone say; "and as restless as the flame of a candle in a breeze. Now this way, now that way; you can't depend on them at all. Do you know any voung people who have got anything that you could call repose?

Well, my answer to that is that I know a good many young people who, I think, are going to have repose in time But the repose I mean, I am bound to confess, is not, in all probability, the kind that the speaker had in mind. For I do not mean only repose of manner. I mean something a good deal deeper than that, and which, for lack of a better term, I believe I should call heart's peace

The young people whom I know to-day are on their way, it seems to me, to a good and clear understanding of life, and I know nothing that is so likely to bring one peace as to under-

stand life; for to understand life is, I think, to love it, and love and peace are usually pretty closely allied.

A IIIILE MAID OF NAZARPTH RETURNING FROM MARY'S WELL.

Indeed, most of our restlessness, our lack of repose, our quarrels, and our enmities arise from a lack of understanding of ourselves and others; from what we significantly call our "differences."

Many of you write of unpeaceful conditions in your homes or in your lives: "My mother and I cannot agree." . . . "My sister and I are not good friends." ... "My aunt thinks me pert; and I think she is old-fashioned." . . . "My brother and I quarrel a great deal "

Those of you who are in the business world, too, often tell of disagreements and contentions. Then, there are those of you who are at odds with yourselves or fate.

Many of these disputes and "differences" are not things that can be mended at once, or once for all. They come from a lack of understanding; and the only thing that will permanently mend them will be the acquiring of understanding, and that takes time.

Let us accept that fact that youth is for the most part a time of disputes and restlessness and contention. By-and-by the mind, as it accumulates its experiences,





Photo by Donald McLeish

and if it is really intelligent, begins to see that quarrels and dissensions and hatreds are not the important, and sometimes almost romantic things we took them to be; but they are all of them rooted in a lack of understanding; they are all of them evidences of a kind of inefficiency, a sort of stupidity almost; they all bear witness to the fact that we have not a really fine and intelligent grasp of life. "To understand all is to forgive all," is really tantamount to saying that the person who has a fine, clear, intellectual understanding of life has no

I believe that the reason so few of us have real repose of heart and peace is because so few of us realise or even dream what peace really is. A good many young people seem to think that peace is merely a lack of quarrelling, an absence of harsh words. Well, it includes these things, of course; but it goes much deeper than that. People may never openly quarrel, never speak a harsh word to each other, yet may not know peace between them. To put a bridle on the tongue is an excellent remedy, but

it is not enough. To disarm is a splendid preliminary, but peace itself between people or nations will go a good deal deeper than that, and will require active work of the intelligence.

The best assurance that I know of bringing peace into our own lives is really to want to know life better and better. For, when we know life very little, and view it only from our own narrow personal standpoint, we are aware all the time of the differences of men and of their disputes and contentions; we are keenly aware of how much we and our opinions differ from others. But as we know life better we are aware not so much of the differences between men the world over, as of their likenesses. The person who has really intelligently understood these great likenesses has learned to know and experience peace.

I have spoken to you before of that great striking chapter—the last one—in The Mill on the Floss. It comes back to me now as an exemplification of that large grasp and understanding of peace and unity to which I have just referred.

There the harmonies are uncovered, so to speak, only by tragedy. In life it is not necessarily so. The harmony

Heart's Peace

and sense of peace that Tom and Maggie attain only in the last moments of their lives are things that you and I can attain little by little, day by day, through the progressive years.

But how?

Well, there are many ways of bringing it about; but the first requisite of all, I should say, is the determination to know life better.

So many of us know it only superficially, and seem to want to know it only superficially. For one person who really earnestly wants to know the truth, there are literally hundreds, I believe, who want only to prove that they are right. Say to yourself now and then, when you find yourself arguing hotly, "Am I really trying to find out the truth and really trying to know life, or am I simply trying to prove that I am right?"

Another very practical means of getting peace in our lives is to make quite positive rules against harsh words and harsh voices, and then strictly abide by the rules. The old remedy of counting twenty slowly before replying to anyone who has angered you is, I think, a very sensible one. I should say that to count twenty, and never to raise your voice above a cultivated speaking tone, would do away with about four fifths of all the quarrels there are.

My mother had a rule that I think must have been accountable for an immense deal of good, and probably had a great deal to do with the sense of peace that I remember in my childhood's home. The rule was that we were to curb all but friendly or kindly comment on other people. If we forgot, and started upon some sharp and perhaps ugly criticism, my mother reminded us: "Remember, if you cannot say something good of a person there is no need for saying anything at all."

You see how this puts an end to spites and petty criticisms; how it lays the stress on the "agree-able" traits in human nature, rather than on our "differences." Try it; for to remember not to speak either

harshly or unfairly about anyone is to begin to think rather less harshly and unfairly of them.

And the next rule would be to look upon all our differences as intellectually as we can; putting down as much as possible the hot-headed emotions in dealing with them; and bringing into play the cool-headed intelligence.

I do not mean that one should try to put aside grave differences lightly. Where people have different ideas of honour, or what is right or wrong, kind or unkind, it is impossible to ignore these things.

Then, too, the really intelligent mind is able to trace the faults of others—even those that have caused us the most suffering—to far causes which might have roused similar faults in ourselves had we been subjected to those causes. The wise man who, seeing a drunkard, said: 'There, but for the grace of God, go I,' had more than a kind heart; he had a splendid intellect as well. Try applying this saying of his to those you know from whom you differ bitterly; yes, and even to those who have done you great wrongs.

But that which will do more than anything else, perhaps, to bring peace and harmony into our lives is to make it a rule to stress the likenesses rather than the differences of human nature. Think of it, if you like, at first, as only a rule of good manners. The really well-bred person does not lay stress on his differences from other people, but rather on those things that unite him and them. Then carry this into the higher intellectual and spiritual spheres, for there the same rule applies.

Remember, too, that peace is not a matter of externals, but of the mind and heart, and of your own mind and heart. No matter what wrongs or hardships you suffer, no one and no circumstance can rob you of peace if you are at peace with yourself. Maintain your own kindness, your own principles, whatever others may do, and you need not fear any suffering that others can cause you.



Drawn by C. J. Vine.

A Sheaf of Poems

By FAY INCHFAWN

The Daughter-in-Law.

THERE is a zummat in her face

As me and Missis can't quite place.

Jake courted her a twelvemonth, too,

Or maybe more, afore we knew.

Though why he done it I can't zee;

He had a rare good home with we.

Her's such a one for flare an' fuss.

Ah, well, pore maid, her bain t like us.

Her speaks quite pleasant-like to I,

But Missis says she's mortal "fly."

She has a finnick in her talk,

And can't eat food like other vawk;

And looks as if her thought that we Weren t half so 'spectable as she.

But, yesterday, as ever were,

Our Jacob had a son and heir.

And I fell laughin' fit to bus'. The little un be just like us!

To a Humble Bee

(Killed by a Tennis Bali)

How should this be? You velvet dusty fellow! Poor pilgrim! Sorry sport of circumstance, Who had no quarrel with the universe; Who took the good, nor railed against the worse; But, with a calm content, Came joyfully and went.

Now, on your back of tawny orange yellow You lie, while robins peer and midges dance, And Canterbury Bells

Toll softly, sad farewells.

At home in temple of the tall Madonna;
Beloved of Foxglove and Delphinium.
Long, through the day, they'll listen for your coming,
And miss, perchance, the low contented humming
That made your common days
So eloquent with praise.
You craved no boon from men; you sought no honour;
Dear vagrant Bee! You owned no rule of thumb!
Nor minded things too high.
And now, you have passed by!

Yet, I've a hope. The atoms of your being, The thing that was most truly you, abides. The little homely singing heart of you, That was in tune with rain and sun and dew, Is still abroad somewhere,
Free as the fragrant air.
Known by the Loving; blest by the All-seeing; And this I know, though I know nought besides, That He is good and true,
So, all is well with you.

FAY INCHEAWN.

And Courtesy's most simple laws So very seldom come her way.

Then do forgive her if some time
She should be "saucy" past your ken.
Don't look as if it were a crime
That she prefers to wait on men.

Most people frown . . .
but, if you can,
Look kindly at her
while you wait.
And let it be your usual
plan
To leave her something 'neath your
plate.

Bramble Jelly.

'Twas dusk at tea-time on that wintry day,
The wind was easterly, and blew the way
That makes our tempers short and makes us sniff!
The fire burnt sulkily, and sent a whiff
Of soot about the room.
And John was late.
The windows rattled, and the crazy gate

Gave bangs at intervals, and wheezy squeaks. It seemed as if we had been dull for weeks. The children coughed and sneezed, and were contrary. This was before the advent of the Fairy.

She sat in a dish,
That delectable Fairy!
A little glass dish
That was close beside Mary.
She was shaky, I think,
As we sat round the table,
For she made such a curtsey
To Bunty and Mabel.

Her dress was so sweet
(It was purple and pink).
She had tucked up her feet.
And before we could blink
She had flashed out her wand
In a way Fairies know,
And we all took a trip
To the dear Long Ago.

"Mother! I've just been thinking how we went Out getting blackberries! Do you remember?

The Waitress.

SHE must be quick to see a jest,
But wondrous slow to take offence;
Her memory must be the best;
She must have quarts of common-sense.

Of course, she must be light of foot;
And bright of eye; and smart of tongue.
She will be banished, branch and root,
The day she ceases to be young.

She must trip gaily here and there, However tired and worn her feet. And she must keep her jaunty air Amid extremes of cold and heat.

Yet pardon her if she should smirk And overlook your buttered roll. Think of the hours she has to work; Remember that she has a soul.

Think, if she's snappy, 'tis because No customer will brook delay.

A Sheaf of Poems

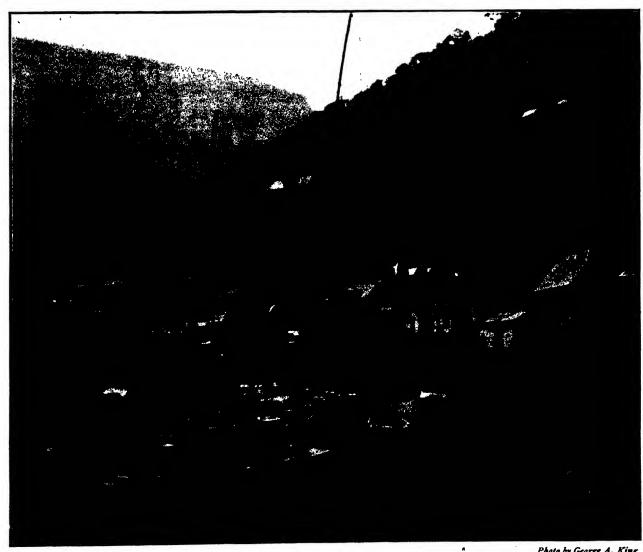
I sensed that delicate wild woody scent That hangs about the hedgerows in September." "Mother! The butterflies! The Admirals! And that frail Orange Tip! The Meadow Blues! The Peacocks, such a size!" "Mother! How many times did father slip On that hot slidy sloping grassy hill?" "Mother! The mushrooms! I can see them still, Like little white umbrellas, lined with pink. We never had a happier day, I think." " I gathered goldenrod " "I found wild thyme." "I tasted sloes." "Dad made a nonsense rhyme!" "Then, suddenly, the wind woke; tree tops reeled. And how the thistledown raced up the field!" "We all sat down under a friendly tree, And spread our hankies out, and had our tea. Such lovely tea it was! So sweet and hot! Much nicer from a bottle than a pot."

"Then, after tea, we blackberried until

We hadn't got a basket left to fill.

So we turned homeward with our luscious treasures. Discoursing loud of scales and weights and measures." "Our fingers and our mouths were purple, too!" "The lanes were sweet as we came, singing, through." "And Bunty was so tired, and so was Nellie, That father carried them. . . . "Bob, pass the jelly!" Well, it was all worth while! The long and thirsty tramp; that awkward stile; The red scratched hands and ankles; and the jags Of many thorns. (We all came home in rags!) Yet, when I wrestled in the kitchen-steamy, With berry juice—and squeezed the seeds away, I little thought that memories so dreamy Would tide us through a dark December day. I am quite sure it pays To mind the household ways. Who knows but in the midst of strain and stress We may, unseeing, store up happiness? Bright memories to draw on some dark hour; Or lay up magic power. And lore like this so rare is,

That now I mean to specialise in Fairies!



LYNMOUTH, DEVON.

Photo by George A. King.
Submitted in our Photographic Com

All Inquiries concerning the Items mentioned must be addressed to the Editor with a stamped addressed envelope for reply.

A Drain

We all know in theory that drain-pipes need a regular libation of hot soda-water if they are to remain free from accretions of grease and other "foreign bodies" calculated to disagree with their interior arrangements. This information we accordingly impart from time to time to the lady who presides over our scullery, yet, despite our impressiveness, the drains are still apt to grow deplorably clogged and sluggish. I have, however lately come across a Solvent which, when added to water, produces a solution which has a short way with shime and other substances such as have no

business in this connection Neither scraps of sponge, of hair, of soap. of cigarette ends, nor of wool (how these oddments lodge themselves in pipes I cannot say, yet the fact remains that they do) can resist its action, though, strange to say, it contains no acids to act detriment ally to the well-being of the pipes or plumbing fixtures. The 3s which represents the price of the tin of solvent will probably save one many a pound in plumbing costs

For the Anthracite

One of the several commodities which still needs to recover from the war-time blight is anthracite coal, which continues to contain a quantity of slate such as renders the relighting of the stove a constantly-recurring necessity. When you are laying in your stock of fuel for the autumn, remember to include in your order a small order for Anthrovoids, the price of which is £3 as compared with nearly £5 a ton for the coal. These are made in egg-shaped form from compressed anthracite dust, their formation allowing cleverly for that circulation of air among the particles of the fuel which is necessary for proper combustion. Where these are used there is no refusal on the part of the rake to operate the basket, as is the case where solid clinkers impede its action.

Which Way does the Wind Blow?

If your house has an eave or a porch that would take a weather vane, you will add enormously to the attractiveness of its appearance by conferring upon it one of the quaint devices in copper that are now to be had at prices ranging from 4 10s. upwards. Some of the designs

depict a ship in full sail (a particularly suitable device in this connection since the sails seem actually to be filled with the breezes), others a crowing cock, a hound in pursuit, a horseman and his dogs, a parrot, and so on. These glow delightfully when the sun is on them, and give a real interest to the top of the house. A number of the vanes are enamelled in colours.

Improvements in

Those who have become devotees to glass ovenware will be glad to know that the store that specialises in these cooking utensils is in a position to provide glass casseroles, marmites, and baking-pans



A PRETTY FLOUNCED UNDER-SLIP MADE FROM 9-INCH SILK RIBBON. About 8 yards of ribbon will be needed for making The diagram above shows clearly how the ribbon should be cut and arranged.

of a larger size than it has ever before been found possible to produce success: fully. The housewife, therefore, who has to cater for a big family may, therefore, now take advantage of a cleanly laboursaving invention which formerly was more or less restricted to households of less extensive dimensions. Glass trays on which to place the utensils when they come hot from the oven are among the other new departures in this direction, these being provided with four small bosses on which corresponding feet on the vessels themselves may rest, thus securing a space between the table and the dish which does away with risk of a mark produced from the warm base Casserole lids are being made with a more decided dome so as to accommodate a greater bulk of food without appropriating more oven space, and in a variety of other details the general efficiency of Pyrex oven ware is being enhanced without any corresponding

Against Accident in the Bath.

I wrote last month concerning the advisability of erecting a short pole at the side of the bath as a preventative of bath accidents. Still more efficacious as a means of minimising the risk of slipping on the highly-enamelled surface is the rubber mat which is being used for this purpose. It is of plain rubber, and of a suppleness which permits of its taking the curve of the bath at the bottom. It does not in any way inter-

> fere with one's comfort, while affording a secure foothold. If your bath has a wooden frame you can, of course. have a rail fitted at the side, so that when entering or emerging you may grasp it for support. But such a fitment is not practical when the bath has an enamelled rim, since it would be a matter of great difficulty to affix it without damaging the enamel.

A Chicken Cruet.

If you want a brighter breakfast-table I should advise you to invest in a trio of the "Mayfair Chicks" for the respective purposes of salt-cellar, pepper and mustard pots. These gay little birds cost 4s. 6d. apiece, and have the most humorous amusing air imaginable. They are in brilliant colouring, as

befits the birds of the moment, and are extremely well modelled.

Colour Scheme Bed-room Ware,

Further proof that we are no longer to be slaves to "reproduction" furnishing is afforded by the wane in popularity of china that is fashioned after old models, and the marked vogue for table and toilet ware in self-colours such as predominate at present in furnishing schemes. As plain tints, unless of pastel shades, tend in china to be on the garish side, the new sets for the bed-room are to a large extent being designed on the "powder' principle—that is to say, the surface is stippled in such a way as to give a slightly broken, powdered effect. Thus the new china in "powderblue," "powder-ruby," and " powder-orange " has a softness which it would lack were it not treated in this manner. That we are intolerant of any disharmony in our interior furnishings is exemplified by the

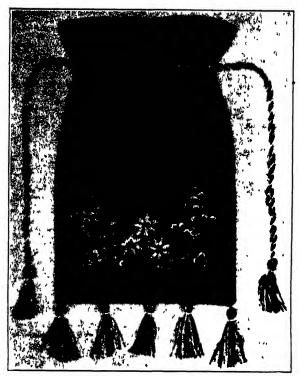
fact that sets for the tollet table and for the early tray of tea are carried out to match the washstand equipment Even the tray itself is of black, to match the rim of black which sets off the colour of the clina. To those who have adopted a definite colour-scheme for their bed-room these sets offer distinct advantages.

"A Place for Everything."

You cannot reasonably expect a child to be tidy, and to hang up his clothes and put away his shoes as every virtuous infant should, unless you, on your side, give him pegs he can reach and a cupboard door which he can open. If you really want to aid him in the development of the very desirable quality of orderliness, you will certainly provide him with a most practical little wardrobe that I have met with at the price of £16, which, though it stands but at the height of 4 feet 9 inches and is but 1 feet in width, combines hanging room with drawer space and cupboard room. Here a small person can stow away his garments, his caps, his boots, and even enjoy himself in the process, for the white enamelled surface with its pictured figures is alluring enough to intrigue even the most indifferent of youngsters and coax him into the path of tidiness.

Jacobean

We have for some time had with us splendid reproductions of the Georgian



This Bag is described on another page.

table glass of many facets. But the new reproductions of the old Jacobean ringed glass is somewhat in the nature of a novelty. Being hand-made it reproduces the old glass remarkably well, and should find much favour with those whose dining rooms are furnished on Jacobean lines. The ringing is in some instances combined with a simple cutting after the manner of the later Stuart glasses.

A Simple Pergola.

There are few gardens, whether attached to a town or a country house, that would not be more picturesque if given a pergola, for there is no way in which the loveliness of the climbing rose, clematis, or honeysuckle can be so well displayed as on this form of garden arching. Formerly the erection of a pergola has been a somewhat costly matter, since it has called for exactitude of measurement and strength of workmanship, two features not often to be met with in connection with lowness of cost. A four-arch pergola is, however, now to be achieved, complete with a top bar of a run of 25 feet, for less than {6. The arches cost £1 apiece and are exceedingly light and pretty in design, though sufficiently strong to be calculated to face out-of-door conditions with impunity. These, set at a distance of some 6 feet apart, are further strengthened by the longitudinal and secondary cross bars, sold at 1s. 6d. a foot, already treated with solignum as a preservative. The arches, which stand

7 feet high and measure 3 feet 3 inches in width, are similarly treated.

The Garden

This is the time of year when those of us who have gardens feel the need of a small teatable which may be brought ourside without unduly inconveniencing the domestic staff. The ordinary table with four legs that insist on contact with all in their neighbourhood does not make for placidity in the maid who has to bring it down the garden path, but I imagine she would approve of the combination tea-tray and table at £3 13s. 6d. which can be brought to the required position in its tray form, and then, and then only, converted into a table One has but to turn inwards the clips at the sides for the tucked-away legs to drop into place and to form a perfectly rigid stand. If one is seated in a low chair which renders one unable to reach with case a table of the ordinary height, it is possible,

by operating one of the side fitments in place of the two, to reduce the table's height.

Minimising the Muscular Work.

It is good to note that a good many of the modern appliances are devised with a view to reducing scientifically the amount of muscular exertion necessary to perform specific operations For instance, in the new Hotpoint Electric Iron a special thumb rest is provided, which rests the wrist and enables the user to guide the iron in such a way that very little actual pressure is needed. The business of ironing pleats and tucks and gathers is accomplished with much less expenditure of energy than is usually associated with it, while the fact that the greatest heat is concentrated at the point of the iron makes for further efficiency. As no heat radiates upward, the handle is always kept cool. Further, the iron has an attached stand which automatically falls into position when the iron is tipped on to its side, thus obviating the tiring necessity for continually lifting the iron on to a separate stand. When once the iron is suitably hot, one can withdraw the plug attachment and continue one's ironing without expenditure of current. £1 3s, 6d is its price.

An Immersion Heater.

When one is travelling it is a great boon to be able to heat a glass of milk or a little water at a moment's notice. A Hotpoint Electric Immersion Heater (which is in the shape of a long tube)

In my Walks Abroad

has only to be connected at one end with a switch and to be then placed in a vessel containing the liquid to bring it rapidly

to boiling point Or one can obtain the heater with a curved neck which enables one to use it in connection with sterilising vessels of shallow shape, a great benefit in the sick-room Its price is £1 9s.

The Em

Most of us have gone through the disturbing experience of being suddenly plunged into darkness through the failure of the gas or the electric current lo meet such a contingency, it is well to be supplied with one of the big block candles that are just three times as large in diameter as the candles we ordinarily use It will be a very welcome help when darkness overtakes us.

Black Fuel for the Gas-Fire.

Much as I esteem the virtues of the gas fire, I have never yet been able to reconcile myself to the white asbestos knobs that are usually employed in this connection Very much more acceptable is the special black fuel which is now made in three sizes of lumps and which is very little different in appearance from ordinary coke This gives very much the appearance of a coal fire when in use, and, being porous, it absorbs the mixture of gas and air presented to it, when the fire is lit, exceedingly well I he price of 5 lbs of the fuel is ros.

which falls into position as soon as the flap is raised, a mere touch putting the contrivance into action. The table is

made in white wood ready for staining. In the three sizes, measuring respectively 20, 23 and 26 inches in length, the width

> of 14 inches remains the same Prices range from 10s 6d.

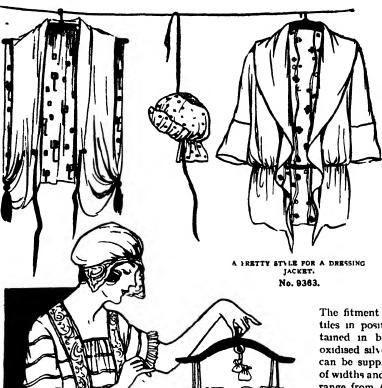
An Adjustable Curb.

A tiled curb, so arranged that one can alter or rearrange the tiles at will, 19 a novelty that should commend itself to those who like occasionally to rearrange their colour schemes or to move their furnishings from one toom to another

The fitment which holds the tiles in position can be obtained in brass, copper, or oxidised silver, and the curb can be supplied in a variety of widths and lengths Prices range from £1 5s

Draining

For some obscure reason which only manufacturers may be able to explain, it is a more difficult matter to discover draining racks for cups and tumblers than it is to equip oneself with a similar fitment for the reception of plates and dishes For while the plate racks for scullery use are to be found in a commendable variety of dimensions, those for the smaller utensils restrict themselves to certain inclastic measurements which may or may not happen to suit the accommo dation available. In a scullery such as my own, for instance, where an existing plate-rack, a long window, a gas-circulator, and a series of shelves leave little room for a badly needed cup rack, it has been impossible to track to earth a specimen that will fit it. By dint of much research, I have at last discovered what many another housewife in a similar position may be glad to meet with. namely, single pegs to hold upright a cup or a tumbler,



A Collapsible

The country cottage may be an ideal spot from the point of view of the picturesque, but from the practical standpoint it is often far from ideal Its want of space and accommodation, in fact, may be quite inimical to comfort, if means are not taken to circumvent its limitations by the introduction of suitable furnishings In this connection the collapsible table, that folds flat against the wall when not required, is a real boon The table-top, which is hinged to a narrow piece of wood which is screwed to the wall, is operated by means of an automatic support

Patterna for making the Slipon Dressing Wrap, at the top of the page, and the two Boudoir Caps can also be supplied in one set, No. 9366. The above patterns are issued

ITH TUCKED NET TRIMMINGS.

No. 9364.

in the medium size only, price 7d., postage 1d. each exira by unscaled packet post, NEGLIGÉE IN STRIPED SILK. or 2d. by letter post. No. 9365.

MILAMORALIAN

In my Walks Abroad

made in two styles, designed respectively to screw on the side of the plate rack and on to the draining board itself. At the praiseworthy price of 3d. apiece one can afford to provide oneself with just as many as one's needs dictate. One may even be able to invest 2s. in the fitment, measuring 20 inches in length and 2 inches in width, which takes half-a-dozen cups and is fitted with a couple of glass-plates by which it is intended to be screwed at the back of the sink. Or, if you have a table handy, where it can rest without risk of damage, this long narrow rack will equally well stand upon it.

We all have our hobby-horses, and I must confess to a weakness for racks Leing one of mine. Necessary labour I can face with philosophy, but that which can be circumvented seems to me to become less tolerable every time it is performed. Why one should dry a long series of utensils after each meal with a cloth, which with each successive article becomes less fitted for its office (and if someone else is performing the work it is almost as disturbing to be a spectator), when the whole dreary business may be simplified by allowing the law of gravitation and the simple process of evaporation to do the job, I do not know, seeing that so small an outlay will equip one with the necessary devices. Even the doctors are on our side in the recommendation of racks (the profession annoys me sometimes when it upholds domestic labour as a means towards exercise and consequent health!), for the theory is now current that by the settling of the infection-carrying housefly upon washingup cloths, which are subsequently rubbed well on to wet table articles, contamination frequently results.

A Cheap Knife Cleaner.

Eighteenpence is the price of a very efficient knife-cleaner, which consists of a square board on which one rests the knife-blades and a trowel-shaped polisher which one runs across the steel. The board being lightly sprinkled from time to time with knife-powder, a brilliant polish is quickly produced by the friction on either side of the polishing surfaces, the exertion necessitated being considerably less than that employed in connection with the ordinary knifeboards. The board also acts as a

sharpener, the edges being so finished that when it is held face downwards the knives may be readily given a finer edge on being drawn across it at rightangles.

Baby's Bath.

We have had many attempts at devising a bath for the baby which shall reduce the amount of exertion consequent on filling and emptying it, and at the same time minimise the fatigue attendant on bending or kneeling in the performance of the ablutions themselves. None however has, I think, been quite so practical as that which takes the form of an oblong bath which is made in such proportions as enable it to fit just inside the ordinary bath-room fitment, two stout metal grips at either side keeping it firmly in position. Thus attached to the larger bath, all the splashings and drippings fall into the latter without soiling the floor, while the nurse can sit to her task and take her time over it without a subsequent backache accruing. Even the plumpest of babies may take his bath in this manner, for the fitment is guaranteed to support a weight of 100 lbs., and we have yet to see the baby of such Gargantuan proportions. The bath is convenient for washing baby's trousseau when not required by the small person himself. Mothers who like to keep their nursery arrangements entirely apart from those of the kitchen will appreciate this means of making the bath room the scene of the nursery laundering. Its price is £1 1s.

A Crockery

When plates are greasy, it must be hot and not lukewarm water that is used for their cleansing. But a plate that has been so immersed is not an easy thing to take hold of, so that the new Crockery Gripper (priced at 9d.) is a useful contrivance for withdrawing it from the basin. It is made of two pieces of wood, connected at the top with a strong spring, and lined at the base with leather, which prevents the crockery from slipping. To most women who do their own work the least tolerable part of washing-up is often the damage that it spells to the hands. The gripper makes contact with the water unneces-

No More Washing Lines.

I suppose that, however democratic one may pride oneself on being, we all have somewhere or other a strain of snobbery that refuses to let itself be uprooted. One of my own harmless snobberies takes the form of an aversion to clothes-lines, which somehow or other I associate in my mind with a social state of things with which I am unwilling to identify myself, though I have no doubt my prejudice is quite indefensible on rational grounds. The prejudice does not, however, extend to the wooden airer that allows itself to be secured to a kitchen or garden wall, and is fitted with six adjustable arms measuring a couple of feet in length. These arms are removable, so that when not in use only the support may be left on vew. Small metal hooks are also provided for the suspension of small articles. Those who have suffered from the difficulty of keeping a clothesline taut, and at the same time resent its unsightliness, will probably think, as I do, that 7s, 6d, is not too much to pay for this pleasing substitute.

Hygiene and the Toothbrush.

Tooth-brushes that rest on trays or stand in vases are apt to acquire a condition not at all conducive to healthiness of gums. The new Hygeia Holder, which allows the bristles to rest within a tube that contains disinfectant, is an excellent contrivance for maintaining a tooth-brush in a properly sanitary condition.

A Cascade for the Watering-pot.

The ordinary watering-pot only allows its drops to reach the top of the plants, the roots and lower portions of stem and leaves remain, as often as not, untouched by the shower. A nozzle that can be obtained in a variety of sizes to fit almost any sized spout, and which scatters its water in a spreading cascade form, overcomes this difficulty. It waters under plants, so as not to spoil the blossoms, and can be controlled so as to spread or sprinkle or spray. By its agency one can water downwards, forwards, or sideways, and as copiously or slightly as one wishes. The nozzles are sold in enamel, galvanised iron, brass, and copper at prices varying from 2s. to 5s., according to size and speed.

Now Ready

FLORA KLICKMANN'S COOKERY BOOKS

Volume I.

FISH: With Forcemeats and Flavourings

Inside the Home

A Paragraph on Paint.

In the spring a housewife's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of paint, especially when she feels that the job is one which she may accomplish by her own unaided efforts. For even though the cost of materials has considerably declined since last year, yet the factor of wages still keeps decorating costs pretty high and the professional painting of a gate or door may work out at a far higher figure than she, in her thriftiness, cares to contemplate.

Now this is a distinctly do-it-yourself age, despite the remonstrances of those who counsel for women the policy of earning the wherewithal to pay the professional odd-jobber rather than that of attempting the Jill-of-all-trades attitude towards life. "Follow your own profession," they say, "and thus earn the means to have your children professionally looked after, your clothes professionally made, your house professionally decorated, and, in fact, all your needs professionally catered for. This is true economy" But we, on the other hand, who realise what an enormous mental relaxation a change of occupation may prove, and how stimulating it may be to venture occasionally into realms that are not legitimately ours, know that there is a dangerous catch in this specious argument, and that if we pay it over-much regard we shall miss much pleasurable excursioning Where circumstances might possibly convert us into household drudges, were we not, after marriage, to follow our wage-earning bent, we are right and wise to continue a profession, but don't let us specialise too rigidly, for that way lie dulness and nerviness, and the lack of variety that makes for indifference.

After which small homily I will proceed to propound the manner in which best to bring to a successful fruition your plans for the spring repainting. First of all, you must make up your mind to an initial expenditure of several shillings on suitable brushes of good quality. This is just where the average woman is wont to effect an undesirable economy. She buys a cheap brush and it moults its hairs and spoils her paint. Of course, no brush, however much you may pay for it, is at its best till it has been used a few times, but the cheap brush is a trial all the days of its life.

Then, secondly, you must face the fact that it is impossible to get satisfactory results unless you go to the trouble of washing the old paint clean before you apply the new. Woman, as a sex, likes quick results; she is so enthusiastic when she undertakes a

thing, especially if it does not happen to be just exactly in her usual line, that she is inclined to shirk the preparatory stages. But if she neglects to do the preliminary washing-down, she will find not only that she gets streaky results, but that the new paint will refuse to harden satisfactorily, for there will be grease and dirt to prevent the lower film from drying. In preparing the water

film from drying. In preparing the water for the wash, no soda must be used, but just a nice lather made from a good soappowder. If there be mouldings or beadings, these should be scrubbed with a small brush to extricate any dust that may have settled in the grooves, and if former coats of paints have clogged and thickened in the curves, you may need to use a bit of pumice, moistened in hot water, to remove the old paint. After this you will wash down again with

plain water and let the woodwork dry

before you begin painting.

The actual painting stage now reached, you will be wise to lay newspaper carefully on the ground in the neighbourhood of the operations so that any drops of paint which may fall may be caught on this rather than on linoleum or polished floor. Also you will have at hand a bottle of turpentine so that should you in your zeal scatter your paint abroad from time to time, this error of judgment may be corrected before any real damage is done.

Now painting, to look professional, must be done leisurely. You must not, in the Stevensonian phrase, apply your paint with the "ungrudging hand of love," but must put it on as thinly as possible, so that each coat dries properly before the next is given. And don't think to hurry the business by the use of a drying medium, for this is bound, if added in any quantity, to encourage the paint to crack and vein very rapidly, and then you will have all your work to carry out a second time. Two coats should be quite sufficient if you are repainting old colouring to the same tint or a darker one. If you are putting light paint on a darker, you may need three. After the first coat has been given, you must stop up cracks with a mixture of equal quantities of putty and white lead paste, which you will tint to go with the paint. You'll need for this an old knife, which you must keep for such work in the future, since the preparation, being of a poisonous character, will not go well with food. As soon as the stopping is dry and hard the second coat can come along.

If it is a window you are painting, you will find that by sticking strips of paper round the edges of the panes, you will not have so much difficulty in per-

By Mrs. GORDON-STABLES

suading the paint not to run on to the glass. Don't be in a hurry to remove the strips, a little warm water will soon take them away when the paint has dried. Of course, you will need a much smaller brush for window-painting than for the doors.

When you have squeezed the paint out of your brushes, soaked them well in turpentine, and dried them on a clean rag, be sure you hang them up until they are wanted for the next job, for if you let them rest on their hairs, you will find they have greatly deteriorated when next you come to use them. Take care that when you buy your paint you are not given old stock that has a hard deposit separated from the fluid, for you will never get good results in such a case. Cheap paints, too, are not worth buying; you must pay a fair price to ensure satisfaction.

If your Fittings have Lost their Lacquer,

As you will, of course, have removed the door-plates from the door when repainting was afoot, now is the time to relacquer these should they have become shabby in long service. Nothing gives a house a more out-at-elbow look than finger-plates that have shed their lacquer, and it is well worth the expenditure of a little time and trouble to remedy this state of affairs. Firstly, you will scrub the fitting with strong sodawater, applying a little spirit of salts to any patches of corrosion that are not removed by the ablutions. Dry the metal well and place it in a warm oven so as to remove all traces of damp. Then polish the plate with a chamois leather, but without polishing paste, and slightly warm it before treating it with the lacquering solution. This is compounded in the following proportions (I give you the recipe for a fair quantity since, when relacquering one thing, it is advisable to carry out the operation at the same time for whatever other items may seem to stand in need of it) ---

One pint of methylated spirit, a quarter of an ounce of anatto, a quarter of an ounce of saffron, and an ounce of turmeric are stirred together till the solution is fairly clear. It is then strained through a muslin, and three ounces of seed lac in powdered form are stirred into the liquid, which is placed over a low flame till the solid particles have dissolved. It is then thinly brushed on to the metal fittings, which must be allowed to dry thoroughly before they are touched.

When once one has practically tested the ease with which articles may be relacquered at home, one is not likely again to suffer the annoyance of harbouring plates and handles that have lost their first lacquer and grown black and ugly in consequence.

An Inexpensive Mirror.

If you have ever visited Florence you will have brought away an affectionate memory of the lovely frames of fruit and flowers in coloured pottery made by the Brothers Della Robbia for their plaques. Small reproductions of these frames are now to be had for the modest sum of 8s. 6d., circular in shape, and very charming in their bright fresh tones. It would cost but a few shillings more to have fitted the little circle of looking-glass that would convert one of these into a most ornamental mirror.

The Under-Linoleum.

Instead of putting an underfelt beneath your carpet, try, instead, a square of cheap linoleum. It will feel soft to the tread, will not need to visit the carpet-beater periodically, and will last indefinitely. And when the carpet itself goes to be cleaned you will have in the meantime a floor covering you can live with comfortably.

On Respecting

Most of us have our own pet method of testing in rough-and-ready fashion the character of our acquaintances. Some do it by observation of their gloves, their shoes, their ornaments, or some other purely extraneous detail which is supposed to be indicative of inward grace or its absence. Personally, I am inclined to believe that a careful study of the manner in which an individual cares for or neglects her books is likely to give a pretty reliable clue to the type of mind of which she happens to be possessed.

Apart from the obvious illumination afforded by such pernicious habits as those of turning over pages by the inner and lower corners rather than by the upper and outward, and of pressing open the back in such a way as to snap the stitching, or separate cover from contents, there is the character delineation that is to be derived from the observation of carelessness in the books' housing. No one who is really a lover of literature, as compared with a dilettante in bindings, could follow the fashion, now considerably in vogue, of placing bookshelves immediately above the mantel piece. With the overmantel relegated to bygone fetishes, the designer, hard put to it to devise a substitute, is now using the space for the housing of books, making the decoration of the shelves a feature of his scheme Books so lodged, however, soon show the effect of the constant heat, the leather perishing, and the leaves themselves becoming yellow and brittle.

Books may be placed on shelves at the side of the fireplace where no heat from

the chimney-breast can reach them, but never in proximity to the chimney. The book-lover will always care for her library to be within easy reach of her hand as she sits by her fireside, but she will be as much on her guard against excessive heat as against that other enemy to books-damp. While she will never place her bookcases in a position where they will receive the direct rays of the sun, so she will be careful not to stand them close up to an outer wall. Even should the wall not be actually defective, the back of the case will in wet weather be liable to develop a coating of mould which will result in a dulling and whitening of bindings of which it will be impossible to get rid. Unless an anthracite stove is kept burning constantly in the room during damp weather, it is inadvisable to place bookshelves on any but party walls.

Your true bibliophile, too, clearly as she may realise the value of the glassfronted bookcase, will not take readily to this unfriendly way of disposing of her treasures. For her the monthly task of dusting the volumes will not seem overmuch labour to give in exchange for the privilege of always having her friends standing by, ready to be called into service at any moment. Nor will she be over-zealous in her clapping of boards against leaves when she takes them forth to tree them from the dust. for she knows that even the best bound are apt to resent such violent usage sooner or later by a telltale split just inside the cover. She will just flick with her duster along the top edges or use a pair of small bellows to free them from the offending particles. If she can perform this work in the garden or on a balcony so much the better. It is surprising how much dirt a book can accumulate in a month's time.

Gas-fires are not kind to books if these are in too close proximity, and a powdering of suède or leather covers and a loss of colour in linen ones, will give warning of trouble in this connection. For those whose room is lighted by a gas-stove, it is a wise rule that the bookcase should be lodged at as great a distance as possible. Gas-stoves do not usually radiate heat at a big distance, though in the immediate proximity this can be exceedingly fierce.

The woman who is also a book-lover will want to see her favourites disposed in fitting manner so that they create a picturesque and decorative effect. Most successfully do books seem to fit into a furnishing scheme when some architectural recess can be turned into a home for them. It matters not how high the shelves may come (provided, of course, that they remain easily accessible), for the niche-like character of the arrangement will obviate heaviness of effect. Bookshelves above a bureau have

an intimate friendly look, but the revolving bookcase is a cumbersome bit of furniture that has of late deservedly gone out of favour. You will be able to deduce quite a lot from the sort of shelves on which the books are housed. I have met with home-made specimens that told an eloquent tale of real intellectual devotion.

The Decorative Door-plate.

Having decided that the metal doorplate that needs to be polished must go the way of all labour-making impedimenta in these severely practical days, some of us have found the doorplate of wood that has been substituted rather uninteresting and uninspiring. Quite by chance I have lighted on a way of rendering this feature of the room astonishingly decorative, while, at the same time, no extra work is involved in its connection. Having recently done away with some most unworthy fingerplates of rococo brass which long ago had lost their lacquer through the ministrations of an over-zealous housemaid, I decided on the purchase of plates of plain glass Though satisfied by the simplicity of keeping these in good condition, I yet found it difficult to reconcile myself to their utter want of individuality. "Here is an opportunity for decorative effect," I said to myself, 'and I have done nothing with it." This was not to be borne. So one day I cut to shape some lengths of coloured paper and of silk, and with these I experimented. The silk was difficult to manipulate at the back of the door-plate, for it frayed and stretched and generally behaved in disobliging fashion. One piece of particularly firm satin I did manage to coax into obedience, and excellent was its effect. But on the whole I had far better results with the paper backings. Encouraged by the effect of a piece of gilt paper behind one of my glass plates, I eventually scarched out a shop that specialises in fancy papers for lining boxes and shop "sundries." Here I acquired some sheets of tin-foil paper in beautiful blues and greens, as well as some pieces that simulate the grain of fine grey and green woods. With these I have secured the loveliest effects. The blue tin-foil has all the nidescence of the butterfly-wing jewellery that is being worn just now, while the green looks like some lastrous enamel.

So much for the sitting-room doors. For the bed-rooms I have adopted less luxurious effects. One has a piece of its own wall-paper at the back of its deorplates, while another has a scrap of its curtain cretonne. But in each case the matching of this accessory to the character of the room has given it an importance and beauty that is seldom to be found in this connection. For me, in future, no finger-plates but those of glass.



Drawn by J. Pike.

It Made All

She felt so different, as a rule! She loved her neighbours and bore with her enemies and was kindly-souled every way! But this morning, as she trudged up the street, everything seemed wrong. The children at the corner were skipping. They often skipped there, and though it wasn't allowed. really, no one took much notice. to-day, instead of stepping nimbly into the road and hoping little Prue and Dolly would turn the rope evenly so that Esmeralda could reach a hundred (she was calling out a breathless ninety-two as

Mrs Wearem drew near), she, Mrs Wearem, paused with a look of make-way-for-me on her face and said: "The pavement isn't intended for a playground, children," upsetting the skipping trio at the crucial approach to ninety-four.

Naturally, she didn't gain in popularity at this stage of her journey!

Then there was Mrs. Downenout across the road. Mrs Wearem knew Mrs. Downenout was out for the first time after 'flu She knew she had lost money in a business smash. She knew that the lady's mackintosh was trailing a loose sleeve in the mud as it was carried carelessly on the weary one's arm.

What did Mrs. Wearem do? Usually, she would have rushed across, inquired for the poor convalescent with real interest; would have given the subtle impression that "money wasn't everything; there were heaps of

good times coming"; and have snatched the bedraggled sleeve from slush into safety, wiping it, if necessary, on her own clean handkerchief the while!

That was what Mrs. Wearem would have done usually. To-day, she didn't! She stopped and looked at rows of paint-pots in the nearest shop-window till Mrs. Downenout had passed by-knowing that Mrs. Downenout knew that she knew all about the 'flu and the money-loss, and would wonder why Mrs. Wearem acted in such a callous way. And that was that.

the Difference.

a settled drizzle for the rest of the day! The glass was falling" (she hadn't looked at it), "and, unless she was far out of her reckoning, there would be a week of unsettled weather ahead. And Mr. Sprout didn't try to press early peas on her after that, he felt it would be wasted energy. Mr. Sponge, the baker, was covered with flour and hopefulness. He had made a telling speech at the local "Find-the-Sunshine" Club the previous evening, and he quoted extracts with the price of buns. His conversation ran on these lines: "Yes, madam, the doughnuts and 'seeds' are a penny (what a change from four years ago, when they were almost priceless!), and the

currants' and 'gingers' are four for threepence-half-

penny. The jam rolls are like life, madam, full of sweet-

ness, if taken in the right spirit, and the home-made

marmalade is ninepence a pound, if you return the pot!"

When she reached her shopping-centre it was the same.

Mr. Sprout said cheerily it was going to clear. In fact,

he felt there was a spell of fine weather coming! She

couldn't agree with him at all; she" hoped she wasn't a

pessimist, but, from experience, she was certain that a

few rays of sunshine at this hour of the morning meant

There wasn't much sense in some of Mr. Sponge's remarks, but people didn't notice that, and said he had a beautiful mind. Mrs. Wearem agreed about the beautiful mind, as a rule. But to-day she cut Mr. Sponge short. She bought a stale loaf, and said everything was stale to her mind, and didn't he think the world

Mother's "Nap"

Hush! Let her sleep! 'Twill smooth her lines away, Those lines new-graven with each workaday.

The clothee-line broke! And full of smudge and stain washing" needed rinsing well again! The chimney smoked; the sweep was out of town; The wind was high, and blew a soot-cloud down. The joint, an hour too late, the butcher sent; A hurried buying of cooked meat this meant!

and only women know just how they fret, Those little sordid cares house-mothers get!

So let her sleep till, wrinkles smoothed away. She wakes to laugh at rute of workeday!

The Silent Sermon

You never "talked religion," friend; You never spoke of any creed; You never queried of life's end, There seemed no need.

You never chided me for aught, Nor proudly claimed a higher place In "principles"; and yet you taught Of heavenly grace.

You passed along life's workeday With God set first-your neighb And all things selfish put away, You lived your "text."

was full of sorrow and mourning? What with the cases of sickness at one's very door, and the accidents one read of in the papers, and the tragic tales one came across in the magazines—no doubt founded on fact, many of themshe felt she wanted to creep away and hide herself. How that would mend matters she didn't explain. And as Mrs. Wearem was an assiduous supporter of the "Find-the-Sunshine "Club, and contributed half-a-crown a month to the upkeep of its monthly leaflets (edited

by Mr. Sponge and radiating sunrays!), Mr. Sponge wondered at her, and rolled up her loaf in puzzled awe.

Then Mrs. Wearem went home and took them off! "Miriam," she called, and the kindly maid looked at her worn face and exhausted frame with real un-"Miriam, take derstanding. these shoes back to Mr. Slipper, and ask him to stretch them, if possible! New shoes make me feel a perfect wreck !'' And Miriam went.

His Will

say, "God's will be done," When roads are bare And rough with fretting care.

But, at the break of sun, "Thank Thee, Lord; Thy will be done"?

We lift a cross,
"This is God's will," repeat, Trudging some dreary street With bleeding feet.

But on the summit of some sunshine-hill, Where all is fair and still, We fail to kneel, that happy summit won, Thanking His love that this, His will, be done. what I mean 1), what scrap of leisure have I to write letters in ?

Perhaps it would be safer to send a post-card and say she shall hear from me next week. If dear Laurine knew what a chaos it would mean if I wrote to-morrow, she'd understand I couldn't cope with it!

Courage in Peace-Time!

Don't think courage went out of fashion with the war. I'll tell you a bit about courage, especially woman's courage.

It needs courage to make

two pounds a week do three pounds' work!

It needs courage to think out tasty economical dinners when you're dead tired-and people don't appreciate the effort you've made!

It needs courage to wear an old hat to the " At Home " where folks are gay in new spring clothes!

It needs courage to do the washing when you need laundry-money for the children's boots-and your hands are covered with chilblains!

It needs courage to have plain little tea-parties with

ordinary shop fare when all your friends are inviting you to "Afternoons" where expensive and muchbutter-and-manyegged cakes have been fashioned by the hostess!

It needs courage to be firm and refuse invitations when you can't afford the frocks, shoes, and taxi-cabs entailed by their acceptance!

It needs courage to sit up night after night with your own sick and keep anxiety out of sight!

It needs courage to see the bright side to every humdrum cloud!

And often the courageous folks say they are cowards! Brave homely heroines!



Drawn by J. Pike.

To-morrow !

Yes, I owe her a letter, and I fully intended writing last week for her birthday. Anyway, I shall do it to-morrow, and then she'll get it on her wedding-day. I always send her a box of primroses on her weddingday, but I can't go picking primroses if I'm writing letters, can I? So I shall tell her I'm sending primroses later on, and I'll send violets to-morrow. That is, of course, if I can get to the market—but I don't see how I can be expected to go to the market to buy violets if I'm writing letters, do you? She asked me, months ago, for a blouse-pattern. I might send that tomorrow, only I don't know where it is! And how can I possibly look for blouse-patterns and buy violets in the market and write letters all at once? It's impracticable! And then there's the posting. blouse-pattern might be over-weight, and by the time I had been to the market and bought violets and written letters and packed blouse-patterns, what time could I possibly make for going to the post-office to weigh parcels? Besides—the violets! We mustn't forget they have to be packed too. That means a box. And boxes aren't scattered all over the house. A shoe-box is too big—and I haven't one if it wasn't. The shop at the corner would give me just the very thing, but how is it possible to squeeze out a quarter of an hour to seek for boxes when my time is fully engaged with finding and packing blouse - patterns, having them weighed, going to the market to buy flowers, and writing letters? Of course, there is one box just suitable for sending away violets in, but that has a lot of loose beads in it, and if I take the beads out of it, where can I put them? As you know, dear, I loathe untidiness! I couldn't have beads lying all over the place, could I? And by the time I've found a suitable place to keep the beads-and have probably dropped some of them and had to root round to find them-and have packed the violets, packed the blousepattern, been to the market, and found the pattern of the blouse (I seem to have mixed it all up, but you know

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"The Second-Rate at Second-Hand"

Low Standards and Purchased Opinions By A WOMAN OF THE WORLD

WE cannot all make original discoveries. To most of us it seems, indeed, that the elementary principles, whether as regards physics or the development of the mind, have now no possible by-paths by which we could add to the welfare of mankind. Probably the author of the Book of Ecclesiastes believed that finality of knowledge had been reached in his generation, when he said: "There is no new thing under the sun." But just as there was then, a good deal still to be learned, so we can feel that much more is yet to be unfolded.

Unconsciously, perhaps, a majority have come to feel that they are not called upon to think out problems as they may arise. They represent something of the mentality of that Eastern potentate, who failed to understand why Europeans should ever want to dance when they might pay others to do it. It means something of an effort to form an opinion. Why, therefore, trouble to do it? For the expenditure of a penny or twopence you can buy what others express, on politics or poetry, on art or the amenities. Moreover, the purchase can be nicely adapted to the individual predilection. Those who like always to be "agin' the Government" can suit themselves; while those who dread being regarded as old-fashioned if they express a liking for pleasing portraits or fair landscape, can find the monitors who tell them exactly why the cubists and the vorticists alone are right in their methods.

Were the questions and problems of the highest importance always, on which opinion manufactured to order is sought, there might be something to be said in favour of seeking assistance. But the things that matter -the great issues of international understanding, and problems of religious and social progress, for examples, very rarely enter at all into the interests of those unable to make up their own minds unaided. It is the minor happenings and the trivialities, the inferior affairs, in fact, that appeal to them, and as they cannot have acquaintance with all the pushful folk, or take part in their banalities and movements, they content themselves by hearing about them from others.

The Apotheosis of Gossip.

This is a point to be noticed, especially in regard to books. A great biography appears—a worthy record of the life of a man who did good in his generation, written by some one who had access to all the sources of direct information as to the subject, as in the case, for example, of Lady Gwendolen Cecil's study of the career of her father, the Marquis of Salisbury.

Yet, outside political and cultured circles of people, who will give themselves the trouble to read such a book? They may skim over a cursory review of it, giving emphasis to some detail more or less trivial, which they will try to remember when they want to pose as well-up in the literature of the day.

But what they will seize upon with far more avidity than anything else, will be personal chatter about the author. In this case it happens to be a woman. How does she dress; what colour does she generally wear; does she live in London or the country? Were it a man, there would be the equally irrelevant wonder whether he plays golf or attends boxing matches; whether he smokes a pipe or prefers cigarettes?

It is on this love of mere second-hand information that the second-rate determination to come to the front finds a most excellent lever to hand. For instance, the lidy who has done something quite useless in traversing Europe from Brindisi to the North Cape in a few hours less than anyone else has achieved the feat; or the dancer who can balance herself on the tips of her toes for a few seconds longer than anyone else; or the man who has daubed some paint on to a canvas and then challenges anyone to guess what he has depicted—such as these now call in the resourceful Press agent, who scatters paragraphs broadcast about these self-constituted celebrities.

Forthwith, we are told that the heroine of the flying journey is more interested in lovely dress than anything, and even as she tore along she changed her hats repeatedly. The ballerina is never so happy as when she is cooking, and no one can make such omelettes as hers. The puzzle-artist finds his recreation in acting as a railway porter. All these things are duly printed in some quarters, and, after much repetition of the same sort of thing, many people begin to think what clever and important persons they must be when their doings are so constantly recorded. In such way they loom into a brief notoriety, and mere gossip has won a triumph, even if a short-lived one, for them.

Dress Through Intermediaries.

The big shop shows something of a novelty in its windows. It is not Paris at the outset, but something that falls decidedly short of that, and therefore cannot claim a first-rank origin. The small dressmaker sees it, the amateur sees it, and each omits or adds some detail. The wearer, unless she possesses that instinct for what is right, accepts it and feels she is following quite the latest style, until some unhappy day when she meets what was the original artistry from a great designer, of which her own is but a faint and far-off reflection

It is in this way that a mode can be hopelessly vulgarised. When exaggeration begins, the second-rate knows no limits, either of suitability or good taste. The little cluster of feathers in exactly the correct place, on the fight side of a hat of well-balanced proportions, won success and recognition as a pleasant variation on the conventional left hand. But when the hat expanded to the dimensions of a lamp shade, with a bunch of spiky quills mixed with drooping coque-plumes, which brushed the cheek of the next occupant of the railway or omnibus seat, one could only regret that the first designers could not protect the idea by a stringent application of the Copyright Act.

In ornaments and jewellery is to be met what may be defined as "the nine carat standard." Now, with the semi-precious stones—as the topaz pink or yellow, the peridot, the amethyst, the aqua marine, and many more like them—it is possible to have most charming and tasteful pendants, brooches, and clasps that are real and good of their kind at moderate cost. But a more perverted taste wants diamonds or pearls, and when it cannot afford these of flawless quality, it prefers the

"The Second-Rate at Second-Hand"

inferior thing, poor of colour, defective as to shape, rather than be without diamonds or pearls. They are, in fact, the inferior examples, bearing about the same relation to the understood qualities of their kind as does the heavily alloyed metal to the eighteen carats of good gold.

in Social

Among us there are still those who maintain the old and the high ideals of manners and conduct, of reticence and refinement. But by a very large number of people especially the young -it is supposed to be dowdy and antiquated to take them as models. They are to be regarded merely as survivals of a time when people had really not learned how to enjoy themselves.

As a consequence, we get the noisiness and vulgarity of the dancing hall as giving the lead in the behaviour of the day. The individual who wants to be conspicuous there must do so by a bolder defiance of the conventions than the rest, whether in clothes or in fox-trotting. The rest look on till they can follow, having thereby accepted as a model what it would be flattery indeed to estimate as even second-rate.

If they kept their romping and their self-assertion within the walls of their particular hall or night-club, it would not very much matter. Unfortunately, they bring it out into the open, and perhaps there is nothing quite as infectious as really bad manners. repeated at second-hand, and very much further down

than that, until the general level is badly affected. Undiscerning imitation is responsible for more of our aberrations in taste and conduct than is perhaps always recognised.

We have high authority for training our minds to dwell upon the best, without the clouding of the intervention of others. "Whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report, if there be any virtue, if there be any praise, think on these things," is a call to exercise our own faculties of reason and intelligence in the directions that will lead to the best development of our minds.

Cheapness—which makes many content with the second-hand—has entered into things further than the habits of buying. It is reflected in the facile judgment on matters regarding which there is only partial knowledge, and it is shown in the hasty and superficial generalisings with which awkward subjects are dismissed. In the inability to recognise what is worth having, it has also its influence on the minds of multitudes. A reaction will, it may be hoped, come into the mental attitude. But it will not do so while people are content to accept what is turned out mechanically upon a wholesale scale. What is expressed in the sentence, "The second-rate at second-hand," is a sardonic commentary on the mean standard at the outset, that has encountered the deterioration of rough handling in its descent.

Embroidery with Seeds

THIS is easy and very effective, and it is certainly very cheap. The two kinds of seeds most suitable are melon seeds and hollyhock seeds, and they look best on dark-colouted velvet or face-cloth. The melon seeds should be washed and well dried; the hollyhock seeds should be gathered in dry weather when fully ripe.

Trace the design, stems and



HG. 1.—THE MEION SPEDS FORM THE LEAVES, AND THE HOLLYHOCK SEEDS THE PETALS.

FIG. 2.—THE HOLLYHOCK SEFDS FORM THE LIAVES, AND THE MELON SEEDS

position of flowers only, with a white pencil, and stitch the seeds in place, the melon seeds with a double stitch, the hollyhock with a single stitch through the seed, the return

thread fitting into the little notch at the end of the seed. The stems and centres of flowers can then be worked in silk or Star Sylko, light brown being the best colour to harmonise with the seeds.

As will be seen in Fig. 2, the melon seeds may form the petals of the flowers and the hollyhock seeds the leaves, or the method may be reversed, as in Fig. 1.

This embroidery is very effective for small table-covers, mantelpiece-covers, and pianc-slips, and, as shown in the illustration (p. 491), makes a very pretty decoration for a bag.

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THE Editor has asked me to have a chat each month with our musical readers, and especially with those girls who are anxious to improve in their pianoforte playing and yet are out of reach of good teachers.

It is difficult for me to imagine, living as I do so near London and all its activities, that many of you are "miles away from anywhere," and, if you want music, must make it for yourselves. Or perhaps you are not such miles away, but sometimes get "stuck" (what will the Editor say to my English?) for want of something new to study; or, worst of all, are in a slough of despond about your technique. What is the matter?

Do you stiffen everywhere, in playing a quick passage? That is one of our bugbears, isn't it? Now let us get at the beginning of things. Do you realise that stiffness is becoming a thing of the past, because we know now that after sending the piano-key down quickly (and only so far as to produce the sound, which is really very near the top) we need only rest very lightly on the keysurface—just enough to prevent its coming up and the sound ceasing—so, of course, every joint from shoulder to finger-tip can be loose! What is there to prevent it? The very moment the sound is produced all effort is over—that of our own muscles and of the hammer, for it has only to be delicately jerked to hit the string and make it vibrate, and then falls back to its resting-place.

Nothing more happens even if we do go on pressing the key down, and it is this pressure, or key-bed squeezing, which is the cause of much stiffness and ha f our troubles. It is such a help to remember that as the key goes down the hammer jumps to the string. I believe at the same pace, just as if it were the other end of a see-saw. So just remember to relax all effort immediately you have produced a sound, and you will feel delicately poised and ready to make the next sound with sensitive muscles instead of strained ones.

This must all happen for each note, of course; but although it sounds complicated, it is so natural to our muscles and the action of the hammer that it becomes quite subconscious.

Play up the scale from C to G, thinking after each note, "Now, am I lightly poised on the key, and are all my joints flexible?" Move them up and down and anywhere to see—shoulder, elbow, wrist.

Another most valuable help is to *rotate* or roll the hand and arm slightly towards each note, which brings the weight of the hand or arm to bear on the keys, and the fingers don't feel they have quite all the responsibility. In the old days they used to have too much, and stiffness of arm really made the loud tone.

Do not be flabby, though, about the fingers; they must be quite individual, and in firm but delicate con-

tact with the key-surface. Rotate in this way, say, from C to G, a gap of five notes, just as if you were going to turn your hand palm upwards, and then back again (G to C). This becomes modified later on, but if it is scarcely visible, it is always "there."

If you wish to know more about all this, get The Child's First Steps in Piano-playing, by Tobias Matthay, published by Joseph Williams, Great Portland Street, for 3s. It is written largely for teachers, but can be a great help to most of us. Also Vol. II. of the Pianist's First Music-Making, by Matthay and Swinstead (price 2s. 6d., from the Anglo-French Music Co., Baker Street, W.), gives some good simple rotary exercises.

I expect you have Beethoven's Sonatas? The Scherzo from Op 2, No. 2 in A would be a charming little solo, and you could practise your rotation on it. The shorter movements of Beethoven make less demand on one's technique, very often. Do you know the Andante from Op. 14, No. 2?—a favourite of mine; and the beautiful Adagio Cantabile from the "Pathétique," Op. 13? This latter is not easy, of course. Keep the semiquaver accompaniment quiet and subdued, and play the melody gently, singing along its course, with a few more degrees of tone, but not too prominently, like a tenor in some country church choir! He is so valuable in his degree, but one does not want too much of him! And a melody that hits you is terrible, isn't it?

Do you ever think of a beautiful melody as a series of graceful curves, which would probably make a beautiful line on paper? It really is like this, you know, and not a series of single dots or notes. One note in music is no good without the one that follows it and the one that comes before. They combine to make phrases, just as words do to make a sentence. One thing I so often have to say to a pupil (and they are never too young to be taught about phrasing) is this: "Where did that phrase end (or begin)? You have forgotten the fullstop!" A phrase is so often four bars in length that it is not difficult to recognise when once you begin to look for it, and music is made up of phrases. Try to show in your playing that you are conscious of this, and know better than to run one phrase into another, and your music will be twice as intelligible as it would be otherwise.

Perhaps I am telling you things you know already, but they may be news to some of you, and one can hardly ponder these bedrock facts too often. One of the delights of music to me is that one never gets to the end of it. There are always hundreds of new things to study, and the exhilarating feeling that even if I have got that difficult passage more into shape to-day, I shall do ever so much more to it to-morrow.

Mr. VINE'S SKETCHING CLUB

Mr. C. J. Vine, so well known to our readers, and the author of "Tramping with a Colour Box," is starting a Rambling Sketching Club, for amateurs in or near London. For particulars, write immediately to Mr. C. J. Vine, c/o the Editor of this magazine, 4, Bouverie Street, London, E.C. 4.

A Grape Design for a Sideboard Cloth

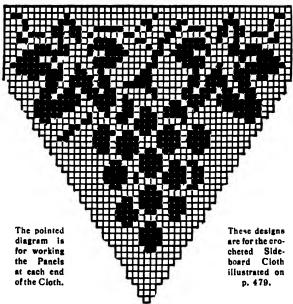
THE grape design points are made first and attached to the ends of linen strips of exactly the same width which have been finished all round with d c. Then the insertion bands are made and attached to the sides.

For these designs use Peri-Lusta Crochet Cotton No. 40.

The Pointed Panel.

Start to work at the top. Chain (ch) 153 fcr 49 spaces (sp). Follow block pattern for 12 rows. To drop a sp at beginning of next row sl st in each of 2 ch and in tr ch 5, tr in next tr. To drop a sp at end of row, work across to within one sp. Drop sp where indicated until point is reached. After last sp, * ch 3, d c in 3rd stitch (first angle), ch 5, skip I row, d c in next angle. Repeat from * 12 times. Break off thread, tasten in 3rd ch of last sp at point, and repeat from * as before. Work four pieces the same way.





Work the three bands in the width. Start at letter A and continue following design. From B to C repeat 8 times or for desired length. Make I row of sp after last motif. Sew bands to cloth as illustrated. Twelve sp on each end will extend beyond the linen, and are joined to the straight edges of the filet pieces.

The Edge.

Work d c into sp of straight edges with picot on top of every 6th tr. Cover ch at slanting edges with d c, and work (d c, 3 p, d c) into every other d c of preceding row. Into sp at point make 3 d c, 3 p, 3 d c.

The insertion on this runner is such a simple and easily. worked design that it will also be found useful for letting into towel ends, curtains, and other household furnishings, where a narrow insertion is desirable.

A Crochet Diamond

THIS inlet is an effective substitute for Hardanger embroidery, and takes a much shorter time to work.

A row of these diamonds, joined at the centre points, can be used as an insertion. A corner can be made by arranging a diamond as a square and fastening the side diamonds at two consecutive corners instead of corners on each side.

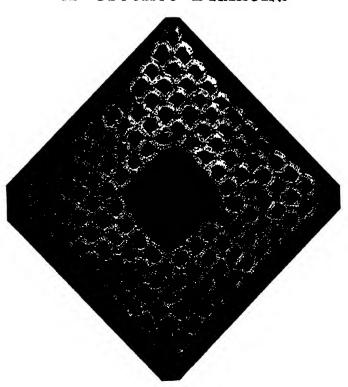
Abbreviations Used.

Ch = chain ; dc = doublecrochet; al st = slip stitch; h tr = half treble (i.e., cotton over needle as for tr, cotton over needle again, pull loop through all loops together).

Use Ardern's Crochet Cotton No. 28.

1st Row.-16 ch, sl st into and st from needle, 6 h tr over ch, * II ch, sl st into and at from needle, 6 h tr over ch *, repeat from * to * twice.

2nd Row. -In usual way, * 2 ch, 6 h tr over sp *, repeat from * to * 3 times.



al st into 2 ch sp, 6 h tr over ch, * 9 ch, sl st fasten off.

into next 2 ch sp, 6 h tr over ch *, repeat from * to *

Repeat 2nd and 3rd rows 5 times, then work 7 h tr into each sp.

The Corner.

Work the 2nd row into the 4 sp at the left-hand side.

Repeat 3rd and 2nd rows 7 times, work 3rd row again, then 7 tr in each sp; there should now be 12 squares across the edge from last corner. Repeat from beginning of corner twice.

Work the 2nd row into the side sp as usual for the 3rd corner, then 3rd and and rows twice.

Join to the beginning of the diamond while working the last 2nd row, i.e., * I ch, sl st into end of 1st bar, 6 h tr over next sp *, repeat from * to * 3 times, sl st into end of ch the 3rd time.

Work 7 h tr into each sp

3rd Row.—From left to right: 14 ch, of the inside of the diamond, sl st to 1st h tr,

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THERE was a long, long silence. Guy got hold of one of Mary Meadows' plump little hands and held it tightly, but he did not look at her; at last he pressed his face downward upon her arm and shook his head. She bent over him and kissed the short light hair, and then smoothed it with her free hand.

"Won't you, won't you marry me?" she asked rather breathlessly.

Guy was speaking with his face buried still, and his voice came muffled.

"I can't, Mousie! I can't! I've made a hash of everything. There's no going back."

"I know about the money, but we'll weather that. I have plenty, you know. What does it matter which of us has it?"

"It's not altogether that; though, if I hadn't played the goat, it might not have been so difficult, so impossible as it is. I am an outcast, a pariah. Mousie, if you knew what I've done you would go away from me and never come near me again."

" Tell me and see."

" I can't,"

"Then I don't believe in this terrible thing."

He raised his face and his breath came thick and short.

"I forged!" he gasped; "I forged: I added more on to a cheque of Violet's for my own use; I forged her initials, and the bank passed it without question. And this when she has been more generous to me than any sister has ever been to a brother. I deserve to be flayed and set up in the market-place. The world of decent men and women has no place for such as me. Directly I'm strong enough I'm going to send in my papers and go out to Australia and begin to earn an honest living."

"I'll go too."

"You are not cursing me!" he asked wonderingly. "Why, even Violet, brick that she is, was so taken aback when she

The Lost MS.

By LADY SCOTT

Chapters XVIII. (continued) to XX.

heard what I had done that she could not speak to me."

"I don't think we'll argue about it,"-said Mary. "I'm no good at arguing. Anyway, instead of going to Australia just at once, I think we'll try Switzerland first, if you don't mind."

Chapter XIX. "A Best-Seller."

"A BOOM? A real boom? A best-seller? It's incredible, Hawke."

It was Mr. Watson who spoke, and his partner thought he had never seen him with that expression before. Mr. Watson's grave face was curved into lines that made him look almost fatuous, like a great baby. His expression of mingled incredulity, delight, and wonder was so droll that it made Hawke smile.

"Smith has just sent in a 'double repeat' order," Hawke answered. "They had three hundred to start with. Smaller repeat orders are raining in through the telephone. Seems as if we couldn't get the copies of *The Comedy called Life* out quick enough."

As he spoke there was a hasty tap at the door of their private room, and Bretherton entered; Bretherton, with his hair disordered, his face agleam. He was holding a telegram in his hand.

"Sorby, of Manchester, has got through a trunk call, to order five hundred," he said excitedly. "We can't do it, we're out already."

It was pathetic to see how unprepared they were, this sober firm which had walked evenly all its days and had not a notion how to deal with a boom when they got it! It was like normal parents overpowered by a bouncing giant child that would not be satisfied!

"I ordered a first edition of three thousand," said Hawke rather wistfully," and half of those were bound. When the movement made itself felt yester-

day, I had the binders telephoned to, to go ahead with the rest, but they won't be in for a day or so." He opened the telegram Bretherton tendered, and slumped into his chair. "Here's Menzies, of Edinburgh, shouting for five hundred," he cried.

Watson began to laugh.

"It's only a ripple of what will come," he said; "but it's rather overwhelming. We're not like that fellow Perkins, who says as a usual thing that he publishes twenty thousand of any ordinary novel, and two hundred thousand of those he thinks well of. Get the printers to work as fast as you can, Bretherton, and we must hold the booksellers up meantime. When the bound copies come in, distribute evenly, not filling any whole order at once."

The whole office was buzzing with the wonderful news. Here at long last, in this quiet backwater, the tide was swelling, and it promised to be a tidal wave! Orders poured in, booksellers screamed for fulfilment of their orders, telegraph boys kept the doors a-swing. It was amuzing!

"Whatever makes a book sell like that? How do they hear of it? Who tells them?" Elsie Walker asked, after having been occupied the greater part of the day in typing out letters promising a fulfilment of orders as soon as possible.

Evie was thoroughly enjoying herself. She alone was the mainspring of the turmoil, and no one knew it! But for her the firm would never have had the chance of handling this great book. It

The Lost MS.

was to her they owed it! She gloried in it, and had not the least desire in the world to give her secret away; that would take the bloom off it. What amused her most was to see letters directed to the author, care of the publishers, lying on the side table to be re-directed to that little shop at the corner. One day at lunch-time Mr. Hawke came down, and finding that nearly all the typists except Evie had gone out for lunch, he asked her to take down a letter for him. It was to the unknown author Ernest Givern, and ran:—

"DEAR SIR,—We are sure you must have gathered from the daily press the welcome the public has given to your work. We are happy to be able to tell you that the sale is going very well indeed, a second edition being already called for within a week of publication. In these circumstances we think it only fair to you to forward a cheque in advance on account of royalties, though that was not in the agreement. We have pleasure, therefore, in enclosing a cheque for —" ("Ah, hum, just leave the amount blank, Miss Glennan.")

"We need hardly say we shall be glad to see any further work of yours that may be in hand, and suggest that no time should be lost in following up the first success. We shall be able to offer you even more liberal terms in the case of the second book than for the first."

This was delightful! And when Evic opened the letter that evening in her own room, she found the cheque and the figure filled in for £300; even in their anxiety to secure the author's next work, the firm knew how to restrain their too impulsive generosity of spirit!

All this correspondence was, of course, at once sent on, with the cheque, to Comehither, and Evie pictured Mrs. Maconochie reading it, with a great deal of pleasure. She had subscribed to a news-cutting agency, and read with a kind of wistful longing the columns that were devoted to the book. Some of them criticised it, some dissected it, but all treated it as a work of first-class literary importance

The summer had sped away very quietly. Violet had made no move to get in touch with her cousin. She had simply postponed it from time to time. Evie had gone down to Crossways for the fortnight's holiday allowed by the firm, and there she had heard "all the news" from Miss Travers. Guy had been convalescentalong time, and had then married the actress Mary Meadows very quietly, and they had gone to

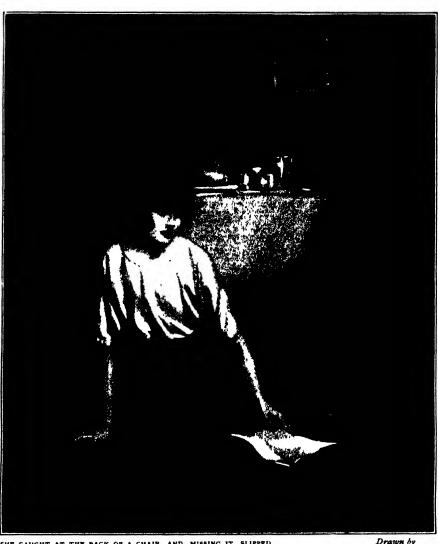
Switzerland for the honeymoon. Miss Travers showed Evie Violet's letter. The moment Evic saw it she knew that Violet was touched by something, that her pride was broken. She wrote almost humbly. and without that note of arrogance which some of her letters had shown to the guardian of her girlhood. She had never been as affectionate as Evie was, but she was evidently most anxious to explain to Georgy that this was the best possible piece of good luck for Guy. That Mary Meadows was one of the best women she knew; that the pair were genuinely devoted to each other; and that Mary's conduct had been irreproachable.

But though the letter was more considerate, and certainly longer, than those Violet usually wrote, there was a worried note running through it. That, also, Evie noticed at once. Violet was not happy! It was most natural that she should have been worn by her anxiety about Guy, but that was now at an end, and she was evidently rejoiced at his marriage. What, then, was troubling

her? It was entirely natural that Evie should think the trouble had to do with herself, but she did not tell Miss Travers that

The old lady had softened as she grew older. Old age invariably acts in one of two directions-people do not remain the same: they become more vinegary and acid, or more mellow, as years advance; and the latter had happened in the case of Miss Travers. Evie remembered having been very much in awe of her as a child; and truly Georgy had been a martinet in the matter of punctuality for meals or clean finger-nails, but she had softened altogether now, and clung to Evie with pathetic affection. She had felt Dick's loss very much, for though she had been rigidly just in concealing it, Evie and Dick had always been her favourites in the school-room days

What really worried Violet was her engagement. She was deeply in love with Leslie Hawke, and she had not the least doubt that he loved her equally, but for all that matters were strained



SHE CAUGHT AT THE BACK OF A CHAIR, AND, MISSING IT, SLIPPED TO THE PLOOR, OVERPOWERED BY A HORRIBLE FAINTNESS.

Drawn by

between them. When first Guy had been ill, Violet had exclaimed impetuously to her lover that the marriage must be indefinitely postponed, that for the time she would think of nothing but her brother. Leslie had, of course, acquiesced; that was all right, but as Guy drew slowly towards convalescence, Violet had expected that Leslie would urge on her his desire to have the wedding as soon as possible. Every time she met him she had expected him to suggest something of the sort. At first she put it down to his delicacy that he did not take up the subject, but at last she grew piqued. She was accustomed to being eagerly sought after, and it was she who had always been the one to draw back, if any receding there had to be. In her great love for Leslie she had made excuses for him, and had even gone so far as to put forth feelers as to the advisability of having the ceremony soon, so that his summer holiday would coincide with the honeymoon.

But to her dismay he had not seemed to take any heed of the suggestion. At another time he had intimated that affairs were so pressing at the office that he might not be able to get away at all this summer. Violet would in any case have been wounded by this want of ardour, but when she remembered her own part in bringing about the engagement, it made her positively ill. Once or twice she had felt it was not to be borne, and she had almost flared out at him, breaking off the engagement; but she had never quite done so-she, who was so autocratic with most people, found a new submission in her association with the man she loved.

All this had preyed upon her mind the more because she had been comparatively solitary. Guy's illness had been a natural excuse for refusing the many invitations sent her long beforehand for such society functions as Goodwood and Cowes week. Everyone had quite understood that, and many messages of sympathy had rained in on her. Violet had found the excuse convenient, because she had been fully prepared to refuse everything in any case, as she expected that before the season ended she and Leslie Hawke would have been married and away.

Now that the newly-married Captain and Mrs. Cornford had gone off to the Continent, and almost all the friends Violet had made in London were off to join house-parties in various places, she was desperately lonely and unsettled. She was learning in a hard school, but with a wonderful teacher—a teacher whose name is Love. Those whose natures are deep enough to receive his teaching learn what must ever remain a sealed book to many.

Leslie Hawke, for his part, was almost

as unhappy as she. Again, during the summer, he had been on the point of telling her about the unsatisfactory position of the firm's finances. When he had first met her he had been in a secure if not a brilliant position. Since then the firm had gone down the hill. The enormous wage bill, screwed up by pressure past all comparison with the value of the work done; the enormous cost of all materials, due to the high wages in other trades; and the ruinous strikes had eaten away any possible margin of profit, and made it impossible to maintain an economically sound position. For the public refused to buy books brought out at far above a price to which they were accustomed; the book-buying section of the public was just that hardest hit by the enormous taxes and loss of dividends, and, to put it shortly, as Hawke had more than once remarked, "There was nothing in it." He and Watson would have been better off as one of their own wage-earners, but if every one was going to turn into a wage-earning employee, who was going to pay the

Hawke had once contemplated a way out by means of Violet's money. but that was when he still thought he would have a fair income of his own, though nothing in comparison with hers. The half-yearly balance sheet had shown him, however, that profits were non-existent. He had nothing he could call an income, and until matters improved it would be simply a case of holding on. How, then, could he bring himself to marry Violet without enlightening her? But that enlightenment was just what he felt to be so difficult. He shrank from it lest she should show him, by the slightest hint, that she thought him a fortune hunter.

Then, suddenly, had come this great chance—that rare find, a best-seller, and a best-seller of fine quality that would enhance and not lower the firm's reputation. The firm were the envied of all their brethren in the trade. This book alone, with its re-establishment of credit, its actual profits-for, as everyone knows, the book that pays is one that runs into sufficient editions to make the "overhead 'charges dwindle into insignificance—was salvation! could be no doubt that, on the strength of it alone, the firm would be able to show a clear balance sheet. If they could secure a successor, no matter of what quality-anything with the same name on the title-page would sell-they would once more be in a flourishing position, and by the following year the worst of the trade depression might be

Evie did not, of course, realise all this, but she saw that the whole office was revived, that things were humming, and that both the partners looked years younger. And it was all due to her!

One evening in September, when she arrived at her room and unlocked the door, she found a letter lying there which had been pushed in underneath by the landlady. It was addressed to her by name, and sent through Messrs. Buyer, who had re-directed it. Her own book was still a sore spot in her consciousness! She could not bear to think of it! She was so ashamed of it she had never mentioned it to anyone. So she flung the letter down, and made her preparations for the evening meal before opening it. When she had done so, and read it, the room swam round her; she caught at the back of a chair, and, missing it, slipped to the floor, overpowered by a horrible faintness. With a feeble effort she brushed away the wool-like clouds that were closing in on her, and pulling herself together, read it again.

It was from one of the great seamen's hospitals in the East-end, and ran:—

"DEAR MADAM,-I am taking a great liberty in writing to you thus, but feel that the matter is urgent. There came here under my charge as medical officer, a young sailor suffering from a bad attack of pneumonia. When he got better he talked quite normally and naturally, but there seemed something odd about him. At length I discovered that, at some date unknown, possibly during the war. he had suffered from some injury which had completely wiped out his memory: he is, in fact, one of those pitiable cases of lost identity. He could give me no clue, tell me nothing of his past, except the immediate past, where, it appears, he has worked his way before the mast from some eastern port. In spite of his worn hands and ordinary seaman's clothes, however, I am sure that he is of the officer-class by birth. Only yesterday I found him in a different mood; his eves were bright, his manner extraordinarily vivacious. He had picked up one of the novels kind folk send here for the patients, and pointed to the name. 'Evic Glennan,' on the title-page, with the greatest interest. The name of the book is Honour before All. When I questioned him as to the effect the name made on him, he could tell me nothing, but he refused to part with the book, and hugged it to him. As he is to be discharged, cured, on Saturday morning, I am writing to you through your publishers. I wonder whether, during the war, any relative or friend of yours answering to this description was posted as 'missing.' This possibility has only just occurred to me.

"Yours truly,
"HENRY JONES."

The Lost MS.

Dick! It was Dick! He had lost his memory! But he was alive! And he had been found through her miserable book! In an instant the book became glorified past all telling. Evie seized a copy of it and kissed it fervently. He had known her name, therefore the moment he saw her he would know her; his memory would be restored, and all would be well!

The letter had been posted on Thursday, and it was now Friday night. Dick was leaving the hospital on Saturday morning. There was no time to be lost. Lucky, indeed, that Mr. Buyer had not delayed in forwarding that priceless letter. Evie immediately wrote two, one to the office, saying that urgent private affairs would prevent her turning up next morning, and another to the doctor, saying she was coming down as early as she could manage to the hospital and that she had every reason to beheve the man described was her cousin.

Chapter XX. The Bitter Cup.

VIOLET was alone at Knightsbridge. She was in that long, beautifully furnished room which she had occupied less than two years, yet which had seen more of her real life, her heartfelt joys and sorrows, than any other. Here she had come in her girlish arrogance, believing the world at her feet. Here she had her triumphs when men the world accounted matrimonial prizes had come to plead for her hand. Here had she learnt the emptiness of those foolish ambitions, and had the sense to throw them aside in exchange for the prospect of that mating of heart and disposition from which alone true marriage can also

Here she had suffered heartrending anxiety over her brother, and drunk the bitter cup of the knowledge of his misdoing. That was a wound she would never get over. She had forgiven Guy, it was, indeed, no question of forgiveness, but the wound would ever be a scar on her consciousness; in some way the shame of it seemed hers also. Here she had felt, also, the anxiety when she found that the wealth she had fancied so boundless was melting like snow before her extravagances; and again she had been buoyed up on the crest of the belief that the fortune she had inherited would be as nothing compared with that she was going to receive from her venture in ' Houses for Hundreds."

But, lately, the shadows had darkened; she had worned terribly over her fiance's attitude; the "something" which had come between them; the deadlock they seemed to have arrived at, which neither could trust themselves to break through; and on the top of it came the stirring of a terrible calamity. She had received an urgent letter from the youngest of the three partners in "Houses for Hundreds," asking for a personal interview immediately, and hinting at disaster. Even now she was expecting him, and he came punctual to time. The moment he entered she noticed that he looked very ill, but she was favourably impressed, as everyone was, by his candid face and evident sincerity. He had hardly sat down before he began pouring out a terrible story. The stuff he had invented



of which he had been so proud, had begun to crumble in an altogether unexpected manner. At first he had discounted the stories about it, but he had been down to the place where the colony was growing, and he feared there was no doubt about it. In some fiendish way, this material, which seemed so entirely durable and impenetrable, seemed to lose its vitality after it had been in use a certain number of months, and simply crumbled away. The odd thing was that it was exactly after the same lapse of time in every case. The houses were collapsing exactly in the order in which they had been built. They were, in fact, disintegrating one after another with a monotonous regularity, atter being exposed to the influence of the air for six months or so. It was possible that something might be found to meet this defect, but there was no time. These people were houseless and clamouring. Daimon said he had managed to find accommodation for one or two of the families at first, promising on behalf of the Company that expenses would be paid, but the matter had assumed monstrous proportions, and was past all coping with. It was like a crack in a dam which was widening every day, for, as the building had proceeded, the rate of houses a week was increased, and so daily now a greater number of them were falling into ruin.

When he stopped, breathless, having poured out all this at top speed, Violet sat stunned. When she recovered enough to speak, she asked—

"But what is Mr. Mosley doing?"
The young man raised a haggard face.

"That's the worst. I hardly dare tell you! Mosley's gone. He sent me down there to report, and that was natural enough, seeing it came in my department, but when I returned to London he was not there. He had left a note saying he was arranging for further financial help to tide us over the difficulty; but that was yesterday, and he has not turned up. I believe "—he stopped—"he's bunked!" he burst out. "Yes,

police on his track."

"There was no letter from him, no explanation, at the office this morning?" Violet asked, white-lipped. "You've been there, I suppose?"

bunked with all the funds he can lay hands on.

I came straight to you, but we must put the

"Nothing from him. Plenty else," he answered drily, and, opening a bag he carried, he poured out on the floor a number of long envelopes.

"What are they?" Violet asked, with a presage of coming disaster upon her worse than anything yet.

"They are sueing us for damages," he said, turning them over. "Hundreds of them."

Even Violet, little as she knew of business, realised what a gulf yawned here! She was the third partner, Mosley had "bunked," Daimon had nothing. In the gulf that opened at her feet she saw swallowed up, not only the miserable £20,000 she had invested—how glad she would have been to get off with that now!—but probably every penny she possessed.

"What do they claim damages for?" she asked, more to gain time to think than for

anything else.

"Well, of course, primarily, they want back the money they paid for having their houses built; secondly, they say the stuff has had some evil effect on their furniture. As it crumbled, a fine powder or slime settled on everything and ruined it; they brushed it off and it came again; and then the walls began to go. You never saw such an appalling mess in your life," Daimon added frankly. "Some of the towns ruined in France compare with it—nothing else. I want just to stand up and be shot against a wall. It would be a relief. Yet how was I to know? It's a diabolical trick of the fiend."

"You won't — you won't run away too, and leave me to face it?" Violet asked, her lips trembling.

"No, I sha'n't run away," he assured her. He stood up and walked to the window, with his hands in his pockets and his back to her, and then he came back and cleared his throat. "It's you, it's you," he broke out, "that I can't get over! All these other people—oh, I'm sorry enough, but they'll have their pound of flesh and a lot to talk about into the bargain; but you, Miss Cornford, I've ruined you!"

"We're partners," she said simply. "We both believed in it."

Then she went to the telephone and rang up Leslie Hawke, and asked him to come round immediately, without telling him why. He was a business man; he would tell them what to do.

The call came in the middle of his triumph over the success of Mrs. Maconochie's book, and he leapt into a taxicab without delay, and drove instantly to Knightsbridge, radiant with pleasure. At last he could feel the ground beneath his feet again! What he had, or ever would have, could, of course, never compare with what Violet had, still, it would be sufficient to save his self-respect. Thus he arrived.

Never in her life had Violet felt so ashamed of herself, as she poured out the story of her imbecility, supplemented by the facts that Daimon could give.

Leslie Hawke was absolutely dumbfounded by it. He had belonged to a cautious firm all his business life. He had known that people took mad risks, and gambled with money; he had heard of the confidence trick, and rotten investments, but that anyone of brain and sense could launch out, in company with a man such as Mosley was described to be, without any inquiries or any legal advice, could let themselves in for what was practically an unlimited liability, was too astounding to be believed.

The last vestige of Violet's self-confidence crumbled when she saw his face as the tale was unfolded. He did his best to conceal his opinion, but it was impossible to hide what he thought altogether. She felt to the bottom of her heart that he thought her a pitiful fool.

· He was, of course, very far from feeling that. At the moment, could she only have known it, he loved her as he had never loved her before. Leslie Hawke was virile, and enormously as he had admired Violet in her strength and untouchableness, she appealed to him more than ever now that she had shown such intensely feminine ignorance and folly. He could not express anything of this before Daimon, and his whole mind was naturally bent on any means of saving something out of the ruin before it went farther. With that end he explained to Violet that he would have to be her representative and



go off at once with Daimon to the offices of the Company. They would get legal advice, put the police on Mosley's track, and do the hundred and one other urgent things that cried aloud to be done.

The comfort of feeling his strong hand taking over her trouble was great to Violet, but she could not look at him. She, who had always taken a proud stand, was humiliated so that she could have cried aloud.

But Hawke was master of the situation.

"Go on down, Daimon," he said at last. "I'll follow you in a minute."

No sooner had the door shut than-

"Violet!" he said; and she came to him.

"I break it off," she sobbed, burying her face in the front of his waistcoat. "I've done with you. I've known for a long time past you did not really want to marry me, and now I free you. Go and leave me." Yet all the time she spoke she held on so tightly to the lapels of his coat that he could not possibly have broken away even if he had wished to take her literally.

He laughed tenderly.

"All reason for delaying the marriage is at an end," he said gently. "It's true I have felt as you say, and why ' Because you were rich and I was comparatively poor. Now you will not be so overpoweringly rich any more, and I am much better off than I thought possible this time last week, so let us marry to-morrow."

Violet gave a great sigh of content.

"Is it true, Leslie?" she murmured. "You really do want me for myself, not my money? Oh, how I've agonised and fought over it. I said, 'I know he is true and straight, he loves me, he has said so, he is no fortune-hunter,' but then you delayed and held back, and in my torment I told myself, 'He does not love you. He has made up his mind to marry you as you made it so easy for him, but he cannot bring himself to carry it through because he is not really in love with you.' And each time the battle raged my trust in you won. I said, 'I know he is a true man!' And yet it came again and again! I have been worn out"

"My poor little girl! Never mind, it's all clear now. I'll come again with good news, but I must go at once and save what I can of your fortune, so that if ever you get exasperated with me beyond measure, when we're married, you may still fling it at me that I'm a fortune-hunter!"

That day seemed an eternity to Violet. She could not go out, she could not stay in. So she wandered up and down, up and down the strip of grass at the back of the house. Leslie Hawke rang her up cheerily on the telephone, and said it was undoubted that Mosley had gone, and had taken a considerable amount of money with him which he had drawn from the bank, but they had every hope of catching him, as they were on his tracks.

Violet went up-tairs to have tea, somewhat comforted. She had hardly sat down when she heard the bell ring. Then there was a sound of feet on the stairs. She rose, flushed with vexation.

"Who can it be?" she exclaimed; but even as she said it the door opened, and Evie stood there, with an indescribable expression on her face, and behind her was a young man.

Dyeing with Natural Dyes

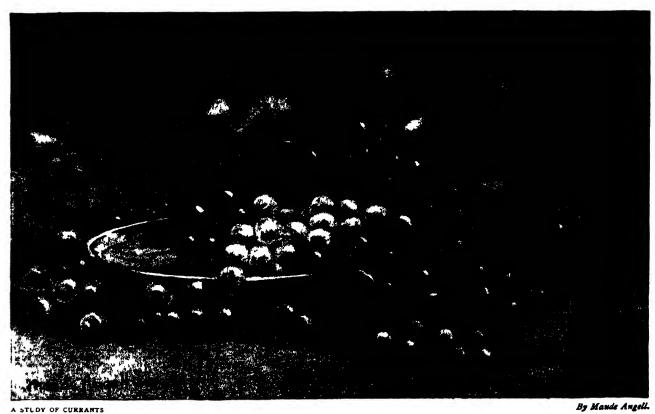
The following recipes for grey dyes for woollens are useful and inexpensive-

•					
Mouse Grey-					
Ground logwood chip	s .		•	4	parts
Sulphate of iron		,		I	part
Sulphate of copper		•	•	I	part
Brownish Grey-					
Nut gall				1	part
Sulphate of iron				I	part
Alum				1	part
Blueish Grey-					
Nut gall				I	part
Ground logwood chips	s.			I	part
Sulphate of copper			•	I	part
Yellowish Grey-					
Fustic chips, ground				2	parts
Nut-gall				I	part
Sulphate of iron			•	I	part
Smoke Grey-					
Ebony chips, ground			•	5	parts

Brazil chips, ground		21 parts
Nut-gall		1 part
Sulphate of iron		21 parts

The percentage of dye to be used depends in every case on the depth of the tone desired, and this the dyer must decide for himself.

In these articles I trust I have succeeded in showing that very beautiful colours and fast dyes can still be obtained from the natural dye-stuffs, which were used in by-gone centuries in the production of masterpieces of fine colour by the tapestry workers of France and Flanders, the damask weavers of Venice, the embroiderers of Japan, and the woollen spinners of Roubaix and Lille; that they can be produced at home, in a cookingpot, in an infinitude of tints, which no money can buy; and more, that on mastering the simple scientific principles of the art, and recognising the necessity of forming an insoluble lac in the fibre of the material by the combination of a suitable metallic salt with the natural dye base, the dyer may evolve a number of fresh dyes and original tints, and thereby enjoy the power of creating some new thing.



By Mande Angell.

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RAMBLER ROSES AND IVY-LEAVED GERANIUMS.

Photo by W. M. Dodson.

The Instincts of Flowers

A Garden Meditation By FRANK GARTH

When we speak of the intelligence of flowers we probably assume too much and press too closely the analogy between the activities of flowers and the conduct of men. Yet language, true and adequate, to describe what Nature reveals is difficult to find. Our explanations are

at best picturesque and inadequate.

And though it may seem an exaggeration to speak of consciousness as intelligence in flowers, there is something about them analogous to these "powers" in man—something most remarkable that makes a garden very impressive.

The flowers, and even the weeds, in our gardens are marvellously equipped. They appear to have an almost uncanny understanding. They have a heritage of racial "wisdom," some of which is common to the race, and some is peculiar to a species. There is no species that has not its own family treasures, a wealth of experience stored for the welfare of the clan.

In the elemental ways of growth most seeds proceed alike. Radicle and plumule, rootage and leafage characterise all. What are these wondrous powers wrapped in a seed, this mystery of life thrusting its shoots down into the darkness and up into the light?

In other matters, each family, each individual under pressure, has its own methods. Systems of rootage and leafage greatly differ. Some root close to the surface, others seek out the depths. The shape and disposition of leaves is exquisitely varied, and their most ingenious arrangements Botany has christened with ugly names.

Each by its own route-arrives at the goal of life. The routes, like those of the migrating birds, seem to have been determined long ages ago. And birds and flowers follow these determined ways. They also find life in attitudes that in man would be called obedience and discipleship. There is no need of a large garden to

observe some of these things. Even a garden of weeds would be instructive, for weeds are as ingenious as any other plants, often more so, for, like their fellow human intruders, they must needs live by their wits. They are not less interesting than the most favoured plant children. And if one has no garden, the wayside is possibly the finest of all observation-grounds.

None of the plants in my garden are vertical. Every one has a south-east inclination, due not to prevailing winds, but to prevailing light. They get the morning sun, and bow thither as though in recognition and expectation. By instinct they seek the light. If not rooted, they look as though they would actually go forth to meet the dawn.

This quest for light is one of the impressive things in Nature, as true of the forest tree as of the field daisy. In most ingenious ways Nature helps her children out to the light.

In this respect the climbing plants are one of the most romantic chapters in the Bible of Nature. The ways in which these weak-stemmed plants conquer is a most fascinating theme and a rich inspiration. They suggest such boundless possibilities in Nature and in God. If we cannot climb out to the light with the oak, we may with the honeysuckle. And though compelled to a certain dependence on other sturdier growths, they are only too glad to help, and they have their reward. No hawthorn ever regretted helping so sweet a friend as the honeysuckle.

It almost seems as though the woodbine knows where is light and life, the power to bloom and be fragrant. The virginia creeper that so quickly covers the wall is more marvellously endowed than a casual glance suggests. Years passed before I discovered its tiny padded feet, the discs by which the tendrils attach themselves

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The Instincts of Flowers

to the stone. They are really the sensitive tips of the tendrils, which, as soon as they touch the flat surface swell and grip the stone with a strength out of all proportion to their size. Then, when foothold is won, the tendril itself thickens until it also becomes remarkably strong. So does Nature compensate in one way what she demes in another.

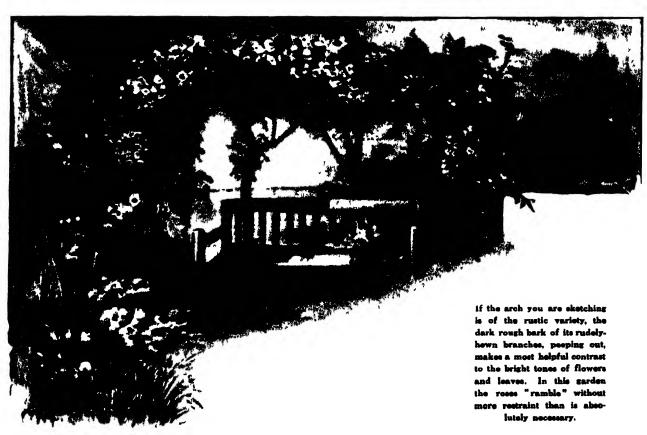
The leaves on the rose trees look as though they had entered into a compact whereby each gets most for itself whilst interfering least with all the rest. Leaf mosaics and leaf movements are a whole chapter of romance to themselves. Leaves seem to have an "intelligence' all their own

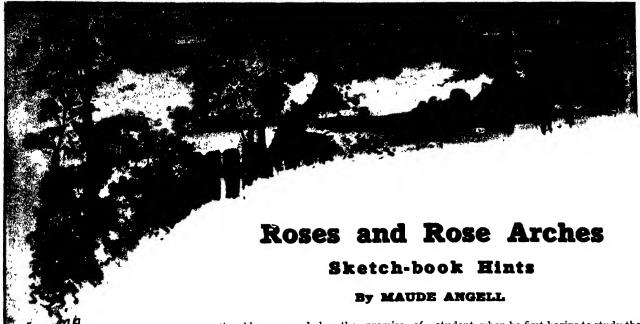
There are trees, for instance in the Australian desert whose leaves grow not horizontally, but vertically on the stems. In stead of expanding themselves to the light, they



Drawn by Mande Angell.

thus shield themselves from it, at least from the scorching heat of it. They catch "the oblique rays in the early morning and late evening, when the sun has little power, but not the direct rays of mid day, which would burr and wither them." They seem to know what is for them the way of life. For this "knowledge" their ancestors doubtless had long to seek. It was won only through persistent striving, little by little For these instincts, this racial wisdom, this guidance of life implanted within, the flowers are indebted to the past The ability to live and to bloom and be fragrant was won for them by those who went before them And what is written in the book of flowers is written even more beautifully and more tragically in the book of man Others laboured and we have entered into their labours





It is the month of roses, and also the month of clear blue skies and balmy breezes; for studies in the garden it is an ideal time, so "gather ye rose-buds while ye may," or, rather, seize every opportunity to study their beauty, whether it be as single sprays, bushes, standard trees, climbers on the walls, pergolas, or arches There is endless variety to choose from, and not only variety of subject, but in the conditions of light on a long June day, from the dewy freshness of early morn to the hour when the sun is setting and the lengthening shadows tell us evening is near, there is so great a difference in effect, that the very same subject treated in the evening is quite unlike a previous study made in the morning.

It would be rather good practice to try a morning and an evening sketch of, say, an arch or rergola, and then note the wonderful difference of their effect, even though the drawing and arrangement may be practically the same. The same graceful sprays of leafage and bloom are seen against the sky, but the sun in moving from east to west has effected such a wonderful transformation scene, that he has provided us with an entirely new study, even from the same point of view.

What a change! In our early morning, pre-breakfast stroll, the roses, fresh with dew, sparkle with a thousand gems as the first rays from the east touch them with rosy light. As the sun mounts higher, gaining power in his climb, the flowers, bathed in stronger beams, show out brightly against the blue of the sky; perhaps more intensely on account of a somewhat hazy effect in

the blue, caused by the promise of coming noon-tide heat.

When the Light is Brightest.

The long shadows grow shorter, and the brightest light in our picture is where the sunbeams fall on the brilliant colour of the blooms. To make the most of this brightness must be our aim, if we wish to give our sketch its full effect, choosing, not only the particular view which, to our judgment, appears to make the best composition, but also the point of interest to which we particularly wish to concentrate the attention of the observer, so subduing the subordinate parts of the picture that they act as a foil to the principal interest.

Arranging your Subject.

Just as no writer (unless he be a genius, indeed!) can write good English without some understanding of grammatical form, so can no artist hope to paint a composition that carries conviction to the beholder without in his own mind subjecting his treatment of it to an analysis of values, and, by suppressing minor details, concentrate on the point he has determined to make his subject. If he so arranges his drawing that this point comes nearly, not quite, into the centre of the composition it is good, but there is no hardand-fast line to be drawn, except that it is bad to have the interest too near the edge of the paper or canvas.

If you can arrange your lines to lead up to the point you wish to emphasise, it has often a great value—a decorative artist aims very s'rongly at this—but do not make it too obvious, or it will look forced and unreal. Such aids to effect must be suggested in a very subtle manner. "Art must concealart," and it is rather a pitfall to the

student, when he first begins to study the values of composition and tone, to so over-emphasise these points as to make his desire so apparent that his object is defeated and his effect spoiled. I know full well that when we are making a quick sketch of a rose bush or tree we are considering it more as a study than as a picture-making exercise, but even in a single rose bush our glance is attracted to a particular point, and the rest is, in a measure, subservient to this, for our vision, unlike a camera, does not see all detail at once.

Find a Shady

If you can find a shady corner where you can command a good view of your subject without fear of the travelling sunbeams catching you unawares, you are lucky. If not, rig up any kind of shelter you like, so long as you keep the sun off your head and your work. It the arch we have chosen is of the rustic variety, the dark rough bark of its rudely-hewn branches, peeping out here and there through a mass of colour and greenery, make a most helpful contrast to the bright tones of flowers and leaves.

I painted just such an arch in a charm ing old-world garden belonging to somfriends, whose ideas of a garden were not the gardener's ideal of primly-pinned branches and regularly-arranged sprays. The roses "rambled" indeed, withou more restraint than was absoluted necessary to keep them within bounds. The effect of the pale yellow of "Alberi Barbier," with our old friends "Doroth Perkins," and "Hiawatha," was beaut ful indeed.

Studying your Subject.

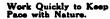
How intensely bright the flowe clusters are in the sunlight! The blu of the sky, tempered as it is near th horizon with the misty haze of a he

Roses and Rose Arches

summer morning, is a delightful contrast to the brilliance of blossom and bud, and the clusters of pale yellow, rose, and red are brilliant indeed. Notice particularly where the shadows fall—they are very definite and strong; and also note how some of the clusters are almost obscured when behind those on which the sun is falling. The leafage, too is shimmering in the sunshine, some sprays with their shiny surfaces glistening with light, some reflecting the blue of the sky some translucently green when the sun's rays are passing through their

zon, that it is well to especially note, it has a most helpful effect in emphasising the sunlight on the clustered blooms. Keep these masses of flowers very clean and pure; they must be crisp and well defined, without being hard Sunlight is very definite in effect, and a blurred, smudgy treatment would completely ruin the effect. Let your shadows, as well as your lights, be broad, and do not let the former be black or heavy; a shadow on a summer's day is tempered with beautiful reflections and variations of colour, though these must be suggested

very subtly.



Seize the salient points of sun and shadow, and blot them in ere they change. It is an exciting thing to race with the sun, but, although we know he will beat us, and that, try as we may, we cannot keep up with his pace, it is exciting to try; and any touch put in direct from Nature, however roughly expressed, has a quality that the most careful touching up indoors can never possess.

How many, many points there are to be considered in a study out of doors? It is not enough if our outlines, our masses of colour, are true, or, rather, as true to Nature as we can make them In our effort to obtain a good general effect it is only too easy to lose the character of the foliage or growth of the plant and put on meaningless little spotty dabs of colour, and call them leaves. Some

students will treat their foliage in rounded masses, rather suggestive of sponges on sticks; this vogue is to be frequently observed in Victorian watercolours

The previous opportunities you have had in studying plant form, and still-life groups of flowers, ought to stand you in good stead here, for the observation necessary for drawing these in detail has taught you much of their structural form Keep the general construction of the whole before you. To lightly indicate this with a few pencil or charcoal touches is generally the safer plan, and you will thus avoid the mistake of putting branches where

they could never grow from the parent stem or the root.

Then, do not fail to notice the foreshortening of those sprays coming towards you, and the way the sunlight plays on masses of foliage and flower. the warm transparency of the shadow in the depths. This shadow must be kept very quiet-contrasting tones and detail would bring it too near. Kept low in tone it will accentuate the careful work you have bestowed on the nearer branches, to their great advantage. Raw sienna or brown-pink. with a touch of cobalt, is a useful mixture for the warmer brown tones, and this may be merged into the purplish-blue shadows; purple madder, or light red mixed with cobalt, are useful herc.

The beauty around us, the shimmer of heat, the gentle breeze, hold us enthralled in a kind of enchantment, and humble though we feel our powers of reproduction, this enthusiasm must, if only in a limited sense, be reflected in our work.

The Shadows on the Roses.

The varying lights play on the roses, their shadows fall with very definite form on the gravelled or flagged path beneath Do you notice how bluelypurple they are? The warmth of the sun has a golden effect; the shadow colour is tempered with reflections from the blue of the sky-you will notice this blue reflection particularly on white stones or a chalky road. The yellow roses in their brightness and glory need our purest tones of lemon and aureolin. The Dorothy Perkins is a diluted rose madder, with a touch (only a touch!) of orange vermilion in the depths of the masses. For Hiawatha use a stronger rose madder, with alizarine and deep rosy purple shadows. The green leaves as the complementary colour to the red tones will greatly enhance their brightness, as the purply shadows will the vellow.

The sun has mounted higher in the heavens, and even if his rays are tempered by the shade in our impromptu studio, it is very hot. Our sketch has reached that stage when it is "best to let well alone," our brush drops from listless fingers, and the heat of summer noon is working its will on our tired senses; the bees are humming drowsily; the scent of the roses and the tall white lilies in the noontide heat has a sedative effect. Sleepy? Oh, no! But our eyes need rest after such strenuous use, so we will just close them a few minutes while our washes of colour dry-and . . . Luncheon! Surely not! Asleep! Certainly not! Just resting my eyes from the glare, but hungry and a bit tired all the same.



Drawn by Maude Angell.

substance It is fatally easy to overdo all this detail, and in our enthusiasm for its beauty to spend so much attention on the minutiæ that the main idea is lost. A few minutes of contemplation of the scene before us with half-closed eyes will help us to realise that breadth of masses which is so necessary to good effect—the fidgetiness of unnecessary detail lost in the wideness of the whole.

The Summer Sky.

A very subtle blending of colour is needed for a summer sky—though so brightly blue, it has a touch of soft greyness, particularly towards the hori-

Roses and Rose Arches



The Evening Sketch.

Six-thirty on a summer's evening, at the "end of a perfect day," and the lengthening shadows warn us it is time for our evening sketch. Rested and refreshed since the noontide heat we can now begin again with renewed energy and interest. What a change since the morning! The sky in the west is hazy blue no longer, but glowing golden and pink, the shadows grow longer on grass or path, but all is subdued in contrast to the greater brightness of the sky, which may be primrose-yellow with orange lights, or perhaps delicate salmon with little purply flecks of clouds that, earlier in the day, had been snow white against the blue.

You must use your own discretion as to what colours you use. With such ever-changing variety and clusiveness, no formula I can give will avail you much. Just try and keep your washes fresh, pure, and transparent, and, while still wet, put in the little purple groups of clouds, taking care that they do not dry in sharp hard edges.

A Rose Garden Supplies Many Subjects.

The rosearch is only one of many other subjects we can find in the rose garden. A big bush of white roses, a "William Allen Richardson" climbing over wall or fence, the orange cadmium and Indian vellow predominating in the colouring of the flowers in daring contrast to the blue distance of the misty atmosphere beyond.

Then, the buttresses of an old red brick wall, on which the artistry of time and weather has wrought a wonderful diversity of colour, is a grand background, especially for Gloire de Duon or white cluster roses; the ironwork of an oldfashioned balcony, which the climbers drape with graceful festoons; the trellis that divides the humble garden of a little suburban house, all give us new subjects, whether we work in the early freshness of summer morn, or

sun, striking horizontally, light up the cdges of bush, tree and shrub with a golden auriole of light-a most beautiful effect indeed.

When sketching or a summer morning, if you have not a sketching umbrella (rather a troublesome possession, I think) there are sticks now sold capable of supporting an ordinary umbrella; choose your gampiest possession in that line. not your Sunday best! Or, if this stick is not available, you can fix up the umbrella with string on an ordinary walking-stick or chair. Sometimes I have borrowed a

dusting-sheet from the kitchen drawer, and, with the aid of a clothes-horse, formed a delightfully secluded little studio behind its shelter. There are endless possibilities of arrangement to avoid a glare which is harmful to both painter and picture.

Whatever the time of day we choose, or whether the sky is clouded or blue, we have a delightfully distracting subject on which to try our skill; and if we can make a sketch reflecting this Midsummer Beauty in even a small degree, like the fragrance of rose leaves we cherish for our pot-pourri, as a pleasing remembrance of summer glory, when the winter winds have wreaked their will, and left the rose garden drear and bare, our work will not have been in vain. In any case, it will stimulate our ambition to further and more advanced trials when the roses once more come



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Edited by Flora Klickmann

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The Housekeeper's Page

NEVER stoop over housework, if it can possibly be avoided. More weariness and discomfort is caused by working with the back muscles at a wrong tension than by anything else connected with household duties.

If you are cleaning the floor, or something on a low level, either go down on your linees, or work with long-handled tools Charwomen seldom get as tired at their work as do amateur housecleaners, because they go down on their knees at the outset; whereas the amateur will try all sorts of devices to avoid this lowly attitude!

There are a number of very useful long-handled implements on the market, however, that will save a good deal of trouble in cleaning. We cannot all have vacuum cleaners, because electricity is not available in every house. But a carpet sweeper is within the reach of all.

The Long-handled Scrubbing Brush.

Then again, a long-handled scrubbing brush is a real boon, especially to those who cannot kneel, and it can also be got with a spring for holding a cloth rubber.

Unless you have tried it, you will scarcely realise how quickly one can get over large surfaces of wood or oilcloth-and clean them thoroughly, too -with a long-handled scrubbing brush, a couple of long-handled mops, and a supply of warm sudsy water. The scrubbing brush is used over a small area, then this is gone over with a mop

dipped in clean water, and finished off with a dry mop Do not attempt too large a portion of the floor at a time, and do not get it too wet; remember that the more water that is slopped over the floor, the more there is to be dried up.

Some other Back-savers

The floor-polishing mop, sometimes called a "floor polisher," is another backsaver. So is the long-handled bath-cleaning brush.

And you can get a longhandled pad for cleaning the windows inside and out, which is also useful for large mirrors; while there is a long-handled brush for cleaning venetian blinds.

And while I am writing about long-handled tools. I

may as well mention (for the benefit of the woman who loves gardening, yet cannot do much stooping) that you can get a " weed-hook," a stick with a small iron hook at the end for pulling up weeds. It is a handy contrivance, costing about 3s. 9d., and looks like a stout walkingstick. While it might not be formidable enough for the rank weeds of the countryside, I have found it very useful in keeping the flower-beds clear of weeds in my town garden.

The items I have mentioned can be procured at the large London Stores. but if you are unable to find either of them, write to the Editor, enclosing a stamped addressed envelope for reply,

and she will tell you where you can get it.

If you are short of assistance in the household, cut out as much of the "metal work" as possible. There are various excellent stove enamels that only need to be applied once a year to the stoves, and obviate the daily blackleading and polishing.

For the table use glass saltspoons and cellars, china and glass dishes, cruets, candlesticks, inkstands, etc., which will save much time and labour that formerly went in polishing silver or electroplate. And if you use the new glass cooking ware, it can be put on the table direct from the oven.

Useful to Someone

It is now quite usual to serve barley water at lunch and dinner in addition to water.

Tinned" blueberries" can be obtained at either of the large London stores specialising in American products. These resemble our whinberries, or wortleberries, and make a pleasant change if one runs short of other fruit. The housekeeper might make a note of these for winter use

If meringué is cooked in too hot an oven it is likely to fall quickly when removed from the heat. Cook in a slow oven from ten to fifteen minutes, in order that the inside may be as well done as the outside, and it will then maintain its shape.

In the servantless household it is often a save of time if separate trays are kept in a cupboard, each containing the items required for one of the daily meals. The breakfast tray will then be ready to be carried into the room the moment it is wanted, and the same applies to the dinner tray and the tea tray.

When the crockery and cutlery have been washed and cleaned it is as easy to put the daily ration on a tray as to put it elsewhere in different places and then collect it later when required for the meal. And the saving in time is obvious.

When washing crockery used for eggs use cold water; hot water tends to harden the egg, and make it more difficult to remove.

> When hemming odd pieces of material for dusters, make some into bags the size to slip over broom heads. These will be found most useful for dusting walls and tall furniture.

> Never wash black stockings in water in which white woollens have been washed. otherwise the black items will show white hairs and fluff over their surface.

> Saveworn-out black stockings for cleaning stoves and kitchen flues, putting them on over one's dress sleeves. It is quite casy to hold the brushes with one's hand inside the stocking foot, like a mitten, if not too tight: and the protection to hands and sleeves is a boon.



Rosemary

John Smith Receives an Appointment and Discovers his own Name By L. G. MOBERLY

"AND this is the rosemary hedge you told me about! It still makes me feel as if it ought to recall something to me, but I can't catch what the something is."

The man who was known at Grenlake as John Smith stood by Rosemary's side looking along the flagged pathway flanked by great rosemary bushes, whose grey-blue flowers and grey-green leaves made a delicious foreground for the

hedge of pink roses behind them. That rose hedge was to Rosemary a never-ending joy, bringing back to her remembrance the hedgerows along the white road that led up to the little southern town in which she was born.

"It is extraordinarily tantalising," John Smith's voice went on, "because I have a conviction that this flagged pathway be tween the rosemary bushes would give me the clue to all I have forgotten if only I could piece things together! However, the words 'if only' always seem to me to have a ring of feebleness and futility, and, whether your rosemary hedge awakes chords in my memory or not, it is very lovely in itself "

"Yes, I love the way the pink petals of the roses flutter down on to the rosemary. These monthly roses make me feel Dragnon again I needn't even shut my eyes, but, keeping them wide open, I can see the long white road that winds round the hill, and the rose hedges, and the great mimosa bushes, and the anemones in the meadows."

"And the purple patch of violets under the olive trees?" John questioned, with a snile

"Yes, higher up the road, just where the stone wall begins round Farmer Belluse's property. But I wish we knew why this rosemary hedge almost makes you remember"

"You have worded it exactly right. It almost makes me remember."

"But surely I have shown you this hedge before to-day?"

Chapters XIX. and XX.

"No, never. You see, when I came down here last year, I naturally saw nothing in your beautiful garden. And when I have been at Miss Hester's since then, it has not been summer and rosemary time."

More than once during the past winter the stranger had spent a week-end at Miss Hester's cottage, and the tall man of the lost memory and the little lady of The Orchard had grown to be real friends.

"And this visit to your rosemary path will be my last for a long time," John said slowly, as he and Rosemary moved along the flagged pathway. "I have made up my mind to leave England."

"Why?" Rosemary looked at him with startled eyes.

"Because the odd scraps of work I have



"HOW MANY TIMES HAVE I SAID THAT THERE VARMINT DIDN'T OUGHT TO COME INTO THIS GARDEN?"

Drawn by Harold Copping.

Rosemary

managed to pick up here have come to an end, and I find people don't care—and very naturally don't care—to employ a man who can give so little account of himself. Those good kind Mordaunts, with whom I came to England, have been more than helpful, but I can't hang on to them for ever like a sort of vampire. I have made up my mind to go to one of the Colonies, and start fresh there. I know a certain amount about country things, and I can certainly do accounts, as your unjust steward must be unpleasantly aware."

"He was very angry and very rude"-Rosemary drew herself up with an air of dignity which sat well upon her-" and I am glad he is leaving. Father never really liked him, but father was always afraid of doing anything unjust in a hurry, and I believe he hoped Mr Marriot would improve. But he has had his chance, and he hasn't improved in the very least. And-oh! an idea has all at once jumped into my mind." Her air of dignity dropped from her; she was an eager impulsive girl again. "I must have somebody to take his place. Why can't you come and help me? Would it be asking you to do something too small and unimportant? This is only a tiny property, but I must get somebody to help me look after it. Couldn't you come and take Mr Marriott's place?"

Sheer amazement prevented her companion from replying at once, but Rosemary had seen a look of pleasure flash into his eyes before he had had time to veil them, and say—

"I don't think that is a possible proposition. In the first place neither you nor I know what real capacity I may have for the work; and in the second place, people would inevitably say I was taking an unfair advantage of your youth and kindliness of heart."

"And do you think I care the smallest little bit what people say? They say such dreadfully silly things—I am glad I never had to bother at Dragnon about what people said; and I don't believe father minded about it more than mother and I did. Do you know what I really think? I think if something one wants to do is right in itself, there is no reason to worry over what anybody will say about it. Will you do it for me? I believe you would be happy here in the Church House"

"Happy here?" The emphatically uttered words left no doubt as to the speaker's sincerity. "But that isn't the question; and of course I would do anything for you; but the question is, can I do the work as it ought to be done? Certainly, during the past year, both at the Mordaunts' place and on the farm of a friend of theirs, I've been learning all I could about land and beasts and crops; and somewhere in the recesses of my mind I seem already to have some knowledge of it all. But I have no real training, no certificates. What you suggest needs a lot of thinking over. I—well, practically I am a needy adventurer. That is the way in which your relations and friends will regard me."

"Let them!" Rosemary said succinctly.
"They have no right to interfere with anything I do; I am twenty-one now. And in any case they are not my guardians or trustees or keepers, though I expect they would like to be. But if you have scruples—there is no real reason why



you should—but if you have them, let us talk to Miss Hester; she is very wise, and she doesn't bother about what people will say. If she agrees with me, would you come and take care of the estate, and live in the Church House, where Mr. Marriott lives now?"

"'The woman tempted me,'" John quoted lightly. "I ought not to give you any answer until you have talked it over either with Miss Hester, or with any really reliable friend. But there is so much to consider. I am a literal waif and stray. I have no belongings in the way of furniture. I couldn't even furnish a room, much less a house!"

"But the Church House is all furnished. It is very tiny, you know, only just big enough for a bachelor, and father always let his agents live there, and kept it up for them. The house would be ready for you to step into, if you would undertake the work."

"I daren't accept such a suggestion straight away. We must ask Miss Lethbridge to be the arbiter in such a big question. I do not think you ought to make a decision of this kind without a great deal of advice. You know too little about me. I know too little about myself."

"Then come to Miss Hester now, let us come right away and talk to her." Rosemary turned impulsively, and began to retrace her steps along the flagged path. "She is in—you said that when you left The Orchard she was busy in the garden?"

"I left her having a wordy conflict with old Jonadab, who, from the way he talks, evidently looks upon himself as master of the establishment in which Miss Lethbridge plays second fiddle! That old gardener of hers is quite a character."

"He is the concentrated essence of a character," Rosemary answered, laughing; "and I must take Daniel with me, because Jonadab does say such lovely things about him. The old man loathes all dogs, and Daniel in particular."

"Why did you call this very charming person Daniel?" John asked, when, in response to Rosemary's whistle, the small shaggy terrier came racing across the lawn. "He is most delightful; but why Daniel?"

"Because he is so wise. I used to call him only Dan, but he is grown up now, and wise-'a Daniel come to judgment,' and he is so brave. Though he is only a small terrier, he doesn't mind what sized dog he stands up to." She laid a caressing hand on the dog's rough head as he looked up at her with understanding eyes. "He's almost too daring, sometimes," she went on. "Once last autumn Cousin Maria-you know she is Colonel Sterndale's wife-brought her Aberdeen terrier here. Luckily he and Daniel made friends, but they used their friendship in rather an appalling way. Daniel took Cousin Maria's dog Wag round the village, and the two together fought all Daniel's enemy dogs that he had not been able to tackle alone! You never saw such a battered little pair as they looked when they came home from the fight, gory but triumphant."

"Now, missy! now, missy!" old Jonadab's voice addressed her directly she opened Miss Hester's gate. "How many times have I a said that there varmint didn't ought to come in this

garden?" He pointed a grubby finger at Daniel, who cocked one ear and wagged a defiant tail. "He don't respect nothing, neither cabbages nor roses nor humans. After he've bin in a garden, the garden's all over the place and upside down."

"Oh, Jonadab, he's much better than he was. I've whipped him until he knows that beds are sacred." Daniel cocked the other car, and fixed intelligent eyes upon his mistress's face. "He really knows every word you say to him."

"There's a many word I'd be pleased to say to he," the old gardener grumbled, hobbling down the path, followed at a respectful distance by Daniel, tail still wagging, cars both erect.

Jonadab has some sort of fascination for him." Rosemary laughed. "Whenever we come here he persists in following Jonadab round the garden, or he sits watching him dig. And my private opinion is that, at the bottom of his heart, Jonadab has a sneaking admiration for Daniel. And there is Miss Hester coming down the lawn. Don't let us wait another minute before we ask her advice."

Rosemary poured out her new scheme to her friend; but although she did so with characteristic girlish impetuosity, there was plenty of shrewd commonsense, mingled with exactly that spirit of the ideal beyond the material advantage, which made a direct appeal to Miss Hester. For Miss Hester was nothing if not an idealist. In her estimation mere expediency counted for nothing—for less than nothing; in her estimation worldly wisdom was a wisdom of a very worthless kind.

Nevertheless, her face grew a little grave as Rosemary propounded the idea which had leapt in such full grown proportions into her brain; and her glance, that wise quiet glance which seemed to take in so much, looked thoughtfully from the girl's eager face to the man's lined teatures and sad eyes.

"It wants thinking over, my dear," she said at last.

"That is what I tried to impress upon Miss Rosemary," John said. "The proposition is an unspeakably kind one, but it does need thinking over. The opinion of her relations ought to be taken into account."

"But their opinion is quite immaterial to me." Rosemary's mouth took on a mutinous curve, "Very probably they will disapprove of my dismissing Mr. Marriott at all, but I should do it if they all stood in a row and advised against it. There are some times when one must trust one's own judgment; and though I am young, I still know what I think is right."

"My dear, there is nothing in my mind against your wisdom in dismissing Mr. Marriott," Miss Hester said slowly. "The only question now concerns his successor. Possibly Colonel Sterndale and your aunt, Miss Sterndale, might be justified in asking why you did not consult them about such an important matter."

"I don't.need to consult them, because I have made up my own mind," Rosemary said firmly. "Only Mr. John wouldn't agree to be my agent until we had asked your advice. He says he is a needy adventurer and a waif and stray." she ended on a strong note of indignation. "Why



should he go out of England to look for work when there is work waiting for him here?"

Again Miss Hester was silent for several minutes, torn between the desire to help the man who during the past year had endeared himself to her by his gentle chivalrous ways, and the girl for whose well-being she felt a certain sense of responsibility. All her innate motherliness went out both to the man who in such a strange way was lonely and sad, and to the girl who throughout her time of trouble had turned to her for help. "After all," she reflected, looking again at John's lined face and the hair that was so thickly sown with grey, "after all, he must be old enough to be her father; she has no feeling for him excepting friendliness; and he-Here her thoughts gave her pause. "I wonder how much he does care for little Rosemary? No. I believe he looks upon her as scarcely more than a child-a very dear, very delightful child, but still a child. And the boon to him of having settled work here would be incalculable."

At many times in her life Hester Lethbridge had let worldly wisdon go by the board, and she flung over now any worldly-wise whisperings. Her best instincts told her that in John Smith's hands Rosemary's interests would be safe; in scrupulous honesty he would make up for his lack of experience, a lack which every week, every month would lessen.

"I believe she will be better in the hands of a chivalrous gentleman, with all his want of knowledge and training, than in the hands of a creature like Mr. Marriott," Miss Hester's reflections ran on, whilst her two companions sat silently awaiting her decision. "And who can guarantee that a new agent will not try to take advantage of her as the old one has done? John Smith will never do that."

"Miss Hester, dear, hasn't your thinking-cap been on long enough?" Rosemary's voice broke in upon her meditations. "I believe you do agree with me in your heart, only you are afraid to say so, in case my relations should call us all impetuous and hasty." She looked at the older woman with an audacious little smile, and put her hand over Miss Hester's hand. "You do agree with me, don't you?" she questioned.

"Yes; after mature consideration, I believe I do. There are pros and cons in the whole matter, as there are in most things, but on the whole I feel that the pros have it. If Mr. Smith is willing to undertake your work, I should advise you to offer it to him," she added, her glance meeting the glance of John's blue eyes into which, at her words, a little light had flashed.

"There is no doubt of my being willing," he said. "I am more than willing. Remember, this offer is a God-send to me, a bigger boon than I can well explain. It means— Well, I simply can't put into words what it means. I can only say, 'Thank you' for trying such an experiment, and I will do my utmost to show that I am not quite unworthy of your trust."

He turned to Rosemary.

"Don't let us talk about it in that way at all," she exclaimed. "I am glad—I can't tell you how glad I am—Miss Hester has seen it as I saw it. I know the experiment, as you call it, will be a success."

Rosemary

Chapter XX.

The Question.

"Miss Hester, do you think it is ever right to do evil that good may come of it? No; I don't quite mean it in that way, because what I am being asked to do is not exactly evil. But do you think a girl ought to marry a man unless she loves him in the right way?"

"Most certainly not!" Miss Hester's tones were very emphatic. "But can you explain yourself a little more?"

"I don't think it is unfair to tell you about it. When Denis Mayne was staying with the Jacksons in the summer he asked me to marry him; but I knew I did not care for him in the way he wanted, and I said no. I am afraid I hurt him, and I can't bear hurting people."

"My dear, you couldn't marry a man you didn't love, just for fear of hurting him if you refused."

"No; I knew that with my reasonable self. But all the same, I couldn't bear to know I was giving him pain. I never meant to do it. I never thought of his caring for me like that. And now he has written to me to ask whether he may come and see me, whether I will think things over again. He is so sure he could make me care for him, if I would only let him try. But I am sure he never could."

Rosemary sat upon the low windowseat in Miss Hester's cottage, her favourite vantage-ground for looking out at the great view visible from The Orchard October had bronzed the leaves on the oaks in the foreground which sloped away below Miss Hester's garden; and under the oak scrub a sea of bracken waved golden-brown fronds in the clear sunlight. Away to the left a beechwood showed a glory of orange and gold, and the softer tawnier tint of the larches was thrown into relief by the sombre green of the pines Beyond the foreground of oaks and beeches and waving bracken the land broke away steeply, and the wide plain lay far below, an infinite sea of distance, under an infinite expanse of skv.

"Only," Rosemary went on, after a long look over the great landscape, "I don't know whether I ought to say no to him, if I can really help him by saying yes."

"Does he say you can help him?" Miss Hester questioned, her voice rather ominously quiet.

"Yes; he does. He said it before when he was here, when he spoke to me. He says it again now in his letter. He says if I marry him I could make a new man of him—I could help him to rise to a higher level. And—ought I to refuse to do what would help him, if I really can help?"

"If he can't rise to higher levels

because he prefers heights to valleys," Miss Hester said drily, "don't imagine he will climb because you are holding his hand—unless he is proposing that you should spend your life in pushing him uphill! No, my dear, don't marry a man for any reason but the one great reason, that you love him better than your life, that for love of him you would follow him barefoot round the world! That is the reason which lies at the heart of every true marriage."

There was a great intensity in her tones which impressed her listener, and though she paused for a moment, she went on presently with that same intensity, as though she spoke from the depths of her soul.

"Never marry for any other reason, even though a man declares his salvation depends upon your marrying him. That is a fallacy. You are more likely to save him by your refusal, and by forcing him to work out his own salvation. A real marriage can only be based on real love."

There was such passionate earnestness in her usually quiet voice, that a tiny flash of surprise crossed Rosemary's face.

"You speak as if you knew!" the girl exclaimed involuntarily, and a faint colour crept into Miss Hester's face.

"My dear, I do know," she said. "To you, I expect, I seem an old woman; indeed, to you, at twenty-one, I, at sixty, am an old woman. But down in my heart I am not really old at all; and it is quite a mistake to suppose that a woman of sixty has forgotten what love means. It is a mistake to imagine that she has left off being able to love. One's heart doesn't dry up like a withered apple or a faded flower! I believe I care as keenly to-day as I did thirty years ago."

"Oh, Miss Hester, tell me about—thirty years ago." Rosemary slipped from the window-seat and knelt beside her friend, looking eagerly into the softly-flushing face, which all at once seemed to have recaptured its youth.

"It is a very ordinary story—if a story of love is ever ordinary; but I have never forgotten—I shall never forget. Desmond Treherne means the same to me to-day that he meant when we were both young."

"But why didn't you—" Rosemary began, and checked herself.

"Why didn't we marry, you were going to say? Things went wrong. I never quite fathomed the whole reason why they went wrong, but another woman made mischief between us; our lives drifted apart, and never came together again."

"Oh!" Rosemary whispered.
"Couldn't anything have set it right?"

"We were in hospital together," Miss Hester went on, apparently not hearing the girl's question, "he a medical student, I a nurse, at St. Gabriel's. Not

long ago I went to St. Gabriel's to see a poor girl who was in one of the wards, and I almost expected to see Desmond come across the courtyard towards me; I almost thought I should meet him on the stairs! All the old memories came back. It seemed impossible to believe that thirty years had gone by since he and I were young man and woman there together. We were friends in those old days; and the friendship grew into something greater. And then, just after I left the hospital, my training finished, I had a letter from him asking me to marry him. It was like the door of Heaven opening wide for me"-Miss Hester spoke very simply—" but it shut again almost directly. We had only been engaged three weeks when I had a letter from him which from that day to this I have never really been able to understand. In it he said he was horrified at his own folly, and the mistake he had made; that under the circumstances his only possible course was to release me from my engagement, and that he wished me every happiness with the man I had chosen. He added that he was leaving England at once for Australia, where he intended to take up work; and as he had no relations in this country, it was quite unlikely he would ever come back. And that was

"All? But, of course, you wrote directly, and said he had made a mistake?"

"I wrote by return. In those days I was very impetuous, and his letter made me frantic with misery. It was rather a hard bit of life to travel through, because I had no answer to that letter I sent off in a desperate haste! In the course of a week or two it came back to me through the Returned Letter Office, marked 'Gone away—address unknown.'"

"Miss Hester! oh, Miss Hester!"
Rosemary's hands closed with a quick sympathetic clasp over the hands that lay so still in Miss Hester's lap; her eyes were misty with tears as they looked into the blue eyes whose serenity had been troubled by this stirring of old memories. "I wonder you didn't go mad with the misery and the puzzle of it." Rosemary said.

"The puzzle of it did almost drive me mad. Misery is in a way less hard to bear than the bewildering question—why? Why—why—why had it all happened? I could see no explanation. I could not in the least understand it. It was like fighting through a great darkness in which no light shone. Desmond had gone, that was all I could manage to grasp. Desmond had gone right away, leaving no trace, and believing that I had thrown him over for another man. There was no other interpretation of his letter. He thought I had been untrue to

him, and he had put it out of my power to show him his mistake."

"It was very unfair of him; horribly unfair. He ought to have given you a chance of showing him the truth."

"Yes, I think he ought; but, on the other hand, I do not know how the false information about me had reached him. I do not know how strong the evidence against me was. I know nothing, and I have learnt—in all these years I have learnt not to be hasty in my judgments—least of all in my judgment of the man I love."

"Do you mean to say that after the way he treated you you still love him?"

"Rosemary, my dear, love—if it is love at all—does not die casily; and I am sure, quite sure, that Desmond had some very strong reason for doing what he did. He was not a man to treat any woman unjustly, least of all the woman he loved. And he loved me"—her voice was very firm and sure—"he must have been convinced of very strong, very overwhelming justification for taking the step he took."

"I wish he could see you now" Rosemary sat back upon her heels and contemplated Miss Hester's face. "I wish he could see you, and realise just what you are, and what you have always been. He would come crawling to you on hands and knees to say he could never forgive himself for having mistrusted you for a single second"

Miss Hester laughed a little shakily.

"He would probably realise, what your kind eyes overlook, that I am a woman of sixty, with white hair and wrinkles."

"And the most restful eyes in the world, and the dearest smile, and the youngest heart, and the sort of personality that any man might love."

"Rosemary, my dear!" The colour flamed into Miss Hester's face.

"And you can still blush as prettily as any girl of eighteen," Rosemary added "And I only hope Dr. Treherne married a minx, who gave him a thoroughly bad time. He deserved it. I wish I could meet him and tell him so!"

"What a refreshingly single-minded champion you are, Rosemary. But I must not waste a single moment more digging up old memories. I have to see old Betty Trent, and take some soup to Mr. Gaynor, and see various other people. I only told you my little old story to show you that I know what love means, and I don't want you to make a muddle of your life. Some day love will surely come to you, and when it comes you will know that no counterfeits do instead of the reality. Meanwhile "—her tones



ROSEMARY PEERED ROUND INTO THE GLOOM, AND THEN REALISED THAT WHAT SHE SOUGHT LAY ALMOST AT HER FEET.

Drawn by Harold Copping.

grew more brisk—"there is plenty to do in life without spending too much time in thinking of love between man and woman. There are so many other kinds of love"—her voice grew dreamy—"and one never wants to lose sight of them. All love is one, and all life is one, and if the greatest love of all is denied to us, we must not turn our backs on all the lesser forms love takes. Love is the heart of the world, the heart of God!"

That talk lingered long in Rosemary's mind, and its first result was a quietly worded but very decided letter to Denis Mayne, repeating her former refusal to marry him. "And I think it is very good of you," she wound up, "to want to help me with all the work of the estate, and to carry some of my burdens for me. But I have Mi. Smith now to manage the work, and I think he will watch carefully over my interests. He lives in the Church House, and superintends everything."

Rosemary wrote that letter in her own small sanctum in the twilight of the October day, and now and again, as her pen travelled over the paper, she lifted her eyes to look out of the window where grey shadows were creeping over the garden, and the last lingering light of a golden sunset was fading away in the west. Just over there in a corner of the park stood the Church House, a grey stone building close to the village church itself, so close that from its doors the sound of the organ and of the singing were distinctly audible. And it gave the young mistress of Grenlake Manor a curious sense of satisfaction to know that the friend, at whom life had struck so cruel a blow, was at rest and safe in the peaceful old house.

"And I am glad, glad, glad Mr. Marriott has gone!" the girl exclaimed aloud, as she stuck and stamped her envelope. "There was something in him which made me think of snakes. Don't you agree with me, Daniel?" She addressed her remark to her small dog, whose ears cocked instantly at the sound of his own name, whose bright eyes looked into his mistress's face with a glance that brimmed over with intelligence, whilst his tail flopped entire agreement with her statement.

Rosemary

' We didn't like him, did we, you and I, most wise of hounds? I would always be guided by your opinion, Daniel; you are a good judge of character." The tail flopped an ecstatic response. " And you like Mr. John: I believe you like him almost better than anybody vou have ever known," Flop, flop went the tail once more in eager assent. " I think he is 'a very parfit gentil knight,' don't you, Daniel?" The actively wagging tail expressed complete accordance with the views expressed by Daniel's young mistress, and the dog rose as she pushed back her chair preparatory to going down to the drawing-room to Mrs Grant. But the door was hurriedly, almost violently opened, and Jennings came into the room with a precipitation very unlike his usual butler-like calm. So reminiscent were his hurried entrance and his white face, of that tragic day more than eighteen months earlier, when he had brought her the tidings of the motor accident, that for an instant Rosemary's heart seemed to stand still. and the colour left her face.

"What is it, Jennings?" she said, going towards the old man who stood in the doorway looking at her with startled eyes.

"Duke has come in, miss," he said shakily. "He says something's happened to Mr Smith at the Church House, and he thought he'd best come straight here about it."

Duke was the head gardener, a staid old man whose length of service equalted Jennings's own.

Rosemary's eyes grew dark with fear.
"Something has happened? What does Duke mean? What has happened?"

"He went—Duke went to speak to Mr. Smith about the new furnace in the big greenhouse, miss, that was what Duke told me, and he couldn't make anybody hear, though he knew Mr. Smith was in Mrs. Larpent, who does for him, goes home early," Jennings added, and Rosemary nodded impatiently.

"Yes, I know, I know; but what did Duke tell you? Where is he? I had better go and speak to him."

"He says he opened the door at last and went in," Jennings continued hurriedly, not wishing to have his story snatched from him, "and he found Mr. Smith lying on his study floor unconscious. Duke thinks—"

But Rosemary did not wait to hear what Duke thought. She flew downstairs to the drawing-room to Mrs Grant.

" Mr. John has had an accident," she said " I am going to the Church House to see what is wrong, and what can be done."

"Rosemary, my dear, you can't go to the Church House by yourself. People will say——"

" I don't care in the very least what

people say. Let them say! Do you think I am going to bother about that when Mr. John may be badly hurt." And leaving her chaperon both literally and metaphorically gasping, she sped on down the stairs to the hall, where the old gardener stood waiting.

"Did he seem very ill?" she asked.

"He looked like death, miss," was the grave rejoinder; and Rosemary's heart contracted with a sickening pain.

"Send directly for Dr. Whiteley," was all she said as she opened the front door and rushed along the garden path and across the lawn, intent only upon reaching John Smith with the least possible delay.

As she went to the door, there were no lights in the Church House, nor were any blinds pulled down or curtains drawn, and the windows looked like sightless eyes in the darkness, which had come down suddenly and blotted out the grey twilight.

Rosemary pushed open the front door and went into the little hall, where the silence-a strangely ominous silence, it seemed to her-was only broken by the solemn tick-tick of the grandfather's clock on the staircase. She felt her way along the hall to the open door of the room which was always used as the agent's study and office, and, still feeling her way cautiously to the fireplace, fumbled about on the mantelpiece for matches, remembering, in a little fortunate flash of memory, how Mr. John had said only a few days ago that Mrs. Larpent appeared to regard the matches on the study mantelpiece, and those only, as sacred and not to be touched.

The match-box was there. Rosemary's hand closed over it, and, with fingers that shook, she struck a match and lighted the candles upon the writingtable, looking round her fearfully after they were lit

Lifting one of the candlesticks above her head, Rosemary peered round her into the gloom and then realised that what she sought lay almost at her feet. The man called John Smith lay there in a stillness which gave the girl a sick feeling of dread, one arm flung out along the hearthrug, the other lying inert across his body. His eyes were shut, his face was ghastly, and he looked so lifeless that for one awful moment Rosemary thought he was dead. Then, as she put the candlestick back upon the table, and knelt on the floor beside him, taking his limp hand in hers, his eyes slowly opened and fixed themselves upon her face. A frown of bewilderment puckered his forehead, an expression of overmastering fear swept across his face.

"Go," he said weakly, "go—if there is still time. You are a memsahib, they have no respect for our women. Go quickly!"

His words were so extraordinary, so

incomprehensible, and they were spoken in accents of such deadly terror, that Rosemary stared at him blankly for a moment before saying—

"No one will hurt me here, Mr. John. This is my house."

"Your house?" His voice was highpitched and strange. "How can it be your house when those devils were here just now? If they torture a man"—his tones sank to a whisper which made Rosemary's blood run cold—"what would they do to a woman? You must go. And why do you call me Mr. John? That is not my name."

"Oh, dear Mr. John"—Rosemary's soft hands held his closely—"that is the only name we know for you. And there are no devils here, you are in the Church House at Grenlake. Listen; there is the organ for choir practice."

Thinking he was delirious, she spoke very slowly and clearly, and her words were verified by the soft booming notes of the organ in the church next door. The sounds seemed to fill the room, not unpleasantly, but bringing with them a sense of quiet assurance and strength.

"Grenlake? The organ? But I was on the hillside, and they came—they came—" A long shudder ran through him, and his face grew so ghastly, that Rosemary's heart beat fast with an agonised fear that he was dying before her eyes. Afraid of attempting to move him, lest she should do him some injury, she gently pushed back the hair from his forehead on which the prespiration stood in great beads, and her voice was very quiet as she said—

"You are safe, quite safe in your own house at Grenlake. The doctor will be here in a minute, and there is no danger."

His eyes, which had closed, opened again; in their expression fear and bewilderment were still mingled.

"But you?" he said, his voice grown perceptibly weaker. "Who are you? Why are you here? Are you sure it is safe? Where are the tribesmen?"

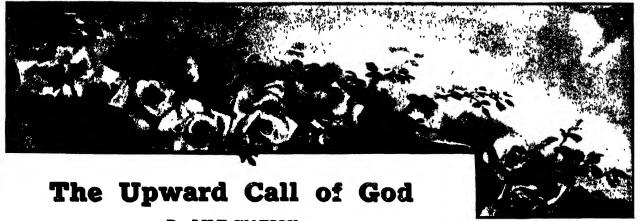
"Mr. John," Rosemary said, very gently but very firmly, "you are not in any place where there are tribesmen. You are in England, and I am Rosemary—Rosemary Sterndale."

"Rosemary?" A little tender smile flickered over his face. "Why, Rosemary is only a baby. I wrote her a letter. But if I ever get out of this"—terror leapt into his eyes again—"only I sha'n't get out. These devils have me fast——"

"Mr. John," Rosemary put her hand again on his hands, which were moving nervously, "listen to me."

"But my name isn't John," he broke in. "Why do you call me Mr. John? My name is David Merraby; and Rosemary is a baby, my goddaughter, Rosemary!"

To be continuod.



By LILY WATSON

Drawn by Maude Angell.

In writing this series of papers on the Spiritual Life, I would fain keep in touch with my readers. How I should love to see them face to face! But as that is impossible I try to think of any difficulties that may arise, in order to dispel them, if I can.

Some one may say, for instance: "Your subject is the Spiritual Life. Why introduce practical matters?" The answer is, that the inner and the outer life are inseparably connected. I quoted lately a significant sentence: "Life is the ordered response to the upward call of God" And Vocation - literally, callinghas been defined as "a straight line between the soul and God." Still, all this may seem too high-flown to one whose path of duty is rather dismal.

She is, let us say, engaged in a typewriting-office, a post-office, or a bank; or is occupied in some sort of routine work that she does not particularly like, that does not seem to claim the best faculties of her nature. She reads my last article, and observes: "You have been writing of a choice between two exceptional vocations: a cloister in the eleventh century, and a royal What earthly connection throne can that sort of thing have with my daily calling?"

Well, the point of my story was, that God's thought of a vocation for us was not always our own thought. "But how can my dull, daily

task be a Vocation—a Calling of

God?"

Of course, it is very desirable to do the best you can! Do not acquiesce in what comes to hand just to save trouble! But if, after thought and prayer, the occupation is obviously the only one open to you, then try and regard it as a Vocation-not merely as an "Avocation."

It must always be remembered that our Blessed Lord laboured for the greater part of His life in a carpenter's shop. "Is not this the Carpenter?"

For the time, that was His appointed work. And He glorified labour because He laboured with His hands; He did not let the labour degrade Him

I have already mentioned the discovery of papyri in Oxyrhynchus, in Egypt, in the year 1897. The most beautiful of all the sayings reputed to our Lord is this-and so significant is it that I can never believe it had not a Divine origin :- "Raise the stone, and thou shalt find Me: cleave the wood, and I am there" Ponder over these words, supposed to be uttered by Christ to the lonely toiler. Even in the humblest manual forms of industry He may be found by the seeking heart.

This glorifies all work, does it not? If the stonemason, the carpenter, may find Christ in his daily toil, the worker in any capacity may also find Him in her task. It is for you to raise your work to the dignity of a "calling," not to let it drag you down.

It is very delightful to have special gifts-to be an artist, a musician, a writer, a worker in definite Christian societies, as a missionary, a deaconess, and so on. And you may say: "If I only had that vocation, I could realise that it came from God -it would be evident enough "

We cannot all fulfil these callings, and what we need to learn is that we may elevate the humblest or dullest occupation. We are not to be its slave; it is for us to elevate it. I met with some lines the other day which illustrate what I mean. They are entitled "Jesus the Carpenter," by Charles M. Sheldon. I quote two of the versesIf I could hold within my hand The hammer Jesus swung, Not all the gold in all the land, Nor jewels countless as the sand All in the balance flung. Could weigh the value of that thing Round which His fingers once did

cling.

If I could have the table He Once made in Nazareth, Not all the pearls in all the sea, Nor crowns of kings, or kings

As long as men have breath, Could buy that thing of wood He

The Lord of lords, Who learned a trade."

Each heart must respond to these sayings; and so we see that no work can be degrading; it is for the worker to ennoble it. Therefore, do not despair, if you are miserably feeling that you have missed your vocation. If the position in which you find yourself is the only one open to you, see that you ennoble it by your conduct. Emerson has a wise saying: "The unremitting retention of simple and high sentiments in obscure duties is hardening the character to that temper which will work with honour-if need be in the tumult, or on the scaffold."

But this is difficult to grasp! And yet it may be done. George Herbert's poem-

"Teach me, my God and King, In all things Thee to see,"

is almost too well known to quote, but it is significant.

All may of Thee partake. Nothing can be so mean Which with his tincture, for Thy Will not grow bright and clean.

The Upward Call of God

" A servant with this clause Makes drudgery divine. Who sweeps a room as for Thy laws Makes that and the action fine."

"It is while men perform a thousand obscure duties in the fear of God that they slowly grow into familiarity with God." Brother Lawrence (Nicholas Herman, of Lorraine), whom I mentioned recently, was a wonderful example of this truth.

He worked in the kitchen of the monastery, and it is recorded of him that, "In his business in the kitchen (to which he had naturally a great aversion), having accustomed himself to do everything

there for the love of God, and with prayer upon all occasions for His grace to do his work well, he had found everything easy during the fifteen years that he had been employed there."

Here we have an ignorant, unlettered man, in the seventeenth century, engaged in this humble and distasteful employment, who vet, by his conversations and letters, gave to Christians of every type, wonderful teaching on "The Practice of the Presence of God.'

It is hardly possible to think of any vocation which does not include or allow of Service.

This, indeed, is a law of life, for we have no life apart from others.

It is difficult to realise this when one is young. One's own affairsone's happiness, one's individuality -seem of such tremendous importance! The "I" sometimes appears to be the only thing that matters. And yet this individualism, as we come to see later on, is not the true significance of life.

As Mazzini said: "Thou canst not, even if thou wouldst, separate thy life from that of humanity.

Thou livest in it, by it, and for it." We are part of a mighty whole. St. Paul puts it forcibly in the twelfth chapter of the First Epistle

> to the Corinthians.

Perhaps the way in which religious teaching used to be enforced may have helped to promote the sentiment of Indi-" I vidualism. must save my own soul"; nothing else mat-But you ters. cannot save your own soul by thinking only of self!

One of the sayings of our Lord that is unspeakably precious is recorded, as it were, quite incidentally. St. Paul says in Acts xx. 35: "Remember the

words of the Lord Jesus, how he said: It is more blessed to give than to receive."

When you have learnt the secret of this corporate life, your own life will be fuller and richer. You will realise that we are "members one of another," and that in proportion as you abandon your exclusive individuality, you become a partaker of a vaster, fuller life.

Whatever your Vocation, then, may be, try to realise this truth in the exercise of it. Make yourself helpful to those with whom you come in contact. Never forget the law of Service-

"Heaven doth with us as we with torches do.

Not light them for themselves."

It may be possible for many who read these words to identify themselves with some form of active religious service as their life-work. Although I have dwelt on the sacredness of all daily toil, there is an especial joy for those who have had, perhaps from childhood, a desire for definitely "religious" activity. And now in, I suppose, every part of the

Christian Church there are openings for women workers. Whatever you wish to undertake, whether it be in association with others or singlehanded-in home service, in the mission field, among the poor and outcast of our great cities, in ordinary parish work-you will find an outlet for your energies. Women are terribly needed in the world-devoted. consecrated women.

I could fill my remaining space with a list of the avenues by which women may enter this great department of Christian service. But every girl who has the longing I have indicated will probably find to her hand, in connection with her church, the information and introduction she needs.

I must, however, utter a word of warning here to would-be workers. It does not follow, because you cannot get on with anybody at home, feel misunderstood and unappreciated, and because you, generally speaking, want a change—that you will make a good missionary.

It does not follow, because you feel the thrill of romance about a foreign land, that you will do good service when you get there. I have known girls set sail, hand in hand, with a triumphant pæan, so to speak, only to return, after a year or two. ignominious failures! Poor things! I am not sneering at their enthusiasm! far from it. But something more is needed.

It does not follow, because you "rather like" district visiting, in the old-fashioned "Lady Bountiful" style, that you are qualified to deal with the conditions of poverty in a London slum.

For all these, and many other forms of work, training and discipline are needed. And yet, never let the value of enthusiasm be underrated.

The verse in Phil. iv. 5: "Let your moderation be known unto all men," may very likely be misunderstood; for "moderation" should be translated "forbearance," and the "moderate" worker, moderate in zeal, in energy, in love, does not go far. No! Let us have youthful

enthusiasm, as much of it as we can get; only let it be tempered with knowledge, contraining, and, above all, by the grace of God.

be tinTHERE is comparatively small difficulty in the choice of a profession for the boy or girl who displays either a taste or a talent in some particular direction, but the case of a child who gives no such indication is one of the most difficult of the many problems which besets the parent. It is a temptation in such instances to permit what is expedient to operate in a fashion which may ultimately work for mischief, not alone as regards the individual child, but to the community as a whole. Square pegs in round holes do not tend to the smooth working of the wheels of State.

Time was when the fool of the family, who probably was not a fool at all, but merely a boy whose bent

was not obvious was put into the Church, but enlightened opinion has happily changed that pernicious state of affairs, with the result that he goes into the Civil Service, there to stagnate and cause the Service to stagnate likewise. In every walk of life the child without a bent is being exploited much to his ultimate disadvantage on routine occupations that destroy any initiative that he may happen to possess. Most of the occupations that have become a byword for ineptitude are recruited from the same ranks. I am reminded in this connection of a working-class mother who once informed me that she intended her Maggie for domestic service. Maggie, she said, didn't seem to have any brain or any taste for doing anything. So service was, obviously, the place for Maggie.

I understood better than I had ever understood before why the present state of discontent reigns both among maids and mistresses.

Now, although we have earned for ourselves the sobriquet of "a nation of shopkeepers," we still harbour a quite unreasonable prejudice against business" as a career for our boys and girls. Yet during the last fifty years a veritable romance has sprung up around the business of shopkeeping. Aristocrats have become shopkeepers and shopkeepers have become Stores have become aristocrats. social centres and buyers for the large houses have become arbiters of taste. Commerce and politics have become inextricably commingled and international relations influenced by

considerations of trade. Why not give the child without a bent a chance to graduate in the great world-wide profession that feeds and clothes the nations? If he has ever played "shops" in his youth, he will probably have given you proof of the ever fascinating influence which the pastime has wielded over his imagination and interest.

Now, in no profession in the world can so large a proportion of employees who have risen from subordinate positions to posts that represent large salaries, be shown as in that connected with the management of a large stores. Indeed, it is the men and the women who have risen from the ranks, and who know the work through and through, who, in

the end, make good. An effort is now being made by several of the leading stores to attract to their ranks graduates from the universities, and I may remark that the terms offered them during the early stages compare very favourably with those held out by the teaching profession. If, after having attended a course of lectures dealing with a variety of aspects of business life, they display an aptitude for any particular branch, their energies may later on be concentrated on advertising work. the development of overseas trade, the artistic side of display, or a number of other branches of activity, each of which gives scope for individual initiative.

It is because the latterday developments of business as a career are not sufficiently known that in the interests



A WELCOME MORSEL.

Photo by Donald McLeish.

The Child without a Bent

of the child who has no bent, I venture to detail a few of the advantages that it presents. The unmitiated are apt to imagine that work in connection with a shop means incarceration for nine solid hours a day This is incorrect, since the more enlightened firms now give their employees permission to spend their dinner hour and the twenty minutes given for tea outof-doors, rightly regarding these two breaks as a valuable means for refreshing the worker with change of air and of scene. The holidays are likewise arranged on lines that are to the advantage of the worker, for after as little as three months' service, he or she becomes entitled to a day in respect of each month of service. Under the new regime, a pension, paid from a fund

raised on the firm's annual profits, awaits employees when superannuation arrives.

It is because business in the sense of shopkeeping offers nowadays such a multiplicity of aspects and ramifications that a child without a bent, once launched in it, must almost inevitably discover one or other branch that will ultimately intrigue He may find his metter in the

Photo by Donald McLeish.

THE HOUSEHOLD PET. BRINGING THE WANDERLE HOME. IN THE ALPINE VALLEY.

actual selling, or, on the other hand, he may display an aptitude for discriminating buying, and eventually become a department-buyer rather than a sales-manager. Or he may develop a nice instruct for posterwork or window dressing, both of them arts which, for their pull on sales, command a high salary for the expert. He may equally prove himself an able statistician, and by his keen analysis of profits and possible losses so influence the policy of the management that he eventually rises to a position of trust and importance. Or he may have a genius for organisation, which will find scope in the arrangement of working shifts, deliveries, staff management, and so on.

For the modern stores is like a miniature municipality. If an employee have any capability in any direction whatsoever, it is practically bound to evince itself sooner or later. Especially in regard to women are the prospects good. A clever woman buyer and a capable woman advertising expert may both draw salaries that will make those granted to sisters who have graduated in what are usually deemed more intellectual

occupations look exceedingly trivial. It is just because a business career has not, up to the present, been credited with its due meed of intellectuality that it has been looked at askance by the parent with ambitions. But such a career will probably call forth from the child without a bent every scrap of intellectual effort of which he may be capable.

ARE YOU WANTING A HOLIDAY, YET CANNOT LEAVE TOWN?

RAGGED ROBIN" OF THE 'THE TRAIL

By Flora Klickmann

Will transport you to the fir-clad hills, where the mountain streams sing all the summer night, and the birds and flowers make life very joyous through the summer day

Price 7s. net. By post 7s. 6d.

Woman's First Dress Accessory

Illustrated by Permission from Specimens in the Victoria and Albert Museum

THE recent return to favour of that essentially feminine weapon the fan (a French epigrammatist has called it "L'epée des femmes"), has had the effect of stimulating interest in what indeed forms an exceedingly attractive branch of the collecting hobby. History hardly takes us back so far as the first days of the invention of the fan, for no doubt long before our remote ancestors conceived the idea of fashioning for themselves even the implements of the chase, they plucked the widest leaves of the forest for shields against the sun's rays. The palm-tree of southern climes, being by its shape and substance peculiarly fitted for the purpose, seems to have taken precedence of other leaves in this connection, the palmleaf fan of to-day varying doubtless very

little, either in form or decoration, from that which slaves wafted before their mistresses in the days which the Arabian Nights have im-

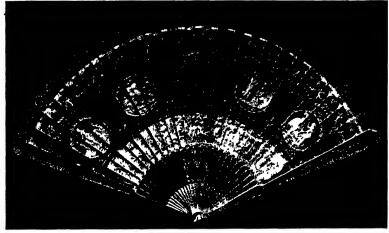
mortalised for us.

As every collector is well aware, "there is nothing new under the sun," and even the ostrich jazz fans of a single plume, such as we were all industriously engaged in plying a winter ago, was a fashionable adjunct to the eighteenth century toilette. In Gain-borough's famous portrait of the Hon. Mrs. Graham, one of the gems in the National Gallery of Edinburgh, this elegant dame is seen holding in her slender

hand just such a feather fan as we have lately been deeming the latest thing in this direction.

The Supremacy of the Chinese in Fan Making.

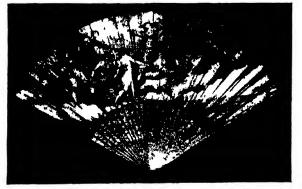
Though the more northerly nations have produced



An Ivory Fan, finely Pierced and Carved, belonging to Queen Alexandra.

fans of considerable beauty and originality, it is, as might be expected, to the more southerly countries that

> we owe the greatest tribute of admiration for fan designs. To China we owe fans that are a miracle of carving, so fine that it seems impossible that human eyesight could have compassed it. Tiny fans of pierced ivory, worked into minute scenes in which animals, birds, and human figures take part, are entrancing enough to induce their owner to keep them ever modestly before their eyes when in public, for one can study their stories at long length, and yet not



The Frame of this is Carved Ivory; the Body, Kid, painted in Water-colours after the Aurora of Guido.

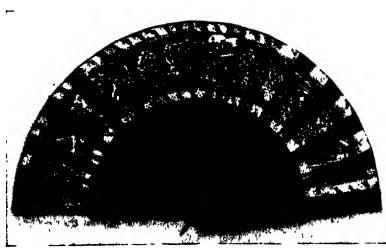
exhaust the store of detail that they possess.

So pre-eminent have the Chinese always been in everything pertaining to the fan, that their services have been largely requisitioned by the designers of other

nations to provide either carved sticks for their own mounts, or for pictured mounts for their own sticks. Thus one may find a mount of kidskin painted by an Italian artist posed above sticks and guard of Chinese lacquer; or admire a mount of Chinese parchment attached to French sticks of wrought silver. Fans of hybrid origin such as this are often more beautiful than those produced in their entirety by a single nationality; and the collector, in meeting with them, need harbour no doubt as to their merits on the count of their dual origin.

The Fan with a Mirror.

The subtlety that distinguishes the French in everything that pertains, even indirectly, to the arts of the toilette, has stood them in good stead in regard to fan



A Chinese Fan, having the Mount painted with Figures. The Stick of Sandal-wood is Carved and Pierced. Formerly the Property of the late Empress Eugenie.

Some Notions for the Nursery

I MUCH suspect that in a good many schemes for nursery furnishing the last consideration has been the baby who is to inhabit it. The word "colour-scheme" has of late become such a charm with which to juggle that in its cult the natural aptitude of the juvenile for rapid and messy modification of any well-thoughtout notation of tone and tint seems often to have been entirely overlooked.

To me there is nothing more unlovely than a play-room which has begun its existence in some delicate combination of lavender and primrose, with a liberal admixture of chequerings and patternings to act as foil to its subtleties of shades, only to continue it a sad, drab testimony to a child's aversion to the colour cult. What one needs to keep well in mind when the decoration of the nursery is afoot, is the fact that both woodwork, paper, and floor covering must be such as will lend themselves to frequent cleansing from the marks of fingers and toes, and that nothing, however charming in itself, which does not fit in with this requirement need apply for admission.

For all we have heard of late of the importance of colour in the education of the young, the cultivation of cleanly, tidy surroundings is of even greater importance to the budding intellect. I cannot believe the soiled and sullied decorations which it has been my lot to meet with of late in houses given over to certain types of "advanced" decoration, can have helped much in developing the æsthetic taste of the nursery inmates.

The Advantage of a Paper with a Design.

Though appreciative as a rule of the charms of plain papers in a self-colour for the ordinary living-room, I feel that in the case of a nursery a design possesses the advantage of acting as a certain distraction

to Baby in some of his difficult moods. The nursery-rhyme paper has perhaps been a little overdone, and I am inclined to think that its repeated presentation of the same theme is apt to lack interest for its young critic far sooner than the grown-up imagines. In its place I would select one of the many fresh, attractive varnished papers which are primarily intended

for kitchen and bath-room use. With a simple design of fleur-de-lis or little Empire wreaths, these papers have a warmer effect than those with a plain cream or buff ground, and at the same time permit themselves to be washed and kept fair to see for an almost indefinite period.

The Drawbacks to an All-White Nursery.

Varnished, too, should be the woodwork, despite the protestations that will inevitably come from the critical as to the lack of artistry in such a decision. It is in the woodwork that I would develop my taste for colour, seeing that the scientists have now definitely agreed that an all-white nursery proves too dazzling for a child's eyes, and that the introduction of definite colour is beneficial to his sight as well as his spirits.

White having been banned by the specialists for the present (one never knows when these decisions will not be entirely reversed!), green will perhaps be the choice of many, but I, having noticed that many children evince in their early youth an antipathy to this shade, shall vote not for green, but for red. Now, red, I grant you, is for the adult a disturbing colour, despite the fact that in the past it has been a favourite choice for dining-rooms and entrance halls. But for the child whose artistic tastes are in a different stage of development, red is the colour of joyousness. Give any small person his choice between a red and a green toy, a red-covered picture book and a greencovered volume, and I venture to prophesy that, in mne cases out of ten. his selection will be a rosy one.

I would not, of course, have great expanses of red in the nursery, lest the effect be one of over-stimulation, and if the skirting be unusually wide or the By Mrs. GORDON-STABLES

doors particularly lofty, I would have the mouldings of the one and the panels of the other painted in a warm coffee tone by way of relief. Those who care to see what decorative use may be made of red, employed in sparse quantities, should throw their minds back to the scenes in Newgate, as worked out by the late Claude Fraser in "The Beggars' Opera," a production which, I expect, most of my London readers have seen at least once during its popular career. Severe almost to the degree of bareness. the setting is rendered extraordinarily effective by the skilful introduction of sparing touches of red in a number of the minor details, the same note being introduced in the costumes of the Imagine the same scenes characters. minus the red, and you will realise its decorative value.

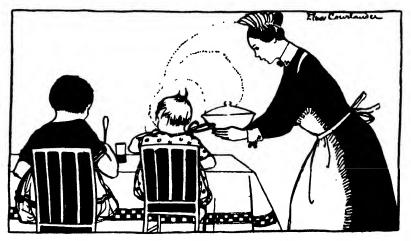
About the

I could, of course, suggest as dado to the walls the blackboard fabric which will enable the children to work out their propensity for scribbling and sketching on its friendly surface, But having noticed that children whose nurseries have been so equipped are apt henceforth to regard every dado as a lawful ground for such excursions into design, I am now a little inclined to consider that the youthful idea cannot too early be dissuaded from imagining it lawful to use walls as drawing-boards. So many notions that sound so delightful in theory have a way of developing very differently in practice.

The Floor Covering.

As for the floor, I should certainly take advantage of the warmth and hygienic qualities of the "Art Cork Felts," which have the further recommendation of being noiseless—a great point in connection with nursery use.

With my red paint, I should be inclined to the plain brown shade in this covering, the price of which is 6s. 11d. a square yard, as compared with the 7s. 6d. charged for the same quality in green, blue, and terra-cotta. But whichever colour one may choose, one will have the satisfaction of knowing that no matter how hard the tread in particular places, the material will wear solidly throughout,



Some Notions for the Nursery

no loss of colour being therefore resultant.

On my brown floor I should dispose some washable and unfadeable rugs in the "Sunleigh" make, which boasts a special nursery design in a useful five by four feet size. Its price is £3 55.

As for the Furniture.

There would naturally be one or two pieces of that dwarf furniture, decorated with "kings and ships and sealing-wax," such as have of late revolutionised nursery equipment with their practical as well as their picturesque charms. There would be an enamelled cot with hygienic cane panels, and fitted with wire springs, and one of those alluring cupboards with shelves atop for "Books and Toys, Baby's Joys," that, with their painted inscription of "Work, Laugh, Love,

and Live" on the cornice, should set an unconscious standard for life's conduct. Space permitting, there might be a child's wardrobe inscribed with "A place for everything, and everything in place," its doors and drawers, with their quaint figures of Dutch boys and girls, easing considerably the pains of tidiness.

Curtains and

With regard to the curtains, in place of the colour-scheme hangings, with their easily sullied charms, I would have the Noah's Ark cretonne, with Shem, Ham, and Japhet, as well as the animals in their couples, Mr. and Mrs. Noah, and the Ark itself, showing up valiantly against a background of deep blue. Or, if you feel you cannot run to the 4s. 4d. a yard which this cretonne represents, the Farmstead cretonne, at 2s. 8d., will not fall far behind it in appropriateness. So

full of variety are the designs of both, that it will probably be a long time before Baby has gone any distance in exhausting their pictured delights.

A "Pip-and-Squeak" table cloth, and perhaps a bedspread printed in a design composed of the traditional nursery toys, may be added, for with small people to be catered for, one need not fear the introduction of liberal patterning in the same way as would operate had adult tastes to be considered. There will be moments when both nurse and mother will be glad of picture and pattern as a means of turning a fretful child into a placid one or an obstinate infant into one more readily coaxed. "Circumwent's a werry good word," said the immortal Weller. Much patterning will often effect the "circumwention" of the irritable and the irascible.

Inside the Home

Pound-Foolishness.

It is often when we hope to achieve the greatest economies that we commit the worst extravagancies. This has lately been brought home to me with a painful force, for on removing to a house which has evidently been inhabited by tenants of the penny-wise type, I have been obliged to expend much precious pocket-money on the rectification of their pound-foolishness.

To begin with, I had been informed by my predecessors that the kitchen range, though installed at considerable expense, "had been a dreadful disappointment. The ovens simply would not get hot." They certainly would not, however brightly burnt the fire and however boiling the water supply. Careful examination of the stove brought to light no cracks or deficiencies, and I was sadly making up my mind that the whole affair was a "dud," and would have to be entirely replaced by another make, when a bright idea struck me.

I sent to the makers to give me a report on the apparatus. Up came a representative, who soon proved to my satisfaction that the whole trouble lay in the wrong construction of the flues and the insufficient air passages provided in the brickwork. The stove had obviously not been fitted by his firm, but by some jobbing builder totally unacquainted with its requirements in this respect. The couple of pounds or so that had been saved in the first instance had been outbalanced for goodness knows how many years by an undue consumption of fuel and two

Alterations and Improvements it may be Possible to Make

ovens that called for a red-hot top to the stove before they would consent to giving so much as even a moderate degree of baking heat. The outlay necessary for putting the matter right was £5, and the stove is now working merrily at an extraordinarily small consumption of coal.

This type of false economy is, as the stove-makers informed me, a very common one. It is, indeed, quite a rarity for the purchaser of a stove to allow it to be fixed by the makers. The estimate of a local builder is usually slightly below that given by the firm producing it, and so the builder gets the job, only to make a second fitting necessary later on.

Similarly with gas stoves. handy-man," who undertakes everything from installing a cooker to a fowlrun, will probably offer to fix the apparatus for a sum that sounds delightfully reasonable, until you discover later that his method makes it impossible to use the bath-room geyser or the drawing-room heating stove while you are cooking a meal. The expert in gas, whom you would have done well to employ in the first instance, would have been up to all these possibilities, and though he would have no doubt charged you more in the first instance for the work than the semi-amateur that you so trustfully engaged, his bill would, in the long run, have been far more advantageous to you.

It is not only in regard to cost, but also to safety, that pound-foolishness of this description is to be deprecated. The greater number of accidents of By Mrs. GORDON-STABLES

which one hears in connection with geysers and similar appliances are due to the fact that they have been fitted by an inexpert mechanic who has not been thoroughly trained in their scientific principles. It is to the advantage of the makers to instal their apparatus in such a way that it may do its work to the best advantage. The outsider, I fear, is often more or less indifferent.

So, too, if your typewriter misses fire or your sewing machine breaks its needles unnecessarily often, don't call in a jobbing mechanic, but put yourself into communication at once with the experts. You'll spend less in the end.

Nights at the Round Table.

There are houses where the hostess's "little dinners" are always a success, while equally there are others where one is sure of spending a rather bored evening round what should be, but seldom is, a festive board. The fare may be similarly excellent, the company as delightful, but still the fact remains—enjoyment on the one hand, ennus on the other.

Having endeavoured to analyse the causes, I have arrived at the decision that in the majority of cases the difference in conviviality is largely due to the choice of a table. The long table at which one is practically limited to the conversation of one's neighbour, and to an occasional exchange of remarks with one's vis-à-vis, is exceedingly dangerous to the success of the entertainment. It cannot be reasonably supposed that each couple will prove to be soul-mates, and thus entirely

Inside the Home

contented with their own conversation; even if they were, this isolation would not tend to the merriment of the entertainment as a whole. But given a circular or an oval table, note how differently the intercourse proceeds! Conversation immediately becomes of a general character, there is "a feast of reason and a flow of soul" that welds the party into a whole, and the dinner goes with a swing and a festivity that the hostess, however accomplished, could not achieve were her table of the oblong order.

When you are furnishing the diningroom, remember, however attractive the refectory table that may take your fancy, it is connected more with the meals of monasteries and schools than with those of the social type. A table of the oval or circular shape will help immensely when you gather your friends about your board.

The Problem of the Photographs.

There are times when one has it in one's heart to wish that one's friends, however dear, were not so addicted to the practice of having their features immortalised by the photographer. Photographs have a distressing habit of accumulating on shelves and mantelpiece, much to the detriment of one's room, yet to remove a portrait or fail to exhibit it when bestowed, is often a fruitful source of offence to the donor

An excellent way in which to dispose of the photographic problem is to be rigid in the exclusion of portraits of this kind from one's dining and drawingroom, and to restrict them either to the bed-rooms or to a work-room where they are permitted to be a feature in the scheme. Photographs look more effective when arranged in some definite order, than when disposed higgledy-piggledy on an occasional table or bureau. For instance, if framed in similar fashion, and posed immediately above the dado or at regular intervals along the eveline, they immediately take on a new The eye, led by the regular interest arrangement, discovers a real attraction in the framed prints, whereas in the more ordinary but less-considered disposal that is generally theirs, it is confused and distracted.

The formal album that stood on the drawing-room table did not present a really acceptable means of examining the photographs of one's friends. Far more pleasing is the modern fashion of bestowing on one's collection of prints an o'd Bible-box or capacious workbox of inlaid woods, from which each picture

can be withdrawn separately for contemplation. The occasional table with a single drawer beneath is now often used as a receptacle for one's photographic accumulations, which in this way are preserved from the fading and sullying which they would encounter were they carelessly exhibited in odd corners in an unframed condition.

Many of the newest type of photographs are real works of art and deserve to be treated accordingly. But, nevertheless, such presentments do, after a time, tend to lose their interest, and we should be insincere if we were to endeavour to give our friends the impression that we are satisfied to make our rooms a photographic gallery. Much as we value our intimates, we could not honestly affirm that we should care always to have them with us, and the same obtains with regard to photographs. If the modern room displays fewer such pictures, let it not be attributed to lack of fervour on the part of the recipients.

Regarding those Remnants.

I am grateful to the vogue for cushions, not alone for the decorative opportunities which it affords and for the ease and comfort it brings in its train, but for that merciful opportunity it offers one for the utilisation of those various remuants that every woman acquires at sale times without quite knowing what she is going to do with them. It must be a Spartan indeed who can resist those oddments of ribbon, scraps of brocade, and trifles of tassels, which beguile one at such times to our purses' undoing.

There will be this month, I doubt not, many a remnant acquired which, rightly used, will do yeoman duty in regard to the fashioning of the elaborate cushions which more and more become features of the couch and divan. The fact that the covers are more acceptable when formed of more than one material than when fashioned throughout in the same fabric, lends itself accommodatingly to the remnant hobby, and justifies us in the acquisition of morsels of lovely silk, satin, and velvet that might otherwise cast at us accusing glances from our piece-box. The square of metal brocade. for instance, which ought to have been just enough for a table centre, but isn't, can be eked out, if arranged diamondwise, by four triangles of black satin arranged at the corners to form it into an acceptable cushion square. So long as the back is also of black, it doesn't matter much whether it matches the triangles or not. That is where another remnant will probably come in.

As for the scrap of silver lace insertion that lured you to purchase, although it was obviously not of a length to be of much practical use as regards your wardrobe, it will form the centre of attraction in a long bolster-shaped cushion. It will need on either side a strip of grey velours, and will be all the better for a long silver tassel at either end. With a bolster of this description there is no reason why you should not introduce a tiny edging of fur, should you have picked up a bargain at the sales. The touch of fur is much in evidence in some of the very freshest models.

Again, if you should have found at a reduced rate some artificial flowers in beautiful colourings, but rather too dashed and draggled for use on headgear, turn an imaginative eye in their direction, for, torn petal from petal, their silks and velvets will form, readyshaped, desirable appliqués for the embellishment of covers. I have seen the most delectable of cushions so wrought with applied flowers and leaves, odd clumps of roses, bunches of wallflowers, and sprays of buttercups having been in this way conferred in a very short space of time on to a plain background By making use of good artificial flowers in this manner one obtains without a tiresome search exactly the right tints and tones, and, moreover, secures the proper petal and leaf forms-a great consideration should one happen to be unskilled in draughtsmanship.

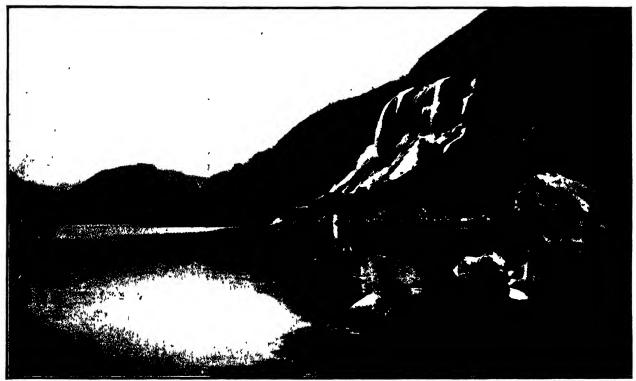
And as for the ribbon remnants—these are perhaps the most valuable of all in the cult of the cushion. Connected by means of a narrow crochet insertion in silk or by rows of metal galon, brocaded or even printed ribbons produce the most gorgeous of effects, and one may, by judicious acquisition of ribbon remnants, easily provide oneself with inexpensive cushion covers that would otherwise represent a serious outlay So don't forget your cushion needs so long as the sales are in force.

Concerning the Stairs.

However well we may pad our stair treads, yet the stair carpets need to be adjusted at frequent intervals if they are not to show signs of wear and tear. A firm of furnishers now arranges to send periodically to alter the stair carpet so as to ensure evenness of wear. A regular arrangement of this sort, which is by no means costly, is a splendid preventative of undue strain on the carpet, and in the long run pays for itself.

Tours Worth Taking

No. III.—The Scandinavian Countries



WALERIALLS AT

Photo by courtesy of the B and N I me, Royal Norwegian Muil Steamships.

ONCE again, Norway, Sweden and Denmark are open to the holiday-maker, who will find in the Scandinavian countries a field of vacation travel well worth exploring In days before the war, Norway presented one of the cheapest and easiest outings for the Polytechnic, and various agencies owned ships that they had specially fitted for summer cruising, and could offer a fortnight or so among the most picturesque of the fjords at an inclusive rate that is hardly credible in these times. There will be certain cruises of this description again. They were resumed last year by the Orient Company, and others will probably arrange them later.

Even in these days, Norway affords perhaps the cheapest short cruise that can be obtained; and, moreover, it meets the conditions of those who wish to travel in comfort, as well as those to whom economy is a primary consideration.

Let it be said at the outset that the B. and N. line of Royal Norwegian Mail Steamships have an office at 179, Strand, London, and from there all detailed information is most courteously accorded. They possess in the steam yacht Meteor an extremely well-found boat for pleasure-cruising, and it has what is a most desired boon by many—a number of single-berth cabins. The extravagantly opulent may take a "suite de luxe,"

with sitting-room, bed-room and bathroom, at £150 for the thirteen days duration of the cruise. The humbler individual can find a small cabin at £22, and between those two extremes there are twenty-three gradations as to rates. The last cruise in July and the first one in August are a little higher, as there is then a big demand for the berths, and the company encourage the earlier traffic by a lower rate.

Convenient trains from King's Cross or the big manufacturing towns convey the intending tourist to Newcastle-on-Tyne. The usual sailing day is Saturday, and the ship leaves about 6 pm Sunday is spent quietly at sea—usually at this time of year perfectly smooth; but, in any case, there are only twenty-two hours of open ocean, and the vessel enters waters of lake-like calm at Skudesnes on Monday morning.

You are close in to the coast, and its typical scenery, with fir trees and redroofed homesteads, are seen as the town of Haugesund is passed. Bergen is reached in the early morning, and the day can be well spent in exploring the old town, whose history goes back to the days of the Hanscatic League, and which, in its warehouses, possesses yet some most interesting survivals of northern mediæval architecture. For generations it has been the greatest fish-mart of Norway, and its people are

more cheery and genial than those of some of the other cities.

Or, if the traveller prefers to remain on the steamer, the Sognefjord and other famous features of the coast scenery can be visited.

Next day, there is Balholen, a less important place in itself, but an excellent base for inland walks to typical villages, or for short boating trips.

Molde is the next call, and though so far north, is remarkable for the beauty of its cherry, birch and ash trees, while its broad fjord and background of rugged mountains make up a rarely impressive scene.

The next three days are spent at places whose names would convey little enough in themselves, but which complete a circuit back to Bergen in which there is a constant panorama of land-scape quite peculiar to Norway, whether seen from the steamer or in the short land excursions that can be taken in the course of a few hours.

To the North Cape.

An alternative cruise for which the Irma, also of the B. and N. Line, is usually detailed is to the North Cape. This year the sailings will be on July 4th and 18th, the start again being made from Newcastle-on-Tyne. The journey occupies sixteen days, and the fares range from £52 to £82 per berth.

Tours Worth Taking

The extraordinary fascination that this cruise possesses is that it is made in almost unbroken daylight. For these are the days when, in the Arctic Circle, the sun is above the horizon at midnight, and those only who have seen it for themselves can realise the almost uncarthly wonder of the lights and shades and shadows of that phenomenon.

Moreover, if you can stand some cold and have taken a good range of warm clothes, there is plenty of very great interest to be seen. There are Lapland reservations, and the Lap at home, with his reindeer and his preparations for long, dark winter, shows human society still in its more or less primitive phases. There are visits to such places as Trondhjem and Tromso, while at Hammerfest is the town farthest north of the world.

At the North Cape itself a day and a night are spent, and there is time and enough to realise what the absence of darkness, even for a brief space, means. Coming homewards, the journey is made among the Lofoten Islands, with their wonderful peaks and mountains and almost unfathomable depths of sea. It is from this, and the wild fury into which it is lashed by the winter storms, that all the myths and legends of the Maelstrom have arisen. And so the traveller by stages comes down to Bergen before coming home.

Attractions of Sweden.

Sweden has never had the claim on the holiday-maker's attention that Norway has. It has not, of course, the same extraordinary features of the mountains and fjords; but, on the other hand, the people are more genial and more artistic than their more dour neighbours, whose temperament Ibsen has rather pitilessly revealed.

To reach Stockholm entirely by sea is a wholly delightful experience, but is not always to be realised, unless a pleasure cruise to these northern capitals is being made by a great liner.

The easiest way from London or from Newcastle is by one of the steamers of the Swedish Lloyd Company. The boat leaves Tilbury every Saturday at 11.30 a.m., or Newcastle every Wednesday at 4 30 p.m., the former voyage occupying about forty-eight hours and the latter forty-five hours before Gothenburg is reached.

At the time of writing, the first-class return fare to Gothenburg from either point of departure is £16, and second-class £12, including meals on the journey. But fares are often quickly changed, and it is best perhaps to regard these as approximate. To that must be added the railway journeys here—4s. 5d. each way first and 2s. 8d. third to Tilbury, or £3 7s or £1 19s. 7d. to Newcastle, and £1 16s 5d. from Gothenburg to Stock-

holm. Day trains in Sweden have no first-class.

Gothenburg itself is of much interest. It is the second largest town in Sweden, and possesses an exceptionally extensive park. In the summer time it offers great opportunities for bathing and boating.

From it may be reached the most famous waterfalls in Scandinavia—those of Trollhätten, which, like Niagara and others in Canada, are now "harnessed" to give cheap electric power to a huge district. And there is also the famous canal from here to Mem, on the Baltic, in which the boats may be said literally to go uphill. By a clever use of natural lakes and connecting waterways, 223 miles of direct communication have been established, the ascent being made by means of no fewer than seventy-four locks. The journey occupies, on this account, fifty-six to sixty hours.

"The Venice of the North" is the description that Stockholm likes to hear applied to itself, and it is not unjustified, for the original city began on a small island, where the extensive Malär Lake finds an outlet to the Baltic, and it has, in its seven centuries or so of development, connected itself by bridges with other islands, while the waterways between are also utilised. Those who like historical studies will find much to interest them in the architecture that demonstrates how, from about the seventeenth century, the city began to claim its place among the capitals of Europe.

Probably the traveller will decide to stay a few days in Stockholm, and will find hotels and pensions of luxury or simple comfort and cleanliness, as may suit her purse. For specific information on this point she can obtain full information from the Swedish Travel Bureau, 21, Coventry Street, London.

The dominating feature of the town is the Royal Palace, which was begun in the eighteenth century; but the full ambitions regarding it were not realised, as neither Charles XII. or Gustavus III. had the means at disposal. Its exterior lines are, however, extremely dignified in their severe Italian Renaissance style, but there is little of interest in the State apartments. The views along the terraces are fine. The churches, museums, market, and several of the public buildings are decidedly interesting.

Nor will any traveller ignore the modern art galleries. Before the war, Sweden was not uninfluenced by the Austrian Art Nouveau movement, but not to a blind extent, and had even then its own distinctive features. Whether in pictures or in decorative furniture, Swedish work of to-day is decidedly interesting.

In the shops the steel ware is very attractive, and the small inlaid and damascened pocket-knives are worth noting. The cut glass is very good, but somewhat costly. In china and earthenware there is a great deal that is very fascinating and uncommon, alike in design and colour.

There are various interesting expeditions to be made, as to Gothland, that island in the Baltic whereon remain some of the most impressive Gothic ruins of cathedrals and fortifications left in the world. It involves a short railway journey and a seven hours' sea passage. and it is claimed that it can show more wonderful roses and a bluer sky in summer time than can be found elsewhere north of the Mediterranean. And in these journeys, a little off the beaten track, there are glimpses to be obtained of village life that is still very primitive, of costumes as yet unaffected by the factory modes that have nearly swept away all the more picturesque features of the past, of local holiday festivities with their games and pastimes. No one will ever regret having spent a holiday in Sweden.

Denmark as a Holiday Centre.

Denmark does not rank as a tourists' country, yet it has a quiet fascination of its own, and Copenhagen has many features of interest.

The easiest way to reach it is from Liverpool Street to Harwich, crossing to Esbjerg. The boats go on Mondays, Thursdays and Saturdays. Trains leave Liverpool Street about 3 o'clock, and the steamers start in the early evening, occupying about twenty-five hours for the crossing. A first-class single ticket costs £7 25. 6d., or third-class rail and first-class boat, £6 10s. 3d. Meals taken in transit are extra. From Esbjerg to Copenhagen is £2 16s. 4d. first-class and sleeping-berth, or £1 16s. 4d. second-

There is a homeliness and absence of ostentation in Copenhagen that make it a restful capital. It gives excellent food—butter, eggs, poultry, bacon and bread being of the very best. Perhaps it is unrivalled in the matter of the hors d'auvres, with which you preface lunch or dinner.

A few years ago, when a distinguished party of French scientists were there, one of the hotels accepted a challenge to offer these appetising trifles in a hundred distinct varieties, and the proprietor was able to carry out his undertaking.

Even the museums have a kind of intimate personal character. One of these is given over to mementoes of the Royal House, and does not disdain to exhibit the rather gamp-like umbrella that one of the sovereigns, who enjoyed nothing better than to move about without ceremony among his people, habitually carried. Every good Dane expects the visitor to inspect, and be vastly

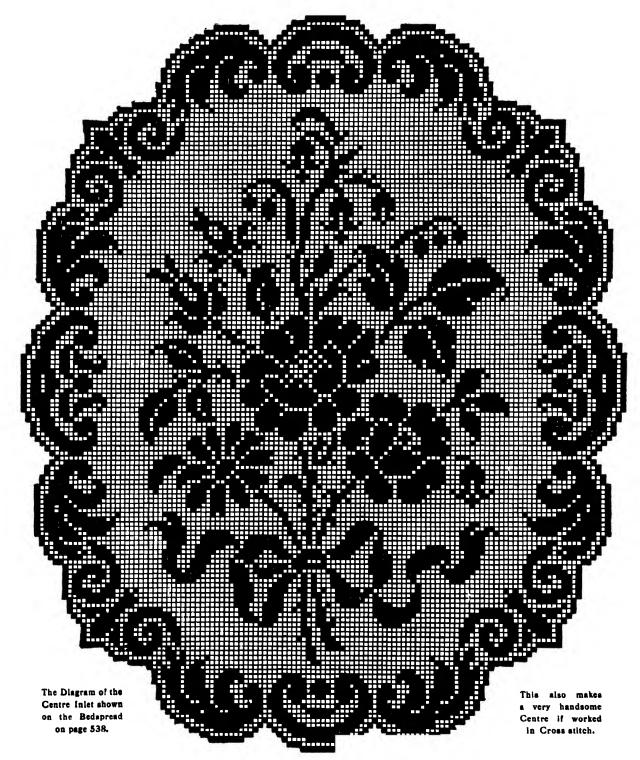
Tours Worth Taking

impressed, at the great galleries filled entirely with the sculptures of Thorvaldsen, and good manners, after the simple and genuine hospitality shown to the outsiders, will repress any criticism as to the dire monotony of the marble statuary.

To the lover of animals, the admirable care bestowed upon the horses and cows is an unfailing delight. Nor is this kindly

trait restricted to the more valuable beasts. Sheaves of corn are always set aside during the harvest to be put in some convenient place for the birds in winter. The storks add their quaint note to the landscape.

But one does not go to Denmark for varied scenery. Some bits of the Jutland coastline are striking, though more is merely sand and shallows. There are no hills to speak of and the country is flat. Yet every district, every county, has something peculiar to itself, and the oaks and beeches of Denmark are one of its unique distinctions. Its farmsteads bespeak a high general standard of prosperity, and the people, in the absence of extremes on either side, have, as a nation, fulfilled that wish in Proverbs—"Give me neither poverty nor riches."



The Flower Bedspread

ONE of my great-grandmother's precious hand-woven linen sheets became the background for this very lovely filet that seemed worthy of so choice a setting - and we called the spread, "Phoebe's Flowers," because of the quaint be-ribboned nosegay that she might have plucked from her garden ere she sat her down to spin. Can't you see this pretty thing pridefully spread in your own guest-room-the admiration of all your women friends?

For a single bed, the edge has ten repeats of the scallop on the sides, eight across the upper edge and five across the shorter lower edge between the cut-out corners. The insertion has four repeats across the spread, two of which form the corners, and nine repeats on each long side, including the corner.

Use Ardern's Crochet Cotton No. 24, or a little coarser thread if preferred, with a No. 5 hook.

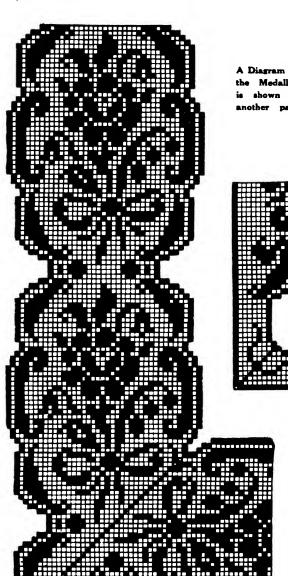


Diagram for Medallion shown on

> To make the Insertion, ch 84. Work 1st row from left to right; repeat motif (53 rows) 9 times, then work the corner in the same manner as directed below for the edge.

> Commence the medallion at the first long row above the scallops at the bottom with ch 183. Follow the diagram to the top, finishing each scallop separately. Join the thread and finish the bottom in the same way.

To work the Edge, ch 27 and work the 1st row from left to right. Complete one large scallop (50 rows). Repeat from 1st row 9 times to reach the corner. Make the last space of each row, working towards the diagonal edge, with a l tr (thread over 3 times) instead of the usual 2 ch and tr, turn, sl st in last tr, ch 5 for first space of next row. Work to the last row of corner, consisting of 1 block, 1 space (made with 1 tr), ch 3, 3 tr in last space, turn at right angles, ch 5, tr in 4th and 5th st from hook, tr in top of last tr of block below, ch 2, tr in base of same tr, ch 2, sl st in corner of first mesh of next row of first half, 3 tr in first mesh of next row, turn, work back to edge.

3rd Row.-1 bl, 2 sp, 1 bl, 1 sp, *ch 2, sl st in corner of first mesh of next row of first half, ch 3, tr in corner of first mesh of next row of first half, turn and work back to edge; complete corner, repeating from * on the diagonal edge.

A Pansy and Jonquil Sideboard Cloth

FILET CROCHET is one of the most satisfactory of laces for household uses, and may be as artistic as it is durable if care is taken to combine it with a fabric which matches it in colour and texture. Either white or écru may be used. As both linen and cotton crochet threads are to be had in a variety of sizes, it is an easy matter to suit the texture of the crochet to the fabric with which it is to be combined.

This beautiful Pansy and Jonquil Sideboard Cloth is worked in the regulation blocks and spaces characteristic of filet crochet, each single block consisting of 4 tr and each space of tr separated by 2 ch. When two or more blocks connect, the number of tr equals 3 times the number of blocks plus 1, 7 for 2 blocks, 10 for 3, and so on.

To start the filet crochet, make a ch, having 3 times as many st as there are blocks or spaces in the foundation row. If the row starts with a space, ch 6 additional st aid tr into 9th st from hook.



This makes a very Handsome End for a Table Scarf or Sideboard Cloth.

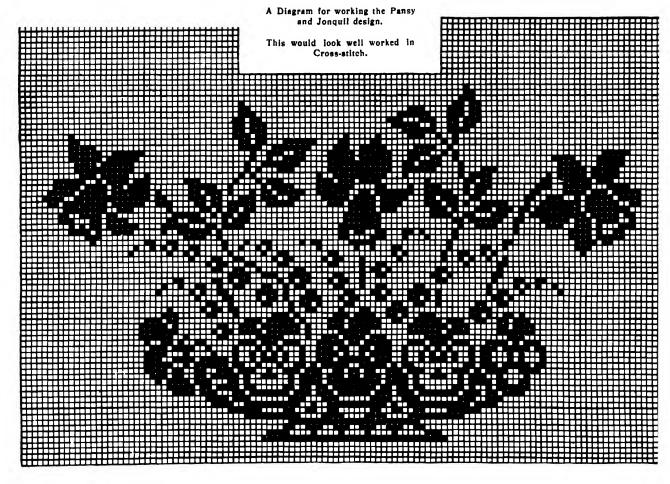
If it starts with a block, ch for 1st tr and make next tr n 4th st.

Ardern's crochet cotton is ver suitable for this, and the size use will depend on the sized piece c crochet required. The cloth her illustrated is about 17 inches wide and the work measures 7 meshe to I inch.

The upper part can be shape as in the finished cloth, or s shown in the diagram, or in an other way the worker may desire

To join the crocheted panel the linen, mark the line to which the crocheted piece should come embroider a buttonholed edgabout hinch deep with the purion the line of marking, and ove cast the crocheting to the buttonholed edge. The linen shoul always be fitted to the crocheting to

Finish the sides of the clot with two rows of filet spaces, an then work round the entire piece with double crochet, making picot of 4 ch over every 2nd tr.



A Fuchsia Tea Cloth and a Serviette

CORNERS of filet crochet with giant mesh border decorate this tea cloth and serviette.

The work is commenced at the right-angle corner of the triangle. Make 1st and 2nd rows in usual way for filet crochet

3rd Row.-2 blocks, or solid meshes, 2 spaces, or open meshes, ch 11, miss 2 sp, make 2 sp over block of 7 tr, ch 11, miss 2 sp, and follow the diagram across, ending row with 7 tr over 2 sp.

4th Row. -2 bl, 1 sp, ch 2, dc in 3rd st of 11 ch, dc in each of next 6 ch, ch 2, tr in tr, ch 2, 7 d c as before, and repeat across.

In making a corner it is very important that the work should be square. If blocks or spaces are longer one way than the other, the triangle will not fit the corner of the cloth.

After buttonholing the crochet corners to the linen square, the edges between them are crocheted with doubles and then an edge worked round the entire piece.

Make four of the large corners for the cloth and one of the small corners for each serviette. Peri Lusta Crochet No. 50 is a good size for the cloth; a finer thread night be used for the serviettes if



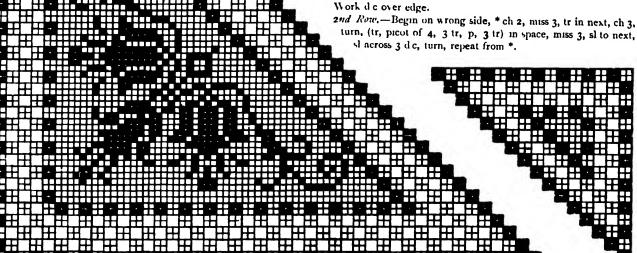
The Border of these Corners is Unusual,

The Edge for Tea Cloth.

Join thread in edge, * ch 3, miss 3, tr in next st, ch 5, tr in same st, ch 3, miss 3, slip in next, ch 3, miss 3, tr in next, ch 2, turn, tr in tr, ch 2, tr in middle of 5 ch, turn, ch 3, (tr, picot of 4 ch, 3 tr) in each space, sl in edge and repeat from *.

The Edge for Napkin.

turn, (tr, picot of 4, 3 tr, p, 3 tr) in space, miss 3, sl to next, sl across 3 dc, turn, repeat from *.



liked.

Diagrams for Working the Corners of Cloth and Serviette.

"HARDANGER AND CROSS-STITCH"

Edited by FLORA KLICKMANN

If you want Natural Designs for Cross-stitch and Filet Crochet or Beautiful Patterns for Hardanger Work, this is the book to get. The price is reduced now to 2s. net, by post 2s. 4d.

Accuracy in Cookery Measurements

WE are so accustomed to handling food products that we do not stop to realise that every bit is worth actual money. We are so prone to experience good luck or bad luck in cooking that we take it as a matter of course, never stopping to think that with due care cooking can be always on a perfect level.

We admire the fine work of the caterers, and often envy the wonderful cooking of chefs. Few of us know, however, that the ingredients used by these wonderful cooks are always either carefully measured or else weighed. They are in positions where they cannot risk failure, not only because of their own reputations, but because of the consequent money loss to their firm or employer. The housewife is in exactly the same relation to her own household, only she is a partner in the firm.

Apparently, it may take a little more time to cook by measure, instead of by guess. In reality, it take no longer.

The utensils necessary for measuring in the ordinary household are as follows:—

A scale, a quart measure (marked off in quarters), two half-pint measuring cups (not broken-handled teacups)—(marked off in thirds and quarters); if possible, one should be of aluminium and the other of glass. This last may, or may not, be equipped with a little lip, which gives it a pitcher form.

The other utensils which will be needed are three or four standard tablespoons, some standard teaspoons, and enough extra standard tablespoons and teaspoons so that they can be put into the cans and jars of food where they will

have the greatest use, such as coffee, tea, baking - powder. etc. In other words, it is unnecessary to keep re-washing a spoon for measuring baking-powder. It is a foolish thing to keep on, throughout the years, taking a tablespoon out of the drawer for measuring the coffee each time it is made, then having to put it back.

A kitchen knife, or, better still, a spatula or palette knife, which can also be used for

carefully scraping out all the batter from mixing bowls, putting on icings, etc., completes the equipment.

The phrase: "All measurements are level," does not mean that the ingredients are merely shaken, or measured in chunks, but that they are actually measured, or scraped off with a knife. For instance, to measure dry ingredients, fill the cup or tablespoon full, then level off the top with a l.nife, taking care not to pack in the ingredient. To measure a part cupful of any dry ingredient, follow the numbers on the measuring cup—one-fourth meaning a fourth cupful, one-third a third cupful, and so on.

To measure a half tablespoon or teaspoon, scrape it off as described, then measure the half lengthwise of the spoon; a fourth means that a half tablespoon or teaspoon is, in turn, halved.

In measuring fats, on the contrary, it is necessary to pack in the ingredient, if it is a solid fat. If a liquid fat it is, of course, poured in. The apportioning of a part of a cup, teaspoon, or tablespoon of solid fat is done just as one works with the dry ingredients.

In measuring liquids, no matter whether it is milk, water, soup stock, or liquid fat, the utensil should be filled with as much of the ingredient as it will hold without running over. If the word melted follows the name of the fat, the fat is first measured and then melted; while if it precedes the name of the fat, it means that the fat is measured after the melting.

All dry ingredients liable to lump, as

flour, confectioners' sugar, or bakingsoda, should be sifted before measuring. Grains, however, such as whole-wheat flour, whole-cornmeal, rye meal, etc., should not be sifted, as this removes the bran, and, therefore, the vitamines rather stir lightly before measuring.

It is sometimes necessary to divide or multiply the ingredients in recipes. This may be easily done if one remembers that 16 level tablespn. equal 1 cup of anything; 3 teaspn. equal 1 tablespn. of anything; 2 cups equal 1 pt.; 4 cups of anything equal 1 qt.

But how may one use old recipes, which are not written according to standard measurements? As a general rule, these measurements are written in old-fashioned terms. A rounded spoon is really the equivalent of two spoons, while a heaped spoon is the equivalent of three. A gill equals a ½ cup; 8 fluid or liquid oz. equal 1 cup; 1 saltspn. equals ½ teaspn.; 1 wineglass equals 4 tablespn or ½ cup; 1 rounded tablespn. of butter or other fat equals 2 tablespn. — while butter the size of an egg equals 4 tablespn. or ½ cup.

It is sometimes helpful to know a few weights with their equivalents in measures, especially if one is using old-fashioned pudding or cake recipes, or is doing considerable preserving. The most common of these are as follows:—

- 1 lb granulated sugar equals 2 cups.
- I lb. powdered or confectioners' sugar equals 21 cups.
- 1 lb. brown sugar equals 2% cups.
- I lb. butter or margarine, lard, or solid vegetable fat equals 2 cups.
 - I lb. pastry or bread flour equals 4 cups.
 - Ib. meal equals, approximately, 3 cups.
 - 1 lb. rice equals 2 cups.
 - I lb. ground coffee equals 41 cups.
 - t 1b. finelychopped meat, packed down, equals 2 cups.
 - 6 oz. raisins or currants equal I cup.
 - 2 oz. stale ground breadcrumbs equal r cup.
 - I oz. chocolate equals I square.
 - oz. chopped and blanched nuts equals \(\frac{1}{2}\) cup.
 - 1 lb. eggs equals 9 or 10 eggs.

Ham Timbales

- 2½ cups minced ham.
- I large onion.
- I cup milk.
- I tablespn. butter or substitute.
- I tablespn. Hour.
- 2 eggs.
- ‡ teaspn. pepper.
- Celery salt.

Chop onion and add to ham. Melt butter and add flour, stir until smooth, add milk slowly, cook until smooth and thick. Beat eggs until light, add to ham with seasonings and white sauce. Fill buttered cups set in a pan of hot water. Cook until firm—about 40 min. The recipe makes 8 servings.



WHEN you are looking in your mirror, girls, part of you won't do. You must see all of yourself if you want to know how you really look. The mirror that shows just a part of you may reflect a lovely picture, while the mirror that shows all of you may tell quite a different story. That's why I ask, "How big is your mirror?" That's why I want to caution you to study yourself from top to toe, each part in relation to all the other parts

Haven't you often bought a hat and been so satisfied with the little glimpse you caught of yourself in the small mirror at the shop? Then, when you tried it on at home, before a big mirror, haven't you wanted to cry with disappointment? You see, it could easily happen that your hat and your head would make a pretty picture by themselves, but seen in relation to the rest of you they might just as easily make your picture not only a funny one, but a sorry one

When shopping for hats, remember that it is not just your head and your face you must consider, but that the height of you and the breadth of you are important, and also the style of your clothes.

The Girl who is Mostly Hat.

Take the little frail girl who is wearing an enormous hat.

What effect does she give? Why, mostly hat You don't think of the girl wearing the hat, but of the hat walking



SIMPLE BATHING SUITS FOR CHILDREN AND GIRI'S. No. 9396. No. 9398. No. 9399. The children's styles are supplied in sizes for 4 and 6 years, and the girls' styles in sizes for 16 and 18 years.

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hat worn with the short skirt. How out defect in your figure. It is not only the of balance they make you look. You girl given to plumpness who must conwould never have selected this big hat sider big sleeves in relation to her own

your short skirt. Lengthen your skirt, take another look in the mirror, and you'll find your big hat and you a success. So I say, when you go shopping for your clothes, see yourself in a full-length mirror before you make final decisions.

One other thing let me whisper. Don't trust your mirror implicitly, no matter its size. It's not always truthful, and sometimes it's deceitful. The mirror has a wheedling way of its own, and often you see yourself just the way you want to see yourself.

But to the new fashions and their relation to yourself and your charm! There's the wide sleeve so much favoured. What a lot of style it does give a gown. Take a look in a mirror just large enough to reflect it, and you're sure to feel this big sleeve is quite the smartest thing out. and equally sure that it's all right for you. But this is where you're wrong. Don't buy the gown on the strength of the small picture. Look at yourself in a big mirror first, and see if the wide sleeve is becoming or not to your whole figure.

Big sleeves are not becoming to plumpness. And if they're worn with big hips they only add to the breadth of the figure, which is about the worst thing they could do. You know you must never accentuate a

off with the girl Then there is the big if you had seen it in the mirror with roly-poly self, but the girl who is short

and slender. They will overpower her if she isn't careful—look almost as big as she looks. If she wears them at all, they must be modified first.

The fortunate girl medium is height and medium weight is apt to find the big sleeves becoming; but they really look their best when worn by the tall willowy girl, the girl for whom every new fashion seems designed. It's irritating, though, to talk about this tall slim girl, who always looks perfectly lovely in everything. So lct's put her out of our minds. I want this little talk to help the girl who needs help.

Beware the Long Waist-line!

It is not only the wide sleeve I want to caution her about, but other features of the new styles. There's the long waist - line that almost all the dresses show. Well, just what I have said about the wide sleeves applies to this long waist-line. Don't judge its becomingness by a view of half of you in the mirror. If you do, you are apt to find your whole figure thrown out of balance. Just think how you would hate to see yourself with a long drawn-out body resting on short little funny legs. I wouldn't have you look that way for anything.

quite likely to happen.

I always did dislike those extremely long-waisted dresses that little French children used to wear. Well, you'll look just the way they did if you wear your skirt very short and your waist-line very low. The short skirt and the low waist-line were never meant to go together. The long waist, however, will be becoming to the girl who is

But, truly, it's

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No. 9391.
No. 9392.
No. 9394.
The three adult designs are supplied in sizes for 34 and 38 inches bust measurement, and the child's dress in sizes for 6, 8 and 10 years.

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4, Bouverie Street, Fleet Street, London, E.C. 4.

naturally short-waisted. It will insprove her figure. And, of course, the tall girl can pull her waist-line down, and still keep a graceful proportion.

What about your Back View?

How do you girls look from the back? Or perhaps you never look at your back. There are some girls just like the ostrich. They think that what they cannot see themselves no one else can see. But

they would feel dreadful if they saw their backs.

There's the hair. It may be becoming from the front, but it may make the head look too big when seen from the back. Hats, too, are most important viewed from the back. A misplaced back or side trimming may throw the whole figure out of proportion. The sashes that go with any number of the summer dresses ought to be seen from the back.

Many a girl wearing an organdie dress with sash to match would gasp if she caught a glimpse of her back in the mirror. Big organdie bows with outstanding loops often make a girl look almost deformed from the back. It takes the tall girl and the slim girl to carry off the big bow.

The Girl who looks like a Scrap Bag.

There is another type of girl I often see who reminds me of a scrap-bag turned inside out. She puts on so many things. No matter the vogue, she likes trimmings. And she certainly wears them. I want this girl to become better acquainted with her mirror, and I want her to see herself all the way round-front, back, and sides.

Do you ever meet the top-heavy girls? I seem to, everywhere I turn.

Fat girls with small feet crowded into still smaller shoes. They remind you of a parachute—all top. Other girls without any visible sign of a neck, just a big, broad, out-of-proportion-to-the rest-of-the-body hat sitting comfortably on a huge collar Thin, long-legged girls, dressed to look like stuffed-out bundles of clothes on stilts. And at the dances you meet them, too. There's the one, oh, the very small one, who arranges

How Big is your Mirror?

her hair in an over-elaborate coiffure, and then tops it with a towering Spanish comb. Every minute you think she'll topple over.

The Girl who Makes every Fashion Freak her Own.

There's her friend. Let me tell you about her—the girl who dotes on making every new fashion her own, whether it's meant for her or not. She's sure to want one dance frock of the lovely

colourful taffeta. And, of course, she wants it made with the long straight basque that's so fashionable, and the quaint bouffant skirt. She picks the one that puffs out the most at the hips-It can't be too bouffant for her. The fact that her too generous hips spoil the line of her figure doesn't bother her the slightest.

It's the new style she's after. And she gets it. She looks like a big balloon as she bounces into the room. Then there's another girl, who still clings to the very short skirt, and insists upon wearing with it long floating sleeves. She looks ready to swoop down on you head first.

I would like to march each girl up to a full-length mirror. Then she would realise what she had done to herself. She is quick to take a hint. She never makes the same mistake twice. And you'd never see her top-heavy again.

So much for my faith in girls!

The "Staleness" of "Mother"

"MOTHER" was feeling "stale." She had read that expression somewhere, and she felt it suited her exactly. She was tired of seeing that the flannels didn't shrink and the porridge didn't burn and the children weren't late for school. And no one seemed to think it greatly mattered whether "Mother" was feeling stale and sick of things or not.

Father went to his golf on his "off" days, the boys went to their tennis or cricket, the girls washed and ironed their blouses and hurried off to badminton and flirtation. But "Mother" stayed behind and saw to Baby Ben, aged two, and the very casual daily "help," and got fed-uper and fed-uper.

One day she struck. Father had grumbled at the bacon, and the boys and girls had been a bit more selfish than usual respecting their own recreations. The home-cat had fought with the one next door and came back a battered hero. The casual "help" failed to turn up, and—"Mother" struck.

She left a line on the mantelpiece to say she trusted them to Providence, the cold meat, and the gas ring, and she accepted Mrs. Jones-over-the-way's invitation for Baby Ben to spend the day with Laddie Bob.

Then, at ten-thirty, she put on her best hat, which had cost 155. 11d. three years back, brushed her weary-of-the-sight-of-it navy blue coat and skirt, twirled a mercerised blac scarf around her neck, and went out—she didn't know where, and she didn't care. That was that.

Quite a wrong feeling, no doubt, to be tired of homely blessings, however trying those homely blessings may be; but why evade facts? Marion Brown, otherwise "Mother," longed to get away from the whole lot—just temporarily, of course!

When she got to the station she met Mrs. Dark who was taking her youngest but three to have his tooth out. Poor Mrs. Dark! She was kind, warm-hearted, and sympathetic, but hopcless as a "bucker-up." She sat opposite Marion and regaled her with stories as to people of whom she had heard who had died under gas; or if they hadn't actually died, that they had been ill for weeks after it. And Jackie of the swollen jaw looked at his mother with horrified interest in his morbid gaze until Marion took him on her knee and told him the enthralling tale of Jack and the Beanstalk—when his tooth ceased aching entirely.

Then Mrs. Dark begged—implored—Marion to accompany them to the dentist; and Marion, who had no plausible excuse, went. Jackie came down from the beanstalk immediately on entering the dismal waiting-room, and got

By LILLIAN GARD

more and more tearful as his mother entreated him to be her own brave son, and bear whatever he had to go through like a hero. Such vistas of horror rose before the boy that when the page opened the door and said "Master Dark," poor Jackie gave a little scream and clung to Marion's hand. So together they braved the dentist's room and that terrible screwing chair, and Marion felt as rejoiced as Jackie when the man of the nippers smiled pleasantly and said, "Merely a cold!" and hurried them back into the waiting-room where Mrs. Dark was sobbing silently into Punch, her sympathy having overshadowed her commonsense as usual.

So grateful was she to "dear Mrs. Brown." And would she come and help her, Mrs. Dark, select a new velour? And Marion assented—and was sorry.

For there were four shops close together all having velours in the windows. And when you go into each of four shops and have each velour in the window of that special shop prodded out of the window to "try on," it gets past amusing. Besides, how can one carry the vision of a green velour at 25s. 9d., and the charm of a nattier blue at 36s. 11d., and the points of a Parma violet mode at 45s. 3d. all in your mind's eye at once? And the tender feelings of the possible buyer alternated between whether it wouldn't be more unselfish to the children if she were to wear her three-year felt, and put the 45s. 3d. towards a treat for Sally's birthday; or if it would be kinder in the end to buy the Parma violet mode, thereby preventing her husband becoming ashamed of her, and, possibly, "walking over her," because she looked so shabby.

After a strenuous hour and a quarter Marion fled. She assured Jemima Dark she felt faint—and I think she did! She found a bun shop and had a boiled egg (unfresh), three slices of bread and margarine (also unfresh), and a cup of weak and sugarless tea. When she saw the bill for these delicacies, she felt staler than ever. But it was a change in staleness—there was that in its favour.

She fancied a picture-palace might cheer her, so off she went to where somewhat startling pictures were attracting a queue. The darkness and heat inside made her "jumpy," and when she had witnessed two burglaries, four railway accidents, and an aeroplane disaster, she left. Somehow she didn't seem to have struck the right part of the programme.

As she hurried down the street, she saw—whom do you think? Why, Sam, with his golf clubs swung at his back! Sam, with a smile on his face and an amused twinkle in his eyes.

The "Staleness" of "Mother"

"I can guess what you've been up to, little woman," he exclaimed, as they met. "Shopping for the youngsters, and very mysterious shopping, too, to take you off in such a hurry!" The tears gathered in little Mrs. Fed-Up's eyes as she followed Father up the stairs of the tearooms and found herself in a cosy corner with stupid old Sam beaming at her over the tea-pot and cakes and buttered toast, while the band played a cheery old-world song she used to sing before the days of staleness had had a chance to mature.

"Pity we don't do this every week," said Sam, with a big crumpet in his hand. "Might bring some of the children next week, and we'll all have tea together. I've just met that silly little Dark woman with a hat like a sickly pansy! Now you, Marion, do dress with taste!" And he looked at her with admiration, never noticing that she was lined, and almost pre-war clothed; only remembering that she looked a lady whatever she had on.

And Marion coloured with pleasure, and the staleness slipped off her back like a drab cloak.

"Shall I carry your parcels, my dear?" And Sam looked across in search of the evidences of "shopping."

"I haven't bought a single thing! I never meant to! I came to give myself a day's outing!" The words stumbled out.

"But so dull to come alone, dear! Whatever made you do that?" And the man looked at the woman with puzzlement; he didn't understand. And she knew he couldn't understand, and she didn't blame him; for he hadn't cooked and dusted and house-kept and planned and nursed the children day in and day out for years and years! How should he understand?

So Marion said, "It was dull, dear; and we will have a tea-party all together in town, next week!"

She jumped into the train and wondered if the girls had remembered to turn off the gas-ring before they went out again; also if Baby Ben had been given plum-cake which always upset him; also if robbers had found the key under the scraper and stolen the silver tea-pot.

By the time all these "wonders" had proved unfounded, Marion's "staleness" had completely vanished.

The Books they Choose

Concluded from page 531

"That was a lovely book you chose for me last week. Will you choose another one for me just as nice?" is quite a frequent appeal. And in any case a good deal of supervision is needed, otherwise someone gets something that is not suitable; as, for instance, when a boy, getting hold of a "Girls'" list by mistake, selected The Wide, Wide World. Noticing the title, I called his attention to the fact that it was a girls' book, concluding he wouldn't want it when he realised it was not meant for boys. He replied that he hadn't noticed his mistake, but "it has such a nice adventure sort of title that I think it ought to do for boys."

Little boys, getting a "Senior" instead of a "Junior" list, have ordered *Pickwick Papers* and *Christmas Books*, because they "like the sound" of them. And it is only

with difficulty that they are restrained, and persuaded to take something more suited to their years.

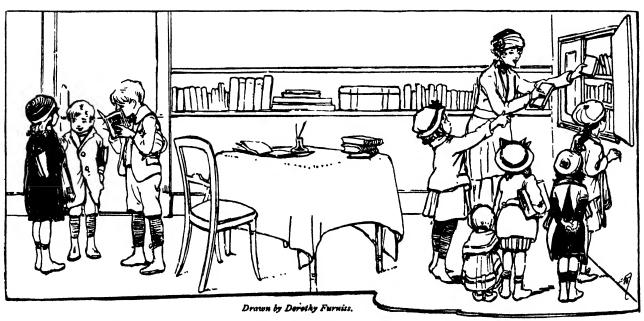
The Young Members are the Most Exacting.

These smaller members, by the way, are quite the most difficult to please in the library, and take up far more time than the bigger ones. One particular little pair supply quite a lesson in patience. You suggest book after book to the small girl, only to be met with the reply, "I've had that."

"But, May, you haven't had this. I've looked through my book to see, and you have never had it out."

"Then I expect I've read it at home. We've got a lot of books at our house."

She must indeed have a very extensive library at her



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The Books they Choose

house, and one wonders why she joins a comparatively small Sunday-school library. But, having paid her penny at the outset for membership, she is entitled to the best we have to offer!

A small boy arrives breathless on a cold night. "I've not read my book, miss. My auntie sent me out."

- "Oh! you've been busy running errands?"
- "No; just out."
- "Playing with the boys, I suppose?"
- "No; there was no one to play with, it was too cold; she just sent me out."

Poor little chap! How happy he could have been sitting by the fire reading his book. But I could do nothing. Ours is not a reading-room, it is merely a lending library. I suggested that he should take the book again, hoping that he would have more time this week. But no! He seemed, somehow, to connect it

with being out in the cold, and he would have no more of it. So I started again—

"Now, you haven't had Teddy's Button, have you?"

"Yes, I've had that."

Something else is suggested. That is too big!

"Now this book has a story about a little boy called Laddie. I think you would like that. You haven't read it, have you?"

"No, I've not read it; but I've heard it."

"You tell me what your story was about. Perhaps it's not the same."

"About a wicked man and a cave and a lamp."

"Oh! I think you mean Aladdin. This is about Laddie, not Aladdin!"

There is nothing monotonous about the work of a Sunday-school librarian!

Using Up Short Lengths of Material

How often when shopping at "sale" time do we feel tempted to buy short lengths of material at bargain prices, without

having any really definite purpose in view for their use.

When one sees a goodly array of bright-hued remnants attractively arranged on a counter, it is difficult to resist their charm and cheapness, but when we get them home it is another matter, and too often the lengths we felt we simply must have lie unused in a drawer for quite a long time, waiting a convenient opportunity of making up, and if we think of them at all, it is only to feel that our "sale" bargain was not such a bargain after all.

Well, here is a dress pattern that is just the thing for using up two of the short lengths

you have; or, if you haven't any, one glance at it will tempt you to go out at once and search for two that you can combine in such an attractive manner.

Or may-be you have a last season's frock you wish to renovate. You can then buy one remnant, and use it with the best parts of the existing frock. Or, perhaps, from the best parts of two frocks you will see a way of evolving a new dress without incurring any additional expense.

For the hot weather, a plaincoloured voile used with a check would be admirable; in a pale lilac shade this would be delightfully cool. Then a Paisleypatterned voile, used with a plain colour, has a charming old-world touch. The "Namrit" voiles can be relied on for keeping their colour. But you need not be confined to any particular material. "Tobralco," gingham,

chintz, cretonne, dyed shantung, or almost any fabric would be possible for this adaptable design.

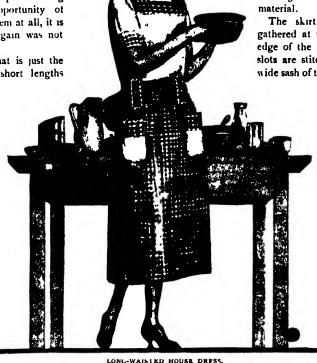
It is cut with the fashionable low waist-line, has short set-in sleeves, and the bodice fastens at the centre back. Lengths of material required, if made as illustrated, 1½ yards of plain fabric 32 inches wide, and 2¾ yards of the check material.

The skirt is in two pieces only, slightly gathered at the top, and stitched to the lower edge of the long bodice. Four straps to form slots are stitched on just above the join, and a wide sash of the check material threaded through

The frock is quite complete without this addition, however, and if made as an afternoon frock in silk, or one of the more dressy materials, one of the fashionable bead girdles could take the place of the sash.

For almost any occasion these all-down frocks with the low waist-line are the essence of comfort, and the girl who is planning her holiday wardrobe will do well to make herself several frocks cut from this useful model.

Pattern No. 9390 is issued in sizes for 34 and 38 inches bust measurement. Price 7d., postage 1d. extra by unsealed packet post, or 2d. by letter post. Address to the "Girl's Own" Fashion Editor, 4, Bouverie Street, Fleet Street, London, E.C. 4.



LONG-WAISTED HOUSE DRESS.

Pattern No. 9390.

Sizes for 34 and 38 inches bust measurement.

THE JULY "BOY'S OWN PAPER"

A Summer Holiday Article which will appeal to all boys and their sisters appears in the "Bey's Own Paper" for July, under the title of "Sailing on the Broads." It is illustrated by photographs specially taken for the purpose. Another striking feature of this number is a splendid Coloured Plate, "From Nature's Curiosity Shop: Forms of Marine Life"

"Journey's End"

"Mappiness so often lies At the end, if we but knew!"

By STEPHANIE ORMSBY

It was the last house in the village. On the one hand the trees of its ample garden provided a screen from neighbourly intrusions, and on the other a narrow green lane curved out from behind to join the road. Opposite there was nothing to look at save a blackberry hedge, and behind it a wilderness of young bracken. Past it, to lose itself in the distance among the wheatfields and wide farm lands, ran the high road, straight and white and dusty.

The man who, long ago, had built the house, had named it, for reasons best known to himself, "Journey's End." Time had trailed ivy and like creepers over the gate-posts, and veiled the rightful title from the eyes and minds of men, so that in the village they called it only "The End House." It was by chance Cicely Vincent caught sight of the faded words on the marble beneath the ivy, as she stood hesitant at the gate. The house was just the sort of home she had in mind. She had gone over it thoroughly with the agent, and had been pleased with every detail And yet-how could she be sure? With the old restless question in her mind, she halted over her decision, and meanwhile pulled absently at the thick leaves beside her. The faint lettering looked out at the sunlight again.

"Journey's End!" said Cicely, like one in a dream.

"The old name, of course! I had forgotten it," said the agent. "Rather out of the common, don't you tlink?"

"I like it," said Cicely. "I—I want the house. Shall we go back to your office at once? I should like to come soon"

Cicely was never quite clear as to whether she made friends with the children, or they with her. Certain it was, however, that they were there from the beginning. They watched her while she arranged her rooms, and offered suggestions. They helped her to re-organise the garden, to hang pictures, to sort books. They appreciated her cakes, listened to her stories and clamoured for more, played at Indians in her shrubbery, and borrowed her books—though this last privilege was extended only to a favoured few who

had proved themselves worthy. The close of three years found her still at the "End House," supreme ruler of the children's hearts, firm ally of the children's mothers, and accepted unreservedly as an old inhabitant of the exclusive little township. The high road bore many imprints of feet which turned in at the open gates, where small curious fingers sometimes traced the letters in the marble—"Journey's End." But the road still stretched beyond it to the distance, white with dust, and empty.

No one could have accused Cicely of favourit'sm, but perhaps in the village-full of children there were two who came oftenest, and were allowed the freest run of her library. She told them tales of her own childhood, not so very far away, when she ran wild with her only brother.

"He was about your age then, Tom," she would say; or, "I could not have been as tall as Alice at that time."

The two modelled their games on the exploits of their heroine, and Tom keenly regretted her brother's absence abroad, when he could have shown his fervent admirers such a world of things worth learning

This, then, explains the strange sight that met the eyes of a tramp as he came through the village along the high road. He was an ordinary-looking tramp, having a suggestion of the sailor about him, and with a bundle slung over one shoulder. He stopped short to watch as a small boy tugged the limp figure of a small girl into the shadow of the hedge, then, crouching beside her, excitedly described the advent of a large party of, presumably, enemies.

"Eight of them!" he vocaferated.

"Ah, there's Pew! Hear him?
Down with the door! They don't knowit's open. Listen! That's Pew!"

The tramp seemed suddenly electrified into action. He dropped his bundle and sprang forward, waving his stick.

"In--in, you lubbers!"
he cried. "What?
Bill's dead? Then
search him—
and the
chest—

He revived the scene with sublime effect, while the boy with glowing eyes scrambled up and became half-a-dozen buccaneers at once, without the slightest difficulty. At the finish Pew died on his face under the hedge in the most approved manner. Then he sat up and met the undisguised admiration of the pair with a cordial grin

"Great, isn't it?" he said. "I haven't played it since I was a youngster myself. I didn't know kids still enjoyed it."

"We didn't think of it ourselves," acknowledged Tom honestly. "Miss Cicely told us about it when she played it. She lent us the book." He picked up a volume placed carefully beyond the danger zone.

The tramp held out a hand for it, and sat very quetly while he looked at the worn red cover.

"Yes," he nodded at last. "Mine was like this. Who do you say lent it to you? She must be—a sport. He opened the book at the title-page, and looked down at the childish writing: "Colin, with all my love. From Cicely."

The children needed little encouragement to dilate on their favourite subject. The tramp, placing his questions judiciously, learned a number of interesting and varied facts about Miss Cicely Vincent. At last he closed the book and handed it back to Tom.

"The last house in the village, is it?" he asked, picking up his bundle. "Does the road lead straight there? I've a fancy to look at the place, don't you know, where there's

someone else who loves
Treasure Island. Just to
go past it. So long,
and thanks for
the fun." He
moved off
slowly

"Journey's End"

down the road. The children watched his abrupt departure doubtfully. He was a splendid playfellow, but—Miss Cicely?—they did not feel quite comfortable as they thought of how freely they had talked of her to a strange adventurer of the road.

"Tom," Alice said suddenly, "you said there was nobody there but Miss Cicely!"

"What about it?" retorted Tom.
"Do you think——" His face changed as he met Alice's eyes. "Do you mean - he might rob her?"

"Oh, why were we so silly?" wailed Alice. "We told him all sorts of things. Come on!" She sprang up and pulled at his shoulder. "We've got to get round by the lane and tell her. Quick, before he gets there!"

Remorse winged their feet as they raced headlong down the lane.

"A tramp!" said Cicely, puzzled among the intricacies of a double-voiced confession. "But why? What started you off in the first place?"

"He made such a ripping Pew," explained Tom. "You see, he found us playing 'Treasure Island,' and he joined in, 'cause he used to play just like that, and he said he'd go past your house, just to see where another person who loves it lives."

Cicely rose to her feet

"I think I will go down to the gate, anyway," she said. Her face was very white, but she did not look at all afraid. "It's all right, dears. Tramps don't attack houses in I road daylight like this. And your coming to tell me wipes out the mistake you made in talking too much. No, don't come with me. I'll just go down and take a good look at him."

The children hung back for a minute; and then they exchanged glances.

If you think I am staying here while a tramp is murd'ring Miss Cicely——" began Alice

They stalked her unobserved, and were safely in hiding when the tramp came slowly down the road where Cicely waited in the shadow.

She stepped out as he drew abreast with the gate. For one instant the tramp halted in his stride; then, with head resolutely turned aside, he quickened his steps, but not before Cicely had seen the averted face.

"Colm!" she cried, in a strange, sobbing breath.

He wheeled towards her as she spoke, as if recognising the futility of any attempt at concealing his identity.

"At your service, madam," he said composedly. "This is a totally unexpected pleasure; though it would have been better to let me pass."

Cicely made a little trembling appealing gesture towards him. In a brief silence they stood regarding one another - the wayfarer, unkempt, travel-stained, with a day's old beard, and dust in every wrinkle of his shabby suit; and the girl, dainty to the last ruffle on her white dress. Even so, a curious likeness between the two betrayed itself in their slender height, in the finely-moulded hands with their long, sensitive fingers, and in the curve of mouth and chin. A certain poise of the head in each left the impression of a young virility, restless to overflow itself in action. They looked out on life from under the same level brows, but where the tramp's eyes were full of a brooding unhappiness, in Cicely's a radiant gladness was drowning the memory of the empty years behind the long, empty road.

"You are coming in?" she said. He met the confident question with a smile which tried hard to be cynical, and only succeeded in being wistful.

"You have forgotten my last instructions," he remarked. "Clear out and keep out! Is it likely that I should trespass on my father's property again?"

The dream which had sustained Cicely's heart for five years had not prepared her for this attitude. She fought back a wave of sudden terror as she spoke gravely.

"The house is mine," she said.

"Mother's money came to me, you remember. I have no share of what dad left."

"Left?" he echoed sharply.

"He died the year after you—went away," said Cicely.

For a while the tramp said nothing. Cicely dared not guess at his thoughts of the dead man. His next question was natural—

"Then, where is Hamilton?" Her face hardened.

"I know nothing of Major Hamilton," she answered clearly. "He—he was a harsh man. I am glad I found before we married that we could not agree."

"But, Cis! If ever a girl cared for a man, you did for Deryck!" He stopped short, flushing. "The subject on which you could not agree," he said, "was it, by any chance, me?"

She smiled faintly.

"Does it matter? A girl should love the man she marries more than anything else, and I did not. That was enough."

"I'm not worth it," he said heavily. "It is like you to be generous, but I have laid enough on you without adding that to the burden."

But she shook her head.

"I would never have been happy," she said. "Never! It is better so by far."

"The old place was sold," she went on, when he did not speak. "I persuaded dad to leave everything away. I did not need it, and I knew you would never touch it. He wanted you back before he died, but we could not trace you. I wandered about for over a year, and finally settled here. Colin! It is five years

—five years! I haven't even known where—"

He looked up as her voice broke.

"Me? I've been everything from a waiter in a Chicago cating-house to a farm-hand in Manitoba. I've crossed several times, once as a steward, and once in the stokehold. I prefer ordinary seaman. I've rounded up cattle on a ranch out west. and gambled for a living in 'Frisco.'' The twisted smile dashed out again, but he met her eyes squarely. "I've played fair through it all-even the last. That was why I threw it up," he added.

Summer Rain

The rain creeps up along the moor;
We hope it's come to stay,
For all the flowers have drooping heads
Out in the lanes to-day.

And all the hedges, white with dust,
Are hot and tired and dry,
Although the trees have shielded them
Against the blazing sky.

The birds too thirsty were to sing, And we—we longed for rain To wash our tiredness right away, And brace our strength again.

LILLIAN GARD.

"I know," she answered. "I know. I was not afraid. But you must have been so tired! You must have wanted home."

"Well, even if I did?" He drew a long breath and straightened his shoulders. "My sort have no business to feel like that. We get along as best as we can, and forget home and the decent things of life. We don't deserve them. We don'tgrumble at what is our fault in the first place." He took a firmer hold of his bundle and stepped "I landed forward. at Liverpool last week, and now I'm working down south to take ship again. I had a fancy to see something of the Old Country before I went back. though there's no work to be had in her. There're better chances abroad. I had no hope of meeting you. It's been good to see you, though I shouldn't have stopped."

To Cicely the high road seemed suddenly to fill the universe, be-

ginning and ending in Nothingness, winding about her like a great white serpent ready to swallow her brother from her sight for ever. She strove desperately to speak calmly, naturally.

"But you are not going? I have always known you would come home, wherever I was, if I waited long enough. Everything is ready for you."

He stared in frank astonishment.

"Not going? But, of course, it's only by chance I am here at all. Do you imagine I came crawling back to sponge on you? You're a brick to suggest it, but it's quite impossible. I'm not going to shirk payment."

"But, Colin," she urged, whitelipped, "you know it would never have happened if mother had been alive. You were so young, and father



"BUT, COLIN," SHE URGED, WHITE-LIPPED, "YOU KNOW IT WOULD NEVER HAVE HAPPENED IF MOTHER HAD BEEN ALIVE."

Drawn by Ernest Prater.

never understood. You were only foolish after all. Surely you have paid!" She dared go no further, remembering that Colin had always hated tears and "fuss."

"Paid!" repeated the man. His voice held all the bitterness of the years of payment, but there was no relenting in his sombre eyes. "Oh, I've paid, but that is no reason why you should, too. Your part is to forget that you eyer had a brother, not to have him hanging around, an eternal shame. Don't bother over me, dear. Good-bye!—and God bless you!"

"You will not understand!" cried Cicely despairingly, but in his haste from temptation he did not hear. Once more the tramp moved on towards the distant horizon, leaving behind him a crumpled white figure beside the gate-post with its mocking

legend. The dream, not the journey, had reached its ending.

Scarcely had he gone when a dishevelled form emerged cautiously from a post of vantage near the gate. Alice had torn her pinafore and bruised her knee, but these were incidents beneath consideration. One look she gave to Miss Cicely, hiding her eyes from the awful road, struggling for comprehension; then with the speed of an arrow she shot from the gate towards the tramp, set steadfastly on his way south. She stopped short before him with such suddenness that for a moment she could do nothing but gasp for breath; then-

"You beast! You beast!" she panted, her small person quivering with wrath, her eyes ablaze.

"By all means," agreed the tramp soberly. The epithet fitted in well with his own musings. "But where did you spring from? And don't you think you might explain a bit more?"

"You heard!" She flung the words at him. "She's told you she's been waiting and waiting for you; and now you've come you just walk on and leave her! And she's crying!" Alice's experience did not yet include the sudden wounds which are beyond the healing of tears.

The tramp laughed nastily.

"Where do you learn to listen to other people's conversation?" he asked. "Not from Stevenson, I'll be bound."

Alice crimsoned, but she held to her purpose.

"I thought you were a thief," she admitted, "and we followed and hid in case you hurt her. I couldn't help hearing. Oh, you will go back? You won't go away again?"

The tramp surveyed her with a not unkindly scrutiny.

"Look here," he said at length,

"Journey's End"

"I don't know what business it is of yours, or why on earth I should explain to you at all, but the fact is you've hit the right nail on the head. I'm a thief. I stole from my father, and then from Cicely to hide the first. And when it was found out my father kicked me out, very properly. So now you know." He smiled grimly at the horror in the child's face.

But Alice was not thinking of retreat.

"That makes it all the worse," she said indignantly. "If you're sorry, you ought to tell her so. I guess she knows, all the same. I always know when Tommy's sorry for things he does to me. But, don't you see, you have to make up for it now, and not hurt her any more."

This aspect of the case had not occurred to the tramp before. He passed a hand over his dazed brow.

"My dear child," he argued, "it would hurt her much more if I did go back. I am a disgrace! She will be much happier without me, really."

Alice looked at him pityingly.

"You don't know much about things, do you?" she said. "She's been thinking about you, and talking about you, and doing things for you, ever since she came here. Your bedroom is all ready upstairs, with all your books and your school photographs, and all, and she changes the sheets 'most every day. And Tom says he's going to have a den like yours downstairs when he's a man: it has heaps more books, and silver cups, and bats, and rifles, and more photographs of people, and a perfectly heavenly chair. And there's always a place at meals for you. I know, 'cause she lets me sit there sometimes. She makes gingerbread, too - the sort you like. Then, every Christmas and every birthday she gives you a present. Often enough it's a party for us all, and a Christmas tree with presents on from you, and one for you from Miss Cicely. We always thought you were going round the world 'sploring or something. But now you have come back, you just can't go away again. We all want you to be at home."

She caught at his sleeve and coaxingly pulled him round until he faced again towards the distant village.

"And when he was yet a great way off——" The tramp had the same trick as Cicely of hiding his eyes in doubt or distress. Now he dropped his head into his grimy palms while he fought out the battle with himself.

In his weariest moments he had sometimes wondered what the Prodigal Son had felt when his father came running out to welcome him home. But he was very hard on himself, was Colin, in his dread lest the cowardice of self-excuses should drag him to yet lower depths. He had never ranked himself on the same level as the prodigal, who after all had fooled with his own money, not other people's. Yet here, he found, was one who had not delayed to make ready for his return until she saw his approach, but had all things prepared while he was still among the husks.

"Is that how God loves?" he questioned within himself. "Is it always—the greater the crime, the wider the forgiveness?"

Alice tugged gently. He raised a haggard face.

"How can I go back?" he asked hopelessly. "I haven't a penny of my own. I can't live on her."

For her years, Alice's business instincts were well developed.

"You needn't," she said practically. "You can write stories about the things you've done, and get heaps of money; or "—as he showed no enthusiasm at the idea—"you can keep a school; or—or—why don't you buy Long Meadow Farm? Mr. Robert's selling it cheap, 'cause he wants to buy a bigger one, and he can't work the two." She warmed to her subject. "Father says Mr. Robert is silly to sell it, for he won't get a better, and it's a splendid 'vestment, and if he had a cap—cap—something—"

"Capital," prompted Colin.

"Yes, if he had enough capital—that's money—he wouldn't mind trying it himself. Miss Cicely would give you the money, and then you could be the best farmer round, so that everybody will want to buy their things from you, and you could soon pay her back." She tilted impatiently on tip-toes. "Come on! Let's go and tell her!"

"I'm coming!" said Colin unexpectedly. He stood bareheaded in the sunshine to make his vows, new earnestness in his voice, the light of new hope on his face. "There must be something I can do! If there is nothing else, I'll even pocket the miserable remnant of my pride and borrow enough from her to buy this farm and work it in her name. Please God, I'll make a success of it. She's worth all that I can do or be for her!"

There was no sign of Cicely, but Tom watched in the gateway. Behind him the garden was like a splendid frame for the new home, where lay enshrined the prodigal's household gods, all the old familiar things he loved and longed for. There waited welcome, and peace, and new honour, and, above all, the sister who had tried her level best to fill for him the place of their dead mother, with what measure of success he was only now beginning to realise.

"If you don't mind, I won't 'splain the thief part to Tom," remarked Alice as they approached. "He would be dis'pointed in you, and boys don't understand dis'pointments so well as girls do."

Tom greeted him witheringly-

"You are a silly juggins! What did you want to go off again for? Come on, Alice! We're dreadfully late for lunch."

"Colin thought Miss Cicely wouldn't want him after all this long time," said Alice hurriedly. "And dressed like a tramp and all. You go on, Tom. I'm coming."

"She said she wanted him, didn't she?" grunted Tom as he departed. Colin turned on Alice.

"That's what I cannot understand," he cried almost wildly. "Why does she want a fellow like

Alice had stopped to shake out the grit in her shoe.

"I 'spect," she said, balancing with difficulty on one leg, "I 'spect it's just because you're brother and sister all the time. You can be thieves and all sorts of bad things, and you can always stop being them, and get good again; but you can't ever stop being brother and sister That's for keeps."

She put a supporting hand on the gate-post while she fumbled with her shoe button. Above her head the name-plate gave the lie to the never-ending road.

"I won't let Tom tell anybody. Miss Cicely says we keep secrets perfectly, and we will have it for just us four. Good-bye! Tell her we are coming to tea."

She dashed away in pursuit of the distant figure of her brother.

"Journey's End." Stumbling a little, because he saw through a blur of tears, the tramp went forward to meet the comfort of the one who in herself was living proof of the child's words: "Sister for keeps."

Growing Pains

"When all the children are in bed,
I go to look at them," the mother said.

Those little peaceful, pillowed faces,
Those little tossed-out limbs, the thousand graces
Of hair, or hands, or sweetly curving lips—
How dear they are! And yet, a great fear grips
The yearning mother-heart; lest, as the days
Pass swiftly on, the wilful vexing ways
Of these, her darlings, should increase and be
Brands on their souls—scars for eternity.

The faithful mother-memory recalls
The oft-corrected faults, the frequent falls,
Loud, wayward talking, lack of common-sense,
Slim seeds of untruth, disobedience,
With argument, and that surprising knack
Of quick retort, well known as "answering back."

"Oh, little foxes, that so spoil the vines! We pray; we agonise; we look for signs!"

Yet, mother, think again, I say: Suppose there came to you a day When you could take your child's sweet soul And push it nearer to the goal; Snatch out the evil, leave the good: Honestly, would you, if you could? If you could weed away from each That tiresome waywardness of thought, All little roughnesses of speech, All childish follies, swiftly wrought: They would not be your children then, Your little loving nursery folk, But silent women, cautious men; Their young necks bent beneath the yoke; And stodgy, middle-aged, and slow-You would not recognise them so!

Think of it, now! No roystering schoolboy fun, No wild impromptu songs, no deafening noise. Why, why, they wouldn't be your girls and boys, If all their days of rollicking were done!

What! Say "good-bye" to all the stolen blisses? And to all shy repentances, remember. Farewell to jammy doors and sticky kisses? Barter young April for a staid September? Hide the bright hair of youth 'neath monkish cowls? Or change young eagles into barn-door fowls?

Nay! Here's another thought: we said just now, "Suppose

You took out all the bad?" Well, well! there's no one really knows

Just how much would be left to you But still, not much, I fancy,

Of the original small Ann, nor of the real true Nancy;

There's nothing would be left of Ted, except his way of kissing,

And not a speck of wilful Tom, if all his faults were missing!

Then, would it be quite fair
To serve them so?
To force them to the highest, then and there,
When they were meant to grow?

A Poem for Mothers

By FAY INCHFAWN

To draw them all at once unto perfection, Endow them with the art of wise selection; To wish them to develop in an hour The steadfast will, the spiritual power, Which cost you blood and tears, And harvestings of years?

"Still, I would see them perfect."

Nay! then rather.

O loving mother, think a little farther.
Your child is just as much an entity
As you yourself have any right to be.
And not a fragment of your soul's adorning,
But you have wrestled for it some dark morning.
If men perceive in you one winsome grace,
Of meckness, gentleness, or purity,
It was not born in you. Look back, and see
How many times, in some sore straitened place,
You have withstood the tempter to his face.
And would you cheat your child of such a thing,
Keeping him from the joys of vanquishing?

And if to-day you see Life harmonise
And blend in sweet accord,
Have you forgotten how, with tears and sighs,
You sought, and found, the Lord?
Oh, would you rush these into noon-day splendour,
And never let them know the dawnlight tender?
The turning of the flower unto the sun:
The growing nearness of that Holy One?
Would you like them to miss
Experience like this?

Yes, think of all the growing pains you had! How you have struggled, weariful and sad.

"But I would save them trouble, if I could; Would smooth the path for them, as mothers should; Clearing the thorny tanglements away, That they might walk into the perfect day, With unscarred feet, white hands, and radiant faces."

Not thus do poor souls reach the heavenly places, For true it is, and known from age to age, That man is born to trouble.

Would you defraud them of their heritage, When it will bring them double,
Oh, more than "double" in capacity
For knowing Him Who is, and is to be?
And all such knowledge grows.
So have a care, dear heart, how you dispose Another man's estate and property!

" What is my province, then?"

Why, just to pray!

Be gentle, patient, nice, from day to day.

Let your tired soul keep Sabbath. Put aside

The week-day garments. Dress you like a bride!

The children will be very quick to guess

And estimate your growth in holiness

By the amount of joy you keep in store:

So add to it—increase it more and more.

You are the Bible they will read the most! They shall see Father, Son, and Holy Ghost Within its pages. Reading, they shall claim Their great possessions in the fragrant Name.

Supper and Breakfast Dishes for July

By SALLY ISLER

Supper Dishes

Now that summer is with us in her height the thing to be considered, where food is concerned, is lightness, nourishment, and coolness. The following supper dishes will be found just the thing for hot July nights, when every moment is spent out of doors, and only the darkness and dew necessitates our taking to the house.

Roast Duck à la Greyburg.

1 small duck, ½ lb. potatoes, 1 pickled gherkin, 1 breakfast cup aspic jelly.

Truss the duck, but do not stuff: rub the outside with bacon fat, and sprinkle with pepper and a dab of made mustard here and there. Boil the potatoes, mash thoroughly and rub through a fine sieve to remove all lumps. Beat with i tableson milk until frothy, but not too moist. Fill the inside of the duck with this, and roast in the oven for 1 hour Meantime allow the aspic jelly to become cold, but do not let it set When the duck is cooked, remove from the oven and sprinkle with finely-chopped parsley, adding here and there a thinly-sliced pickled gherkin. Set on a deep dish and pour the aspic round, but not over it. Add a few slices of the pickle to the aspic, and set aside in a cool place until quite cold. Serve with this rolls of brown bread and butter, seasoned with finelychopped gherkin.

Salmon Cocktails.

1-lb. slice of salmon, 1 hard-boiled egg, 2 tablespn. vinegar, pepper and salt, and 3 oz. butter, 1 or 2 bay leaves, and 6 peppercorns.

Boil the salmon in equal parts of water and vinegar for 5 min. Then add the same quantity of water, and cook gently until the fish is quite tender Remove and drain. Lay in a shallow dish with 2 tablespn. vinegar, 1 or 2 bay leaves, peppercorns, and a pinch of salt. Let soak in this mixture, on the back of the stove, for about I hour A little more or less will not matter. Lift out the salmon, and set the vinegar, etc., in a cool place. Break the salmon into flakes, and remove the skin and bones. Have ready 4 small ramekin cases, preferably of china. Divide the salmon into these equally, and add to each a slice of hard-boiled egg. Pour over each about 1 teaspn. of the strained vinegar liquor in which the fish has been steeped. sprinkle with pepper and a little salt. Set the cases aside while you melt the butter. Allow this to become perfectly liquid, and then pour about

2 teaspn. on the top of each ramekin case. This will form a perfect airtight top, and so keep the taste and aroma of the spices in the salmon. When serving, place a small folded finger of thin bread and butter across each case. This is a perfectly delightful way of using salmon, and, for that matter, any fish makes a tasty dish if treated this way.

Veal Hedgehog.

I lb. veal, ½ lb. sausage-meat, 2 eggs, 3 oz. breadcrumbs, I dried egg, a little gravy, seasoning to taste, 4 oz. raw potato straws, ½ pt. beef jelly (for which is needed ½ pt. beef-tea and ½ oz. gelatine seasoning).

Make your beef jelly, which is merely 1 breakfastcup beef tea (or the same amount of strong Boyril or meat extract), into which is stirred 1 oz. good leaf gelatine melted in I tablespn. warm water. Stir in, and season well with pepper and salt. Pour into a shallow dish or a soup plate, and allow to become quite cold and set. For the hedgehog, chop the veal very finely, and also the sausage-meat and breadcrumbs. Season well, and rub with a spoon. Beat the dried egg thoroughly, and add to the veal. Mix well, and if too stiff add a little good stock or gravy. Mould into an oval, and press firmly. Cover with flour, and bake in a good oven for 11 hours. When nicely browned remove from the oven. but allow to become quite cold before taking it out of the pan. Set this on a broad dish, and put round it a ring of the beef jelly broken into pieces. Fry the potatoes, and stick all over the outside to represent the hedgehog's

quills. Serve with a green salad or watercress.

Birds' Nest Savoury.

I lb. potatoes, I egg per person, & lb. cold meat of any sort, 2 slices bacon, I oz. butter, pepper and salt, I tablespn. gravy, I large onion.

Chop the meat finely with half the onion, the bacon, seasoning, and a sprinkling of breadcrumbs. Put this into a stew-pan and pour over it the gravy. Set on the fire, and stir continually so as to prevent burning. Let the meat become thoroughly hot through. Boil the potatoes until they break, and boil the eggs until hard, but keep these latter very hot. Fry the remainder of the onion, cut into slices, in the butter until a nice golden brown. Mash the potatoes, and heap in a hot dish to form a large nest. Use a fork and trail it round and round the potatoes, and it will give the appearance of straw. Leave a little potato over. Fill in the bottom of the nest with the hot meat, then the fried onions, and, lastly, cover with the remaining potatoes. Keep fairly deep, so as to hold the eggs. Next shell the eggs and lay naturally in the nest. Garnish the outside of the potato with sprigs of parsley, and serve while hot. If liked, a little good gravy may be handed, or some thick white onion sauce, which is really delicious. The eggs may be halved lengthways, and so use half the quantity.

Cream Chicken Cups.

½ lb. cold cooked chicken, 2 oz. butter, 2 oz. flour, a little cold milk, pepper and



ROBE ARCHES.
(See the article on page 515.)

Drawn by Maude Angell.

Supper and Breakfast Dishes

salt, } pt. green peas, } oz. butter, a Liver Crutes. lump of sugar, 2 tablespn. cream.

Divide the chicken in half and pass one lot through the mincer. Rub this

through a sieve and pound with a pestle. Add to the butter and season, and work it into a smooth paste. Put the flour in a bowl with a pinch of salt, and rub in the chicken butter. Mix with a little cold milk to form a stiff paste. Turn out on a well-floured board and roll into a paste about in. to in. thick. Cut into pieces about 7 in. long and about 3 in. deep. Line several small cups or deep ramekin dishes with this. If preferred, 1 large soufflé-dish may be used in place of the small ones Put into the oven and cover with greased paper to prevent them becoming too brown. Cook 20 min. Boil the peas with a lump of sugar and a sprig of mint for 20 min. Meantime, put the

rest of the chicken in a shallow pan and add a little butter and I tablespn. milk. Allow to simmer while the cases are cooking. Drain the peas and add I tablespn butter, pepper and salt to taste. Season the stewed chicken very liberally with pepper, put a little in the bottom of each case, and fill to the top with green peas. Just before sending to table beat the cream stiffly with a pınch of salt, and heap on the top of each. Serve immediately before the cream has time to melt. These cups are also delicious if served cold, but they must be thoroughly iced, and not simply chilled, otherwise they are inclined to be greasy.

Stuffed Crab au Gratin.

2 or 3 small crabs, 1 oz. breadcrumbs, 1 oz. butter, 1 oz. grated Parmesan cheese, I teaspn. vinegar, and I teaspn. oil, pepper and salt, a pinch of cayenne, 2 heads of lettuce.

Remove all the meat from the crabs. crack the big claws and 2 or 3 of the smaller ones. Put the meat into a bowl and add the vinegar, oil, seasoning, breadcrumbs, and the butter melted. Mix thoroughly, and fill the crab shells with this mixture. Sprinkle the tops with grated Parmesan cheese, and cook in a good oven until browned -about 15 min. Allow to become quite cold. Dish up on a bed of watercress, or a good salad of broken lettuce leaves, and garnish with the remainder of the small claws. A hard-boiled egg added is an improvement.

3 or 4 chickens' livers, 6 slices bacon, egg and breadcrumb.

Clean the livers carefully and cut into

Cut a slice of bread about 1 in. in thickness, and break into small pieces about the size of the fish flakes. Put the fish and bread into a pan and slice the

cold boiled potato over them. Pour on I cup milk in which has been mixed I teaspn. flour. Stir until it begins to thicken. Add the butter and a good seasoning of pepper. When well cooked add, just at the last minute, the egg well beaten. Mix, and stir once round the pan; then serve immediately.

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halves. Simmer in boiling water for about 10 min, until they become fairly tender. Remove and drain Rub with a little salt. Sprinkle with pepper, and roll in a slice of bacon, each half separately. Dip in well-beaten egg and roll in fine breadcrumbs. Fry in hot fat until the bacon is cooked and the breadcrumbs nicely browned. If you are unable to procure chickens' livers, about 1 lb. good calf's liver will do, but this must be cut into small pieces to take the place of the chickens' livers. When cooked, and before wrapping in the bacon, they should be rubbed with a little made mustard and a drop or two of lemon juice. Pepper well. This gives the piquant taste that otherwise the calf's liver rather lacks. A kidney treated in the same way makes a very nice savoury, and a pig's kidney cut into small pieces and parboiled is the most delicious of all.

Breakfast Dishes for July Mornings

Flaked Haddock.

I dried haddock, I slice bread, I oz. butter, I cup milk, I cold boiled potato. r teaspn. flour, r egg.

Wash the haddock thoroughly, and set in a frying-pan and cover with water. Bring to the boil and allow to simmer 10 min. Remove and drain, and with a silver fork flake the fish from the skin, taking great care to remove all the bones.

Rice Potato.

I cup boiled rice, I cup sliced boiled potatoes, 1 egg, 1 slice bacon or a little fat ham, fried bread.

Slice the potatoes finely, and mix with the boiled rice, season with pepper and salt and a little chopped parsley. If liked, add I teaspn. finely-chopped onion. Hard boil the egg and cut into rings; add to the rice and potato.

Turn all into a frying-pan, and cook until it just begins to colour. Cut the bacon or ham into dice and mix with the other ingredients, and allow to cook 1 min. longer. If the meat is added at first, it is apt to become hard. Serve heaped up in a dish with triangular pieces of fried bread round it in a ring.

Northumberland Breakfast Dish.

Several slices of thinly cut ham, one Spanish onion, slices of cold boiled suet pudding, bacon fat.

Slice the onion thinly, and fry to a golden brown, set aside and keep warm. Fry the ham and the suet pudding cut into rounds about 1 in thick. Fry these in plenty of bacon fat. Place a round of fried onion on each piece of suet pudding, and put a slice of fried ham on the top of all.

Brain Cakes with Bacon.

1 set of sheep's brains, 1 oz. chopped ham or a slice of bacon cut into small pieces, I dried egg, a little flour, I teaspn. breadcrumbs, frying-fat, slices of bacon.

Boil the brains overnight until they are quite firm. Cut into small pieces and mix with the chopped ham and breadcrumbs. Beat the egg, and stir in. Form into small oval cakes between the palms of the hands, and if too moist add a little flour. Roll lightly in flour, and fry in good dripping for 5 min. Serve with hot

Supper and Breakfast Dishes

bacon and a little fried potato sprinkled with chopped parsley.

Baked Tomato and Fish.

I small plaice filleted, juice of \(\frac{1}{2} \) lemon, I lb. tomatoes, I oz. breadcrumbs, I oz. butter, pepper and salt, I tablespn. water.

Grease a pie-dish, and place at the bottom the fillets of plaice. Pour the water over and the juice of 1 lemon. Season with pepper and salt. Drop the tomatoes into boiling water for 1 min., and remove their skins. Cut into slices, and place a layer of them over the fillets of fish, using all the tomatoes. Again sprinkle with pepper and salt. Cover the tomatoes with a good layer of breadcrumbs, and put small pieces of butter here and there all over the top. Bake in a good oven for 1 hour. If the dish is a little too dry, add about 1 tablespn. more of water. This, with the juice from the tomatoes and the butter, makes a nice gravv.

Egg and Macaroni.

4 oz. macaroni, 2 hard-boiled eggs, 1 dried egg. 1 cup milk, pepper and salt, 1 or 2 boiled potatoes.

Boil the macaroni in salted water for 20 min., or until soft. Remove and drain, and cut into small pieces. Cut the hardboiled eggs and cold potatoes into dice and mix with the macaroni. Season with pepper and salt and add the milk, and,

lastly, the beaten egg. Turn into a stew-pan and allow to cook for 5 min until the ingredients are hot through, and the egg slightly thickened. Serve on rounds of hot buttered toast, or heaped in the centre of a ring of hot bacon. Rice may be substituted for the macaroni.

Poached Eggs

1 egg per person, any cold runner beans, 1 oz. butter, slices of buttered toast, a little chopped parsley.

Cut the beans into small pieces about 1 in long, and fry in the butter for 5 min., adding pepper and salt to taste. Have ready sufficient rounds of hot buttered toast. Poach the eggs in cases, if possible, so as to keep them of a uniform size. Set the eggs on the toast and lay in a nest of fried beans. If preferred, the eggs may be served on the beans only and the toast omitted.

Appetising Puddings and Sweets

Chocolate Bread Pudding.

8 oz. stale bread with crusts on, \$\frac{1}{4}\$ pt. milk, I tablespn. flour, 2 tablespn. cocoa or chocolate powder, 2 eggs, 2 oz. sugar, I oz. butter, I teaspn. vanilla essence, 2 oz. sweet almonds or shelled walnuts.

Choose crusty bread for this pudding as the flavour is better; put into a basin and pour over it the boiling milk. Allow to stand until thoroughly soaked, then beat with a fork until every lump is out of the bread. Melt the butter and add to the bread and milk, add the sugar, flour, and finely-chopped nuts, then the two eggs well beaten, yolks first and whites last of all. Drop in the vanilla flavouring, and stir in the chocolate Beat well until it becomes powder. frothy. Pour into a buttered soufflé dish and steam for 14 hours. Turn out while hot and set aside until wanted. Decorate with chopped nuts, and pour round it the following sauce-

Conserve Rouge.

2 tablespn. red-currant jelly, and melt it in I cup hot water, add I teaspn. almond essence and stir well. Dissolve 3 leaves of gelatine in a little water, and, when clear, pour into the conserve. Allow to simmer for I min or so, and then strain Pour round the base of the pudding and allow to set before serving.

If this pudding is served hot instead of cold, the gelatine must be omitted from the sauce, and about three drops of lemon juice added. Serve the sauce hot also.

Fruit Junket.

I pt. milk, 2 tablespn. sugar, vanilla essence, \(\frac{1}{2} \) tin peaches, I banana, 3 oz. stewed prunes, \(\frac{1}{2} \) packet cherry jelly, \(\frac{1}{2} \) teacup cream, white of I egg, 2 rennet tablets.

Warm the milk till only tepid, and stir in 1 tablespn. white sugar and a few drops of vanilla essence. Dissolve the rennet tablets in the required amount of water, according to directions on the bottle. Stir into the milk and turn into a glass dish prepared in this way: Slice I tin peaches and I banana very finely. Stew the prunes, and remove the stones and cut into halves. Put a little syrup (about I teaspn.) in the bottom of the dish, and press the fruit into it. This prevents the fruit rising when the junket is poured over it. Now pour the junket over this and allow to set in a warm place for 20 min. When set, this may be removed to the ice-box, or any cool place Dissolve the jelly in 1 pt. water and pour into a soup-plate to set. When ready for use break the jelly into small pieces and put a ring all round the inner rim of the glass dish. Put this on lightly, so as not to break the junket. Whip the cream with the remainder of the sugar, and the

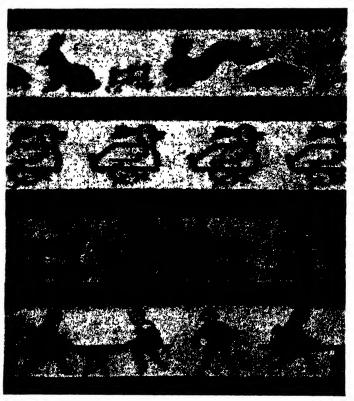
white of egg with a pinch of salt. Beat to a stiff froth and flavour with a few drops of vanilla. Pile in the centre of the jelly ring, add a few chopped pistachio nuts, and serve. With this sweet should be handed small sponge fingers, which can be bought by the pound from any baker or grocer.

Cheese Pudding

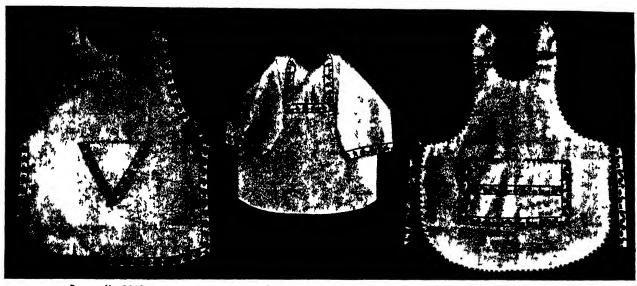
This is a savoury pudding, but is rather a change from the usual run

2 small cups grated breadcrumbs, 4 dessertspn grated Parmesan cheese, 1 egg, ½ cup milk, 1 oz. butter, salt, and a little cayenne, a little cream and powdered sugar.

Grate the bread finely and the cheese, which should be as dry as possible. Mix together with the salt and a little cayenne. Beat the egg and stir into the dry in gredients, and add the milk. Grease a pie-dish, and pour in the mixture. Add small lumps of butter



Some of Messrs. Cash's delightful trimmings for children's garments. These illustrations show the actual size of the trimmings. They are used on the garments shown on the opposite page.



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here and there on the top Bake in a good oven for 35 min Serve this pudding hot, and hand it with unsweetened beaten cream and a little finely-powdered white sugar Until one has tried this pudding you have no idea of its good ness, or the delicious taste of the blended cream, sugar, and cheese

Strawberry Duff

I lb fresh strawberries 5 sponge cakes (or any pieces of stale plain cake will do) I lemon jelly, I level dessertspin corn flour same amount white sugar, ½ pt milk, lemon rind

Melt the jelly in ? pt boiling water, and allow to stand in the basin until slightly cool Whisk with a fork until it becomes cloudy and eventually looks as if it had been mixed with cream Put the whole berries in the bottom of a dish keeping several out for decoration Pour over them the jelly, and put in a cool place to set Put the milk into a saucepan with the rind of a lemon, and allow to simmer for 5 or 6 min, then remove Mix the cornflour with a little cold milk until it is quite smooth Pour the milk on to the cornflour, being careful to stir all the time Return it to the saucepan and add the sugar Cook gently for 3 min, and then bring to the boil, but

take great care it does not catch at the bottom of the pan and so spoil the flavour. Pour while hot, over the jelly and fruit and allow to become quite cold. Decorate with fresh berries powdered with caster sugar.

Coffee Jelly.

½ pt strong black coffee ½ pt milk, ½ oz gelatine, i tablespn sugar 2 bananas, i tablespn cream, vanilla cssence

Place the milk in a saucepan, and when it boils add the coffee (which should be perfectly clear) and the sugar Stir all together and bring to the Foil Melt the gelatine in a little warm water, strain into the coffee and milk, and add 2 or 3 drops of vanilla essence. Stir all together. Slice 2 bananas finely lengthways, and curl round the inside of a moistened souffie dish or flat mould. Whip the cream and stir into the coffee, giving all a good final stir. Pour into the mould and set on ice to become firm. Serve with cream if desired.

Raspberry Soufflé.

½ lb ripe raspberries 2 oz cakecrumbs, same weight castei sugar 2 oz cornflour, i oz butter, i tablespi milk, 2 eggs

Put the raspberries into a deep basin with the coinflour, sugar, and milk.

Beat to a pulp with a wooden spoon Crumble the cake finely, and sprinkle in Beat the eggs, whites and yolks separately, adding the yolks first, and then beat well, and, lastly, the yolks, and give a good beating to make the souffle frothy Butter a souffle dish, and pour in the mixture Bake in a quick oven for 1½ hour Serve hot A few stewed raspberries add greatly to the tastiness of this pudding

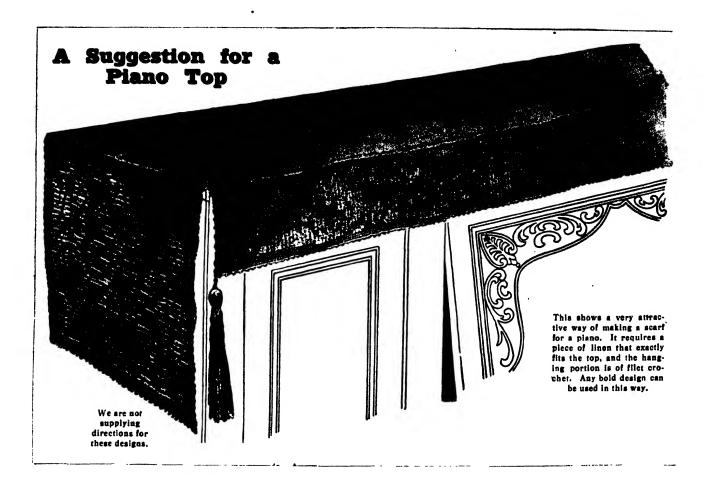
Charlotte Carolina.

12 lady fingers, ½ oz gelatine, i gill water, ½ pt cream i dessertspi caster sugar, 30 drops essence of vanilla

Take a 1-lb cake tin and line it carefully with the lady fingers, cutting off the extra length at the top with a very sharp knife Put the water in a pan, and, when hot, dissolve the gelatine in it Whip the cream to a stiff fioth, add the sugar and vanilla Strain in the gelatine and mix well, and pour it carefully into the cake tin Take care not to disarrange the sponge fingers When set, turn out and decorate with rose leaves and angelica If milk be substituted for the cream, white of 1 egg should be added and another 1 oz gelatine Of course, the flavour is not so rich, but the charlotte is almost equally good

IMPORTANT

The Editor is pleased to answer general queries free of charge, if a Coupon is enclosed from the Current Number. But all letters requiring an answer, and all inquiries about our Publications and our Paper Patterns, must be accompanied by a stamped and fully addressed envelope for reply



The Rosette Makes the Slipper

THESE illustrations show how much the rosette contributes to the prettiness of the shoe. We are not giving directions for making these particular items, as we have often given directions for bed-room slippers in the past. These are merely intended as suggestions for colours and styles. The little rosebuds make a very charming finish to the blue silk "best" pair; while for ease and good service, the wistaria and grey pair would be hard to beat. Directions for crocheting bed-room slippers will be found in The Craft of the Crochet Hook.

Price 2s. net; by post 2s. 4d.



Made in Soft Wisterla Wool, with Ruche and Rosettes in Grey.



The Daisy Shoes are worked in Yellow, with White Tops and Flowers.



Crocheted in Pale Blue Silk and Embroidered with little Pink Rosebuds.

From "Stitchery" No. 40

This is a "Holiday Needlework" Number

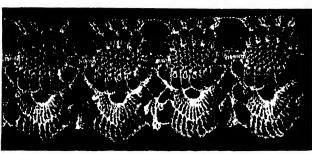


A VANDYKE DESIGN WITH BRAID.

directions for working the four attractive Crochet Edgings on this page appear in "Stitchery" No. 40.

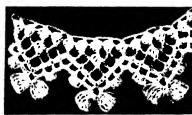


A BAG IN TAPESTRY CROCHET.



A STRONG PATTERN IN BRAID AND CROCHET.

Directions for making the Bag above, also for an effective Jumper Trimming in Tapestry Crochet are included in "Stitchery."

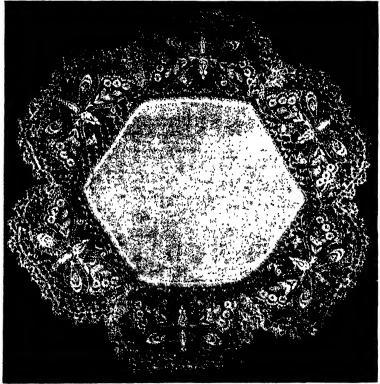


A PRETTY PETAL EDGING.

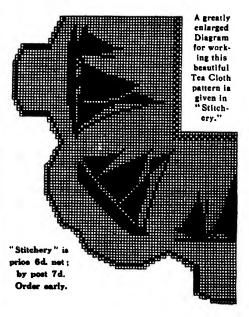


A NARROW LEAF LACE.

Other Items included in "Stitchery" are a Knitted Woolly Set for a Baby, consisting of Bonnet, Jacket and Bootees; a D'olly with a Crochet Centre; a Venetian Crochet Lace.



A D'OILY WITH BUTTERFLY MOTIFS,



557

The Newest Blouses and Some School-girl Styles



No 9401 made with short sleeves and s plain neck-band.

Two very attractive blouse patterns are illustrated on this page. The square necked jumper is cut in two pieces only, and shows the attractiveness of simple tacking-stitches used as trimming. The little smocked style, as will be seen from the illustrations, can be made in quite a variety of ways, and is just the model

for those who wish to put beautiful hand-stitchery into their home sewing.

Paper Patterns, price 7d. each, postage 1d. each extra by unsealed packet post, or 2d. by letter post. Address to the "Girl's Own" Fashion Editor, 4, Bouverie Street, Fleet Street, London, E.C. 4.



No 9401 shown with peasant embroidery on the sleeve.

Each in sizes for 34 and 38 inches bust measurement



A SLIF OVER AFRON FASTERING ON THE HIPS No. 9307.

In the medium size only

A PLAIN JUMPER BLOUSF AND FLEATED SKIRT No 9402. Sizes for 12 and 14 years.

A FINAFORE DRESS WITH SIDE POCKETS AND SHORT STEEVED BLOUSF NO 9403 Sizes for 12 and 14 years

A ONF-HIFCE DRESS WITH PLACKET CLOSING No. 9404. Sizes for 8, 10 and 12 years



No. 9402.

No. 9403.

No. 9404.

Simple Patterns for the Home-Worker



A SHORT SLEEVED JUMPER FASTERING ON THE SHOULDERS, WITH NOVEL-SHAPED POCKETS.

No 9418

Jn sizes for 34 and 38 inches bust measurement.

Paper Patterns, price 7d. each, postage 1d. each extra by unscaled packet post, or 2d. by letter post. Address to the "Girls Own' Fashion Editor, 4, Bouverie Street, Fleet Street, London, E.C. 4.

Made just in two pieces with fastenings on the shoulders, the attractive little Jumper on the left is sure to appeal to the home-worker who has not too much time at her disposal. Whether you add the deep applied pockets or not, you will have a useful little garment, and if made without pockets a fancy bead girdle could be worn to hold the Jumper in position at the waist.

All inquiries respecting our Paper Patterns must be panied by

a stamped





No. 9419

No. 9420.

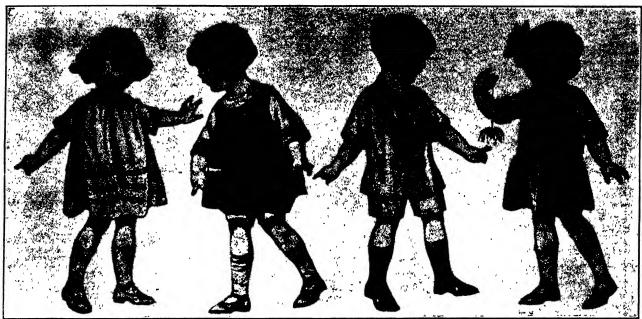
No. 9421.



INO PRETTY PATTERNS FOR MAKING CRETONNE APRONS.
No. 8733.
No. 9422.

The group on the left of the page shows four pretty underwear patterns for the girl in her teens No 9419 includes both the Brassière and the Directoire Knickers illustrated The Nightgown and Negligée illustrate how attractively flowered voile may be used for these garments These patterns are issued in sizes for 16 and 18 years

Useful Holiday Clothes



A CHILD'S MAGYAR PROCK, No. 9410.

A CHILD'S TUNIC AND BLOOMERS. No. 9411. Each in sizes for 2, 4 and 6

A SMALL BOY'S SAILOR SUIT.
No. 9412.

A PLAY OVERALL WITH PLACKET CLOSING. No. 9413.



AN EMBROIDERED JUMPER.
No. 9414.

A PRETTY STYLE FOR CHRPE-DE-CHINE.
No. 9415.

Paper Patterns, price 7d. each, postage 1d. each extra by unsealed packet post, or 2d. by letter post. Address to the "Girl's Own" Fashion Editor, 4, Bouverie Street, Fleet Street, London, E.C. 4.

years.

The adult styles are supplied in sizes for 34 and 38 inches bust measurement.



A STRAIGHT-HANGING DRESS IN TWO MATERIALS. No. 9416.

A PINAFORE DRESS WITH SLIP-ON BLOUSE. No. 9417.

WOMAN'S MAGAZINE



At the day's end Eastern shepherds gather their flocks to the fold. From scattered pastures they are re-collected. One by one they pass in under the shepherd's vigilant, kindly eyes, and, according to their need, he gives them attention. It is the hour of healing and of rest.

When all are safely gathered,

at the fold's guarded entrance the shepherd lies. He is the door of the sheep. Shepherd and sheep are all enfolded in the evening peace. When evening falls man also has his fold. From the day's wanderings, from its heats and quests, Nature and home call us at the day's end. There we, too, may find healing and rest. Those are among the most priceless of all hours. Not knowing their worth, some squander and scatter them, and find no peace. These turn night into garish day.

Evening should be the Sabbath of the day, a place for the soul's restoring, a temple where love and reverence dwell.

Nature has rare evening ministries. She reserves some of her choicest gifts for those last hours. It is good to escape to her spacious places, to feel free at last from the striving in crowded human places. For of overcrowdings come the frictions of life.

In the world we must needs live. The battle has to be fought, life's work and service finished, character disciplined. It is vain and unworthy to desire permanent release from the conflict; but it is our duty to seek temporary escape—to lay down our arms for a time.

Evening offers us a spacious rest camp. She sets our feet in a large place where none is our competitor. She has uncrowded woods and shores, lane and field solitudes, rich in gifts for the unquiet human spirit.

There is no fold like God's out-of-doors at eventide. We may gather there and be at rest. Nature's peace, so suggestive of that other Peace that passes understanding, takes charge over our hearts. The soul is restored. The burden presses less heavily. The handicaps and perplexities of life seem less irksome. The vision is cleansed.

There is no smallest thing that may not be as a ministering angel to us in that holy time of evening.

The Evening's Benediction

By FRANK GARTH

The swift's flight, for instance, as those unwearied ones whirl and wheel. Ever on the wing, they never seem to come to the end of their powers. Made for the air rather than for the earth, they seldom alight. And when our work for the day is done, we may still watch them at their "aerial festival." If Nature had

a six hours day, how impoverished the evening would be!

I love the raucous cries of the rooks' home comings at eventide. Their voices are hardly musical. Yet, heard together in Nature's own setting of wood and field, they have a strange appeal, and curiously suggestive of peace. A thrush at eve, singing on some bough to the setting sun, the fragrance of the grass and of evening flowers, the sleep of flowers as they close their petals to preserve their pollen wealth— all these can minister to our need.

Then there is the glow of sunset, and the afterglow for which we have to wait, so rich in promise. An end it is, and yet a prelude, giving vision also of other days, and the land that is very far off.

I sometimes think the unseen draws nearer to us at eventide than at any other hour. There are mystic presences. There is the hem of a garment, "with long fringes," within reach of the lowliest and most needy of earth's children.

Then evening is the time for shepherding the thoughts. It is the hour of recollection and of reverie. And when out-of-doors is impossible, we may find an altar indoors. By the light of lamp or of fire, with deep restful shadows about the room, we may meditate on the wonder of life.

Evening is the hour for summing up our wealth, not of material, but of spiritual things—our affluence of love. It should be the season of remembrance. For the land in which we now dwell is a Promised Land. So much of all we possess came to us after long anticipation. There was much striving and difficult going before we entered this present inheritance. Sometimes we forget the wonder and mercy of the way, and then we murmur.

In the evening we may feel about us the love of earth and of heaven as perhaps at no other time. It is the hour for life's sweet things, for love and laughter, for music and the friendship of books. But somewhere in the quietness should be a spot apart, where the day's pilgrimage may close in gratitude and communion.

Vot. 43 -No. 11 -2 T

The Lost MS.

Chaps. XXI. and XXII. Evic and Violet have Work to Do

By LADY SCOTT

EVIE's expression was that of a child that has done something out of the common, and is not sure whether it will be praised or blamed. But when she saw Violet's white drawn face and heavy eyes, she forgot herself and forgot everything but her long stifled love, and in an instant the two girls were in each other's arms. Neither had spoken a word, and as they parted they simultaneously remembered the man who stood behind. Violet turned to look at him in surprise She saw a young man with a very red face and big rough red hands, in the garb of an ordinary sailor, standing there greatly embarrassed. To her knowledge she had never set eyes on him before. Her natural thought was that Evie, who had been living "among the people," had got engaged to a young sailor, and to say she was horrified was to put the matter too mildly. But Evic seized her hand and drew her forward, at the same time turning the young man so that he faced the light.

"Don't you know him, Violet?" she asked eagerly.

Violet shook her head, infinitely perplexed.

Evic led them both to the window at the far end of the room, where there was more light.

"Look now," she went on. "You must know." There was a note of pleading in her voice

Violet stared hard. The young sailor had a large head, but his face was thin; there was a deep fold between his brows, and though he glanced up once or twice, there was something vaguely wrong with him, an unsatisfied wandering look.

Evie choked down her emotion.

"All right. You sit here a minute," she said to him. Then she led Violet back to the other end of the room. "V1," she cried, grasping her cousin's shoulders hard. "It's Dick!"

" Dick ! "

"Yes. Look."

The sailor had seated himself obediently, and his back was partly towards them; he had drawn a book from his pocket and begun to read it; as he did so the fold on his brow relaxed, the outlines of his face rounded. Violet gripped her cousin in return.

"It is!" she said in an awe-struck whisper. "Yes; like that I can see it; but the full face is quite different."

"It's not really. It will grow on you. I saw him first as he is now, and had no doubt at all that it was Dick. But, Violet, he's lost his memory, and doesn't know anything about it."

"How on earth did you find him then?"

"I'll tell you all later; but just now

hadn't we better have tea, and make him feel at ease?"

"All right, that will be best; and



afterwards I'll suggest he should smoke in the garden, so that you can tell me the whole story," Violet agreed.

So they had tea together, and though the sailor's hands were rough and red, he showed no clumsiness in handling the delicate china, nor was he at a loss for manners. He said very little, and his favourite answer to anything seemed to be: "I'm not very sure."

Conversation was difficult, and it was a relief to the two girls at last when he was left to stroll up and down the strip of garden at the back with his pipe, while they sat in the window above to talk over this amazing development.

Though they had embraced, and so, technically, made up their difference, they were both still far too sore to put into words any reference to the terrible breach that had separated them so long. It was natural, too, that their minds should be absorbed in this new problem, and therefore, without any reference to themselves, Evie plunged at once into her story of the finding of Dick. This, of course, involved her mentioning Honour Before All.

"Have you written a book?" Violet asked, when that point had been reached.

"Yes; I was ashamed of it, but I don't mind now, as it's brought Dick again to us."

"But did he know you?"

"I'm just getting to that. When I arrived at the hospital he was sitting as you saw him before tea, with his back half-turned to me, reading my book, which he carries with him everywhere. I was absolutely certain it was Dick. But the doctor had warned me to be careful, so I went and stood in front of him. He looked up, and when he saw I was standing he stood too. But he said nothing, and I—oh, Violet, it was an awful shock—for his head was hang-

ing; he had that cowed look, and his brows were knitted. It wasn't the least like Dick at the first full glance. But I began to talk about the book.

"'Do you know the writer?' I asked. He answered as he always does to everything: 'I'm not very sure.' Well, I told him, after a while, that I was related to him, and would look after him, and he seemed dreadfully troubled, and said it would be better to let him alone. Any attempt to probe his mind on the past distresses him so, that it is painful to see. At any rate, at last I persuaded him to come here; what else could I do? I felt if I had you to back me up we could do something."

"Oh, yes." Violet in her turn seemed troubled and embarrassed. "I have something to tell you, Evie. I am engaged to be married."

"I expected that. I am only surprised you aren't married already."

"Yes; but you know the man."

"I?"

"Yes; you see him nearly every day, I think."

" It's not Mr. Hawke?"

"Why do you say it like that?"

"It is, then! Oh, Violet!"

"Don't you like him?"

"I can't say I dislike him; but he's not the kind of man—oh, I wish it wasn't——"

"As it happens, I love him," Violet went on. "You don't know him except on the business side. He's a man, and there are few enough in the world."

"Yes; I think he's manly."

"Have you any special reason for disliking him?"

"No. He's always very courteous in his manners to the staff. He's very popular in the office. But—I don't think he's always been—as he should——"

Violet laughed a little.

"Has anyone?" she asked. "I've not. I've made a stupendous hash of things. I must tell you that, Evie, before Leslie comes."

" Is he dining here to-night?"

" Yes."

"Then I must go."

"What nonsense! Why?"

"Does he know that I'm your cousin?"

"No," said Violet with an obvious

As Evic looked at her with a flash of surprise, she laid her hand on her knee.

"Forgive me, Evie," she said. "I told you I've made a hash of things; I've been a snob and a cad, and a fool and worse, but oh, be generous, dear!" And her head went down on Evie's shoulder.

Neither of them cried. Evic pressed

the head against her and gently stroked it, as she admitted—

"And I've been a sullen proud fool too."

"Not half so bad as I have! Can you ever forgive my mean treachery, Evie?"

As she spoke Violet raised her face which was so close to her cousin's, and looked at her.

This time their lips met fully, and without a word more they knew the breach was healed.

"Well, I've still got to tell you some dreadful news," Violet began again presently. "I'm ruined!"

She sketched out rapidly the situation, while Evic listened in silence.

At the end they both started, because for the moment they had forgotten Dick, and he might have vanished. But there he was below, seated on a chair in the middle of the lawn, reading the book As his head bent over it a white patch on one side of his dark hair stood out prominently.

"His hair is much darker than Dick's," Violet said in a low voice; "and what is that curious white lock?"

"He is Dick!" said Evie defiantly. "Anyone's hair might grow darker, and lots of people have white patches where they've lost a bit and it's grown again." As she spoke the front-door bell rang.

"There's Leslie!" exclaimed Violet, with a twinkle in her eye; "and I not dressed! Good gracious, it's half past seven!"

"Well, I can't dress"

"Never mind, it's all right"

As Leshe Hawke came into the room he gave a swift glance round to see if Violet was alone, and when he perceived another girl's figure beside the curtain he refrained from anything but a handshake. Then Evic came forward.

"This is my cousin Evic Glennan," said Violet without explanation.

He glanced from one to the other with the manner of a man suspecting a trick, but he quickly recovered himself.

"Why did you never tell me of this relationship, Miss Glennan?" he asked, as he gave her his hand.

Evic might naturally have answered, it wasn't for her to tell; but she felt very nervous at meeting her employer in private life, and so she said nothing.

"I always meant to tell you, Leslie," Violet broke in; "but Evie and I had quarrelled. It's a long story, and we've made it up now, so I think if you don't mind, we won't refer to it at present, especially as there's something much more exciting to tell you about." She led him to the window. "Evie," she said, over her shoulder, "do you mind going to fetch him in, as we watch?"

As Evie vanished Violet quickly told her lover of the strange discovery. He had, of course, heard all about Dick and his disappearance, though he had never met him. Keenly he watched to see if any sign of recognition would betray the young man's identity as Evie approached him softly over the grass. No, there was nothing. The sailor stood up mechanically, in a well-drilled fashion, shut his book, and slipped it in his pocket. Evie kept him there a few minutes in conversation, laughing to draw a response, but he did not smile; he answered in the same monotonous toneless voice he had used all the time, and they could not hear what he said.

"We can do nothing much for him at present," said Leslie Hawke. "But we must all be as cheery as possible during dinner. I'll take him home with me for the night afterwards. It wouldn't

do to leave him here. After all, you don't know that he is your brother, and a man in that state might do anything"

"Very well," agreed Violet, "and to-morrow we'll all motor down to Crossways. It's forty miles, and there are no Sunday trains. We'll possibly get a clue from seeing his behaviour there. Afterwards, of course, we must have the most skilled advice on his case. But, Leslie, what about the business?"

"I'll tell you that later," he said, as the others entered the room,

Chapter XXII. An Urgent Summons.

It was a tense moment. Violet had instructed her chauffeur, Stephens, to come in at the station end of the village,



"LOOK NOW," SHE WENT ON.

" SHE WENT ON.

so that they might approach Crossways from the most familiar direction When they arrived at the little station, lying closed and deserted in the Sun day morning sunlight, they all got out, and, ac cording to plan, Violet and Leslie Hawke purposely lingered while Eviestarted off with the sailor in front The road was at first a straight strip, there was no choice of ways at the end of this three roads branched off Fvie held off and let the supposed Dick choose his He looked at her ioute aimlessly and then went on a step or two and waited It was the right road he chose certainly, but it might have been more chance

The village was very quiet most of the people being either in church or within doors preparing the Sunday dinner. A few children played about, but none of them knew Evie, and no one recognised them. After walking a while they came to that place where, over a stile,

the footpath cuts across a field and rejoins the main road farther on. Here again Evil loitered behind, pretending to pick something in the hedge, and when he reached the stile alone. Dick's sood irresolute. As she came up with him he said in his hesitating way.

Doesn't this cut off a bit of the road '"

It did But there again the suggestion was not necessarily due to memory, as it might be obvious, especially to a sailor, that the path was the string of the bow

At length they came to the side of the common. This was the real test. The houses bordered it continuously, but Crossways was down a side road about half-way along the side. Violet and Hawke were far behind. The motor-car, which was to follow, was not even in sight. Evice made cheerful small talk about the geese feeding on the green and the pond, and the tints of the foliage, and all the time her heart was beating hard. Would Dick stop at the turn?

He did

She had made no movement to do so whatever, but he distinctly stopped of his own accord, glanced ahead where the houses dwindled off into cottages, then down the side road where there was the bushy hedge fronting Crossways, and others of a better class of house



"DICK, SHE CRIED TENDERLY, HER ARMS

Drawn by
P B. Hickling

He said nothing, but looked at Evie She waited and gave him no help. Presently an idea came to her, and she pretended to walk straight on. He still stood where he was, but after a minute caught her up and stopped again, looking back. Then he appeared to resign himself, dropped his eyes to the road, and went ahead beside her. Thereupon she pulled up, bitterly disappointed, and returned to the cross-road. He went too. Directly opposite the house he stopped abruptly again, and looked at it first, and then at her.

" Is that the house?" he asked, in his queer indecisive way

Here she had given him no clue, and consequently her spirits rose again She nodded, and went over to the house

Though every soul was away at church, the door was on the latch in the trustful village fashion

Evie left Dick in the passage hall, while she looked round, but finding no one, she came back, and then an idea struck her. She ran out across the lawn at the back, and through the yew hedge to the apple orchard, where she swung herself on to the very same low-growing bough where she had been that fateful day in June, now two years ago, which had been the turning point of their lives. Then she called softly, "Dick! Dick!"

She heard him following her He came

to the yew hedge and stood framed in it, and all at once he was transformed

Was it an hallucination? The effect of her strong imagination? Or was it truly her old boy-lover, Dick, come back to her? There he was, past all shadow of doubt! That disfiguring fold on the brows was smoothed away, that strained haggard look had vanished

Evie gave a great gulp

"Dick!" she cried tenderly, her arms outstretched to him. But at that moment the motor car turned the corner of the road with a hideous hoot like a gorilla clearing its throat. Dick started violently, and the cloud settled down on him again. He stood still, and did not move

So Evie, with a heavy heart, got up, and came over to him and led him back to the house. A swift interchange of glances passed between her and Violet as they met, and was followed by a slight shake of the head on Evie's part.

They had brought with them cold partridges and cold tart, and other delicacies, knowing that Georgy's slender fare would hardly do for so large a party, and now, with the glee of children, they set to work to lay the extra places at the long dining-room table, and put out the provender before she returned from service

While they all worked, making a jest

of it, and hurrying to and fro, and getting into each other's way, the cloud seemed to lift a little from Dick, who appeared to enjoy himself too; but the moment Violet, stopping, said to him suddenly: "You remember this room, don't you?" Dick rubbed his chin indecisively, and answered in a low tone—

" I'm not very sure."

Of them all Leslie Hawke proved himself of the least use, until Violet laughingly told him to sit on the window-seat out of the way. Just then they heard the gate click, and Evie went out hurriedly to meet Miss Travers, and break the news to her. But Miss Travers needed no warning, she had seen the car!

She embraced Evie warmly, and with her arm round her waist pushed her into the drawing-room. There she was evidently disappointed not to find Violet.

"Where is she?" she cried. "It's Violet's car, I know. She brought you. Then you've made it up. Oh, my dear child, I have prayed for it every single day since you left! God be praised!"

She sank down on a chair as Violet appeared in the doorway crying out—

Don't get up, Georgy dear! don't get up!" And she knelt beside the old lady, embracing her with more affection than she had ever showed her in her life before.

"Oh, Violet! Violet! I feel inclined to sing the Nunc Dimittis as I have often sung it in church. Now you two are here, and friends again, what more have I left to live for?"

"A good deal," answered Violet, laughing. "There are others here beside us. The man I'm going to marry, for instance."

"Good gracious!" cried poor Miss Travers, greatly perturbed; "and there's nothing to cat but a little scrap of cold meat."

"That's all right," Violet assured her.

"We're like a Canadian surprise party, we've brought ou own provisions along. Here he is," she added, as Hawke's tall figure appeared in the doorway.

Miss Travers was much flustered, and the tide of her talk was for the moment held up, but Leslie talked to her with a charming courtesy that set her at ease, until Evie said—

"And now, Georgy dear, there is something else more wonderful still." At a sign from her the other two withdrew. "Georgy," she went on when they were left alone, "you know I never believed that Dick was dead?"

"You always said so, dear Evie."

"And I was right. Dick is

not dead. I have found him, and he's here!"

"Dick here?" The old lady sank back on to the low chair from which she had just risen, and her face became very white. "But where? Where?"

"You'll see him in a minute. But I must tell you, Georgy dear, he had an accident that time we thought him drowned, and he is like the 'shell-shocked' soldiers, he does not remember anything that is past. He's very much changed, too. But it is Dick. I'll bring him to you."

She went out and returned with Dick, still in his sailor's clothes, for Leslie Hawke, who would willingly have fitted him out, had found his suits far too large in every way. After one gasp Miss Travers rose to the occasion in a way that astonished Evic.

"Dick, my dear boy!" she cried.
"Come home again." She clasped both
his hands, and then went on speaking
just as she used to do when he was not
much higher than her shoulder. "Oh,
you naughty boy! What grubby hands
and finger nails, go and wash them at
once before the gong sounds"

Dick put back his head, and broke into so hearty and natural a laugh that both Violet, who heard it outside, and Evie, who was watching him intently, started. But it subsided, and he dropped back into the furtive uncertain deprecating manner he had worn before.

But very soon they were all seated at table, and the two girls, ably assisted by Leslie, kept the ball going, so that it was a very merry lunch. But when it was half through Miss Travers remembered something.

"Oh, Evie," she burst out, "I forgot all about it, with this excitement. Did you get your telegram?"

"Telegram? For me? No. Where is

"On the drawing-room mantelpiece."

Before even Hawke could rise to his feet, Dick was out of the room and back with it.

"When did it come?" Evie asked, as she fumbled to get it open.

"Late last night. I took it to mean you would be here to-day, so that was why I was not much surprised to see you."

Evie by this time had opened it, and read:—

"Do come at once, if possible. Pigeon dangerously ill, Lupin distracted.—Hamon,"

It was a terrible cry of distress to come into the midst of her own engrossing affairs, but Evie never hesitated; she must go, she was needed, only she could help—the rest must wait.

Hurriedly she explained, looking the picture of white-faced dismay. To leave Dick just when he had come home, when any morning he might awake out of this strange sleep-walking mood and be himself, that was had indeed!

"It's in Sussex," said Violet, looking at the pink form. "How far from London Evie?"

"About twenty miles."

"And this is forty miles on the north side. Yes, you can do it. Stepliens shall take you, and we will stay here to night. He can bring the car back tomorrow. You can put us up, Georgy?"

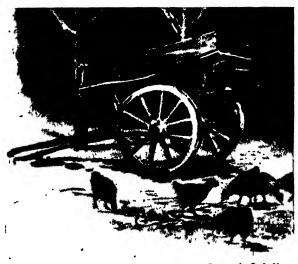
"Why, of course, you know there are eight rooms. The maid shall make up the beds immediately."

So Stephens was ruthlessly dragged from his serenc contemplation of a long restful Sunday afternoon, and had it explained to him that it was a matter of life and death. Evie was sent speeding off southwards with a heavy cloud on her heart, both for those to whose assistance she hastened and for those she left behind.

It was six o'clock when she finally

arrived, worn-out, and with a racking headache, at the well-remembered road up which she had trudged in the spring-time with a bundle of MS. under her arm.

Hamon heard the car and came out. He held out both hands to her, but before he spake gave a few directions to Stephens-where to house the car and find accommodation for himself-and then he drew Evie into the hall and set a chair for her. The house was still as a churchyard, and through the open door into the garden Evie could see the tall red peonies in their flaunting glory; a late laden bumblebee hummed across the darkness, and went back into the sunlight.



Drawn by C. J. Vine.

The Lost MS.

From Hamon's face Evie knew that it was very serious.

"No, not—" she gasped, her hand on his arm; and he bowed his head.

"Wee Pigeon has passed into the sunlight," he said.

Such incongruous things come into the mind in moments of great stress; it is almost as if, for the time, we were really capable of surveying and thinking of many different matters at one time. As he said it, Evie had a distinct thought, "Hamon is a poet, Dick would never have dreamed of saying a thing like that." But, as she thought it, her lips were asking, "And Lupin?"

"I am afraid for her," he answered.
"That was why I wired for you"

A step was heard on the wooden stair, and Lupin came down. She was fully dressed, her face red and jolly as usual; she held, clasped to her, a little suit of green, empty of any small body, though shaped to the outlines by long wear. She took no notice of Evic, but began to walk back and forth on the bricks of the hall, back and forth, clasping the little one-piece green suit to her bosom, and muttering to herself. Back and forth! It was horrible.

Evie got up at last and came near her, but she pushed her away with a broad hand

"Let me be!" she said; "let me be! I must walk. Go away, will you? Let me have a little peace."

The boy and girl instinctively clung to each other, and sought help from each other's eves.

Back and forth, back and forth went the bereaved mother. Hamon took Evie's hand and drew her into the garden.

"She's been doing that ever since," he said in an awe-struck voice. "The wee chap was taken ill on Thursday night. I was here, luckily. He caught a chill running about with bare feet on the grass, late I went for the doctor, and he thought very seriously of him. All

that night we were up He was worse on Friday morning, but the doctor thought a turn might come in the afternoon. It did. He was better Had a better night on Friday, and died quite suddenly in the small hours of yesterday morning. I wired for you then, both to your rooms and to Crossways, in case you had gone there for the week-end He is to be buried to-morrow. The doctor says until that is done Lupin will go on like this, and he fears for her reason '

Evie saw that she

would have to stay over the morrow, and her thoughts went back to Dick, but she did not tell Hamon that yet. Instead, she went back into the house and succeeded in getting Mrs. Maconochie to swallow some hot milk; but when she had at last persuaded her to sit down for a minute in a chair, she got up immediately and began to walk back and forth, back and forth again. At long intervals she varied this by going out into the garden, pulling every flower she could see, some of them out by the roots, then she walked up the narrow wooden stair and piled them all over the silent little figure on the bed, until he was buried as beneath a havcock, and some of them fell down on the floor in swathes

In the afternoon a nurse arrived, sent by the doctor, but she had no more influence over the poor mother than Evie. At any rate, she undertook to watch over the distracted woman during the night.

Next day broke grey and stormy, and Evie's heart sank at the awful prospect before her and Hamon. But, as often happens when terrible things are seen ahead, the reality proved less unendurable than she had anticipated.

The little coffin was carried very simply by the hands of men to the churchyard on the hill, about a mile off. Mrs. Maconochie made no effort to interfere, or prevent its being taken away, as they had feared Hamon and Evie walked on each side of her, but though the tears rained down both their faces by the graveside, she alone never shed a tear.

She came back to the empty house with them about tea-time, went immediately upstairs, got her gardening gloves and apron and passed out into the garden. They watched her for a while, and she seemed to be working sensibly. The rain had ceased, so they left her, and had tea. The nurse intimated that she did not think she need stay that night; she was quite sure all would be

well now; later on Mrs. Maconochie would presently cry, and that would relieve her, and then she would be able to sleep soundly. So she left. When she had gone Evie turned to Hamon. She thought now she might tell him her news, and possibly it would take his mind off this present trouble.

"Hamon," she said gently. "I always told you Dick was not dead; now I know I was right. I have found him."

"I knew you had, the first moment I saw you," said Hamon quickly. "But all is not right, Evie?"

She looked at him marvelling.

"How do you know?"

"I know everything about you."

"You're right. Dick is not himself. It is possibly the result of that accident when he was swept overboard. He has lost his identity."

"Tell me all about him—every little thing; perhaps I may be able to help."

So she told him, as he sat smoking a cigarette; and at the end he said—

"That white patch means he's had a blow on the head some time. I think it very likely that some small fragment of bone is pressing on the brain. You ought to have him examined by a competent surgeon."

"That's what Violet said. We mean to. But I did not connect the two things, the white patch and the possible injury; that sounds very likely. Oh, Hamon, if only——"

"It means I sha'n't have to wait my seven years, anyhow," he said, smiling a little grimly.

They talked further about the matter, and then went out to find Lupin in the garden. She met them in something of her old manner, set them to work carrying off piles of weeds and pulling up stubs, and when darkness fell came in with them. She had a bowl of soup at the evening meal, and shortly afterwards went to her room. When Evic followed her there, a short time after, she found her lying on the bed, still

fully dressed, but in a sound natural sleep. As she had not awakened by eleven, but was still sleeping the sleep of utter exhaustion, Evie said she thought she would go to bed.

About two in the morning she was aroused by a light tap on the door. Hastening to it and holding it ajar she heard Hamon say—

"Come at once, Evie—as quick as you can;

Lupin has gone!"

She bundled on her clothes, and joined him inside of five minutes.

To



Drawn by C. J. Vine.

Imagination in Religion

WHEN I was a child, great insistence used to be placed on the fact that the religious life was not in reality more dismal than a worldly life.

"Religion never was designed To make our pleasures less."

So we were constantly informed. But I do not think that the same emphasis on the fact is now necessary; and I never see the hymn quoted.

At all events, the use of imagination—such a potent charm for the young!—is not debarred from religion. Dullness is the last element that should be associated with the Christian life. It is a "great adventure," and offers scope for the "long, long thoughts" of youth.

It is beside my present purpose to write about imagination in a general sense, but there is a passage from Ruskin which I cannot forbear to quote, as it bears exactly on the subject in hand.

"What are the legitimate uses of the imagination—that is to say, of the power of perceiving, or conceiving with the mind, things which cannot be perceived by the senses?

"Its first and noblest use is, to enable us to bring sensibly to our sight the things which are recorded as belonging to our future state, or invisibly surrounding us in this.

"It is given us that we may imagine the cloud of witnesses in heaven and earth, and see, as if they were now present, the souls of the righteous waiting for us; that we may conceive the great army of the inhabitants of heaven, and discover among them those whom we most desire to be with for ever; that we may be able to vision forth the ministry of angels beside us, and see the chariots of fire on the mountains that gird us round; but, above all, to call up the scenes and facts in which we are commanded to believe, and be present, as if in the body, at every recorded event of the history of the Redeemer.'

These words should not be dismissed as merely a pictorial outburst. They should be studied.

Of course, everyone possesses imagination to some extent, and I think girls have it often in such great measure that they do not quite know what to do with it! How easy it is

Part X.—A Help in the Spiritual Life

to create images in the mind, perhaps foolish or false ones, that can do no good at all, but only

arouse disappointment and discontent with daily life!

When we were children, probably, our imagination was very busy with the future state. Heaven was a definite place to us; the Book of Revelation, perhaps, had a special charm. As we grew older, the vision of the whiterobed throngs, harping with their harps, the sea of glass, the Celestial City, with its foundations of precious stones, its gates of pearl, its pavement of gold, waxed dim. We saw we could not take it quite literally, and therefore let the vision fade. But it must not be forgotten that Imagination should still be kept as the bondslave of Religion. The final paragraph of the extract from Ruskin is significant. It is important, as he says, to have a mental picture of-

"Those holy Fields Over whose acres walked those blesséd Feet

Which, nineteen hundred years ago, were nailed

I or our advantage, on the bitter Cross."

We ought to gain a distinct idea of the little land of Palestine, its hills, lakes, valleys, flowers; and try to realise why it was the object of such passionate patriotism and love. We ought also to try to see what the inhabitants looked like, in feature and in dress; to understand their habits, social customs, their daily life, as far as possible. For this end, pictorial representations are of course useful. Many of my readers may recall the delight and interest afforded in childhood by an illustrated Bible. When Sunday was more strictly kept than it is now, such pictures were the charm of one day in the week. And the work of an artist who has travelled in the Holy Land, for the purpose of studying with accuracy the places, surroundings and people of the probable scenes of the Gospel history, must always be valuable. One who within recent times has done this, Harold Copping, wandered off the beaten track, and left no stone unturned in the progress of his work. The book Scenes in the Life of our Lord contains large coloured plates, which are reproduced, in smaller form, in the illustrated Bible

We may have different ideals, and one individual cannot judge for an other; but, personally, I find the Scenes in the Life of our Lord a help to the imagination, and I love in particular to dwell on that picture of Mary at the Sepulchre, "supposing Him to be the gardener."

As the story continues, the Face of our Blessed Lord grows more worn; one sees that He has in mind "the decease which He should accomplish at Jerusalem"

It is, by the way, a testimony to the important part played by imagination in religion, that the Face of Christ is at once recognised in any picture. We may be doubtful as to other personages, but the Divine Face is recognised immediately. Why is this? Surely it is that from childhood the imagination has formed and retained an image of that Presence, unique among the sons of men.

Let us, then, train our imagination further. We see His Face in our mental vision. Let us see the land where His earthly years were spent, the lonely hilltops where He knelt in prayer; the flowery slopes on which He sat, and drew teaching from the fragrant sward around Him; the



Imagination in Religion

lake over which He sailed, by which He stood upon the strand, and from which He spoke to the thronging multitudes on shore. Let us see in thought the men who were His companions, and to whom He was like in raiment, though so widely different otherwise. Let us see the type of woman whom He called 'Mother"; the type that stood—

"Last at His cross, and earliest at His grave."

All this will help us greatly. There will not be a dimly blurred background to our religious life, but one which is distinct and clear. That is valuable. Of course, personal religion can exist without it And we all know that into the great religious art of old, fantastic impossibilities were introduced Yet that did not so much signify! Something was imagined; and that was of an uplifting and beautiful character. Let imagination, therefore, have its play, as Ruskin urges, to enable us to be present, as if in the body, at every recorded event of the history of the Redeemer," so that we shall be able to say, of our inward life-

"Oft have I stood by Thee Have I been keeping lonely watch with Thee

In the damp night, by weeping Olivet,

Or leaning on Thy bosom, proudly less,

Or witnessing Thy bursting from the tomb "

Such occupation for the imaginative faculty will lend vividness to our religious life.

I have already referred to the imagined Heaven of childhood. It is perhaps a fact that, as we grow older, Heaven is not the chief subject

on which we employ imagination. When we lose the streets of solid gold, the sea of glass, the gates of pearl, we are apt to lose everything, and in our minds the "Celestial City" becomes a blur. This may be inevitable. The mind turns away from material visions, to the one fact—the presence of Christ.

"How know I that it looms lovely, that Land I have never seen, With morning-glories, and heartsease, and unexampled green, With neither heat nor cold in the balm-redolent air?

Some of this, not all, I know; but this is so—Christ is there."

Some Christians appear to find comfort in saying, "Heaven is a state, not a place" I cannot myself see much help in that If we are in a "state" of beatific happiness, none the less do we want a "place" in which to experience that "state" The one does not exclude the other.

It must, however, remain true that "Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man, the things which God hath prepared for them that love Him." There is a hope, for passionate lovers of the beauty of the earth—those who feel the Presence of God in the majesty of the hills, the rush of the torrent, the glory of sea and sky—that what is fairest in this world may not be lost to us for ever.

But, after all, one knows that material pictures of Heaven are difficult to conceive. And therefore I plead for a simpler use of the imagination, to visualise and realise what we believe to be the truth, here and now

When you kneel in prayer, practise your imagination to represent Christ as actually near you. Think of Him

with the merciful, benign eyes bent upon you, the commanding Presence before you—listening to your words, as you kneel at His Feet. If you can thus see Him in imagination, it will help you to realise that your supplications are not going out into the void.

And there is another aspect in which you can imagine Him. This may be almost too painful, unless you can rise above the physical details, and contemplate the immeasurable Love. Then you can say to Him, as you look with grief upon His sacred Form, words something after the fashion of these. I heard them quoted in an address. I have vainly tried to find their author, and venture to reproduce them here for the use of my readers:—

"Dear Lord, Whose Brow was pierced

With thorns, for love of me, O let Thy Blessing ever be upon my brow,

That I may think for Thee.

Dear Lord, Whose Hands were pierced

With nails, for love of me,
O let Thy Blessing ever be upon
my hands,

That I may work for Thee.

Dear Lord, Whose Feet were pierced

With nails, for love of me,

O let Thy Blessing ever be upon my feet,

That I may follow Thee.

Dear Lord, Whose Sacred Heart was pierced

With spear, for love of me,

O let Thy Blessing ever be upon my heart, That I may live for Thee."

To be continued.



Drawn by J. Pike.

Chapters XXI. and XXII. John Smith Discovers Himself, and Someone Discovers Miss Hester

By L. G. MOBERLY

ROSEMARY had insisted upon it. With that quiet decision and dignity, which no one ever ventured to oppose for long, she had insisted that if it was safe to move him, the injured man should be moved to the Manor House. And Dr. Whiteley, fully aware that it would be far easier to get his patient nursed satisfactorily in Rosemary's house than in the patient's own bachelor abode, had fallen in with the girl's wishes; and now the man who for so many months had been known to them all as John Smith lay in the biggest spare room in the Manor, the fear banished from his eyes, though the bewilderment had not yet quite left them.

"Nothing is to be left undone that will help him," Rosemary said emphatically to the doctor. "No expense is to be spared. Get nurses, yes, certainly, and a specialist by all means. Everything possible must be done to make him quite himself again. It is all extraordinary, so like some sort of fairy tale."

Dr. Whiteley had smiled down into the girl's eager upturned face, more than half convinced that what she described as a farry tale would resolve itself into something quite ordinary and prosaic; more than half convinced, too, that his patient's strange statement about his identity was merely a delirious man's raving.

But now that same patient lay on a couch drawn near the fire in the big space room, his eyes a little bewildered still, it is true, but with no slightest trace of delirium about them, with every sign that he was well on his way towards convalescence.

"And he is well enough to be questioned." the doctor said to Rosemary as they came along the corridor together. "As we all know, he had a nasty blow on the back of his head—a very nasty blow; and we may dare now to try and find out how he got it."

"We can ask him, too, about what he said," Rosemary exclaimed eagerly. "He said he was David Merraby, and, if he is, why, it is a resurrection from the dead, and he is my godfather, and Mr. and Mrs. Merraby must come to him - and oh! it seems too wonderful to be true."

The sunshine of a radiant November day was pouring into the room as Rosemary and the doctor entered it and the light fell full upon the face of the man on the couch, showing a little look of triumph upon the lined features, a shining in the blue eyes. It was the first time he had seen his young employer since the day she had found him unconscious in his own sitting-room, and he held out his hand to her with a gesture of welcome.

"My muddled brains are beginning to get some coherence and sense into them," he said. "Whoever it was that knocked me on the head did me a good turn. My memory has come back, and I can remember what happened both before I met you, and since I met you, too."

"You don't still think you are somewhere amongst tribesmen, do you?—or devils?" Rosemary took his outstretched hand and looked down at him with a smile. "When you first became conscious again the other day, I expect you were like somebody waking up from sleep."

"That exactly describes it." He dropped her hand after a moment of lingering pressure, and Rosemary sat down in a low chair beside him, whilst



the doctor leant against the mantelpiece, and regarded his fast-recovering patient with justifiable pride.

"You feel your memory is now completely restored?" he questioned; and the man on the couch nodded affirmatively.

- "Completely," he answered. "It is precisely as Miss Rosemary says. When she first found me I felt like a man waking up from a sleep, from a nightmare. Everything was hopelessly muddled. I had gone back to the day on the Frontier when my head was first bashed in "—he shivered—" and the present seemed more dream-like than the past. I couldn't understand where I was, or who was who. I felt as if I was still on that awful hillside with those devils—those devils—" His voice suddenly faltered and failed

"Don't tell us anything you would rather not talk about," Rosemary said soothingly, putting her hand on his. "It doesn't really matter about the past, now we know who you are. And you really aren't Mr John at all, are you?" she ended with a little laugh.

"I want to tell you everything," came the quiet rejoinder, and the sick man's voice was now quite steady. "And I am not Mr. John, I am David Merraby, and your godfather."

"That is so queer and so wonderful!" she exclaimed, "and we all thought you were killed on the Frontier."

" I was wounded on the hillside outside the fort. We had made a sortie, and I fell amongst the rocks. I remember how cold the night was, and the stars above the mountains were like balls of fire. I could see our men moving about, trying to find and take in the wounded, and I made a great effort to call to them to show them where I was. But my voice died away in a hoarse whisper, I could not make myself heard, and before I could try again, a man lurking behind the rock where I lay gave me a great blow on the head, and I knew nothing more until I found myself miles away in the heart of the mountains, amongst as wild and brutal a people as it has ever been my lot to meet!" Again he shivered, and put his hand over his eyes, as if the train of recollection were too painful to be borne. "I needn't go into details," he went on after a pause. "But they tortured me to make me tell them how our troops were disposed; they made my life-hell! they did their devilmost to break my courage and my spirit, and they nearly succeeded." His voice dropped. "But not quite. I held out. By God's good grace I held out, and by God's help managed to make my escape." His tones were very reverent, very quiet, the sheer goodness of the man looked out of his eyes. "How I did escape those watchful, wakeful fiends I cannot even now explain. I can only say, 'God knows.' And what I went through after I had managed to creep away from that awful village, I don't think I can ever put into words."

"Don't try to tell us," Rosemary said softly, when she saw him shiver again at the bare remembrance of past horrors.

"I don't believe I could tell you; it was a long mightmare of pain, of cold, of hunger, and endless toil. I crept along the face of precipices, I climbed over passes, I walked in dried-up watercourses on

stones that cut my feet. I was half starved, and my clothes, such as they were, nearly dropping off me. And all the time, all through those long. long days and nights, of which I kept no count, I went in continual fear. I never knew when I might be discovered; I could never have a second's peace. Sometimes I think 1 must have been delirious, just staggering on blindly towards safety. And when at last, I know not after how many weeks, I reached a little town where there were British troops, I could give no account of myself at all. My past had been swept clean

away from me as if a sponge had been passed over it. You know the rest, how those kind souls, the Mordaunts, brought me with them to Europe and then to England, and how, by the strangest of coincidences, I am here."

He looked at Rosemary with the smile that gave such charm to his face, and she smiled back at him, her face radiant.

" It is like a fairy tale, Dr. Whiteley, isn't it? But if you had ever seen father and mother, they would surely have known you? '

"Perhaps; though Miss Sterndale didn't know me when we met at that party! I must look very different from the boy of nineteen who went away, a smooth-faced boy of nineteen doesn't look very much like a bearded man of thirty-nine, whose hair is turning grey. I wonder whether even my own mother would know me?"

'I am going to wire her," Rosemary said. "Dr. Whiteley thought I had better say nothing to her until we were quite sure there was no mistake."

" And can we be quite sure my memory will not lapse again?" Merraby looked anxiously at the doctor. "Shall I be a sound man now?"

"As far as I can see, yes. In my opinion there is no reason why you should not be as sound as you ever were. But I am only a country doctor, my experience is limited, and for your own sake I should advise you to consult a specialist, someone who has had more chance of studying every sort of case. But before we decide that point there is a question we must ask you. The



police are anxious to discover who was your assailant the other night. There is not a doubt that you were hit from behind, and, as I said before, you had a very nasty blow on the head.'

"I don't believe it was robbery at all." Rosemary all at once leant forward, her eyes very bright, a flush on "I beher face. lieve it was that horrible Mr. Marriott. He was so angry about leaving, he never forgave me for sending him away, and when he handed over the books he looked at me as though he hated me; and he spoke so bitterly, so vindictively, I believe he was capable of anything.'

The doctor, closely watching Merraby's face, saw that the girl's random shot had hit its mark, but he said nothing, leaving his patient to get himself out of the situation in the way he thought best.

'After all, one must make excuses for an embittered man who has lost his job, and may find it hard to get another," Merraby said. "I don't want to be hard on him, or on anybody, now that I am myself again, now that I am no longer a nameless wanderer."

"Then it was Mr. Marriott?" Rosemary persisted. "You can't deny that it was Mr Marriott?"

" No, I can't deny it; but I still want to beg you to take no action against him." Merraby spoke with great earnestness. "I don't think the poor chap meant to do me a bad injury; certainly not when he first came to see me. He only meant-well, he meant to say a few nasty things and make himself generally unpleasant." Merraby smiled. And then his temper got the letter of him, and when I asked him politely, but firmly, to leave my room, and never to come back, he lifted a particularly heavy stick and banged me on the head with it. He's probably very sorry now; and in any case, seeing what his blow has done for me, I should like to leave well alone, and take no steps against him."

"Upon my word, you forgiving people do annoy me," the doctor said irritably. "You carry your Christian virtues to the point of imbecility."

'Until seventy times seven' still holds good," Merraby answered gently.

"And I feel as if I owe Marriott a debt I can never repay. He has given me back my memory-he has given me back to myself."

"Setting aside for the moment the question of your assailant, will you let me arrange for you to see a specialist?" Dr. Whiteley asked. "I should like to advise you to see a man who is at the moment quite in the foremost rank of brain specialists. He has spent a very great number of years in Australia, but it seems that he had a longing to come back to the old country, and put in some work here. I would rather you had the opinion of Desmond Treherne than of anybody in the world.

"What name did you say?" Rosemary looked up quickly.

" Desmond Treherne. It is an uncommon name, one would not be likely to forget it; and the man himself is uncommon too." The doctor spoke musingly. " He--"

"Is he married?" Rosemary broke in, and Dr. Whiteley glanced at her with some surprise.

"I don't think he is; but why? How does that affect his work?"

"It doesn't!" Rosemary laughed and flushed. "I only asked because well, because I just wondered whether it was the same Dr. Treherne I was hearing about the other day."

" Probably. It is scarcely likely there would be two doctors of the name."

"Then, instead of taking Mr. John, I mean Mr. Merraby up to see him, couldn't you get Dr. Treherne to come here?" Rosemary said with suppressed eagerness. "It would be far better for the patient than dragging him up to town, and surely it could be arranged."

Merraby himself was lying with closed eyes, as though the late effort of thought and memory had tired him, and he seemed oblivious of the conversation between his two companions.

The expense might be rather heavy," the doctor said under his breath. " But I agree that it would be better for Mr. Merraby if we could keep him quiet here for a while longer."

"Don't let us bother about the expense." Rosemary spoke, as he did, in an undertone. "I have a special reason for wanting Dr. Treherne to come here, if it is possible to arrange it. And, anyhow, whatever is best for him"-she nodded towards the couch-" must be done. Would-do you think Dr. Treherne would come down here if you ask him ? "

"He will certainly come for his fee, but to bring a busy physician out of town for a whole day means a heavy fee.''

"Never mind-never mind that." Rosemary, still in an undertone, spoke eagerly. "Why, all these years I have been using money Mr. Merraby left me,

and quite apart from that, I would do anything to help him to get better. And —I do want Dr. Treherne to come here," she added with apparent inconsequence.

The doctor looked puzzled, as well he might, at the unaccountable desire of the young lady of the Manor House to meet an elderly physician whom she had never before seen; but as he was genuinely anxious to discuss Merraby's

case with an expert, he fell in with Rosemary's wishes, reflecting that well-to-do damsels could indulge in any vagaries with impunity.

"But I think I should be inclined to postpone wiring to Mr. Merraby's mother until Dr. Treherne has examined him. Aday's delay will make no appreciable difference, and it would be more satisfactory if we could clearly explain to his people what are the hopes for his future. I can possibly get Dr. Treherne down to-morrow."

"What are you two conspiring about?" The patient on the couch at this moment opened sleepy eyes. "I was rude enough to doze and dream little absurd dreams, through which your voices ran on in a pleasant unintelligible murmur. It is ridiculous to be so tired and sleepy after a knock on the head"

"We were conspiring to get Dr. Treherne to come and see you and help to make you quite well," Rosemary said garly. And then your mother will come; and won't it be beautiful to see her joy?"

"I believe you are always thinking how beautiful it is to do things for other people, and to give them joy," David Merraby said gently, a little gleam flashing into his eyes; and that look in his eyes set Rosemary's pulses beating unusually fast, and made her suddenly remember a most important message to Mrs. Grant.

But as she went along the corridor, and down into the drawing-room, Merraby's words and glance lingered in her mind, and she smiled happily, singing a gay little song as she went. "And it will be lovely," she thought, as a few minutes later she went out into the garden to pick some late monthly roses from the hedge behind the rosemary bushes. "The Merrabys will have their son, and Miss Hester—oh! I hope Miss Hester will have her happiness. If only that could come about, it would be the most splendid real fairy tale that ever was!"

Chapter XXII.

After Long Years.

It was Rosemary who met him in the hall, and Desmond Treherne, looking down into her eager face, found himself thinking of spring, and of all that spring means. Her youth, her vitality, the happy light in her eyes, the radiance of her smile, but perhaps, above all, the



THE DOCTOR STOOD AGAINST THE MANTELPIECE AND REGARDED HIS FAST RECOVERING PATIENT WITH JUSTIFIABLE PRIDE.

Drawn by Harold Copping.



SHE STOOD BEFORE THE GREAT CONSULTANT WITH BENT HEAD HER HANDS CLASPED TIGHTLY, LOOKING LIKE A RATHER PRIGHTENED LITTLE GIRL.

Drawn by Harold Copping

character that showed in lips and chin, all these made an instant appeal to the man who had acquired a habit of observing his fellow-creatures with closest observation, who had made a profound study of human nature

' A health giving personality," was his brief summing up of the girl as she welcomed him and led him into the library to await Dr Whiteley, who had gone upstairs to the patient And Rosemary, looking into Treherne's strong face upon which self control, reliability, quiet steadfastness were plainly written, reflected with scarcely less brevity "He is perfectly trustworthy Hester was right to go on loving him "

Treherne seemed, all at once, to become aware of her earnest scrutiny and a smile broke up the rather stern set of his features

" Will you trust me with the patient, Miss Sterndale?" he asked whimsically I propose to do my best '

It isn't so much Mr Merraby about whom I was thinking," Rosemary

answered with characteristic directness 'I didn't only want you to come here for him "

Didn't you?" Surprise was in the deep tones "But-what other reason could you have had for wishing me to come? We have surely never met before? And I do not think I know any of your people? Did I understand you were mistress of the house?"

Rosemary gave a quick little sigh

"I was left alone last year, and I'm

afraid everybody thinks I am very young to look after things myself But I thought I ought to learn, and I am learning" Her smile flashed out again

To the man of over sixty the girl of twentyone did indeed seem, as she expressed it, "very young," but once more Treherne observed the character in her strong chin, the character, too, in her straightforward glance

' But I still quite don't understand why you wanted me to come?" I reherne said, and Rose mary's colour rose, she hesitated several seconds before speaking, and when she spoke it was with a shade of nervousness

" I don't know whether I was right, but I felt as if I must get you here somehow," she said

' Gct me here some how?" Treherne looked more and more puzzled But-whv ? "

' Because I want to ask you something," Rose mary exclaimed desper ately "It seemed such a wonderful chance It seemed," she added simply, "almost as if God had put the chance into my hands, for I am sure you must be the same Desmond Treherne "

"The same Desmond Treherne? The same as what?" asked the mystified man

"The same that Miss Hester knew long ago-Miss Hester Lethbridge I thought if you came-

perhaps-you and she-

Rosemary's voice trailed into silence her courage had come to an end She stood before the great consultant with bent head, her hands clasped tightly. looking like a rather frightened little

"Hester-Lethbridge?" The word came slowly from Treherne's lips. "What do you know of Hester Lethbridge?"

"She is one of my dearest friends" Rosemary lifted her head again "She has been so good to me, she has helped me more than anybody else did, excepting my godfather, and she lives near here "

"Near here? But-she is not Hester Lethbridge still? Not, at least, the

Hester Lethbridge I knew when I was young. That Hester Lethbridge married years and years ago—it must be thirty years."

"Ah, but she didn't marry! That is just where the mistake must all have begun." Rosemary, in her earnestness, forgot to be nervous, and put her hand on the physician's arm. "Miss Hester has never married. There was a dreadful mistake somewhere." Her grey eyes looked with deep anxiety into the hazel eyes above her, her hands still rested on Treherne's arm.

"But I thought—I mean, I was definitely told that she was going to marry Harry Sadlers, a colleague of mine at St. Margaret's. I never dreamt that any mistake could have been made. I saw a telegram from Hester herself to my informant telling the news, and even the date of the wedding."

"Miss Hester lives very near here," Rosemary repeated softly. "If you would like to hear the truth it would be quite easy to go and hear it from her. But here is Dr Whiteley, ready to take you up to Mr. Merraby," she broke oft to say, as Dr. Whiteley came into the room, apologising for his long absence.

There was a curiously dazed expression in the visitor's eyes as he followed the local practitioner upstairs; and Rosemary, having watched him go, turned to her small dog, who had been an interested spectator of the whole scene.

"I think he is almost worthy of Miss Hester, Daniel, my dear, and I believe it will perhaps come right," she said exultantly. "And if I can give Miss Hester happiness I shall almost burst with joy myself."

By the time he reached his patient the dazed look had entirely left Treherne's eyes, to be replaced by an alert expression of interest. The questions he put to Merraby were terse and to the point, and whilst he talked he observed the sick man closely.

The interview was a long one, for the distinguished physician who was such an authority on brain and nerve diseases had attained his position by patience and concentration, and slow building up of conclusions from premises, which had made him the great man he was. He never scamped work. He never looked upon any symptom as small and unimportant. Whatever he did was done thoroughly, quietly, wholeheartedly; and perhaps the instinctive knowledge of this fact, combined with his strong and reliable personality, made all his patients feel that he carried with him a magnetic power to help and heal.

To David Merraby the big man with the quict eyes seemed like a tower of strength, and a new sense of confidence was born in him when Treherne smiled down at him encouragingly. "You have made up your mind about your verdict?" Merraby said.

"Yes, absolutely. From all you tell me, from all I myself observe, I see no reason whatever why you should ever again have any lapse of memory. It was a temporary lapse brought about by a blow, and all you went through tended to make matters worse. I need not enter into technical details, but I am ready to give you a clean bill of health. You ought to be able to live an ordinary man's life, and do an ordinary man's work without any difficulty; but I should advise, if possible, a quiet country life; certainly no more soldier-Your constitution had a pretty considerable shock, and you mustn't play tricks with it. But a country life would be ideal for you, and you should be perfectly strong and well as soon as you have recovered from that blow on the head."

"And supposing"—Merraby hesitated, looking from one doctor to the other—" supposing at any time I wished to marry?"

"There is nothing to prevent you," Treherne said quickly. "Nothing whatever. You are perfectly sound."

"No fear of my problematical wife being saddled with a semi-lunatic?"

"No fear at all. You are about as much a lunatic as I am, my dear fellow,

and there is no more chance of your dropping into semi-lunacy than of my doing the same thing. You are perfectly sound."

He repeated the same words to Rosemary ten minutes later when he rejoined her in the library, and the girl clapped her hands joyfully.

" Oh, you don't know how glad I am!" she said. " I shall wire at once to Mrs. Merraby. and-and it all seems too good to be true. But so many things seem almost too good to be true." she went on, her eyes meeting Treherne's in a glance of understanding; whilst Dr. Whiteley fussed round the physician and talked spasmodically of return trains to town.

" I shall not be going back to town until the afternoon," Treherne said with a smile. "I am going to give myself a real treat, and spend the rest of my day in the country. Perhaps "—he looked at Rosemary—" perhaps you will show me the way over your hillside presently. It is thirty years since I was on an English hillside covered with heather."

When Dr. Whiteley, having declined lunch on the score of having a long round to make, took his departure, Rosemary turned to her visitor.

"Does it mean you are going to see Miss Hester?" she said. "That you——Oh, but I am impertinent to ask questions!"

"Ask me anything you like!" Treherne's voice was boyishly eager. "I feel as if I owed you more than anything could ever repay. Do you know that for all these years I have never thought twice about another woman, even though, in my supreme folly, I thought Hester had failed me? And now—how soon can I go to her?" he ended with boyish impetuosity. "I must see her, even it she will have nothing more to do with me. And small blame to her if she won't! But I must see her and tell her the truth."

"Miss Hester wouldn't be at home if you went now, and you must have some lunch first. After lunch I will show you the way to the Orchard, and then——"

"And then?"

Treherne repeated, his whole voice a note of interrogation, and because of the sudden wistfulness in his eyes, Rosemary put out her hands to him impulsively.

"Miss Hester has the most forgiving soul in the world and the most loving," she said. "And I do not think she ever forgets her friends."

The girl's words rang in Trcherne's ears when, after she and he had climbed the lane leading to Miss Hester's cottage, she left him upon the doorstep with a whispered, "Good luck to you!" He watched her going quickly back between the sandy banks where the gorse bushes here and there still showed blossoms. and he smiled as he watched. "What a





Driton by J. Pike.

wonderfully dear girl!" was his thought.
"For all her youthfulness she is so motherly and sweet."

Miss Hester's old maid surveyed him with unabashed curiosity.

"What name shall I say, sir?" she asked, a little overawed by the tall stranger.

"Never mind about the name." His smile won her heart. "Say a gentleman wishes to speak to her." And Martha, having shown him into the drawing-room, went in search of her mistress.

"If the room reflects Hester, she is the same old Hester still," Treherne thought. "The room is restful, the very colours are restful, and the view from the windows is as wide and beautiful as her own soul."

The door opened softly and Miss Hester herself came in. Changed? Yes, of course, in a sense she was changed, the swiftly flashing thought went through his brain. And yet, there were the same screne eyes he remembered, the same delicate colouring; and if her hair was snowy white instead of brown, that white hair was like a silver crown above the delicately tinted face.

"Desmond!" Only the one word came from her lips, and she stood there in the doorway, flushing like a girl, her eyes wide open with surprise.

In the tick of a second he was beside her, her hands in his, and the expression in his eyes told her more than any words could have done. He drew her into the room and close to the window overlooking the great sunny sweep of plain and hills, but for a moment he did not speak. Speech seemed impossible and unnecessary. It was enough to hold her hands, to look down into her flushing face, to touch the crown of her soft hair with his lips.

"But you mustn't. I can't understand," she said all at once. "Why have you come? How did you find me? What does it all mean?"

"It means that the little girl at the Manor, the little girl with the old-fashioned motherly soul, has done a wonderful piece of work," he answered. "It means that I came here to-day to ask for your forgiveness—just your forgiveness! But when I saw you, Hester, I only remembered it was you who stood there. I ought not to have seized you like this; I don't think I ought even to have touched your hands; but you seemed so like the old Hester, that I forgot my own unutterable treatment of you. I only thought of you—just you."

"But I—just I—am an old woman," she answered, "though I own I don't feel old in the very least! I sometimes realise with a kind of shock that I am sixty."

"Sixty! what's sixty?" he said defiantly, drawing her more closely into his arms. "As far as that goes, I am more than sixty, but my heart hasn't yet reached that vast age." He laughed a low, happy laugh, in which Hester joined, her shining eyes lifted to his.

" People are so foolish who think that

middle age, or even old age itself leaves off loving," she said, her hand softly caressing his. "Why are we supposed to dry up into loveless old sticks because our bodies are no longer young?"

"You and I will show the world its mistake, if you can ever forgive me?" He put her a little way from him, and laid his hands on her shoulders, looking down at her with a strangely humble glance.

"You shall explain it all presently," she said, her voice full of contentment. "Somewhere, somehow there must have been a great mistake, and I think perhaps a jealous woman was at the bottom of the mistake."

"I think so too," he said thoughtfully. "Looking back and puzzling over it all, I believe she probably despatched to herself the telegram she showed to me, or rather, sent me in a letter—the telegram which has spoilt the thirty best years of our lives."

"But never mind now." Hester clasped her hands round his arm, and her face was radiant with joy. "What does it all matter now? She hated me, poor soul, because you loved me, but what has she gained by hurting us both? Nothing! And we—have come together after all these years—the long, long years!

Don't let us remember anything bitter out of the past today—the day that has given us back to each other. Let us put bitterness out of our hearts for ever."

To be concluded.

Thanksgiving

By DORIS CANHAM

When the young moon doth sail her vessel proud Above the silvered billows of the cloud, I give Thee thanks, O Lord.

And when the white arms of the cloud embrace A single dark-blue space,
Through which a solitary star doth peep And twinkle half asleep;
And when the forest branches interlace,
And form a lattice for the full moon's face,
I give Thee thanks and praise.

I thank Thee for the lily's slender grace,
The pansy's homely face,
The tiny heather bells of dainty shape,
The bloom upon the grape;
For all the gracious touches everywhere,
That make earth's fairness still more perfect
fair;

For all the cost, O Lord, for all the care, Accept my grateful prayer.

I thank Thee for the murmur of the bee, The sparrow's chirp, the blackbird's minstrelsy, For the majestic anthem of the sea; For reaper's song and creak of laden cart, For baby crowing on his mother's knee, And for the silent singing in my heart, I render thanks to Thee.

O Lord, I give Thee thanks that Thou dost take Such trouble for our sake,
Dost write our lessons in so fair a hand.
Dear Lord, dear Lord, we cannot understand
How much of Thy great loving heart doth go
To make a petal or a grassy blade;
We cannot understand, but this we know,
That when Thou seest Thy little children fall
Upon their knees to render thanks for all,
Then Thou, who lovest us so lavishly,
Dost take the little love we offer Thee,
And cherish it, and feel Thyself repaid.

"YES, my dears, I'm a hopeless coward! Alwayshave been! Scared to death over a mouse, I used to be. I've cured myself of that, I'm glad to say. I can open the trap and take the little thing up the garden in my hand and let it run amongst the cabbages. I like to think it becomes a kind of field-mouse, though I've heard it isn't a matter of environment, but species, with mice. Anyway, I feel sure it must be happier running about in the greenery than it did behind my chest of drawers." And old Miss Pick smiled and returned to the knitting of her niece's jumper.

"Fancy being afraid of a mouse," sneered the niece, aged twenty. She was a great golfer and tennis player. She rode a spirited horse and had learnt to drive a motor; in fact, fear and Doreen Pick didn't appear acquainted

"Yes; silly, wasn't it?" resumed her aunt. "Another thing that made me shake like a leaf was a thunderstorm. The noise seemed to take all the pluck out of me. I didn't mind the lightning a bit!"

"I drove the car twenty miles in one, last Tuesday, 'remarked Doreen. "I didn t turn a hair!"

"But you're so different, dear.

You and Laura are such up-to-date, clever, brave girls. Think of what Laura did in the warslaved at munitions. Wonderful. I think!" And she plained and purled" for a bit in silence.

Laura looked con tented with herself. She was a heavy, unimaginative creature, and felt Miss Pick's admiration due to her.

"Anything else you're afraid of, aunt?" asked Doreen. They were at Miss Pick's "to tea," and, though bored, desired to make the best of it

"Well, I'm half ashamed to tell you. There are such a number of things, I'm terrified on the water. Ever since my brother Bob was





Drawn by Dorothy Furniss.

drowned, I've hated the sea. And yet it fascinates me. too. I can't explain it. I go and sit on the shore sometimes, and the waves creep up so cruelly. I run away home and vow I'll never go near them again. And I don't like a long non-stop railway journey. It seems to muddle my head and make me shaky and nervous. Indeed, I know, my dears, you'll think me a stupid old woman, but I've prayed all my life not to be a coward. Yet I am a coward in lots of ways. I begin to think I don't try hard enough to

overcome my fright." She gave a little sigh, and began to pour out the tea.

Laura glanced at Doreen, and Dorcen glanced at Laura. In another hour they could excuse themselves, meanwhile the scones were delicious. and Miss Pick's whole-hearted admiration of themselves was soothing. Poor little Miss Pick-who lived in the funny backwater of Miltondown in her queer little four-roomed flat over the general shop-no wonder she was behind the times! Doreen, who was motoring through with Laura as company, was glad they had decided that three days would be long enough to put up at the inn.

They went to a concert in the village hall that evening. didn't ask Miss Pick to accompany them. She-Miss Pick-had started the aforesaid jumper for Doreen, and Doreen wanted the jumper the following week, so it seemed a pity to ask Miss Pick to leave her knitting.

Two old country-women sat behind the girls.

"And I sez to the doctor, I sez,
'Nurse 'er through scarlet fever I
won't' I sez."

"Why should you, Jane? 'Er was only a lodger. Why didn't they get 'er away to a 'ospital?"

"Full up, my dear! So they icylates my cottage, as they calls it, and doctor brings Miss Ivy along. Miss Ivy was matron in the war of some place or other. 'Er knows a deal about nursing. And 'er took and nursed Mrs. Brown till 'er was well and out of quarryteens, as the saying is. After that she took in the four Smith children with the same fever, and when they was over and done with ('ad it awful bad, too!) she turned to and 'ad my Liza up."

"Was Liza's scarlet too?" The friend was listening to ancient history—of a year ago; she'd heard it all before, but only by letter, this being her first visit to the narrator of the fever tale.

"Yes; I was down with pewmoney, and 'er in the next room raving."

"Wonderful crittur!" exclaimed the friend—eulogy of Miss Ivy being expected at this point.

Just then a local lady sang the ever-popular song, "I'll winter in your heart," and the girls heard no more fever talk.

As they left the hall, an hour later, Mrs. Vicar overtook them. Mrs. Vicar was always on the look-out for visitors and strangers. She liked to have a breath from the outside world; also she felt a kind of hostess in Miltondown to those who were not

Miltondowners. And the three got chatting. Laura mentioned the gossips who had sat behind them whose voluble story they couldn't fail to hear.

"Oh, admirers of Miss Ivy? Yes, the village is full of them. You should hear the tales they tell of her. There's the time she spent half the night in a snow-storm looking for her lost terrier. Found him at last, with a branch pinning him down, and battled through the drifts with him in her arms. She saved him, though, and the doctor called twice a day on the dog until he was hale and hearty again.

"Then there was the morning she caught sight of Jimmy Ladd on a ledge of the cliff, and rowed round the rocks and rescued him. Later on, in the same summer, she heard Jim Sander beating his wife, and went in and stood between them. Jim was drunk, and threw her into the fireplace. She carries the scar on her forehead to this day.

"Yes, we all think a deal of Miss Ivy. She's the heroine of Miltondown. I should like you to meet her. Can you come over and have tea with us to-morrow? She is sparing us an hour, and we shall be so glad to see you."

And Doreen and Laura decided then and there that they would. They had intended running in to say "Good-bye" to Miss Pick, but Miss Pick could wait; they'd, maybe, have a few minutes later on in the evening which they could devote to her

The vicar and his wife were entertaining a clever-looking woman of about thirty-five when Doreen and Laura arrived. Doreen felt she could believe anything of her in the way of heroism. There was a touch of nobility and fineness in the bright face and a graceful strength in the beautifully gowned figure. She was addressed as Miss Eldron—possibly the "Ivy" was an affectionate familiarity kept for use in her

absence. And Doreen amiled and made the very best of herself. Laura positively sparkled! Mr. and Mrs. Vicar were charming; and altogether the tea-party promised to be a delightful affair. Then the gate clicked. Up the path came Aunt Pick. Aunt Pick in a shabby coat and skirt and a plain little hat bought at the local draper's. Doreen felt she could cry; and Laura got sulky-looking—the sparkle trailed down into her boots.

But Mr. and Mrs. Vicar and Miss Eldron did a surprising thing. They rushed to the open window and threw the doors wide. Miss Eldron caught her crèpe-de-chine gown in a rose-branch which swung roomwards and tore a rent along the dainty sleeve. But she didn't care a bit. She was helping Miss Pick up the step.

"We were so afraid you weren't coming, dear Miss Ivy," she cried; and Mr. and Mrs. Vicar pounced on the little woman and dragged her into the room as if they had secured a rare prize sure enough.

"But this is Aunt Irene Verdon Pick!" ejaculated Irene Verdon Pick's niece, with a gasp of surprise.

"My dear, they call me Miss I. V for short. And I've had the fright of my life. My legs are all of a dither. A large spider—and you know how



spiders terrify me—has just crept up the side of my neck—nearly into my ear." And she sank exhausted into the nearest chair.

"Where is it, I. V.?" asked the elegant Miss Eldron, with a laugh, kissing the white cheek of the terrified.

"I—I—caught it, and put it very carefully into a Canterbury-bell," sighed Miss Pick. "Oh, dear, how I do wish I wasn't such a coward!"

Concerning the Country Cottage

Overcoming some of its Discomforts

By Mrs. GORDON-STABLES

In these days of house-shortage, we hear less of the week-end cottage than of vore. and more of the ingenious system by means of which two families, the one possessed of a town dwelling, and the other of a country home, arrange to share in their respective establishments. With reduced incomes so much in fashion, and school fees showing no inclination to descend from their exalted level in the manner which happily prevails just now in other directions, the question of a holiday in the summer for many a family is apt to be ruled out in favour of disbursements of an even more vital nature, despite the fact that the strain of modern existence renders change of scene as essential for physical well-being as a change of diet or a change of clothing. I have lately heard of several instances in which holidays, which would otherwise class themselves among those dreams which refuse to materialise, have been effected by means of a working arrangement under which so many week-ends and so many consecutive weeks are exchanged during the year by the respective families. In the summer one might imagine that the cottage-dweller would hardly care to betake himself to town, but if you know anything of folk who live habitually in the country, you will find that the prospect of a stay in the city, even in the dog-days, is usually hailed with pleasure.

Now, as our own experience can tell us, country cottages can be exceedingly uncomfortable places in which to dwell, despite their picturesqueness. Not infrequently it happens that the principal cause of the discomfort can be laid at the door of inadequate cooking, lighting, and warming equipment, in the form of smelly oilstoves and oil lamps, and of obsolete coal ranges that eat the coal without heating the dinner.

The Stoves and Lighting Arrangements.

Were I about to furnish a country cottage, long, long before I conferred a single thought upon its decorative aspect I should see to it that my cottage was equipped with one of the new cooking stoves that burn common motor petrol at an uncommonly inexpensive rate of consumption, not only performing one's cooking with extreme efficiency,

but at a very small working cost, the flame being of a great heating power, steady, and demanding no attention when once lighted. Free from odour and with no complicated mechanism to confuse the user, these stoves have a further advantage for the cottage housewife, in that they can be used for picnic or camping work, their cover adjusting itself into an ingenious wind-shield for outdoor cooking. The weight of the stove is but 12 lbs., so that when one is motoring it does not add unduly to one's baggage. Those who know how easily a caravaning holiday or a week's camping out can be marred by inadequate cooking apparatus will recognise the value of such a stove. The price is £3 12s, and each of the petrol burners is equal in heating power to a five-inch gas-ring.

Equally easy to manipulate, and equally economical in use (then cost works out in the larger size at a penny an bour, and at a halfpenny in the smaller), are the Petrol Vapour Lamps, worked by means of a combination of air with petrol, the latter being in the proportion of five per cent. to ninety-five of air. One filling of petrol lasts these Stanley lamps a week, and the light they give is brilliant, putting into the shade anything that has yet been invented in this connection for the gasless, electricless cottage. Provided they are not filled while still alight, or in close proximity to a flame (precautions which no sensible woman will surely need to be reminded of), there is no danger whatever in their use, for they can be overturned and swung without risk, since there is no means of spilling their contents. An efficient table lamp of goodly proportions, and fitted with an opal shade, costs (3. Portable wall lamps and storm-proof lanterns that can be carried into the open are similarly priced, and the majority of models are equipped both for outdoor and indoor filling. They are lighted with an ordinary. match, the jet working with a mantle and without a wick.

For Chilly Evenings.

Similarly for chilly evenings in the late summer, the petrol "Comfort" Heater, which will, if required, burn for eight hours on a quart of petrol, fully

justifies its name. The country dweller will equally find it invaluable for keeping frost from poultry houses or for maintaining fruit and vegetables at a temperature at which they will be immune from damage from the frost. They also cost f_3 .

The Walls.

Having settled these matters to our satisfaction, we may now proceed to our decorations. There is, of course, nothing so wholly charming in a cottage as that it should boast wood panelling of some sort or description. But such delights do not happen in every village street, nor is oak panelling a luxury which comes within the compass of every purse Therefore I would counsel recourse to a certain specially prepared paper which simulates various kinds of wood so excellently that it is a very difficult matter indeed to distinguish it from the real thing. This paper, which is of an exceedingly thick make, and cleverly grained with a dull waxed finish, may be used in a variety of ways. It may be cut into narrow strips to punctuate whitewashed walls at regular intervals, or to simulate beams in a ceiling, or as a dado panelling or as a frieze. It disarms all objections on the part of those who like not things to pretend to that which they are not, for it makes its pretence so ably that one forgives, as one forgives most work that is really masterly.

Supplied by the same wall-paper firm are enrichments for friezes and ceilings that give all the effect of old plasterwork, such as one finds in the houses of Essex and Kent. These ornaments are made of paper also, and are applied at intervals on a ground prepared with a white lining paper, the whole then being distempered or painted. With a ceiling so ornamented, one could forego decoration in other directions. Everywhere in the cottage would I develop the same idea of cream walls, oaken woodwork, and plaster ornament, so that a pleasing unity may reign and heterogenous glimpses of coloured interiors be unknown.

The Draperies.

As for the curtains and covers, I would voice the claims of Shadow Tissues in this connection. These are stocked by a London firm in a great variety of colourings, thicknesses, and designs, and I

Concerning the Country Cottage

know of nothing more satisfactory in wear. For even the fiercest sunlight seems not to disturb them one jot, their shadowy, elusive beauty merely maturing and softening where the sunbeams have caught it. Unlike cretonnes of the more emphatic type, they never weary one with their insistence, nor acquire an ugly dinginess in their latter stages.

If your Window Rattles.

The metal casement window which I specially recommend for the country cottage has, apart from its other virtues, the merit of neither rattling nor sticking, taults which, as a rule, are traceable to the warping of wood or the effect upon it of climate and weather If, however, it be not expedient to substitute these trames for those existing, you may do a great deal to correct a tendency in your windows to rattle by adopting the new Rattle Preventor, which, while it offers no objection to the window being readily raised or lowered, successfully frustrates any inclination on its part to move from side to side. It practically puts the frame on to rubber roller bearings, and forces silence upon it, however noisy it may have been tempted to be in the first instance Its cost is 1s. 3d.

About Home-made Polishes.

The homely, time-honoured recipe for beeswax and turpentine, excellent though it may prove when properly prepared, is not one which I propose to recommend in point of actual thrift, for I have discovered from experience that a first-rate patented polish boasts a consistency and a freedom from greasiness which puts the home-made product into the shade, proving far more economical in use, and needing less effort in the application

But when it comes to the question of a liquid polish, I know of few on the market which can rival the following simple recipe for a preparation which will both cleanse, brighten, and nourish. Half a pint of turpentine, half a pint of linseed oil, a quarter of a pint of methylated spirits, and the same quantity of vinegar are well mixed together, and applied with a soft rag without a fluffy surface. The spirits remove the dirt and grease while the oil feeds and revives.

For old oak that has lost its tone, any stale beer that may find itself left to languish at the bottom of a bottle will, if mixed with a little brown sugar and some shredded beeswax, perform the good office of a splendid polishing paste. The ingredients should boil together until of a good consistency. Or the beer can be used alone, for, slightly warmed, it becomes a most excellent means of restoring the colour to oak furniture that has grown dingy. This liquid restorative has the advantage of reaching, when applied with an old toothbrush, all the nooks and crannies of carving that a duster or rag cannot touch.

For cleaning paint, dissolve a lump of whiting in a little water (do not be too liberal with the water or the mixture will be difficult to apply). The whiting cream is equally good for white enamelled furniture, and will even remove discoloration as well as dirt if this has not gone too far

For scouring, mix silversand, kitchen soap, and whiting in equal weights, boiled together for five minutes. A nice smooth paste should be formed at the end of this time, which will not scratch the pots. If your kitchen fender should have acquired rust from a kettle that has boiled over on to it, the paste will equally well remove it.

Again, if you are too busy to find it worth while to make your own cleaning preparations, you may cut down working expenses by making those which you buy go farther and do better. Thus the various brass polishes almost invariable produce better results if diluted a little with parafin. The liquid polish should be sprinkled on to a rag which has already been moistened with the oil. In this way very much quicker results will be gained. Similarly, floor polishes may be applied with cloths moistened with a few drops of linseed oil. Or, if the linoleum be a light-coloured one, a colourless nut oil may be used in place of the linseed, lest it be deepened in

Keep the Pelish Airtight.

Though these can hardly be appropriately spoken of as the piping times of peace, a good many of us have been far too ready to forget the lessons of economy that we learnt under war-time exigencies. Peace-time incomes, on the whole, are not remarkable for the margin they allow for avoidable leakage, so that perhaps I may be forgiven for drawing attention to small economies that may be further effected in regard to this question of cleansing materials. Now, it matters very much in this connection what quantity of the preparations is bought, or manufactured at home, for while it is by no means thrifty to waste gas, time, and energy in mixing supplies that err on the exiguous side, an even more reprehensible waste occurs when the supply is over generous. Liquid polishes that contain spirits are prone to evaporate rapidly and to encourage this process still further by eating away the cork that should arrest it, so that the thriftiest method is to buy in as small quantities as are compatible with one's average requirements. Pastes and creams, unless kept rigidly covered, tend to harden and to acquire a crust on the surface which needs to be removed ere the mixture can be readily applied to a cloth. Hence, although the price of a large tin or bottle may relatively seem more advantageous as regards price than the smaller, the latter, unless the household be a large one and the preparations consumed very rapidly, is in reality often the better investment.

In this connection it is worth while to mention an ingenious patent which grapples remarkably well with the aversion which the lids of such tins usually show towards being fitted again to their companion portions, once they have been removed. This takes the form of a receptacle which adjusts itself by means of a spring to practically any sized polish tin. It has a rubber-lined lid, whose pad keeps the box absolutely air-tight, the self-adjusting spring pressing the pad over the contents so that these are kept soft and in usable condition. Eighteenpence will buy this contrivance.



Drawn by I. Pike.

Saving Ideas that have Occurred to Readers

My Home-made Fireless Cooker.

Five years ago I got a Tate sugar-box, and pasted inside a double lining of brown paper to prevent draughts from entering. Then I nearly filled the box with hay, and stuffed a mattress (a little larger than the box) with the same. With a loose lid, and a cover of cretonne, the hay-box, or fireless cooker, was complete.

Immediately after breakfast the potatoes are put in a saucepan and brought to the boil over the fire. After 5 min. boiling I make a nest in the hay box, and deposit it, then cover with the mattress, tucking the corners well down, and replace the lid and cover. I think no more of potatoes until 12.30 p.m. After tea I prepare the porridge. Allow this to boil for amin. over the fire before consigning it to the hay-box. I leave it all night in the hay-box, and in the morning it is beautifully hot, but I always bring it to the boil before serving.

Let me give you a haybox menu for a mid-day dinner—

Irish stew. Rice and stewed fruit.

At 9 a.m. put on the meat and simmer for ½ hour. Then put in any

vegetables you have, potatoes as well, and boil another 10 min. Arrange to put all saucepans in the hay-box at the same time. Rice should boil 5 min., but fruit should only reach boiling-point. Make three separate nests for the saucepans. Between the mattress and the lid put the dinner plates. By 10 a.m. I am ready to go out shopping or walking, knowing that at 12.30 my dinner will be ready for me, and however late I am it will still be hot and unspoilt, whilst there is no danger of fire.

The hay-box has never failed me once, and the save on my yearly gas bill is enormous, especially when cooking hams, etc. From ½ to 1 hour is sufficient for boiling, and then put in the hay-box for 4 or 5 hours.

I use my friend for casual washing,



A Hungarian bride and bridegroom on their wedding day. The bride's hat is composed chiefly of tinsel, also the decoration on the bridegroom's head. The bride illustrates the custom in this section of Hungary of holding a handkerchief over the hands.

Notice the beautiful embroidery on the man's sleeves.

Photo by A. W. Cutler.

such as towels, hankies, etc. After being brought to the boil in soapy water, they rest in the hay-box for 2 or 3 hours, then only require good rinsing. The hot water I use in the morning has been kept over-night in the hay-box in the bath-room. Do not look at the saucepans in the hay-box until you need them, or the heat will escape and your dinner will be ruined.—G. M. H.

Save your Laundry Bill.

Twenty years ago, when my first washing day loomed ahead, someone took away my breath by suggesting I should break new ground and do it myself! The arrival, a few days later, of a splendid little "washer" and a business-like mangle spurred me on to see what could be done by the combination of these and a little common-

sense. For two intervals only have we been sundered, and then it has been like coming back to a familiar friend to get alongside my trusty machine again.

My laundry outfit also includes three sets of wood-drying rods and a gas-iron. Thus, summer or winter, my wash is on the line, indoors or out, as soon as wrung, and I easily and quickly get through the complete process for four persons, including the starching and ironing of white shirts and stiff collars.

I cannot estimate the monetary saving, having no figures or other experience to go by, but it must be considerable. When it comes to less tangible matters-worry, lost or runed garments and the like-my homely plan beats any other hollow! Method is necessary in this as in all other branches of housekeeping. first, last, and all the time: but a little scheming enables me to do all the housework unaided. get the clothes on the line, and still find time and energy for a walk or cycle ride before tea.

Plenty of clean sweet hnen appeals to all women, and I often laughingly say that my pet economy is my only extravagance,

allowing me to use as many pieces as I am willing to wash.

It is difficult to go into details without seeming to hold a brief for the particular type of machine I use, but I would emphasise four points. Firstly, the elimination of fatigue, for which I, having reached the "sunsetty" side of forty, am particularly grateful.

Secondly, there is a minimum of wear and tear, it having been my experience through the years that the finest drawn threadwork and lace can be washed with other linen, and come out smiling long after ordinary methods would have caused disaster.

Thirdly, my clothes, from toilet covers to tea cloths, are always a good colour, and I challenge all comers on that score.

Lastly, by washing at home necessary

Saving Ideas that have Occurred to Readers

repairs are noticed in their early stages, and those ghastly occurrences, such as when navy blue garments turn a feeble purple, are avoided.—G. A. L.

Keep in Good Health

Endeavour to keep the doctor out of the house as much as possible, and by so doing you will keep that thing, which follows on the heels of the doctor, his bill, at a low ebb. I do not mean that when you are really ill you should not call in a doctor-that, of course, would be absurd. But I do maintain that some people call in a doctor when it is absolutely unnecessary. Generally the expense of their folly falls on the head of the family, who, in most cases, is seldom ill himself, but has to work hard to pay for medical advice, which, with a little of that precious commodity common-sense, could very easily have been dispensed with.

It is surprising how well one can keep by taking regular exercise in open air daily. Sometimes it is sheer selfishness in people to imagine themselves always ill and in need of medical advice; and I feel certain that many people would be much happier if they carried my "pet economy" into practice, for they would save -the same as I have-money, a very necessary thing just now. They would also save themselves a great amount of anxiety; for often, with quite a simple illness, it changes when the doctor appears on the scene, and becomes in the mind of the sick person, and also in those of the rest of the

family, a serious illness over which enough anxiety cannot be felt. To the unbelievers, all I can say is—try this economy.—P. H.

The Gain of being yout own Chimney Sweep.

When the call came " Economise!" I found my best solution of the problem lay in doing myself what hitherto others, at a charge, had done for me. Of all these economies, my pet, perhaps, because I discovered it unaided, is to be my own chimney sweep! It sounds rather appalling at first, and certainly I would not dare ask maid or char-lady to do it! But, in reality, it is not nearly so unpleasant as one might suppose; and as it obviates that tiresome wait for the sweep, who does not arrive until hours after the appointed time, while the soot is all available for my own garden, it may safely claim to save time, trouble, and cash. Moreover, my annual "sweeping" has always proved amply satisfactory for the whole year (not always the case with the hired sweep!

How is it done? Being "busy" (the Yorkshire woman's term for spring-cleaning), one is suitably dressed for work. Over this I put on an overall fastening close at neck and wrists, a dust-cap completely covering the hair, and a stout pair of gloves, and feel well protected. I then take a hand-brush of medium stiffness, and a number of bamboo canes, and firmly fix cane No. I to the brush by placing the end of the cane close to the hair of the brush and

binding them together with string, round and round, to the end of the brush handle, then up again, and tie very securely.

Next I shut all doors and windows, and remove the register, if the grate has one. The more modern movable fronts are quite easily lifted out, giving very easy access to the chimney; but neither kind is really difficult to manage With a free brush I sweep down all the easily-reached soot. Then I take the caneattached brush pass it up as high as it will go, sweeping all the time, breathing properly through the nose, and keeping the body as still as possible (spending thus all needed energy in the chimney, and also causing only the minimum of soot to fly). As fresh lengths of cane are required I fix them on until the top is reached.

Still remembering the saving qualities of control, I find it quite possible to take up the soot into a pail and carry it out to the garden shed; and lo! in a quarter-of-an-hour I have a clean chimney for another year and a stock of protective soot for my favourite plants.

After a brisk shake in the fresh air, the overall and dust-cap are put by until the next chimney is ready, and are not laundered until the final one is done.—J. E. G. C.

Use your Mental Powers to the Best Advantage.

I am a country girl, living at home, always busy with a never-ending round of preparing meals, washing-up, making beds, etc. Many of my duties make only small demands on my brain. When I was younger I wasted much of this time for thought by thinking of foolish trivial things, by thinking cross and dissatisfied thoughts.

Then, as I grew older, I gradually discovered how wonderful was the great world of Nature all around me. What infinite food for thought was being neglected by me. And I began to think about the great things of life, which, in the quiet country, seem so real and deep, until at last there was no time left in which to think of foolish things. I could not afford to waste thoughts. This may not seem to others a real economy, but indeed it is so to me.



A little Hungarian boy and girl in their Sunday best. The pleture illustrates the custom—even amongst the children—of kissing the lady's hand on arriving or departing from a house.

Photo by A. W. Cutler.



A young Mezokovesd peasant paying a call. These are the real Hungarians (Magyars). Photo by A. W. Cutter.

Saving Ideas that have Occurred to Readers

I have learned to eliminate the thoughts that did not matter. This knowledge has made my life grow more interesting every day. Whereas I was blind, I now see a fraction, at any rate, of the wonderful works of God. To think about things definitely, coherently, casting out uscless thoughts, pursuing useful ones—this is a great economy of mental power, which is one of the great powers of the world.—A. W. R.

Reducing One's

When the daughters of Victorian mothers decided to enter the business world, and were either rebuffed altogether or paid starvation wages, they adopted as the motto of their maturer years the slogan: "Let us make our own daughters independent."

As one of these independent women in embryo. I was given a good enough secondary education to enable me to pass into the Civil Service, which, in return for a living wage, claimed my whole attention and loyalty. It claimed them, but not for long. I married early, and landed, as it seemed to me, in a perfect maelstrom of doubts, difficulties, and uncertainties. I soon became anything but independent. Everything was new to me. I spent long sunny hours, which should have been putting reserve strength into my tissues, in laboriously doing housework which a more practical woman might have completed in a few minutes; and my efforts at cooking brought a daily flush of shame to my cheeks and frequent tears to my eyes which otherwise had every reason to sparkle with joy. But this was not the worst. These slow and clumsy endeavours of my unpractical head and hands reduced my leisure to almost nil, and I was in infinite fear of losing touch with the many interests my husband and I had mutually cherished before our marriage. It was a situation to be abhorred. In a few short months I had changed from a calm, clear-headed, casygoing business woman into a nervous, agitated, timid nonentity, with visions of myself degenerating into an irritable. bad-tempered, cruel, and soulless shrew.

Fortunately, I knew the value of my former outlook, and I determined to save myself if it were at all possible. I decided that first things must come

first, and I resolved that whenever my husband was free to devote himself to me, I would make myself free to devote myself to him, whether my housework were finished or not. Thus did I come to economise on worry, and I soon found that housekeeping became less and less of an evil to one whose inclinations did not lean that way, and more and more like second nature—as brushing one's hair or putting on one's boots is second nature. Of course, I am not by any means an ideal housekeeper; but then, on the other hand, I am not exactly a dunce either: and I think our home appintments satisfy our material needs to a reasonable extent.

Woman's emancipation is, I think, largely a spiritual goal, and can be found, like the Kingdom of Heaven, within herself; and only by eliminating as far as possible from her own case the worry which is her worst enemy, will she be able to give valuable support to any scheme which is setting out on the way to progress—M. H. K.

Making Thistledown

Late last summer I was walking through some fields, and came across a patch of big thistles which had ceased flowering, and their fluffy down was blowing on the breeze "Surely the fairies must make their beds of this glorious down," I thought Then suddenly the idea came to me: Why should not I gather this fairy thistledown, and make for myself a cushion? I was carrying a bag, so I eagerly commenced filling it with the scented down. I was amazed to find how quickly I could gather it, and in an hour my bag was full The next few days I spent several stray hours gathering the down, till at the end of a week I had enough to stuff two large cushions

Before using the thistledown I put it in muslin bags, and left them several hours in a cool oven to dry thoroughly. Then I went over it carefully, removing any stray flower-heads.

After returning to town I thought I must give up all thoughts of gathering any more thistledown. However, in my first walk away from the town and towards the country I found a great number of thistles in stray patches, growing just a mile or so from the busy

town, and by the end of the autumn I had collected enough down to fill two more cushions. So now I have four delightful cushions, costing only the expense of the covering materials. Also my new-found hobby took me into the country instead of towards the town, with the result that I was much better in health for these walks.

A School-girl's Pet Economy.

By a re-arrangement of my former day time-table I have effected a saving of at least an hour and a half on the average each day, and, moreover, I find 1 am more or less free from that touchness which, I fear, must have made me a disagreeable companion.

Formerly I was in the habit of rising so late that I only just had time for breakfast before rushing off to school. The whole of my home-work, therefore, had to be done in the evening. One disadvantage of this arrangement was that it reduced my lessure to a minimum, and placed it at a time when I was least capable of enjoying it, namely, at the end of a day's work Again, I resented the numerous small interruptions which inevitably occur in the course of an evening, and which made me cross and irritable. I particularly disliked the intermittent shower of questions which my younger sister persisted in asking me. The result usually was an exchange of the ridiculous sarcasm and unamiable compliments characteristic of such petty quarrels.

Finding this state of affairs so unsatisfactory, I adopted the plan of early Having a clear head and a rising renewed supply of energy, and being entirely free from interruptions, I am now able to do the set of lessons in a little over half the time previously taken. Moreover, the quality of the work is better, and I find time for additional study on my own initiative before breakfast. Thus, instead of half an hour before bed-time, I now have the entire evening for the pursuits of leisure. I do not, however, rigidly adhere to the plan of spending the early hours in this manner. Occasionally, when work is slack and the weather is fine, I avail myself of the opportunity to get "over the hills and far away" to meet the rising sun -F, L B.



Drawn by C. J. Vine.

Pieces from a Patchwork Bag

What the Future may Hold.

It is good that our God conceals from us our earthly joys until the time for their arrival. Great prosperity

may await you and a considerable enlargement of your temporal comfort, but you do not know it and it is as well that you should not, for you might be none the better for the prospect Earth's goods are like birdlime and are fearfully apt to glue us down to things lelow and prevent our soaring towards heaven

If then we could know all the pleasurable events that may happen to us we might become more worldly and more earth-bound than we are. None of us could desire that this present evil world should have an increased influence over us we are glad that it should have less and therefore we rejoice that its future has

such a slight power over us, because of its leing unknown

Our Troubles.

We all have trouble—it's part of life but I believe that we all share equally in the joy of the world allowing for temperament I mean. Sorrow that would crush some are lightly borne by others and some have the gift of finding great happiness in little things.

Then too, we never have any more than we can bear nothing that has not been borne before and bravely at that There isn't a new sorrow in the world—they re all old ones—but we can all find new happiness if we look in the right way —Myrtle Reed in "Lavendir and Old I ace

The higher the mind, it may be taken as a universal rule, the less it will scorn that which appears to be

small or unimportant and the rank of a painter may always be determined by observing how he uses, and with what respect he views, the minutiæ of nature Greatness of mind is not shown by admitting small things, but by making small things great under its influence He who takes no interest in what is small. will take false interest in what is great, he who cannot make a bank sublime, will make a mountain ridiculous

R iskin in " Modern Painters

The Garden of our Dreams.

It was an old-fa-hioned garden, with a sun-dial and an arbour, and little paths nicely kept, that led to

the flower-beds and circled around them. There were no flowers as yet, except in a bed of wild violets under a bay window, but tiny sprigof green were everywhere eloquent with promise, and the blacs were budding

"That's a snowball bush over there," said Miss Amshe, "and all that corner of the garden will be full of roses in June They re old fashioned roses, that I expect you wouldn't care for -blush and cinnamon and sweet briar - but I love them all That long row is half peonies and half bleed ing-hearts and I have a bed of columbines under a window on the other side of the house. The mignoriette and forget-me nots have a

place to themselves, for I think they belong togethersweetness and memory There's going to be lady's slippers over there and sweet william. The porch is always covered with morning-glories-I think they are beautiful- and in that large bed I ve planted poppies snapdragon and mangolds. This round one is full of larkspur and bachelor's buttons. I have phlox and petunias too. Over there are things that won t blossom till late-asters, tiger-lilies and prince's feather. It's going to be a beautiful garden. Down by the gate are my sweet herbs and simples-marjoram, sweet thyme, rosemary and lavender I love the lavender, it's all sweet—flowers, leaves and all I expect you'll laugh at me, but I ve planted sunflowers and four-o'clocks and foxglove I love them all, but I think the lavender comes first ' - My, the Reed in "I avender and Old Lace.



A Little Dutch Girl

Human Hearts

There are devoted hearts, whose perfume rises

Like a sweet evening psalm;

And gentle hearts that, bruised, will make a balm;

And hearts like daffodils—gay, dear surprises—

And hearts with kindly grace of root or pod;

And shady hearts, most restful, deep and calm;

And simple hearts like daisies of the sod;

And hearts like heliotropes,

So full of holy hopes

They cannot turn their gaze away from God.

Flower-hearts or herb-hearts, creeping hearts or tall,

In Heaven's large house there is a use for all.

F Langbridge in "Restful Thoughts for Dusty Ways"

Personal conversion means for life a personal religion, a personal trust in God, a personal debt to Christ, a personal dedication to His cause These, brought about how you will, are supreme things to aim at, supreme losses if they are missed Satisfaction will come to masses only as it comes to individual men, and to work with Christ's programme and ignore Christ is to utilise the sun's light without its energy -H Drummond in "The Programme of Christianity."



A Little Egyptian Maid.

I hoto 1; Ponald McLeish

Homes that Produce Great People.

The wealth of the Church has not in its money, nor

in its property, but in its Christian men and women of rich spiritual At a time when the old fashioned Christian household is passing away, being re placed by an estab lishment in which neither prayer not praise resounds, it is pertinent to ask whether the youth, to-day soulstarved and pagan, will yield to morrow a steiling manhood capable of meeting the stern de mands of a rapidlychanging world Out of the rags and ribbons of a frivolous age, we cannot weave the glories of a worthy humanity Christian homes have begotten the great men of the past, to similar homes we must turn for the great men of the future

Frederic C Spurr in "The British II cekly"

Pieces from a Patchwork Bag

If He should call thee from thy cross to-day,
Saying, It is finished!—that hard cross of thine
From which thou prayest for deliverance,
Thinkest thou not some passion of regret
Would overcome thee? Thou wouldst say, 'So
soon?

Let me go back, and suffer yet awhile

More patiently I have not yet praised God'

And He might answer to thee, "Never more

All pain is done with" Whensoe er it comes,
That summons that we look for, it will seem

Soon yea, too soon Let us take heed in time
That God may now be glorified in us,
And while we suffer, let us set our souls
To suffer perfectly since this alone,
The suffering, which is this world's special grace,

1 Hamilton King in "The Disciples

To make undying music in the world
Breathing as beauteous order that controls
With growing sway the growing life of man
lhis is life to come,
Which martyied men have made more glorious
Lor us who strive to follow George Eliot

May here be perfected and left behind

Doubt that thy power can fill the heart that thy power expands?

There shall never be one lost good!

What was good shall be good with for evil so much good more

On the earth, the broken arcs, in the heaven a perfect round —R Browning in All 1 agler



Slovak girls in Sunday costume, which comprises beautifully embroidered sleeves, many vari coloured ribbons, and three aprons. High Wellington boots are worn, though they are discarded on week-days, when all the girls work in the fields

Photo by A. W. Cutler.

The Primrose Path

Little Things which Hold us Back By G. H. GRUEB

You have wondered, sometimes, why the long drag up this rather perplexing hill of life is so exhausting. It has troubled me, too. I have often wished I could find some quiet old-world inn on this dusty road where I could call for refreshment, and, taking my fill from the cup, be thankful for the rest for my weary soul. There seems so little time, nowadays, for quiet contemplation of the position in which we find ourselves. The race for supremacy is fast and furious.

Ever and anon there rises in the mind the picture of that wayside hostelry. It is well up the hill. A quiet, whitewashed little place; everything as clean as possible. Roses cling to the front, and there is a thatch for roof. Hollyhocks wave gently in the breeze; and on that old seat outside you sit and ponder. It is the early peace of the evening; the sun is preparing for rest after the day's work. Below, you see the long, white, winding way up which you have toiled. Away in the distant scene a white winged ship is sailing homewards. Across the rich brown field nestles a cottage, and the thin blue smoke which comes from the little clumney pleases the eye.

Shall you hastily finish your tardy refreshment, and

race for the town lights twinkling, and calling as syrens of all sorts have a way of doing, many miles in the distant landscape?

Or shall you bide, in this place of peace, and think over the past trudge which tired you so much?

I find it always hard to make the decision. All of us are curious complex creatures, and we make ourselves more so because we cannot, or will not, face these misty thoughts simply. There is good and bad in most of us. But there always seems an unknown third person, who has the power to say yes to this, or no to that, but on whom you can never absolutely rely. First it is this way, then it is that: virtue—evil; evil—virtue And the struggle to do the right thing makes of life so weary a task

But does it?

If you think about it, just a little every now and then, you will discover a new vista.

So let us decide to stay at that delectable Inn of Rest for one night, at least. There is a wonderful old raftered room under the eaves. Sheets smell sweet of sun and sea and air. The evening hour will bring you many sounds of silent music as you lay your tired head on that soft pillow.

But before you go up the stairs that have borne the tread of many feet for long, long years, look back over that stretch of white dusty road, miles and miles in length, and see if from it you may not gather to yourself something which will help you avoid the hard ways of the road on which you still have to make your way ere you reach the end of your pilgrimage.

A song is but a little thing,
And yet what joy it is to sing!
In hours of toll it gives me zest,
And when at eve I long for rest;
When cows come home along
the bars,

And in the fold I hear the bell, As night, the shepherd, herds his stars,

I sing my song, and all is well.
PAUL LAURENCE DUNBAR.

Think about it carefully—and kindly. These places of rest do not, for some reason or another—I expect it is because we are not earnest enough in our seeking—come to us easily. And how delicious they are. We work hard enough, and furiously enough, and ruthlessly enough for the things that we feel make this transitory life worth living; but we do not seem quite so enthusiastic about spiritual things as we sometimes wish we were.

I know there comes the thought: Yes, that was a hard travail; but it is done. So I need not worry.

But listen. Yours has been the experience. Flash it down to others who are just starting. To give is a touch of Heaven. And it is the first drop of crystal water that lays the dust of the next part of your journey. We have no right to refuse this responsibility. Sometimes fear rushes over me in hot threatening spasms when the thought comes that I have missed many heaven-sent opportunities of giving generous help to some wandering soul in the marshes. This is the sin of omission, and I wonder if this negative attitude is not as mistaken as positive and deliberate wrong doing.

To say to yourself that it is nothing to you is an erroneous decision.

One real fact should be always in front of us: that while we are individuals, with separate entities, working out each in his own

understanding, and his own way, the salvation of existence, we are but human electrons of a great, marvellous, immeasurable whole. Hence our deep responsibility. Consciousness was bestowed upon us, and it is a mighty and an amazing thing. If we defy our duty, we are waging a war which can have only one unhappy ending. The spirit is kind, but it is inexorable.

This is one of those little things which hold us back. I describe it as little because the acceptance of it is so simple. Yet it is encompassed with far-reaching influences for good. We do not like to take upon our shoulders the troubles of those who do not belong to us. We do not like to interfere. It is no concern of ours. But that unspoken word might have saved a great sorrow had it been spoken. It need not complicate us; it is not a hard task. Viewed and weighed wisely and with good sense, it may bring a cruse of happiness than which there is nothing richer.

It is our lot—and we make this lot heavier in our apprehension than we need—to have our fill of those



The Primrose Path

irritations which tend to prevent our inheritance of a sublime condition of mind. Somehow, it is easier to be blind than to have bright and glowing sight. You have, now and again, come across someone whose eyes shine with the radiance of the Throne. It seems as though the angel of goodness and purity had touched them with the salve of love. Stephen's eves were so when the stones beat the life of this world from him. It is the inner light. It comes from the spring of faith, from the joy of giving, the surrendering of self, the triumph over materialism, the dominant note of conquering by losing If the world is won, what does it profit ' us? For the time being, a great deal; for Eternity, nothing. There are no pæans of gladness in the spiritual realm, to which we really belong, at this earthly success. Yet it is on this earth that those things which count for us a credit, a golden harvest of reward, must be battled for, and won; won, though the scars are many; won, though the heart comes nigh to breaking.

There is temper; there is impatience; there is jealously; there is covetousness; there is discontent; there is false pride; there is hate; there is uncharitableness. These are the things, the little things, but big in our own making, which hold us back, far back, from the perfect lite

All these need not be added unto us.

They are possessions of no value; they bring us nothing of lasting value, but they are always so ready to claim acquaintance with the slightest encouragement, and without the slightest hesitation. Life in the world is so perplexing, and evil is so insidious and disingenuous, that very little effort is necessary to make friends of those stiflers of the soul.

I wonder how that little catalogue of



traducers that I have just set before you should be graded. Let me try to make them into a ladder—a crescendo of passion—

False Pride. Impatience. Jealousy. Temper.

Discontent. Uncharitableness. Covetousness. Hate.

They are all entitled to capitals, because they are such important possessions of most of us. It seems that their leasehold has long since been converted into freehold-and they thrive. It behoves us to examine ourselves under the microscope; to probe to the bone, and without stint or fear; to cut even the bone away. If the gangrene of these sins once gets a real solid hold, there is no knife which can remove it. Death is our inheritance. But none of us is so far gone in this moral disintegration that an operation will be of no avail It is no use going to the wall of lamentation, and, casting away the shoes, make much lamentation. Wailing makes it all worse. No. Go and bathe in Jordan. Face yourself. Describe yourself to yourself as you are. Understand yourself. Don't be pharisaical; realise you are a sinner. And, having analysed yourself at your own table of penitence, having convinced yourself that there is nothing very much worth while

and map out the new course.

It is worth it; worth it for the contentment which follows in sequence; worth it for the world of sunshine that it brings to others; worth it for the warmth it brings to you; worth it for its own sake.

within you, having performed a spiritual

ablution, get into the light of the Christ,

This is the beginning of the Primrose

The Player to his Violin.

I place you upon my heart, and I rest my chin on you. And thus I make known

To you, alone,

The thing I would have you do.

My hand on the bow, and the bow on your strings; that's the way,

Little listening mate,

I communicate

The thing I would have you say.

Is it I who speak? Is it you? Ah, who shall determine this thing?

The restless heart of a wind-swept tree
Is throbbing in you; is thrilling in me.
And which of us calls, not a creature knows.
For there's tang of the salt sea wind that blows;
A lover's balm, and a lover's woes;
And the saintly soul of a rain-washed rose;
In the song I would have you sing.

I can do what I will with you? Can I? Not quite.

Not ever.

Shall I chide with you? Nay I'll hide with you.

And none shall quite know us. No. Never!

The Violin to the Player.

O master, it is true that here in me Are garnered centuries of wind and sea. For I into my listening being took An inventory of sweet things: The look Of flowers at dawn; the sough of moonlit firs; Dim shining dews, when first the glad spring stirs; The slow uncurling fern; the mating pollen's kiss. Within me I have treasured up all this.

All this, and more, is mine. Yes, wholly me. Yet, master, I were dumb . . . apart from thec.

FAY INCHFAWN.

A Sheaf of Poems

By FAY INCHFAWN

Wear and Tear.

"We have this treasure in a fragile vase of clay; that the exceeding greatness of the power may be seen to be of God, and not to originate in us."—2 Cor. iv. 7 (Weymouth's Trans.).

One step too far, this way or that;

A sleepless night;

A headache; or some extra cleaning;

A trivial worry, overleaning

A fancied slight.

Such little things as these are, fret and tear

The fragile casket that my soul must wear.

Yes, progress in the life of faith is slow.

This makes me wonder why

My body is so easily laid by.

Why, when the Will seems resolute and straight

Should nerves respond to evil temper so?

Why do I wish to say the things I hate?

How should wet footmarks, or a rug awry

Disturb my peace, and put me out of tune?

I marvel that I am removed so soon!

Yet dimly I can see

How, holding and possessing such a Treasure

(The knowledge of Him), I might easily

Forget my limitations in the pleasure

Of seeking to illuminate the lost . .

But weary, tempest-tossed,

Hard-pressed, perplexed, and tried:

It must be manifest to all about me

That all my "works" were nothing, Lord, without

Thee.

"A fragile vase of clay"!

Well, this being so, I pray

That it be not too hard for God to press

It into comeliness

And not too thick

For Him to glimmer through it, sure and quick.

Because, if through such clay He will consent to shine,

The glory must be His; the gladness mine.

The Plitting.

How I had longed for this!

The very thought was bliss.

I wakened every day

Hopeful and gay.

And went to bed at night

So glad the lagging hours had taken flight

And brought me nearer to my fond endeavour

To leave the little inconvenient house for ever.

The great day came.

Stripped, each familiar wall.

Empty the narrow hall.

The household gods departed, every one.

And, just at set of sun,

As the March sky caught flame,

I stood outside and shut the battered door

For the last time. . . . No . . . suddenly, once more

I opened it, and went

Back through the rooms in strange bewilderment.

Yes, sadly, doubtfully, I halted there, half-fearful (holding tight A book, a picture, and a cooking-pan That somehow had escaped the moving van).

For, what if, after all,

I should be leaving here some precious thing, That money could not buy, nor longing bring?

What if some gentle sprite

Of joy or hope or quiet happiness

Were lingering in the little house to-night?

The little draughty house? . . . With laggard feet

I shut the door and started up the street.

And so, with tearful eyes, I came in sight Of the new homestead, and I quickened pace;

For at the gate I saw a well-loved face.

Then strong hands took my burdens; so I went

Up the stone steps in dreamy wonderment.

For every window showed a friendly light,

Which told me wall and floor

Were garnished with the old familiar store

Of household stuffs, all gleaming wondrous bright.

And, suddenly,

Loud footsteps clattered . . . out they ran to me With: "Mother! Mother's coming!" (What a din!) And Ittle loving fingers drew me in.

What a Mere Man Said.

Do you keep your temper with poor John When, thoughtlessly, he puts the bonfire on Beneath your snowy linen on the line? And when he cuts a tree down that you prize To make the garden fairer in your eyes, Do you grieve, or say: "Ah, splendid! That looks

fine "?
And say it till you mean it, through and through?
You're a Woman if you do.

Then, can you peel an apple, bake a pie, Or wash your pots and pans without a sigh? Can you scrub your sink, and never stop to think You lose somewhat of dignity thereby? What? Can you put aside housewifely skill And leave a dusty room ungarnished still, While you go out to visit some sick man? You're a Woman if you can.

And when all night kind sleep has passed you by, While baby's cough has set your nerves awry, It takes some grit to smile in John's long face; And more, to tend the youngsters with good grace; And most, to make your eyes dance joyfully That none shall guess how stormy-set your sky. You're a Woman if you try.

And can you keep your spirit calm—yes, happy—When Jane seems glum, or else is short and snappy? Touched by such things, a woman needs must be, But you can keep a little corner free To cultivate rare seedlings? Herb of Grace Will spread, and Gentleness will grow apace. Oh, cherish them. For if you rear such stuff You're a Woman right enough!

THE EDITOR'S PAGE

few months ago
I wrote in the
"Editor's Page" on
the importance of
eliminating hate
from our daily lives
if the world is to
recover any measure
of real peace and
stability.

It is useless to hope that some great leader will arise and set the world right. What is needed is steady effort on the part of each individual.

And because everyone can do comething towards re-establishing sane and healthy conditions of life, I want to indicate yet another direction in which it is possible for each and all to render definite service to humanity as a whole

At the present moment we are suffering from a deluge of useless theories and suggestions, and recipes for re-organ-

ising the world in general, and our own nation in particular. Some of these are merely freakish; others are either insane or dangerously unhealthy—but in any case they are invariably labelled "new" ideas, and those who put them forward are apt to assure us that here is the one great panacea for the ills of the present time.

Ideas that are really new are welcomed by most of us; and even though we may not endorse all of them whole-heartedly, fresh ideas are always entitled to every consideration. If no one ever thought, said, or did anything that was new, the world would indeed be a dull place! We need new ideas badly, and never more so than to-day. But, unfortunately, many of the so-called new ideas that are being pressed upon weary, yet trustful humanity at the moment, are anything but new; they are older than civilisation, and were flourishing garly when man was a primitive savage. We do not need to have them re-introduced at this stage of the world's career!

These new ideas and theories appear in many forms and guises. Sometimes they are served out to us in subtle hints and inuendoes; at other times they are given the boldest publicity by that section of the less reputable press that specialises in sensationalism and nastiness; or we find them embedded in a book or a play



HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN AT THE BRITISH HOSPITAL FOR MOTHERS AND CHILDREN.

Photo by Photopress. which, we are assured, everybody is eagerly discussing. And thus, in one way or another, the seeds of strange suggestiveness are sown in our minds; and unless we are fairly alert to notice that they are poisonous seeds, and rout them out immediately, they may do real damage to our souls before we are aware of it.

It is not possible to name these "new" ideas in detail; but certain characteristics are common to them all, and it is with these characteristics that we are really concerned.

For instance, in most cases there is a disposition to kick down all the good work of the past; to belittle the achievements of other generations; to regard as worthless the painstaking efforts of the men and

women who laid the foundations of civilisation, or added beauty to its superstructure.

Then, again, these dangerous theories usually include a whole-hearted contempt for the virtues—the "old-fashioned" virtues we call them now, as though virtue went in and out of current use like earrings or large sleeves!

Another point of similarity lies in the way so many of these ideas are really nothing more than an exploitation of self at the expense of anyone and everyone else. And still more dangerous is the trait common to all of leaving God entirely out of every plan and calculation, and regarding the Bible as a worn-out historical document, which is merely of antiquarian interest to present-day intelligence.

We have all met these "new" ideas in one form or another. We know the girl who laughs at what our grandmothers called modesty, and assures us that reticence in manners, or conversation, or behaviour is quite out of date now—impossible, in fact, if a girl wishes to get on.

We know the woman who thrusts herself in front of everyone else, shoving hither and thither, snatching every advantage to herself without the slightest concern

The Editor's Page

for those she tramples down in her progress, so long as she secures the best seat, the best position, the best bargain for herself, proclaiming the while that she has as good a right to the best as anyone else. She scoffs at "manners," and assures you that if you don't stand up for yourself, no one will stand up for you.

We also come fairly frequently across those who make money the criterion of worth; people who measure everything by the cash standard, and who consider that a big income condones every sort of moral failing—from vulgarity to irreligion

Add to these the people who look upon "work" as an evil, or at best as a misfortune; those who deny all obligation to serve others, those who pour contempt on

parental and every other type of authority; those who consider a restless pursuit of excitement the acme of living, and the quiet performance of one's everyday duties as the quintessence of dulness, those who regard thorough, conscientious work as stupid waste of time unless it produces an immediate cash return-in fact add all those who are indifferent to the laws of God as set forth in the Bible, and openly opposed to everything calling for self-restraint, self-sacrifice, and disinterested personal effort on behalf of others, and you will get a general idea of a large class of people who are preventing the world regaining spiritual health, and keeping it in a state of chaos

It is worth noting, that the individuals who promulgate these anarchical ideas are neither brilliant nor important, as a rule they are curiously lacking in both mental and moral fibre Indeed, it is because they have neither brain power nor force of will sufficient to enable them to hold their own in a world of conscientious workers, that they try to establish new standardslow ideals, easy methods of shuffling through life, the banishment of all personal obligations, and a code of morals that makes no demands on them whatever in the way of unselfishness or a striving after good

Fo be sincerely anxious for the welfare and happiness of others, to work hard for the sake of working, without stopping to count the advantage to oneself, to show respect for the elderly, to help those who are weak, to deny oneself for the benefit of others, to subordinate one's own desires to those of some one else, to hold on and carry on in the face of difficulty and disappointment, to determine to do the very best one can at all costs—all this calls for character, courage, will power, and that intangible attribute we call "vision." And these are the very qualities that are lacking in the persons who are seeking to turn the morals of the universe topsyturvy. Being incapable of "living greatly" themselves, they seem anxious that no one else shall rise to any spiritual height.

And because the road that runs down hill is invariably

much easier to travel than the path that climbs a steep. those who proclaim that man is no longer subject to any god but his own desires. and need pay regard to no one but himself, find many followers. To the young and inexperienced, it seems such a simple solution of life's problems to say that our own individual wishes are all that really matter! The younger generation are too inexperienced and have seen too little of life, to comprehend that no one lives unto lumself alone. Neither do they realise that in a very short while these mad theories, with those who preach them, will have passed into that vast hmbo which swallows up in utter forgetfulness the "Useless Things that No One Wants."

To-day the well-being of the world hes mainly in the hands of those who are willing to do the duty that lies nearest to them, working in a quiet, steady, conscientious way, with one aim ever before them, namely, to love God and keep His commandments. And the girl or woman who can bring sound commonsense and sane ideas to bear on her daily round whether it be in the home or in the outside world of workers -- is one of the nation's most valuable assets.

We need women who can think for themselves, and think sensibly; who are not dazzled by show, or unbalanced by the sight of other people's glittering tinsel. We need women with



A RECENT PICTURE OF HER MAJESTY QUEEN ALEXANDRA.

I'hoto by The Central News, Ltd.

The Editor's Page

brains who can see the frothiness and real poverty of the life that is spent in displaying wealth, or parading material possessions; who realise the staleness and emptiness that inevitably follow when once the novelty of the display wears off.

We need thoughtful women with a knowledge of spiritual and natural laws, who can foresee the appalling conditions that would arise were humanity to be given over to self-



THE DAUGHTERS OF H.M. THE QUEEN OF SPAIN, PRINCESS BEATRIZ AND PRINCESS CHRISTINA.

Photo by Stanley.

Make it part of your daily campaign to subordinate self and pay special heed to the preferences of others. This means, among other things, the re-cultivation of good manners, which have been sadly in abeyance of late years! It also includes deference to those in authority; and most certainly it means striving to follow in the footsteps of the One Who came not to be ministered unto, but to minister.

interest, self-seeking, and self-indulgence; women who will strive with all their power to live up to nobler ideals and demonstrate their beauty.

And we need women of prayer and steadfast faith, who live near to Christ, and who know that His laws are the only laws that are possible for humanity; and that any deviation from these means wholesale disaster.

Do not think that because we hear so much in these unsteady times of horrors, and crime, and callousness, and foolishness that the world is composed of nothing else. There are millions of men and women to-day who are quietly, patiently and unfalteringly taking up the work God has set before them, and doing that work to the best of their ability with a constant prayer in their hearts that He will use them in whatever way He sees fit, for His own glory. There are millions who long for Christ's rule to be the only rule on earth-who would gladly sacrifice anything, everything for His sake. Christ's followers are a goodly company-never forget this! Their number no man can tell- all we do know is that they are stronger than the powers of evil, and in the end they will prevail. But they work without noise, as a rule; there is no beating of drums or blaring of trumpets when they take up the daily task, or face trial and disappointment bravely because He has appointed them to it. Real growth and true progress is seldom accompanied by noise. It is the quack or the impostor who has to shout to draw attention to himself. And to-day we hear more of these than we do of the workers who are really hastening the time when the earth will be restored to something like health and order.

Here is your task then, if you are anxious to effect something.

Do the very next piece of work that is waiting at your hand. The world is strewn with pieces of work that no one seems to consider it their province to execute; therefore, clear up as you go along. None of us can put the whole earth straight; but we can each do something to help tidy up our own little corner.

Do not let yourself be led away by every new doctrine that is proclaimed, no matter how convincing the speaker may be, and no matter how many other people may be taking up the idea with fervour. First of all use your own common-sense and examine the idea from a practical point of view. If your own sensible judgment convinces you that it is a good and useful doctrine, then by all means go further with it, but if your native intelligence tells you privately that it is really and truly a silly or impracticable or worthless idea that is being put forward—don't waste your time or your energy on it.

The world is positively hungry for people with commonsense, well-balanced judgment, and a sane outlook. Such people are of more value to the community at the moment than a genius if that genius be erratic, overwrought or unreliable.

Cultivate and exercise common-sense, and you will be helping the world to regain its health in no small measure; and if to this you can add a sense of humour, you will be a positive boon to your day and generation.

Lastly- and this is the most important of all—have nothing to do with any theories or schemes or plans for reconstruction that are in any way contrary to God's teaching in the Bible. Men have tried again and again (as students of history know) to abolish the great laws for living as laid down in God's Word, substituting other ideas and different teaching-but failure has always followed. There is no other text-book that teaches us how to live so as to make life endurable and happy, apart from the Bible. Those who would give us something contrary to this have no solution of the present troubles, and no hope for the future. Only by returning to God's Word, and endeavouring to follow His commands, can we ever find the way to peace and happiness and restful living that is the desire of every nation to-day.

The Value of Personality

A Quality that Lifts its Possessor into Distinction

By A WOMAN OF THE WORLD



What is personality? Why do some individuals stand out clear and distinguished from the rest of mankind, and why do we regard others as mere components of a general mass? How is it that here and there is one who follows out an original course, while others alway find their excuse for being even as all the rest in the spirit which says "everybody's doing it," whether it is playing ping-pong or having their hair "bobbed."

Tennyson has spoken of the "abyssmal depths of personality"

as one of the mysteries that are bare before God. The exponents of that new and nebulous cult of psychoanalysis are trying to teach us the underlying causes of our actions, and the philosophers have for many generations instilled into us that "the greatest thing of the world is for a man to know how to be his own."

Withal, we are no nearer to what the elusive, evasive quality is in itself. A woman may be conscious that she is both vain and timid, and the psycho-analysts may explain in very long words that in vanity she may be trusting to appeal for protection. A man can be fully assured of his masterful instincts. Yet in neither case is there any guidance as to how either the quality of attractive dependence or dominating power can be directed either to happiness or welfare.

Obliterating Individuality.

The idea of personality in those we meet will, however, abide when the peculiar type of beauty or the aggressive self-assertion have faded out of mind. One recalls a charm of manner, a gracious welcome, the right and spontaneous allusion to one's own work or interests, that come only from those who do not treat their fellows as a mere crowd. With it, too, will probably be associated some detail as to dress or surroundings that could have belonged to no one else.

On the other hand are those who seem to want to destroy anything that would differentiate them from their fellows. These are they who follow any fashion adopted by the rest. No matter what are their own proportions, if skirts are short they wear them; equally, if nature has endowed them with ample facial features, they will put on the smallest and hardest of round toques. They read the same papers as the other folk in their street; they join with their neighbours in grumbling at the butcher's or the greengrocer's prices; and avoid to the uttermost any thinking on their own account as to whether they agree with their daily journal, or any effort as to ascertaining whether there may be tradespeople who are offering cheaper commodities in another district.

From their standpoint, it is "peculiar" or "odd" to wear gowns or hats that are not upon the conventional lines of the moment. If everyone else in the social circle has an "At Home" day, it is something quite startling to ask a few friends to supper at intervals. And it is positively reprehensible to go to the markets and come home with bulging bags and packed baskets.

Even the war has not wholly effaced that curious idea that prestige is in some way associated with carrying parcels.

Establishing One's Own Standard.

"Such as we especially, who live a private life not exposed to any gaze but our own, ought in our hearts to establish a touchstone, and there to touch our deeds and try our actions, and now cherish and now chastise ourselves. I have my own laws and tribunal, to judge of me whither I address myself more than anywhere else. . . . None but yourself knows rightly whether you be demiss and cruel or loyal and devout. Others see you not, but guess you by uncertain conjectures. They see not so much your nature as your art. Adhere not their opinion, but hold unto your own."

Thus, Montaigne, shrewdest and most worldly-wise of monitors. And it is profoundly true that each one of us can thus establish a standard by which to impress a sense of a personality, clear and outstanding, upon others

There are those to whom men and women turn instinctively for sympathy when the world has been unkind or misfortune has struck a cruel blow. Others, we know, to whom we go when a robust common-sense view seems what will be most helpful. Some there are who, through suffering themselves, have acquired priceless gifts of consolation; yet, again, we meet happy souls possessed of the sense of humour who can present a situation from its unexpected and perhaps ludicrous aspect with valuable bearing.

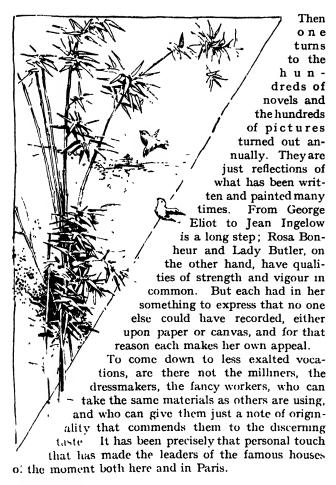
But it is not from the dull, colourless, commonplace nonentity that we look for such attributes. If they ever possessed the qualities that could have been exercised and developed in such directions, they have permitted them to lie dormant. They go in fear of what people may say, should they venture outside the narrow lines in which they have set themselves to walk.

Striking Out a New Line.

Half a century ago the world was surprised when girls wanted to go to the University, to enter the medical profession, to go through the very real hard work that it meant in the 'seventies and 'eighties to train as nurses. It was the personality of the women which enabled them to break away from the limitations that would have kept them to being governesses or companions, or within the often monotonous routine of home duties in days when efficient domestic service was far more easily procured than it is now.

Carry your thoughts on to the days of the war. Every woman thought she was destined by nature and the social order to be commandant of a Red Cross hospital. When the auxiliary uniformed services of women became a necessity, we saw many portraits of, and heard much of ladies upon whom posts of high responsibility had been conferred. But you might mention four-fifths of those names to-day in any average assemblage of well-read, cultivated people and they would not be recognised. As to the minority who are not forgotten, they were women of marked characteristics, and they did their work in the way that they felt convinced would give the right results.

The Value of Personality



The Exercise of a Mentality.

Mere self-assertiveness is not personality. No amount of advertisement, direct or indirect, can make a man or woman other than he or she is. When the astute Press agent and photographer can no longer secure n'clame for their subject, and another one more pushful still has come into the limelight, there will be complete forgetfulness on the part of the public of all and any who has failed to reach the indefinable mark.

It has been rather cynically said that it is better to

be slightly disagreeable than altogether insignificant. Certainly, one could point to more than one volume of reminiscences, from Creevy down to our own time, in which the manifest envy, hatred, malice, and all uncharitableness, point to a personality that is wholly unpleasing. The mentality has assuredly asserted itself, but perhaps it would have been wiser to have remained undistinguished.

Again, it will not be by extravagances or eccentricities that any one will mount to an enduring pedestal. These may call attention to the effort of self-assertion, but in a short time they will merely be regarded as a rather irritating method of claiming advertisement. Most of us can appraise the purpose of statements as to bed-rooms hung with black, or amber necklets that are talismans, or the daily eurythmic exercises taken at sunrise, or a diet into which carnation petals enter at their true worth, and wonder what the Press agents salary is over them.

Others hope that by their much speaking on public platforms they will impress a sense of their own importance upon the world. Unhappy audiences called upon to listen to resolutions proposed with all the redundancies that platitude can achieve, wish that the task had been entrusted to someone less convinced of their own self-satisfaction.

Many are barely conscious of their own powers of impressing others, or of the grace and dignity that always seems to surround them. Their actions are so gentle, so spontaneously natural to themselves, that they are fulfilled without taking thought. In other instances there comes a realisation of responsibility as to the example they are holding up, and this, perhaps, is especially felt by older women in respect of their influence over girls. For personality, no less than great oratory, is a compelling force for good or for ill, and is not to be lightly or carelessly used

To those who know they have it, there can come a source of strength in the detachment—the aloofness even—from what is petty and unworthy. They know their own strength in joy or sorrow, and more than any can say—

"Not in the clamour of the crowded street, Not in the shouts and plaudits of the throng, But in ourselves are triumphs or defeat."

'Tis this the Master Needs

So many great men die and leave a name
World-known, world-praised, for some grand meed of learning:
They spend long years of toil and labour earning
Right to a place in some front rank of fame,
While others plod unseen, unheard, and do
The humdrum tillage of some humdrum spot,
The lowly spade-work of some secret plot,
And make their commonplace ring nobly true.
We cannot say this man or that does most;
We cannot judge whose work is great or small.
In this great world of ours some tiny deeds
May influence, inspire a countless host,
And some resounding action useless fall!

HILARY BROWN.

Let's do our best: 'tis this the Master needs.

Tours Worth Taking

IV.—Central France and the Châteaux Country

THOUGH France is our nearest neighbour across the Channel, very few holiday-makers at all realise the variety of interests that it presents. Already reference has been made in this series to the possibilities that the south of the country offers in conjunction with a sea voyage to Marseilles, but after Paris, there is little general knowledge of objectives.

Normandy and Brittany before the war attracted a certain number, largely perhaps because those shores have some small plages at which bathing was good and accommodation reasonable; while the journey by the South Western Railway's boats via Southampton to St. Malo or Havre, or by those of the Brighton and South Coast line to Dieppe, was not costly.

There are still many who wish to see something of the French ground on which the Great War was won. The fact that the King and Queen, in connection with their visit to Belgium, planned a pilgrimage of honour to those fields of eternal sacrifice and glory, will give an impetus to such desires. It is now a very simple matter to visit these scenes; Messrs. Cook, Ludgate Circus, have arranged a series of visits at inclusive rates for travel and hotel accommodation that begin as low as thirteen guineas for seven days. The journey is second-class throughout, it includes a glimpse of Paris and Versailles, and is almost like a return to the pre-war "personally conducted" trip.

Much more comfortably planned is a five days' visit to the whole of the fighting front. The cost of this is thirty guineas, but it is first-class throughout, with private motor-cars. Arras, with its Grande Place exactly as the Germans left it, that awful stretch of road from Menin to Ypres, Dickebosch, near which poisongas was first used by the enemy; Vimy Ridge, where Canada possesses her own stretch of soil on which her gallant sons fought to the bitterend; Lens, Neuville St.

Vaast, Mont Kemmel, Souchez (or where it once was), Péronne, and many more of the places whose names were so familiar five, six, and seven years ago, may be seen, before kindly Nature has quite obliterated shell-hole and crater, and new trees are growing in place of the gaint and scarred trunks

The details as to these tours, of such pathetic interest to many, are to be had on application to Messrs. Cook, who will assist and advise should any deviations be desired.

"The Châteaux Country."

All the routes to Paris, whether Dover to Calais, Folkestone to Boulogne, or Newhaven to Dieppe—this latter being appreciably cheaper than the others, though the sea crossing is four and a half hours—are now in full running order with day and night services. An 1 by the time that these lines are in print, fares may be somewhat reduced from the rates now in force.

Making a Journey by Air.

There is now the possibility that makes its own appeal, of reaching the French capital by aeroplane. Two services daily start from Croydon, and the passengers are conveyed there free of additional cost by motor-cars. The fares are six guineas for the single, or £12 for the return journey; but it is advisable to secure places well in advance. There is not much thrill or excitement over such passage, though it would be, of course, a wholly new experience to try it.

Paris once reached, a field of choice widens out. A particularly favoured tour by Americans is that along the valley of the Loire, through Touraine and Anjou, and embracing what they conveniently describe as the "Château Country." The transatlantic millionaire often races through it in a high-powered automobile; but those who would study something of the gems of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, and the Renaissance period, would prefer to do it in more leisurely way.

Starting from Orleans,

Orleans is the best starting point, and its bridge over the river is in itself a memory of imposing stone work. It has close association with the earlier days of Joan of Arc, and in its side streets are many delightful old houses.

Another place in which some days might well be spent is Blois, and from that the superb pile of Chambord can be visited, while the château here will set every one reading of Catherine de Medici and her incursions into the occult, through which she was able to exercise potent influences on uncultured minds. Outstanding events in French history have been enacted in this strange little town, which has been described as possessed of "streets of staircases."

Then onward, the traveller would go to Montrichard



THE VALGODEMARD VALLEY AND MOUNT OLAN, MONTER ALTES, FRANCE.

Photo by Yvonne Moulin.

Tours Worth Taking

and the beautiful pile of Chenonceaux, partly built on to the bridge crossing the tributary river Cher. It was a gift from Henri II. to the fair Diane de Poitiers-one of the outstanding figures of French romance. But it has also a wonderful tower, or keep, built on the side of the hill which dominates the little town, and under this have been burrowed out a number of galleries, which to this day are inhabited.

Amboise again has a noble château, and its story is linked with the long tragedy of Huguenot persecutions-Indeed, the ironwork from which many of these who were faithful unto death were ignominiously hanged may still be seen. It is all interesting country, laid out largely in fine vineyards, and in the district many of the landowners bear some of the noblest names of old France.

Spend a Few Days at Tours.

At Tours itself a few days can well be spent. There are survivals of twelfth-century architecture in many of its quaint streets, and it is yet a centre of learning. Nowhere may one enjoy French cookery on a higher level, and it has, moreover, a series of good hotels. There are many delightful excursions to be made from it as a centre, but the whole of the way from here to Angers,

which would be perhaps the concluding stage, is filled with interest. Langres, for instance, can show the oldest masonry work in France in the sturdy though ruined keep, which dates from 990, on to which what is still called the "new" castle was built in the fifteenth century.

At Clunon, the traveller will trace the influences of the English Plantagenet kings, for all this ground is as much linked up with English history as with that cf France. Here it was that the English Matilda married Geoffroi d'Anjou, and thus gained the whole Province for her country. It was the inheritance he left her, when he set forth as a Crusader to become the titular King of Jerusalem.

And there is Fontevrault, where sleep the Lion-hearted and his mother Eleanor. Chinon claims respect, for in the great hall here, in 1429, Joan of Arc convinced Charles VII. that she would lead his forces to victory against the English. Angers, full of artistic associations, would well culminate a very fascinating expedition.

Fuller details as to means of communication between the various centres may be learnt from the French Bureau of Touring, in the Haymarket, London, and the traveller to France gets still very high value in francs at the current rates of exchange, though this fluctuates from day to day



COTTAGES AT TONG, SALOP.

A Competition I'hoto by Harold Jenning.

In my Walks Abroad

What Every Cook

As every cook knows, it is a more difficult matter to produce light flaky pastry in the hot weather than in the cool, since the ease with which the butter, lard, or margarine melts tends to produce a certain dampness which makes for heaviness. Special provision against this contingency is made in the new rollingpins of glass, which are provided with an open end so that one may slip into the hollow centre a few scraps of ice, which will serve to keep the pin beautifully cool during the pastry operations. The glass rolling - pins (of whose hygienic advantages I have already written) are made of a peculiarly thick stout type, so that I am inclined to believe that they are calculated to withstand a very fair amount of rough usage. In the twelveinch length the rollers, with the cavity for ice, cost 4s.

No More Tea

After all, it is the little annoyances tnat count. One may be able to withstand a real blow from Fortune with unruffled mien, but when it comes to the matter of a clean table cloth that has to be relegated once more to the laundry on account of stains from an illconstructed teapot, it is often as much as one's stoicism can tolerate. I have been experimenting of late with a nondrip teapot that possesses a spout specially designed to avoid this really unnecessary nuisance. I have found it worthy of its name the "Nevva-drip," for my cloth has remained spotless under its ministrations. Moreover, it does not accumulate tea-leaves in its spout in the reprehensible manner common to many pots, but pours out its brew with commendable straightforwardness. It is made of Denby stoneware in a range of colours, and of sizes from a mere baby of a pot, which contains but a quarter of a pint. My pot, which is of pretty green, cost the sum of 3s. 2d., and makes the tea for the breakfast of four thirsty souls.

Another Laundry Saver.

What with my non-drip teapot and my rubberised kitchen apron, I find that my laundry bills this summer are showing an appreciable decrease. Hitherto my housewifely excursions have paid their debt by means of aprons that I have allowed either to become wet or greasy, for those of us who are not too well trained in this connection can show ourselves woefully careless in the matter of handling pans and turning on gushing taps My "Basilic" apron, however, after a light sponging, comes up smiling again, no matter to what usage I have

subjected it. It is proof not only against water, but against grease and heat as well, and I am pleased to think that it looks as smart as any that require laundering. Its price is 5s. 9d. And perhaps most important of all, it is quite free from rubbery odour.

For the Home

So far I have been disinclined to recommend in these columns the " many inventions" on the market for home laundering, since not alone has the price in most cases been such as the ordinary housewife would feel little inclined to pay for what, after all, is more or less of an experimental nature, but also because the machinery is, as a rule, of so complex and delicate a character that the very work of keeping it in proper condition represents a serious additional 1 bour. But there has recently been placed on the market by a firm which has already won its spurs in connection with a cooker, a machine which seems to avoid both difficulties. Firstly, it prices itself at f_2 5s., a pleasant contrast with the many guineas set upon some of the more ambitious appliances. Secondly, its principle is a very simple one. The articles to be washed are placed in a container together with water and soappowder, the gas-jet beneath being lit. As soon as the water becomes hot, the water with its lather of soap is gently drawn again and again through the clothes by reason of a new automatic process, the action being a very gentle one, so that no damage is done to the clothes. This method seems to me considerably more advantageous than the more complicated systems which, at greater expense, cause far more serious risk to the garments. Moreover, the more costly machines, I find, often call for a scullery or wash house to themselves, whereas the "Sprite" is a small contrivance which occupies but small space and requires no fixing.

The Kettlepan.

It was at an exhibition given by the Design and Industries Association (the institution that is doing such good work in reforming both manufacturers and public on matters of taste and of practical utility) that I first made the acquaintance of the ingenious utensil that is at once a kettle and a saucepan. One can use it for either function, or can allow it to perform one at a time, according to one's needs. In spite of its dual character, it is specially constructed so as to allow of being readily cleaned. Its price is 15s., a portion of which one would quickly save in the reduction of one's gas bill. A pan that will boil one's

By Mrs. GORDON-STABLES

water for the tea and cook one's porridge at one and the same time is a real moneysaver. Similarly one might warm one's soup and cook one's stew, for the particularly wide spout allows of broth being readily poured from it.

Beauty and the Bath-room.

I verily believe that the bath-room is the room in which I can least willingly tolerate shabbiness. I would fain have this temple of Hygeia kept spotless and fair, and certainly this ambition should not be difficult to achieve nowadays, when so many excellent and moderatelypriced fixtures are sold for bath-room use in the white glazed enamel which neither chips nor discolours. Fittings of brass and of silver or nickel plate soon lose their smartness, I have discovered, under the influence of steam, afterwards necessitating much labour in the matter of metal polish. A towel-rail, measuring eighteen inches in length, and costing but 4s. 9d., is finished at either end with a round disc, which is readily screwed on to the wall, while 2s. will buy a holder to take five tooth-brushes, and 15. 6d. a tumbler holder. Both these holders do away with those wet streaks that leave their mark on the paint of shelves and sills, while their pleasant whiteness adds materially to the appearance of the bath-room. A double hook by which to hang up one's bath-gown costs but 1s. 3d. in the same material.

To Wash the Mop.

I am much attached to my dusting mop, but I must confess that when it comes to giving it its periodic wash my affection is apt to cool, for the process is a tiresome one. I have lately come across a splendid medium specially devised for cleansing these mops. Its price is 3d. a packet, and it does its work remarkably quickly and well, halving the labour that used to be connected with the business.

A Handy Reel.

Most of us have at some time experienced the annoyance of finding clean clothes marked by a dusty line on which they have been hung to dry. The new Clothes Line Reel, priced at 3s., gets over this difficulty by providing itself with a dirt-proof case to wear when not in use. It is a very small and simple contrivance, this reel, taking up no room at all when not in action, but giving many yards of useful line when wanted It saves the provision of hangers and racks, and takes only a minute to put into position when required.

An Aluminium Cake-Tin.

A new aluminium cake-tin possesses a feature that will appeal to all cooks who know how difficult a cake can prove to eject from its utensil. It is made in two pieces, a second bottom with perforations being provided so that the cake, when pressed upwards, stands on this to cool, no handling or shaking having to be brought to bear in order that it may be removed from the tin. The tin itself has a ring with a roll edge. which enables one to turn the cake round without burning one's knuckles against the oven sides, while the tapering shape aids one in freeing it when cooked. The perforations are large enough to admit air during the cooling-down process, but not large enough to allow the cake mixture to escape. Lightness and evenness in cooking is thus secured. Prices range from 3s. 9d., according to

Developments in Stainless Cutlery.

Hitherto the drawback in regard to stainless cutlery has been the difficulty of sharpening its edge when the blade becomes dulled, the ordinary steel having left it scratched and spoilt its finish. A little nickel-plated contrivance on a base of polished wood has now been put on the market which, by means of two diamond steel cutters in circular form, confers a fine edge on the stainless knife without in any way damaging it. The price of the sharpener is 3s. 6d.

Another innovation in regard to stainless cutlery is the scimitar-shaped blade, which hitherto has only been supplied in the ordinary steel cutlery. This shape has always made a special appeal to me, not only because of its beautiful curve, but because it has great practical advantages, presenting a far longer cutting edge, and being simpler to manipulate when a difficult little joint has to be attacked, than the ordinary and not very beautiful oblong knife. The scimitar-shaped cutlery in stainless steel can be obtained with coloured as well as with ivory handles, those in green and in black being extremely effective.

A Woven Quilt.

The question of bed covers which will not need to be laundered too frequently, and which will at the same time provide a note of fresh good colour in the room, is one not easy of solution. But I have recently come across some excellent

woven covers of particularly good tones and designs at the moderate price of £1 is. So far, these are only made in the single-bed size, but I trust that later on the manufacturers may see fit to produce them in the larger dimensions. The weave is a heavy one which discourages easy crumpling, while the depth of tint promises a reasonable immunity from soil

For the Sheraton

When it is a matter of choosing covers for the period furniture, one often fails to give sufficient attention to the type of patterning in vogue in the era involved. Both Sheraton and Chippendale, for instance, were much addicted to the use of striped fabrics for their chairs and couches, so that you may rely on good results if your choice rests on a striped patterning in this connection. A firm that specialises in furnishing fabrics is, as the films express it, "now featuring" a closely-woven Sheraton tapestry in good striped colourings, which are achieved by means of dyed yarns, not by a process of printing Priced at 4s. a yard, this durable material is really good value.

Economy and Embroideries.

I used to deplore the small leisure afforded by a busy life to the pursuit of fancy work, but having realised what charming embroideries are now to be secured at a reasonable cost. I have become more than reconciled to being obliged to achieve my embroidered runners and covers vicariously. Having discovered at 12s. 6d. a runner measuring a yard and a half in length, and with border and ends beautifully worked on to its ground of holland, in blues, browns, and orange, I realise that I could have carried out the decoration myself neither so successfully nor so reasonably. The same sum buys an embroidered cushion case to match in the twenty-two-inch square size, while I learn that, at a proportionate cost, covers, chairbacks, and table "sashes," as they are now dubbed. can be carried out to suit one's own measurements. By selecting one's own tints one thus secures all the advantages of individual work without its attendant labour

Curtains to Match.

This holland crash creates a cool fresh note in the summery weather, as well as one which is adaptable to any In my Walks Abroad

walls or carpets. Thus, one is pleased to find under the same roof as the embroideries, long curtains of the same natural tone, embroidered along the side and base in soft colourings, outlined in a black wool which throws their richness into welcome prominence. Moreover, these curtains have been given a softness of finish which one does not usually connect with this fabric, the crash hanging in nice round folds, quite devoid of stiffness. Complete with hooks and rings, these curtains are priced at £5 10s. a pair.

Coloured

Very practical, as well as very decorative, are the long curtains of coloured Madras muslin, which for summer use provide such a welcome change to the heavier hangings of the colder weather Particularly good in colour, and hanging well on account of its deep dado of handsome design, is a certain "Stanton' curtain of sapphire blue ground, patterned in blue, brown, and green, a curtain which is calculated to see the season through without needing to visit the cleaner's in the meantime. In the three-yard length its price is the same as that of the "Pentland," which is woven on a black ground with stripings of cream, varied with clumps of blossoms, and their leaves in pinks, greys, and greens. Sixty-nine shillings is the price set on the head of each pair.

The Hem-stitched

How pleasant and how rare it is for the thing one prefers to happen to be at the same time the cheapest. This is the case with the hem-stitched book muslin, which, to my mind, is the prettiest, daintiest material for brise-bises that one can possibly display at one's windows. In the fifty-two inch width, with a border on one side, one can now buy this muslin at 2s. 3d. a yard, while bordered on both sides its price is just threepence more, the hem-stitching in each case measuring four inches in width.

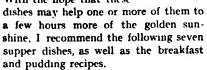
Book muslin with a goffered frill runs its hem-stitched rival very close. Curtains of three-yard length already made up in this style are obtainable with a frill at one side for 12s. 9d. The single bordering is, of course, quite sufficient if heavier curtains hang at the side. If, however, the curtain hangs unaccompanied, you will need the set that has a border at either side and is priced at 14s. 9d.

Now Ready. Price 1s. 6d. net. By post 1s. 10d.

"FLORA KLICKMANN'S FISH COOKERY BOOK" With Forcemeats and Flavourings

For Supper

HERE is the last month of summer with us, and though our thoughts are mainly with the "great outdoors," still the poor housekeeper's must, of necessity, dwell often with the tiresome "indoors." With the hope that these





d lb. cold boiled fish, 3 oz. rice, 1 teaspn. curry powder, 1 egg, 1 potato, a little nutmeg, 1 apple, 1 small onion.

Boil the fish for 20 min., and, while hot, remove the bones and skin and flake into small pieces. Boil the rice in salted water until quite tender; remove, and drain on a folded cloth. Fry the onion, thinly sliced, in a little butter (about ½ oz), sprinkle over it the curry powder, cook for 2 min., add the rice. Stir well, and cook for another 2 min Hard-boil i egg and cut into quarters, add this and the fish, and stir carefully. Slice the potato, and sprinkle with pepper and salt; peel i sweet apple and

Lastly, add a dust of nutmeg Put into a deep dish and set on the ice Serve with chutney. For those who have not got a good recipe for home-made chutney, I add one here. These quantities are rather large, but as the chutney keeps for years, I always make a good lot at once, so saving the boiling.

Chutney.

4 lb gooseberries or apples, 1 oz. garlic, 4 lb brown sugar, 2 lb sultanas, 2 lb. dates, 1 oz. red pepper, 1 lb. salt, 3 pt. vinegar.

Peel and core the apples and cut into slices, or top and tail the gooseberries. Cover them with vinegar and put into a deep stew-pan. Cook until quite tender, boiling about 10 min. or more. Clean the sultanas, and halve and stone the dates. Divide the garlic, and chop the green ginger



finely. The ground ginger is easier to procure, and is quite as good. When the apples are quite tender, add the above ingredients, together with the salt, sugar, and pepper. Stir well, but take great care that the mixture does not boil once these are added. When cold, bottle

and cover down securely. Store in a cool place, then the chutney will keep indefinitely.

Egg Jelly with Mayonnaise

4 eggs, 1 oz. gelatine, 1 tablespn. each of vinegar and Tarragon vinegar, a few peppercorns, 1 lemon, 6 cloves, 1 small onion.

Wash the egg-shellscarefully, and whip the whites of 4 eggs. Pour the yolks of 3 eggs into egg-cups, I yolk in each, and steam for 10 min. until quite hard. Peel the lemon finely and squeeze out the juice Put all the ingredients (except the raw egg and the hard-boiled yolks) into a saucepan, and whisk until they are nearly boiling, add

When the mixture nearly reaches the top of the pan remove from the fire and stand it 10 min.

with the lid of the saucepan on.
Strain through a piece of fine muslin into a well-moistened china mould.
Drop in the yolks of the steamed eggs, and cover with a plate and set on

the ice. When quite cold, turn out into a deep dish and serve the following with it: Put the remaining yolk of egg in a soupplate, pour over it r teaspn. lemon juice. Mix well with a silver fork. Add 1 mustardspn. made mustard, a pinch of salt, and, drop by drop, 1 tablespn. salad oil. Beat steadily, and add 4 or 5 drops vinegar. Add more oil, to the amount of another 2 tablespn. When very stiff, heap round the egg jelly and garnish with crisp lettuce.



1 tin sardines, 2 or 3 fresh tomatoes, 1 tablespn. vinegar and sardine oil mixed, salt and pepper to taste, 2 hard-boiled eggs, short pastry.

Roll out the paste to ½ in. in thickness, and line a baking-tin about 5 in. by 3 in. by 2 in. deep with this pastry. Have ready the eggs, and pass the yolk and white of one through a fine sieve. Mix with this the oil and vinegar, pepper and salt, and cover the bottom of the pastry with it. Lay in the sardines neatly, as though they were in their own tin, cover with slices of tomato, and finish off with sliced hard-boiled egg. Add the remainder of the oil and vinegar, and

cover with a thin sheet of pastry decorated with strips of the same to represent a lattice work. In the centre of each lattice pierce a hole with a skewer. Bake in a good oven for 30 min., and serve either hot or cold

Cheese Omelette.

2 eggs, I oz. butter, 1½ oz. cheese, ½ oz. Parmesan cheese, salt and pepper to taste, hot buttered toast, I small onion.



to a froth; add the salt and pepper, and the cheese finely grated. Melt the butter in a frying-pan and pour in the mixture. Cook gently for about 3 min., but do not let it become too set. Have ready several slices of hot buttered toast rubbed with a raw onion. Fit these neatly on a dish. Fold the omelette in half and place on the toast. Sprinkle with the Parmesan cheese, dried and finely grated. Garnish with parsley. and serve immediately. Remember when making omelettes not to beat the eggs too much, and see that the centre of the omelette is not quite set. A quick hand, a cool place, and sending to table immediately it is cooked, are three golden rules when making an omelette.

Green Pea Fritters with Hot Sliced Ham.

This is a most delicious dish, and one very seldom met with nowadays.

Several slices of thinly-cut ham, a little brown sugar, 1 peck peas, 1 lump sugar, a sprig of mint, 1 oz. butter, 2 oz. flour, 1 tablespn. milk, yolk and white of 1 egg, salt and pepper, a little water.

Slice the ham finely and cut into uniform sizes. Rub with brown sugar, and fry a golden brown in good frying-fat. Keep hot until needed. Have the

Some August Dishes

peas boiled with the lump of sugar and the sprig of mint. Drain, and mix with 1 oz. butter. Put the flour into a basin, add the salt and yolk and white of the egg beaten separately. Add the butter, melted, and the milk. Stir until quite smooth. If too thick, add a very little warm water. Drop in the hot peas and dip out with a big spoon, and fry in hot fat until nicely browned. The fritters will puff up, and they should be cooked about 4 or

and they should be cooked about 4 or 5 min. Heap on the top of the hot fried ham and serve immediately. Sprinkle with a little cayenne before sending to table.

Mutton à la Grove.

½ lb. mutton, 4 oz. cooked rice, 3 oz. suet, 1 small onion, 1 egg, salt and pepper to taste, a few breadcrumbs, frying-fat and a little good gravy, 1 banana.

Pass the mutton through a mincer, together with the onion. Chop the suct finely. Have the rice ready boiled and dried Put into a basin with the meat, suet, and onion, and season well. Form into balls between the palms of the hands. Cover with egg and breadcrumbs and fry in hot fat until well browned. If preferred, the suet can be omitted. Cut a banana into 1-in, pieces discarding the ends. Roll each piece in flour, and then in egg and breadcrumbs, and fry a golden brown. Serve with the mutton rolls, heaped on a hot dish. This may seem a strange combination of foods, but it is an uncommonly appetising and nourishing one.

As August is grouse month, it will hardly do to pass it by without one grouse recipe.

Grouse en

I or 2 grouse, \(\frac{1}{2}\) lemon, 3 oz. butter, 3 small onions stuck with 2 cloves in each, a bouquet garni, and 2 oz. of bacon cut into small dice, I cup rice, a bunch of watercress.

Put the butter into a casserole and add the onions, bouquet garni, and the bacon. Allow to become very hot. Have the grouse trussed as for roasting, and rub them well with \(\frac{1}{2}\) lemon. Put them into the casserole, and cook very gently on the top of the stove for 40 min. Put the rice into salted water, and cook for 20 min., or until very soft. Drain, and



set in the oven to dry. Baste the birds frequently, and, when they are cooked, pour off all the fat, season them with pepper and salt, and pour over them I gill of good rich brown gravy. Put the casserole in theoven for 10 min. basting the grouse well with the gravy. Take out the rice. and spread on a very hot plate. Place the birds on top of it, and pour over them the gravy from the casserole. Place round the outer rim of the dish a ring of watercress. Decor-

ate with sippets of toasted bread dipped in gravy. This is an exceptionally good method of using old birds, or game of any sort.

Breakfast Dishes

Bacon and Butter

This is really a very good breakfast dish, and one that is a great favourite among the children

1 lb butter beans soaked 24 hours before using, several slices of fat bacon, 1 egg, 1 potato.

Soak the butter beans for about 24 hours, or, what is much better, set them in warm water on the back of the

kitchen stove and allow them to simmer and soak for about a day. If the kitchen range is a coal one, this will be no trouble whatever, and if your cooker is a gas or electric one, keep the beans to hand, and as soon as a saucepan has finished boiling, or a joint been roasted, pop the beans over the hot ring or into the oven, as the case may be. When the beans are quite soft, turn them into a saucepan with r oz. bacon fat and the slices of bacon cut into squares. Cut the boiled potato into dice, and chop a little parsley, and add to the beans and bacon. Stir well, and allow to cook for 15 min. Have ready a hard-boiled



egg cut into slices. Dish up the bacon and beans in a deep dish, and lay the sliced egg on the top. A little melted bacon fat poured over the top is a great improvement.

Dried Haddock à la Savoia.

1 small dried haddock, 1 teaspn. each chopped parsley and chopped onion, a small piece of butter, pepper and salt.

Thoroughly wash the haddock, and cut off the top bones, tail, and fins. Take 1 a small onion and chop very finely, giving it a liberal supply of pepper. With a silver knife spread the butter over the surface of the fish, sprinkle well with pepper, and spread on the onion. Put this under a hot grid and grill for 10 min., or until the fish is soft. If it appears to be rather dry, rub in a little more butter. When ready, sprinkle with chopped parsley and a soupçon of salt. Serve very hot.

Kippered Eggs.

For four people: 2 kippers, 4 eggs, a little breadcrumbs, ½ oz butter, rounds of toast.

Open the kippers and pound them flat Cut off the tails and heads, also the fins Spread with butter, and sprinkle with pepper. Form each half kipper into a ring and fasten with a tiny skewer. Set the kipper rings on a deep cake-tin that will hold the four. Fill the centre of each ring with an egg, broken neatly into it. Cover the top with grated breadcrumbs so as to cover the egg completely. Steam for 10 min. Set each kippered egg on a round of toast, and, when removing the rings from the tin, lift them carefully with a small slice.

I always use a tin that has a movable bottom, as by pushing from the bottom the whole lot can be lifted out casily, and without fear of breaking them.

Coddled Eggs.

4 oz. cooked macaroni, 2 or 3 slices bacon, 1 small onion, 4 tablespn. dried eggs, 1 tablespn. milk, 1 oz. bacon fat.

Set the eggs to soak in the right amount of milk, according to the instructions on the box. Boil the macaroni in sufficient hot water to cover it. Add a good pinch of salt, and boil 20 min. This can be done the day before. Cut the bacon into small pieces and slice the onion. Have ready 4 teacups, and

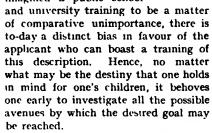
On Scholars and Scholarships

For the Parent Who Realises the Value of a Public School Education

By Mrs. LOVAT

WHILE we are aware that a large element of "snobisme" enters into the regard in which a public school education is generally held, not even the most

whole-heartedly democratic amongst us can blind ourselves to the fact that such an education does undoubtedly prove a most valuable asset in after life, both from the social point of view and from that of a professional career. Even in commercial ranks in which one would have imagined a public school



Map Out a Definite

Now the achievement of a more or iess free education by means of exhibitions and scholarships is a matter which concerns the parent even more intimately than it does the child. To begin with, the parent who intends his boy or girl to "sit," cannot too early map out a line of action, for a consistent plan of education involving a well-chosen kindergarten conducted on modern lines, followed by a single and appropriate preparatory school, are practically a sine quá non in this connection The pupil who is removed from one school to another in the quest of one which will "bring him on" to best advantage, is in a hopelessly handicapped position Better a consistent education at a second rate establishment than a number of short periods spent at several schools of superior standing.

If the child reside in town, it is well that a decision should be made as early as possible of the public school for which he is to compete, for according to that decision will be the selection of the preparatory school. There are certain preparatory schools more or less officially connected with the various public schools of London (St. Paul's, West-minster, Merchant Taylors, City of London, etc.), which teach their pupils on lines which peculiarly fit them for scholarship competitions, a number of such prizes being in many instances specially reserved for such scholars as pass on from the said preparatory school to the higher one. Each of the public schools referred to has, of course,

its own individuality, some being considered of a more aristocratic standing than others, and some more definitely for the offspring of the "city man."

But whether one may incline to the classical or to the "modern" side the education tends to an equal soundness and solidity.

The Question of Distance must be Considered for the Day Scholar.

For the child who is to be a day pupil and not a boarder, the question of distance should largely enter into

educational plans. The nearer the prospective scholar lives to his preparatory school, the less waste of physical energy will there be in going to and from his classes. He will derive all the necessary exercise to keep him in good health from his sports and games; he must conserve his forces for his homework, of which there will be plenty and overflowing in spite of the latter-day campaign against cramming

Study your Child's Place in the Weekly Class List.

The average good preparatory school sends home to the parent each week a list in order of the pupils' places in class.

It is useless to suggest training for a scholar ship until the child shows himself at least among the first half dozen of the same average age; and it is up to the parent with ambitions so to superintend the child's homework that by his place in the list he justifies the request for special atten-Some children tion stand in more need than others for individual guidance at home, and half an hour a day so bestowed often bears rapid fruit in an increase of grasp and improved faculty for assimilation.

The Parent must Guard against any Attempt at Forcing.

Having brought the child to the stage at which he can with appropriateness be classed among scholarship competitors, the parent has then to guard against an over-zealousness on the part of the school authorities, for many a

child's chance of gaining his end has in its time been nullified by a befogging and congestion, resultant on a forcing of the pace. There is too often a tendency to move a promising pupil too quickly from form to form, allowing him insufficient time to master the knowledge presented to him.

One of the most successful scholars I have known is a boy whose mother, after a battle royal with the "head," insisted on his remaining in his class two entire terms after the authorities would have had him promoted. He sat for his examination in spite of his not having made an exhaustive study of the entire work set, his thorough grip of that which he had made his own apparently affording ample compensation.

In many preparatory schools a small extra charge is made for superintendence of home work, and this, in cases where it is impossible for one reason or another for the parent to supervise the home lessons with profit, it is worth while to pay. The more quickly homework is done the better, the child who has become stale from overlong poring over lessons in which he needs guidance, has poor prospects of doing his best under the strain of test.

Study the Scholarships Available at various Schools.

Before placing the matter unreservedly in the hands of a head master or mistress, it is advisable to send to various public schools for a list of their scholarships. Some are better endowed than others and have many more exhibitions to offer. Unless the child be exceptionally brilliant, it is politic to enter him for competition in connection with the schools that have the greatest number of vacancies, in which case he may be successful in winning one of the less valuable prizes, even if he is unable to attain the most desirable. If he has a bent towards mathematics, he should, of course, be entered for a school that sets special store on such subjects, while if of a classical bent he will have a better chance in examinations



On Scholars and Scholarships

held by a public school that esteems Greek or Latin before all else.

If already you have mapped out a university career for the son or daughter, you will have to bear the prospects of a university scholarship in mind when the question of the public school is under discussion. For certain of the public schools are endowed with more university scholarships than others, so that promising pupils have especially good opportunities for passing on to Oxford, Cambridge, Manchester and Edinburgh without cost to their parents. Many provincial schools have been liberally endowed in this respect by wealthy families of their own district, so that a boy educated at a more or less obscure local school sometimes enjoys better facilities for a university career than one who has passed into a school with a big reputation. All these are matters which the parent needs to investigate for herself-I say "herself" advisedly, for when it comes to a matter of obtaining syllabuses and writing numerous letters of inquiry, I find it is usually the mother who may be looked to to perform the necessary spadework.

Some of the Scholarships Awarded in Girls' Schools.

A wise provision in regard to scholarships has been made in various quarters to the advantage of those children whose fathers were engaged on active service during the war, and unable in consequence to make such adequate arrangements for their education as would under normal conditions have been possible. Thus, for instance, the Girls' Public Day School Trust, a time-honoured institution which, in its time, has proved a very valuable factor in bringing the education of girls into line with that of boys, awards no scholarships save those for girls of twelve years of age and over, whose fathers were thus engaged during the years of warfare. Entrance scholarships to the schools belonging to the

Trust are in some instances awarded by the county or borough in which the school is located. At Croydon, for example, girls in the borough schools are eligible for such scholarships.

Girl pupils who have obtained one of the University School Certificates can, at the age of sixteen or seventeen, compete for a number of Trust scholarships and exhibitions, the value of which range from thirty guineas downwards. Certain schools, such as those at Blackheath, Wimbledon, Tunbridge Wells, and other centres, have their own specific endowments, while various trust schools can award Leaving Scholarships (of which the highest value is £75 per annum) tenable at the Universities.

In the scope of a short article it is impossible to go exhaustively into the various possibilities open to competitors, but a great deal of useful information is supplied for the modest sum of 3d. by a handbook on Scholarships and Training of Teachers, published by the agents of the London County Council, Messrs. King and Son, of 4, Great Smith Street, Westminster. The Council scheme is based upon the assumption that candidates will adopt teaching as a profession, and that the income of the parents comes within a specified limit.

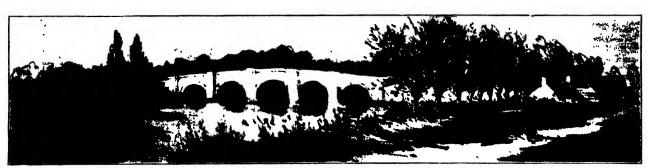
Much can be gleaned as to the respective prowess displayed by schools in training pupils for scholarships and certificates, by comparing the lists of recent successes to their credit. Leading schools, such as St. Paul's School for Girls, a typical up-to-date establishment where the real public-school spirit is developed, issue each year an illuminating pamphlet of this character, from which parents can form a very fair idea of results obtained. At this school foundation scholarships for senior girls are offered which, while stipulating for a knowledge of Latin and mathematics, in addition to the subjects ordinarily classed under the heading of "English,"

give competitors the option of making their own selection from among French, German, chemistry, botany, and physics, an arrangement which renders it possible for girls whose previous education has proceeded on a variety of lines, to enter. Junior candidates are, however, examined without option in certain specified subjects, in which algebra, French and Latin are included.

In a number of girls' schools the headmistress may, at her discretion, prolong the tenure of a scholarship, or even in certain cases dispense with an examination as a means of determining its award in the first instance. For school authorities are now awakening to the fact that the most deserving pupil is not invariably she who does the best work in examinations.

When a girl is really keen on achieving a university career in face of financial difficulties (and I am by no means convinced that such a career is to be advocated unless there is a real urge in that direction), she can usually be relied upon to discover on her own account the best means by which to attain her end. She will find, much to the relief of her parents, that at Newnham and Girton there are, in addition to scholarships, a number of small grants, generally amounting to {5 a term, which are awarded to students who need assistance in the purchase of books, the payment for which represents a very important item in university expenses. She will probably also benefit by various students' funds provided for the help of those of limited means, and by prizes in money intended to mitigate the expenses attendant on university life.

In this, as in most matters, it is the first step that counts. Place the feet of the girl on the scholarship road in the early stages of her school career, and she and her teachers will afterwards collaborate in the pursuance of the scholastic path. In this connection one success breeds anothers.



Drawn by J. Pike.

"What was Too-Pay"?

The Story of a Little Pitcher with Long Ears

By MARIAN F. RITTENHOUSE

Ir is sad that one should be so full of worries on Christmas Day as I am. I have found out that there is something lacking in me, and though I have been hunting for the spot ever since last evening, when I first learned about it, I have not found it yet. Oh, I am so worried! I haven't one speck of "Peace on Earth and Good Will towards Men." How can I have when I know that one of my senses is gone, but not which? I only know that it is gone, for I heard my mother tell my Aunt Jessie so last night when she thought I was asleep.

"The poor child is not to blame, for she has absolutely no sense of humour." Those were her very words. And she was talking about me. It is a dreadful thing to lose, I know, for she said it in the same pitying voice she would have used if she had said: "The poor child is not to blame, for she has absolutely no legs."

I worried about it all night. I am sure that I never slept at all, and this morning I said to father, "Is it pretty sad not to have a sense of humour, father?" And he said, "Yes, it is quite a misfortune. But why do you ask?"

I couldn't tell him why. I had the lump in my throat and the swelled-up feeling in my stomach which means that if I try to talk I will cry, and I am too old to cry. I am no longer young. I am nine years old.

Oh dear! I wish my mother had told me that some of me was gone when I was younger, and then I would have grown used to it by this time, and this Christmas Day would not be so spoiled for me. But, then, perhaps she didn't know of it herself until very lately. It seemed something very new and fresh to her when she said it last night, just after she told Aunt Jessie about my Christmas gift to Miss Patricia Dwight, who has been visiting us,

I wish everybody could see and know Miss Patricia Dwight. I try to love everyone, like the Bible says, of course, but I love Miss Patricia just a little extra and special. I think everyone would love her that way if she would let them. Even Mr. Curtis Sprague and Mr. Harold Loring, who belongs to Miss Marcia Norman. At least, he did belong to Miss Marcia, because the afternoon after he made his first call on Miss Patricia, I heard my mother say to her, "Remember, Pat, I'e belongs to Marcia Norman"

I wonder why Miss Patricia, who has such beautiful taste in frocks and hats, should have thought Mr. Loring prettier than Mr. Sprague, but she did. She

even thought Mr. Loring's hair was prettier, for she often said that she wanted a lock of it, and she never said that about Mr. Sprague's hair, which is so thick and black, while Mr. Loring's hair is long and dry and rustly, and sticks up very high in front, like a winter bouquet of dried grasses, or, no-more like a bunch of asparagus after it has grown up and gone to seed and died. It seemed cruel of her to say to Mr. Sprague that she would love to have a lock of Mr. Loring's hair, and never say once that she would like a lock of his hair. It must have hurt his feelings to have her prefer Mr. Loring's hair to his, right to his face. No wonder that he looked very grave, and never smiled a single smile when Miss Patricia talked about Mr. Loring, though Miss Patricia always laughed a good deal herself.

The day that Mr Sprague was at our house, and Miss Patricia told him how much she admired Mr. Loring's hair, I said, " I wish that I could get you a nice big bunch of it for a Christmas gift, Miss Patricia." Then Miss Patricia said that I was a darling girl, and she took me on her lap, though most people seem to think that I am too big for that, and told me a lovely story of a gallant knight who loved a beautiful lady who wanted an uncommon kind of a flower that grew on the tipmost peak of a very high, steep, dangerous mountain, and how the knight climbed the mountain. and hunted around in the snow and jagged rocks, until he found the uncommon flower, and then, with torn and bleeding hands, he staggered to the lady's feet and laid down the flower, on bended knee. It was a sweetly sad story, but she told it with her chin resting on the top of my head, and I could feel that she was looking at Mr. Sprague with a laugh in her eyes, even when she said, "Your wanting to give me my heart's desire reminds me of that gallant knight, dear " Mr. Sprague was looking almost stern

"I think," I said to her, "that I will go bravely to Mr. Loring and ask him to snip you off a bunch." Then she said—

"Gracious! No! Promise me that you will do nothing of the kind, Helen." And I promised.

And I meant to keep my promise, and I did; but all the day times I kept thinking about the knight and the flower and my own self and Mr. Loring's hair. All the night times I dreamed about climbing dreadful dangerous peaks, hunting for it, and in my dreams I'd find just whole bouquets of it; but when I'd get it pulled, it would turn

into flowers. It did seem a shame that I couldn't do as much for Miss Patricia as the gallant knight did for his lady—especially when I was so willing.

I had thought about it so much that yesterday afternoon I walked up to Mr. Loring's house, hardly knowing just why I went—for I never meant to ask him for a lock. I did think, though, that I might, maybe, find his combings. A gentleman with such long hair would probably have a hair receiver hanging up somewhere.

When I got to Mr. Loring's house I went round to the side door that goes into the little room that Mr. Loring calls his library. The door was half-open, and I peeped very politely in. Mr. Loring was lying fast asleep on the couch. It's queer. I am not a bit afraid of Mr. Loring when he's awake, but he looked so odd asleep. I stood there for a long time and looked at him hard. I looked the hardest at his hair I was so sorry that it wasn't flowers that Miss Patricia wanted. They'd be so much easier picked.

I thought of the knight who picked the extra fine flower for his lady, and then I looked round for scissors. I couldn't see any, but I remembered that I had seen a pair of pruning-shears on the bench by the walk, and I tippy-toed out after them, for my mind was made up, snug and tight. Then I slipped back and right up to the head of Mr. Loring, for I meant to prune off a wisp

I wasn't a bit frightened, but I heard the loudest hammering pounding noise that seemed to be right in the room near me. I wondered what it was, and wished that it would stop, for it was so loud that I couldn't see why it didn't wake Mr. Loring. Then, all at once, I knew that noise that sounded like someone beating on a big empty cask with a sledge-hammer was just the beating of my own heart. Wasn't that queer?

I softly picked out a nice long silky sprig, just above his forehead, and pinched it with the pruning-shears. It didn't prune off, kersnip, like a rose twig does. The blades of the shears just sort of slipped past each other with the wisp tight clinched between them, and just then Mr. Loring gave a wiggle, shut his mouth, and kind of flickered his ears. This made me jump back still holding on to the shears, and the shears still holding on to his hair; and then a dreadful thing happened. Mr. Loring's hair doesn't grow on tight, Most of it is loose from his head. It 'most all stuck to the shears.

It would not be polite nor kind to tell you just how Mr. Loring looked,

and besides, I don't like to think about it. He never woke up, and the very second that my legs would carry me I left the room and started for home, and I was almost there before I saw that I was carrying the shears sticking straight out in front of me, with Mr. Loring's wig still dangling from them. Then, I didn't know what else to do but keep on moving towards home. I slipped in the house, and up to my room without anyone seeing what I had

Well, I got the pruning-shears apart, and sat down and thought it over very softly. The wig didn't frighten me, now that I was safe at home, and, besides, I had got Miss Patricia what she wanted, and more. Mr. Old Gallant Knight didn't do as much as I had done. What I'd done was the same as if he'd brought his lady a whole patch of those uncommon flowers. I began to feel most worried about the shears. I am still worrying about them, when I can spare the time from worrying about having no sense of humour.

I got the scissors, and picked out a nice long silky sprout, and was just ready to snip it off, when I had a second thought. My mother is always telling me that I cut up things and tear up things and destroy things. She even tells me that I am a destructive child. I thought to myself, "Well, I'll not be a destructive child this time, I'll give this to Miss Patricia just as it is, and she can destruct it, or keep it in one piece, just as she fancies it most." I can't understand why anyone with as many pretty things as Miss Patricia should have set her heart on Mr. Loring's hair.

I found a lovely little box, with pictures of holly berries all over it, and I put Mr. Loring's hair in it, all sweetly wrapped in tissue-paper. Then the holly berries on the box made me think that, when I came through the hall, I saw a bunch of flowers and fastened to it. was one of Mr. Loring's engraved cards. and on it in pen-and-ink words was: " Miss Patricia Dwight-With the Compliments of the Season," in Mr. Loring's straggly writing. I went right down and got the card and fastened it on the box, for I was sure the card would make Miss Patricia know that it was Mr. Loring's hair for sure. Then I took the box downstairs, and put it with the other packages for Miss Patricia that were not to be opened until this morning, and then I took the bunch of flowers straight to Miss Patricia, who was sitting in the drawing-room with Mr. Sprague, and told her that Mr. Loring sent them to her. She was real pleased, but Mr. Sprague frowned crossly at those flowers. I wonder why? What had those flowers ever done to him? He got up and went away.

He was back again in the evening, though, and so was Mr. Loring, and Miss

Marcia Norman, and my Aunt Jessie, and a good many others. Because it was Christmas Eve, I was allowed to stay up. I didn't have such a very good time. I was so worried. There was Mr. Loring looking the same as always, and not all bald like I had seen him last in the afternoon. I just kept worrying whether he had two sets of hair, or if the one he had on was the one I had given Miss Patricia.

At last I slipped out and looked through the packages. The special, particular package was gone. For a minute I was very, very angry with Mr. Loring. For a minute I forgot that his own hair had ever belonged to him. I felt like going right in and asking him for it, and then I had another second thought. I went on upstairs to Miss Patricia's room. I knew if I did not find the box there that Mr. Loring was guilty. You know, we are told that we must be careful not to judge people.

Right on Miss Patricia's dressingtable was the wig, and Mr. Loring's card was lying right on it. I had misjudged him. He has two sets, at least, if not more. But I did not think much about the wrong I had done him in my thoughts, for I was worried. There was something very dreadful going on right beside the wig. It was a fire. Miss Patricia had left the little lamp that she uses to heat her curler thing going, and its blaze had reached up and was scorching the curtain that was hanging over the corner of the dressingtable mirror, and making the nastiest burnt-featheriest smell.

I started to run downstairs to tell them about it. Then I remembered our drills at school, that the first thing we must do is to remember to not get excited. I walked downstairs very slowly, thinking up what I would say as I went. I paced very slowly into the middle of the room, and said very politely—

"I have something to mention to you all, if you will please excuse me."

"Well, out with it," said my cousin Leslic, who takes no pride in his manners at all.

"It's not anything that can be outed with," I answered him; "and I wish you would please try and use more refineder language, Leslie."

Then, my mother gave me a very tight hard look.

"That will do, Heleu," she told me.

"But, mamma, I don't think it will do," I said.

And she said in a stony voice—
"Helen, leave the room."

I left right of; but I stuck my head back in the room and called out—

"Miss Patricia's room's on fire, and I don't care a rap." (I said the part about the fire right loud, and the part about the care to myself.)

You ought to have seen the way they

all went zipping up the stairs. Mr. Loring was first to reach Miss Patricia's room and Mr. Sprague next. And everyone else came along too.

It didn't take more than a speck of time before they put out Miss Patricia's curtain, but Mr. Loring, Mr. Sprague, and everyone else just gazed at Mr. Loring's hair that he wasn't wearing. Then they all sort of hustled each other out of the room and downstairs, not one of them saying a word about what they had seen on Miss Patricia's table, for all they had stared at it so and seemed so interested in it.

They acted very queer all the rest of the evening. Mr. Loring hovered round Miss Marcia Norman, like he was a little boy and she was his kind old mother, and Mr. Sprague never came near Miss Patricia, either. Everybody left early that had anywhere else to go, and the moment they were gone my mother drove me off to bed like I was a pickpocket, or something, and she, Miss Patricia, and Aunt Jessie, shut themselves up in my mother's room, and I was so worried that I slipped out of bed, and eavesdropped, and 1 heard my mother say to Miss Patricia, "It will serve you right if you lose Curtis for your everlasting nonsense with Loring! Why couldn't you leave the poor creature alone, Pat, when you knew very well that he was the only lover Marcia Norman ever had?"

Poor Miss Patricia had almost sobs in her voice when she answered. "It's just what I deserve for making game of poor Mr. Loring's too-pay." (What was it to pay, I wonder, and how much? Who was it paid to?) Then Miss Patricia said, "You're not to punish the poor child, remember, for she took my ill-bred joke in deadly earnest." "Poor child, indeed!" said my mother in a sniffish voice. "My fingers just tingle to whip her." Her saying this worried me so that I slipped back to bed, for I was afraid that she meant me. And that is why she thought I was asleep when she and Aunt Jessie came in afterwards and told the dreadful secret about a part of me being missing, which worries me dreadfully.

I don't feel the same towards Miss Patricia, and that worries me; for I love those I love to be the rightest persons on earth, and I am sure that what was to pay that Miss Patricia made game of was Mr. Loring's hair that I went through so much worry getting for her. Well, what if it wasn't stuck tight? I suppose that isn't wicked or naughty. I'd like to get right up out of bed this minute and go to Miss Patricia and say, "Well, what if it wasn't stuck tight to his head! Is that any harm?" I wonder what Miss Patricia could say to that?

(Concluded on page 604.)

Ice Cream in Cookery

Developing a New. Mode that is certain to be Popular

ICE cream, as every one who has travelled in Canada or the United States is well aware, is a commodity of practically universal consumption. It appears as a part of even a homely lunch or friendly four o'clock tea. This summer is witnessing the first real attempt to popularise it in this country. A great firm, having exceptional opportunities for distribution in connection with its two hundred or so of shops, and, further, of bakery deliveries to private customers, has shown keen enterprise in putting in the machinery that will produce ice cream in bulk.

Of course, essential conditions to creating a demand of this kind are reasonable price, and freezing so complete and penetrating that the block or "brick" will retain solidity for a reasonable time Both these have been achieved: the latter by a special hardening process which makes it safe for at least two hours in an ordinary room. But in a chest where ice was kept, or better still in a hay-box, the period could be considerably prolonged.

Where cheap ice cream would help the housekeeper is in the direction of adding to the resources of her sweet course at lunch or dinner. From the point of view of showing fine refrigerating machinery the firm which has laid it down invited a small party of Press representatives to see it, who were duly impressed with its efficiency. But from the housekeeper's standpoint, what was even more interesting was the array of dishes prepared by one of the first chefs in London, which were definitely improved by an accompaniment of ice cream.

Gooseberry or raspberry fool, for example, is quite within the range of the plain cook. But a spoonful of ice cream lifts it at once to the sphere of a "company" dish. A lemon or banana jelly assumes an unexpected attraction if eaten with ice cream. The fruit salad—probably the most fashionable and popular sweet that is now served—finds in it a truly delectable adjunct.

Then, there is that further and ultrafashionable range of "coupes." Roughly speaking, their ingredients are a nice preserve of fruits, a little broken sponge cake, some pleasantly flavoured syrup,

preserve of fruits, a little broken sponge cake, some pleasantly flavoured syrup, chocolat

You can make some very quaint and pretty aprona from circles of material.

and whipped cream or custard. These are arranged in deep glasses, rather larger than those for port or sherry—the old-fashioned glasses for punch or custard-cups serve excellently for the purpose—and they are quickly served with no waste. But a small block of ice cream is the perfect finish for each "coupe," which is, in fact, the modern version of the trifle of a past generation placed before each guest in this individual form.

For the "sundae"—which is a pleasant "soft drink" into which chocolate, coffee, syrup of various

flavours can enter—ice cream is an essential component. A tray full of these is a novelty for a lawn tennis or garden party, but at present they are not widely known in this country, though they are always popular when offered.

There is no doubt that cheap and easily obtainable ice cream would have considerable influence upon our cookery, as far as sweets are concerned. It may take a year or two, and possibly a very hot summer, to create a demand upon a great scale. as in the transatlantic cities, and there will meantime be commercial competition on the subject. But its general adoption may fairly be looked for by a generation that has witnessed the rapid development of the cult of chocolates, and all sorts of bonbons. Moreover, the coming cookery books may have to take cognisance of its possibilities, even to the supersession of some of the rather stodgy mixtures that we have been called upon to eat as puddings.

"What was Too-Pay"?

Concluded from page 603

I've thought out why Mr. Loring wears it. He wears it to patch that spot on his head where his hair has worn out. I'd like to say to Miss Patricia, "Please, is it any more harm to patch your head than it is your coat?"

Miss Patricia is cruel—the kind of cruel that stings and burns. The kind of cruel person who never thinks until after someone has been hurt, and it's too late for thinking to do any good. I shall never, never feel the same about her.

And besides—my mother says that I must stay in bed all day; and it is Christmas Day, and I should have Peace on Earth and Good Will towards Men, and I haven't got it.

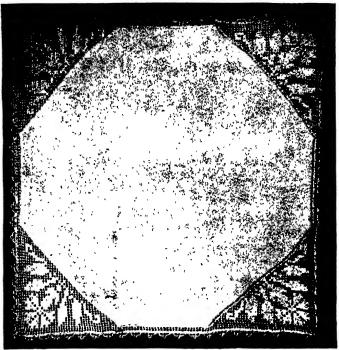
It worries me.

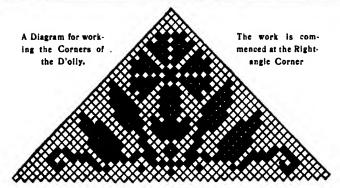
A Square D'oily

ARDERN'S Crochet Cotton No. 30 is suitable for the corners of this d'oily, which, with its filet crochet inlet at each corner, is very distinctive and pretty.

Commence the work at the right-angle corner of the triangle, and work from the diagram, bearing in mind that the white squares signify open mesh and the black squares solid mesh. Each open mesh is made by working 2 ch, 1 tr over 3 ch, and each solid mesh by working 3 tr over 3 ch.

When the end of the first tow is reached, instead of the usual space (or open mesh) make a double treble in end stitch. (A double treble is made as follows: Thread over twice, hook through work, over and draw thread through loop, continue drawing through





With Crocket Corners

loops as made.) This leaves the hook at the top of the last tr. Ch 4, turn, tr in next tr, and work back as usual.

Continue in this way, making a straight edge on the long side of the triangle by ending each row with d tr, and beginning return row with 4 ch.

In making a corner it is very important that the work should be square. If blocks or spaces are longer one way than the other, the triangle will not fit the corner of the cloth.

Insert the corners carefully, then work 2 rows of open mesh round the entire cloth. A simple edging is then crocheted all round. This may be a little filet edging, as here illustrated, or a very pretty and attractive finish to filet is a picot edge.

A Medley of Recipes

Lemon Fatte.

teacup milk, I oz. butter.

Bring to the boil, and add \(\frac{1}{2}\) cup dry flour. Beat hard until quite a smooth dough is acquired. Set aside to cool. When the mixture is cold add, one at a time, 2 well-beaten eggs, and beat well again. Put into little patty-pans, and bake in a quick oven for 20 min. They should be a pale gold colour. When well risen, break open a tiny hole in the centre and insert I teaspn. lemon curd and a little whipped cream.

Parisian Potatoes.

r lb. potatoes, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. onions, 2 oz. breadcrumbs, chopped parsley, pepper and salt to taste, $\frac{1}{2}$ pt. milk.

Peet and slice the potatoes and onions; set in a pan covered with the milk, and allow to steam until tender. Remove and drain. Turn into a shallow china dish and add 2 or 3 small pieces of butter. Cover with the breadcrumbs and chopped parsley, sprinkle with pepper and salt, and set in the oven to brown.

Vegetable Marrow Jam.

Peel the marrows and remove all seeds, also the soft parts of the middle; cut them in neat pieces about 1½ in. square and ½ in. in thickness. To every 12 lb. allow 11 lb. preserving sugar, 4 lemons, ½ lb. root ginger, and 6 chillies. Squeeze and strain the juice of the lemons an 1 pour over the marrows, which should be laid out on flat dishes; place the sugar on top, and leave for 24 hours. Bruise the ginger, add to the marrows with the chillies, and boil all to-

gether 2 hours. The chillies may be omitted if the jam is not liked very hot; if used, they are best tied in a bit of muslin, as they must be removed when the jam is done. The ginger is usually left in.

Chocolate Sauce.

† pt. milk, I tablespn. white sugar, I tablespn. flour, vanilla essence, I tablespn. cocoa. Heat the milk, mix the chocolate powder or cocoa together with the sugar and flour. Rub to a smooth paste with a little milk. Turn into the saucepan, and simmer gently until thick. Add a few drops of vanilla, and serve hot.

The combination of a cold junket and hot chocolate sauce is really delicious. If a whish of whipped cream be added the result is more than can be smagined, and should be tried to be appreciated.

Capital Holiday Clothes



In my Walks Abroad

An Obliging Pillowslip.

I suppose we all have our bites noires among our domestic duties. Mine happens to be the overlooking of the household linen on its return from the laundry. That is why I hail with a peculiar satisfaction the new pillowcases, so arranged with a deep flap that tucks beneath the underside, that neither tapes nor buttons are necessary. This gives the machinery no chance

either of tearing buttonholes or of wrenching strings in the way characteristic of most laundries, and saves the labour of rectifying the damage subsequently. The cases are hem-stitched, the hem measuring a couple of inches, and the price is 3s. 6d.

The Wooder

Don't be deluded, when you equip your stairs with wooden stair-rods, by the

notion that these will do you credit without some occasional attention on your part. While they demand nothing like the service required by their brazen brethren, they do want a little nourishment from time to time in the form of furniture cream, or they will certainly grow shabby far sooner than they need. Oak stair-rods are to-day cheaper than they have ever been. A provincial firm is vending them at 12s. 6d. a dozen, and will send samples on request.

For Little Boys and Girls



In my Walks Abroad

The Over Handle.

It is a great temptation to be unguarded in one's remarks when one burns one's fingers against the side of the kitchen stove, on grasping the handle of the oven-door. That is why it is such a convenience to have the door fitted with one of the loose hanging handles of twisted wire, which one draws away from the stove without any risk of coming into direct contact with

it Such little details do reduce the wear and tear on temper enormously.

If you have no Pictures.

Under the delusion that "one must have pictures on the wall," one not infrequently finds a room's effect ruined by mediocre works that would be far better banished. Before investing in works of art under such conditions, I would advise that the acquaintance be made of some really beautiful wall-paper panels reproduced from painted Chinese grass-cloth. These panels, which are printed in fine Oriental tints on backgrounds respectively of cream and of black, take the place of the framed picture, as we know it. They are, in fact, pictures of bird, tree and flower life in panel form. Their varied colouring permits of their being applied against a background of almost any tone.

Summer Blouses and a Sports Frock



Paper Patterns, price 7d. each, postage id. each extra by unsealed packet post, or 2d. by letter post.

THE MAGVAR SLIP-ON BLOUGE OPPOSITE SHOWN WITH SHORT SLEEVES

No. 9444.

Material required, 2 yards
40 inches wide.

AN EMBROIDERED JUMPER BLOUSE.

No. 9447.

Material required, 2½ yards
40 inches wide.

A PRETTY STYLE FOR CROSS-BAR MUSLIN No. 9448. Material required, 2 yards 36 inches wide.

A SHIRI BIOUSE TRIMMED WITH FILET LACE No 9449 Material required, 2 yarda 40 inches wide

A IUNPER BLOUSE WITH
LARGE ARMHOLES
No. 9450.
Material required, 11 yards of 36 inch
spotted, and 11 yards plain

For wearing at the seaside, the attractive sports dress on the right would make up delightfully in white wool jersey it would also make up admirably in a light weight sponge cloth. Fach of the garments illustrated are issued in sizes for 34 and 36 inches bust measurement.



A ROUND NECKED CAMISOLE
No 9451.
Material required, 1 yard
36 laches wide.

A JUMPER SIVIE SPORTS DRPSS WITH GATHERED SKIRT No. 9452, Material required, 5 yards 40 inches wide

No. 9451.



No. 9452.

More Blouses and the Latest Slip-on Dress

Address to the "Girl's Own" Fashion Editor, 4, Bouverie Street, Fleet Street, London, E.C. 4.

A SITE-ON SHIRE BLOUSE. No. 9440. Material required, 2½ yards 38 inches wide.

A TUCKED BLOUSE WITH PETAL-SHAPED TRIMMING PHICES. No. 9441.

Material required, 12 yards 40 inches wide.

A PANI C-FRONTED BLOUSE WITH INSERTION TRIMMINGS.

No. 9442.

Material required, 2 yards 40 inches wide.





No. 9445.

A MAGYAR SLIP-ON

No. 9444. Material required, 27 yards 40 inches wide.

No. 9444.

Whether your choice of material runs to tafleta, silk, foulard, crépe-de-chine, muslin, or voile, you will be able to find a pattern from the selection of blouses on these two pages that will just suit your necds

A SLII-ON DRISS WITH SIDE POCKETS.

No. 9445.

Material required, 3½ yards 36 inches wide.

A SHIRT BLOUST WITH A ROUND COLLAR No. 9448.

Material required, 2 yards 31 inches wide.



No. 9446.

The Big Outdoors

Look for the Beauty-Bits.

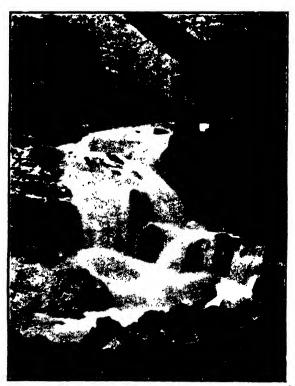
We seem to live in such a hurry that the day goes by with a rush. We rush through a book, a picture-gallery and a tea-party. We seem to get so much of one thing at a time that we can't appreciate it. We go into a garden and we rush up one path and down another, admiring this, that, and the other, after a cursory glance—so cursory, in fact, that we've hardly taken in a tenth part of its beauty.

If we hadn't so much that is lovely on every hand, shouldn't we admire the scraps with greater sincerity? We look into the flower-bed outside the window—it is ablaze with colour.

"Nice show, this summer," we say; and we leave it at that

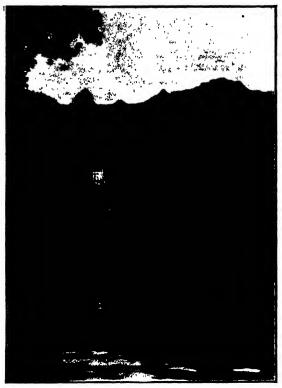
If we had one root of wallflowers, and it was beginning to bloom, we could find a glory of charm about it—if we really gave ourselves up to it. Have you sat down and really studied one flower? Not as a botanist, but as a beauty-finder

A reddish-brown wallflower, we'll say There are three blossoms full-blown, one nearly out and about a dozen buds, all on one stem. And we take one of the full-blown. It has four petals, and they are splashed with gold. One petal has the gold in little halo-streaks like the rays about a setting sun. The second petal is quite different. There is a bold double yellow streak and a couple of dashes, as if a fairly had wiped her paint-brush on the brown beside the gleaming bars. On the third petal there is a pictured yellow leaf with a faint reflection of itself opposite the fold of the velvet; and the fourth petal looks tired of bright dazzlement and clings to its deeper tones. The pale centre is a foil,



A WATERFALL AT TREFRIW,

A Competition Photo by A. M. Hall



MONIREUN, LAKE

A Competition Photo by Hilda Smith.

the scent, well, it is—wallflower! So much for the single flower

"Sweet card! Sorry I forgot dear Angela! Must send her a picture-postcard early in the New Year!" This is what we say, sometimes, and leave the Christmas card with a few dozen others scattered about the mantelshelf. Do you look into your cards, ever? Do you find ten minutes in which to enjoy that little country-scene which meant so much to the artist who painted it? There's a stretch of blue sea and cliffs and gulls. There's a cottage in the foreground, thatched and cosy. An old man leaning on a stick sits on a bench—a dear weather-beaten old man, with a deep-eyed dog beside him. A rose tree over a broken wall, and a few white doves hovering round a chimney. A flagged path and a mossy stone. And you can almost smell the peat-smoke curling over the thatch, can't you?

Yet you never noticed any of these things before to-day; and the card is six months old!

Galety !

The buttercups began it—they were laughing in the lane, The daisies heard the ripples and they echoed on the strain,

The clovers, in the meadowland, said, "Let us join the fun!"

And summer-flies kept dancing in the western-dipping sun.

I really can't remember why the roses tossed their heads And scattered pinky petals all about their grassy beds. I fancy it was something that a sprig of mignonette Had whispered in their hearing—that they couldn't quite forget. But, anyway I listened—and I loved them one and all,

Those blossoms in my garden where the twilightperfumes fall

There may be grander theatres and ball-rooms bravely drest,

But I-I look to Nature-for her gasety is-rest

Holiday I

You've taken a book to the river, and rest Where mosses and ferns are coolly drest, Where winds come singing a hush-sweet lay And drive the cares of the world away

The birds tell twittering tales, the bees Buzz drowsily by through the shadowing trees I he dog you love lies there at your feet—Your hour of refreshment is—just complete

(Yet humans ask in an anxious tone "Did you find your holiday dull—alone?")

Go Away !

When you re longing for a change go away But you say you can t You re tied to the house Still I say go away Get an odd quarter of an hour shut yourself off from everyone and take a book of travel

Have a run to America and icad of the doings in big cities. Skip off to Japan or (hina or Australia it won't take long and what a rest of mind it is

Rush off to Egypt and the pyramids and try to vision Cheops—or the hundred thousand men we are told toiled at it that Great Pyramid the largest of those wonders. Wander in India that land of mystery. Or take a trip to Palestine—it

is full of familiar names which speak of the Old Book
"Tired of foreign places! do you say? Then go
to some country place nearer home. Visit the Cornish
churches and the wishing wells and the wild cliffs.
Roam about on Dartmoor and chance meeting the



THE TASS OF KILLIECRANKIE, PERTHSHIRE

A Competition I hot by William I Fairueither

pixies Find the Lake Country with its wealth of grand yet tranquil loveliness. Or find yourself in picturesque Wales

Don't stay at home when you feel that stale depression come over you. If you can't make a

big change in your life, take a ten minutes' off duty "and go away on a book-traveller's feast of varied scenes

A book journey of this description will give you a new outlook on life You will feel your-self expanding and broadening under its influence. It is almost impossible to overestimate the recreative value of good books of travel, especially those that are well-illustrated with modern pictures And there are such delightful books, well-written and well-illustrated, obtainable in the present day, that everyone should be able to take a book journey



A Competition Photo by Leslie M. Chrimes.

The New Corset-Brassière

THE new Corset-Brassicre is a boon to the woman who finds herself getting over-stout. and her corset, as well as being uncomfortable, pressing the stoutness into un lesirable places. The very latest modes demand a strught upand-down figure which seems capable of bending in every position, and nothing can achieve this effect bet er than the very slightly boned Corset Brissiere, a pattern of which we supply in sizes for 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measurement

The shape is designed to give all necessary support to the body, while it gives the lithe, youthful, uncorseted appearance to the figure demanded by Fashion.

One yard of fine linen or stout nainsook will be necessary, with two sets of hose suspenders of the detachable kind, a ball of fine crochet thread with a No 6 steel crochethook, a cuple of white pearl buttons, and a piece of narrow tape Featherweight bining is used for the boning, which is removable for washing purposes.

The Illustration shows the Back View of the Brassière and the Two-button closing.

The upper and lower sections of the Brassiere are made up in the single material, but the belt is lined. Cut four of the belt section, and

two each of the other sections. Gather the lower edge of the upper front to fit the pointed edge of the licit, turn inwards a narrow seim on both edges of the belt and its lining, insert the gathered edge between them and tack in place. Insert the lower front piece between the lower edges of the belt and tack in place. Join the two portions of both back parts by a flat seam, with the e ige of the lower part overlapping on the upper on the wrong side 1 inch. Stitch all the seams along the edges. Join the two front sections with a single seam on the right side. Join the underarm seam in the same was Press out the c seams flat and make the caving for the boning

from the d c, 2 ch 1 tr into same place twice more, 5 ch 1 d c into the edge same distance from the tr*, repeat round the top and on both

sides of the shoulder-straps.

2nd Row.—* I dc on the centre of the 5 ch, 5 ch, I dc into next 2 ch sp, 7 ch I dc into same space, 7 ch I dc into next space twice, 5 ch I dc over next 5 ch, 5 ch I dc over next 5 ch, 7 ch I dc over next 5 ch I dc over n

Insert the narrow tape through the top casing, bringit out on the centre front where it is drawn up and tied to fit the figure.

Now insert the boning and attach the hose supporters, then this useful garment will be completed.

Pattern No. 9458 is issued in siz s for 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measurement, price 7d., postage ½d. extra by unscaled packet post, or 2d. by letter post.

UPPER FRONT

LOWER FRONT

LOWER SACA

There are Six Pleces in the Pattern, but the Shoulder-strap is not shown on the Diagram.

Diagram showing the Shape of various Sections that go to make up the Brasslère, Pattern No. 9458.

612

of strips of the material anch wide. Turn in both edges and tack over the open seam, then machine along the edge. Put a similar casing on the back 31 inches from the edge. Work a buttonhole on the centre of each casing for the insertion of the boning. Turn in the lower edge all round the brassière with a 1-inch hem and machine stitch. Case the back edges with a strip I inch wide, and add a doubled flap on the right side for the buttonholes. Now case the top with a narrow casing, stitching along both edges. Turn in the edges of the shoulderstraps with a narrow hem and stitch. Join to the top edges with notches corresponding in a flat scam.

Work the buttonholes in the back flap and sew on the buttons on the other side.

The Crochet Edging.

Insert the crochethook through the top of the upper cdge, taking up about $\frac{1}{16}$ inch of the material and make a d c with the crochet cotton, * 5 ch, I trinto the edge $\frac{1}{2}$ inch

An Outdoor Frock for the Girl in her Teens



This would make up in White Organdie for the very hot weather.

For best outdoor wear in the very hot weather, what is more delightful for a girl on the verge of womanhood than the all-white frock?

Made in white organdie, crêpe-de-chine, georgette, muslin, or voile, this simply-constructed little model is quite suitable for a girl to try making for herself even if she has not previously had much experience in dressmaking.

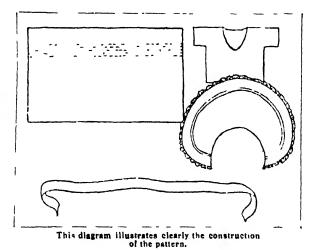
As will be seen from the diagram, the skirt is cut in a straight piece, the short-sleeved blouse has the sleeves cut in one with the body, and the deep fichu is in a circular shape that drapes gracefully round the shoulders. A circular-shaped frill for the sleeve is also included in the pattern

(though not shown on the diagram) for those who prefer a sleeve that comes below the elbow.

The five quarter inch tucks placed round the hips tend to give the skirt the fashionable hooped appearance, a style very becoming to a slim girlish figure, and much in keeping with the quaint old-world touch of the fichutrimmed bodice.

All trimmings are made of self material; the waist is finished with a wide sash terminating in a big bow at the back; the fichu has a bias fold applied three inches from the lower edge to give the appearance of a tuck, and a pleated frill at the edge; and the rose that ornaments the front has also been fashioned of the dress material.

The dress pattern No. 9457 is issued in sizes for 16 and 18 years, corresponding to 32 and 34 inches bust measurement, and either size requires 4 yards of 40 inch material. Pattern, price 7d., postage ½d. extra by unscaled packet post, or 2d. by letter post. Address to the "Gnl's Own" Fashion Editor, 4, Bouverie Street, Fleet Street, London, E.C. 4.



Handy Mousehold Items

The Child's

Provided your sitting-room be situated sufficiently far away from your nursery, you may bring untold joy to the heart of your child by bestowing upon him one of the new musical chairs of enamelled cane that play a tune as soon as they are sat upon. The musical box that is fitted into the seat ceases its performance as soon as the sitter rises, but I dare venture to prophesy that that chair would soldom be vacant. The price of this magic bit of furniture is 50s.

Another chair for a favourite nephew or niece is made of red lacquer, and is in the form of a small arm-chair. It is a chair that one would grow out of only in the physical sense, for its beauty is such that one would certainly treasure it all the days of one's life. Its sole drawback is that its price is such that one only dare mention it in a discreet whisper. If in spite of this warning you care to

make further investigation, its price and the name of its designer will be made known to you on application.

A Lid that is a Strainer.

A saucepan cover so constructed that it prevents the contents of the pan from boiling over, and at the same time serves as a strainer when the saucepan is inverted, saves labour in a twofold manner. Firstly it obviates the necessity for repolishing a stove on to which liquid has been spilt, and secondly it does away with the need for a separate colander. These "Saucepan Sense" covers are made in aluminium in three sizes, to fit respectively pans measuring six, seven, and nine inches in diameter, and cost 25 3d apiece They are made with a slotted regulator, which can be opened or closed according to requirements, and with a handle which is connected at the extremity with that of the pan When opened, the steam is

chabled to escape freely through the slots, and when similarly adjusted, the entire vessel may be turned upside down over a sink so that the liquid runs through the perforations of the lid. In this way cooked vegetables are kept hotter than when turned into a colander to drain

For Baby's Spilt Milk.

Even in the best regulated families there is apt to be tribulation of spirit when Master Baby insists on overturning his milk at meal-times. If, however, you buy for his chair one of the semicircular trays that have an upcurved rim and a sunken gutter to collect the liquid which he may see fit to upset, there will be no splashing of your carpet or undue strain on your fortitude. These trays cost 75 3d when japanned in plain art colours, and an extra 3s when decorated with nursery subjects.

(Concluded on next page.)

Two Very Simple Camisole Tops

THE vokes shown on this page may be adapted to suit any measurement, according to the size cotton used, always remembering that the finer the thread the smaller the yoke. Peri-Lusta "Crochet" Cotton No. 40 is a good medium size.

The Upper Yoke.

The camisole yoke at the top is a strip of filet 17 sp wide (ch 57), and as long as desired; shoulderstraps 4 sp wide.

Beading.

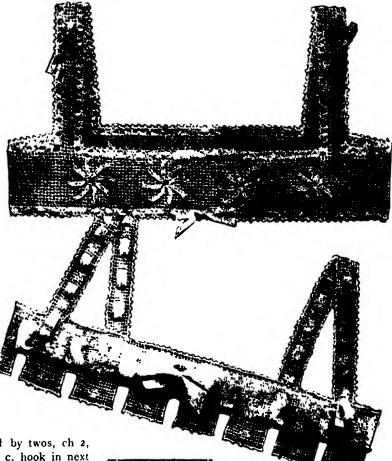
3 d c in each sp round neck, join, th 8, thread over. insert hook in 6th ch st from hook, over. draw through, over, skip 2 d c, insert hook in next d c, over,

draw through, take off by twos, ch 2, * over twice, skip 2 d c, hook in next d c, over, draw through, over, through 2, over, skip 2 d c, hook in next d c, over, draw through, take off by twos, ch 2, tr in centre to make +, ch 2; repeat from *; at corners skip q.

The Daisy.

The daisies are made separately and sewn to position, four for the front and three for the back.

over ch, sl st in d c of ring, sl st in next



d c, turn; repeat from * 7 times.

Finish the edges by filling the spaces with d c, adding a picot now and then.

The Lower Yoke.

The diagram for working the lower yoke is shown below. Repeat the pattern as many times as desired for length.

To make the beading over shoulders, join the thread at any desired point on upper edge of front and work a strip 8 sp wide, as shown in the small diagram. When the required length has been made, join to top of back strip. The spaces on the edge are filled with d c and picots.

Other Designs could be Used.

These yokes can be adapted to many other designs. For

instance, small roses (for which we have given directions in several of our Crochet books) could be applied instead of the daisies, or any other small blossom. In the same way any small conventional design could be used for the lower yoke, if the squares numbered about the same. Filet yokes of this kind easily lend themselves to various designs.

Ch 5, join, 16 d c in ring, join, * ch 13, turn, 1 d c, 1 h tr, 16 tr, 1 h tr, 1 d c

Handy Household Items

The Diagram for the Lower Yoke.

The

Diagram

Shoulder

Strap

on the Lower

A Handy

I suppose we all go through times when our crockery seems bewitched and handles fly from cups as if inspired by some evil spirit. Though such denuded articles can never again recapture their pristine charms, they may yet enjoy a further period of usefulness if you equip them with one of the new little handles of neatly turned metal, that clip firmly on to the cup edge and make it once more capable of performing its office. The cost of these handles is but 2d., just a 1d. less than that of the useful little

blindholder of elastic and coiled wire which I discovered at the same shop. This contrivance keeps a muslin curtain free from that ugly sagging dip that comes about when tapes are employed, and automatically adjusts itself to the width of the window.

When Polishing the Windows.

The days when the window-cleaner calls usually leave me in rather a disgruntled mood, for they are apt to be the occasion for a good deal of splashing to linoleum and paint. I am contemplating giving up his services altogether, and relying instead on the windowcleaning powder that does away with the use of water entirely. This powder, which is supplied in perforated tins so that one has but to sprinkle a little on to a cloth or duster, is much used for the windows of motor-cars, for it has been found that it renders them so chemically clean that rain does not bead upon the glass, the polish it gives proving extraordinarily lasting. powder costs 6d. a tin at the principal stores, or will be sent post-free by the manufacturers for 8d.

The Result of the Competition Open Only to Readers Outside the British Isles

"Interesting Customs in Our District"

A large number of excellent letters were submitted, some of which we hope to publish in forthcoming issues of this magazine. Unfortunately, a number were disqualified because the writers omitted to enclose the necessary coupon, or in other ways did not conform to the rules. The following are the names of the readers whose letters won prizes, or were singled out by the adjudicators for special commendation.

First Prize: Three Guineas - - WINIFRED H. STAPLETON and LENA WILKINS, The Halfway P.O., Manitoba.

Second Prize: Two Guineas - - Mrs. Harding, Via Cavour, Pesaro, Italy.

Third Prize: One Guinea - - - Margaret Harvie, McIsetter, S. Rhodesia.

Fourth Prize: Half-a-Guinea - - Mary Lea, Trutch Street, Victoria, B.C.

Fifth Prize: Half-a-Guinea - - Mrs. Holes, Makataki, Masterton, N.Z.

Sixth Prize: Five Shillings - - - ALICE C. J. HORNE, Kurate Gun, Fukuoka, Ken, Japan.

Seventh Prize: Five Shillings - - A. M. Bumpus, Nairobi, Kenya Colony.

Eighth Prize: Five Shillings - - Mrs. A. I. IRVINE, Lima, Buenos Aires, Argentina.

Ninth Prize: Five Shillings - - GRACE A. GLYDE, Nicholson Street, Burwood, N.S.W.

Tenth Prize: Five Shillings - - ALFREDA KIRK, Macheke, S. Rhodesia. Eleventh Prize: Five Shillings - - Mrs. S. G. Mendis, Matara, Ceylon.

Twelfth Prize: Five Shillings - - Mrs. Robert Dubois, Place Louise, Pâturages, Belgium.

Thirteenth Prize: Five Shillings - Judy Sampson, Kuala Lumpur, Federated Malay States.

The following were Highly Commended:

Mani Ratnagar, Kalyan, India. Helène Valladon, Bordeaux. BETTY McMurtrie, Rotterdam. Mrs. Noble, Badulla, Ceylon. JESSIE WELLS, Port of Spain, Trinidad, B.W.I. OLIVE T. OUGHTON, Ulverstone, Tasmania. G. THORPE, Geneva, Switzerland. FREDERICK BEALE, Congo Portugués, W.C. Africa. GRACE M. JACKSON, Chekiang, China. C. M. PENNYCUICK, Rockhampton, Queensland, Australia. Mrs. DE VILLIERS, Winburg, Orange Free State. HENRIETTE ALLAIS, à Saint André de l'Eure, France. JEAN MASTERS, Longford, Tasmania. BEATRICE JAMES, Scrampore, Bengal. Mrs. Haldane, Mazagan, Morocco. Mrs. Horne, Thika Kenya Colony, Africa. I. Dixon, Melbourne, Victoria, Australia. Mrs Reardon, Chin Hills, Burma. J. NUNDY, Deccan, India. M D. Lunn, Calca, Peru. IRENE CREAD, Port Pirie, S. Australia. Mrs. Page, Fort Jameson, Northern Rhodesia GOOL RATNAGAR, Kalyan, India. Mrs. Smirh, West Footscray, Victoria, Australia. M. E. RIDLEY, Province d'Oran, Algeria. Mrs. Suffill, Forum via Jos, N. Nigeria. CONSY JAYEWARDENE, Madampe, Ceylon. VERE FORRESTER, Maritzburg, Natal. MARIE DE DALLANDT, Bruges, Belgium. MILLY VINEY, Andaman Islands, India. Tui Duddy, Hokianga, N.Z. Mrs. BLYTH, Edendale, Auckland. Mrs. HARRIS, Sherman, California. Mrs. Richards, Cando, Saskatchewan. Mrs. Willis, Cantuar, Saskatchewan. Mrs. STEPHENSON, Brisbane, Queensland.

Mrs. Pratt, Ravenscrag, Saskatchewan.
EMILY G. Bragg, Phippen, Saskatchewan.
B. Bisset, Irnvani, Cape Colony.
Mrs. Dickinson, Busby, Alberta.
Mary Hill, Manchester, Connecticut.
Marjorie Woods (aged 11), Lansing, Michigan.
J. Margaret Cooke, Oakey, Australia.
Edith Lafond Marie, Mauritius.

The following received Honourable Mention:

Mrs. J. BORLAND, Southland, N.Z. GRACE VAN DORT, Colombo, Ceylon. L. CLUTTON, Congues-sur-Orbiel, France. KATE HOLME, Whangarei, N.Z. Annie H. Pearson, Dunedin, N.Z. Mrs. J. Reid, Jun., Brunswick, N.Z. MARION MELDRUM, Macrewhenua, N.Z. MURIEL MASTERS, Longford, Tasmania. Mrs. Swan, Wanacknabcal, Victoria. V. E. Hobbs, Erskineville, Australia. A. E. Edwards, Bombala, N.S.W. ISABEL ALDERSEY, Mclrose, Australia. I.II.LIAN SHAKESPEARE, Maylands, West Australia LILLIAN DOBSON, Caulfield, Australia. SYLVIA LEET, Caulfield, Australia. Mrs. JENNINGS, Mowshesa, India. NELLIE RYDER, Tahlequah, Oklahoma, U.S.A. CLARISSE Souza, Kundian, India. MARJORIE SHINGLER, Cambridge, South Africa. L. BEESLEY, Shanghai, China. N. FRAPPIER, Sea Point, Cape Town. Mrs. Gaze, Walmer, Cape Province. Mrs. Robins, Vryheid, Natal. Mrs. WATERSON, Anderson, Indiana. MATILDA E. DAY, Sydney, N.S.W. NORA THOMPSON, Sussex, N.B., Canada. L. E. SMITH, Bremner, Alberta.

A Page of Popular Underwear Patterns







AND when Jim Maxwell dropped pretty Emily Bartlett as casually as he had taken her up, some rudely truthful, and it may be jealous, soul remarked-

"Well-Jim Maxwell is free again. He's managed

to make love to just about every eligible girl in the town, except, of course, Stella Wardon. I suppose he'd never think of noticing Stella. And if he did, she'd quickly send him about his business.'

Whether Jim Maxwell heard this by word of mouth or telepathy does not matter. He heard and he laughed- a slow, amused, wondering laugh that ended all at once in an impish, baffing chuckle. Two days later when Stella Wardon's smart little motor flashed round a cluster of big trees on the little used road she so loved, she almost ran him down. He raised his hat and smiled And that, apparently, was the beginning of the town's new sensation.

In six weeks the gossips were so busy that even Stella Wardon's employer took notice, and with the freedom of one who was friend as well as chief, he said-

"What's this I hear about Jim Maxwell, Miss Wardon? What does that romantic butterfly mean by worrying you?"

"I wonder-" Stella smiled and speculated.

"Does he think he'll amuse himself with you, now that he's tired of all the others?"

"I should think it extremely likely."

Stella's reply was most legal and cautious, and her eyes were utterly

Playing

KATMARINE REYNOLDS

sober. But her employer, who knew her very well indeed, looked at her sharply for a second, then turned away to hide a foolish smile. The girl who was his private secretary because she could so ably and so silently manage and safeguard his legal and business affairs, could, it seemed. as ably and silently manage her own. Questioning Stella Wardon was a profitless business. Even those who knew her best gave up and watched her with amazement. She was playing at love as confidently as she had played at other things. But only Jim Maxwell could possibly know how well she played.

"Stella-you're a very pretty girl to-day.

He made this remark lazily, and by way of an experiment the day they were sitting under the cluster of fine old trees on the little used road ·Stella so loved. It was a careless, worthless, time-tattered remark. But it brought Stella to her feet.

" What--did--you-- say, Jim Maxwell?" she asked, calmly and slowly.

Her frozen stare disconcerted the experimenting young man. flushed a little under those merciless. blankly-staring girl eyes. And the next moment he was making a laughing, lazy correction.

'Miss Wardon, you're a beautiful woman!"

" That's better."

eyes smiled and she sat down again. But the lazily smiling man beside her caught the far-off echo of old bitterness in that voice and the wistful shadows of past pain in those eyes. And so, knowing girls as

he did, he wondered

Presently the voice of the girl beside him was saying softly but with an unmistakable grimness-

"I am a strong and a beautiful woman. Don't ever forget it. One more insulting remark about prettiness and I'll call out the town's full police force and engage my shrewd and successful employer as counsel."

For weeks they kept up this teasing, trifling banter Jim never could remember just when and how the banter vanished and the quiet companionship began He membered that she turned his first box of chocolates over and over with a strange thoughtfulness.

"This," she said slowly and somehow very gently, "would have pleased me tremendously-at sixteen. But now---I am twenty-eight, and self-supporting. And I never eat between meals."

He tried books. He knew she read them, loved them, had a whole big room full of them. His first offerings were fortunate. Then he brought her the novel everybody was reading. When next he came and saw it lying on a chair in her sitting-room he mentioned it and waited curiously for her answer.

She prodded the bulky thing with a disgusted and insulting finger.

"The man who wrote that," she said, in the curt, blunt fashion of Stella's voice laughed and Stella's her employer, "is either a blind fool

Playing with Love

or a vicious rascal. Out of a whole world of average, normal, decent people he picks out one dwarfed and misshapen creature and raves about it and its unique misfortunes. He paints in every unpleasant detail, exaggerates it. Then he has the audacity to hold that book up and sell it to us for our good, clean, hard-earned shillings as 'a great study of human nature and real life." lim Maxwell "-the fearless, frank way Stella Wardon's eyes met a man's eyes, and the clear, ringing way she uttered a man's full name. were characteristics no other girl in the town could even imitate-" if human nature and life were honestly like that, all decent men and women would have disappeared long ago. It's a poor way of teaching the world beauty and truth, faith in God and man Let's see how the thing will burn.

She laid the lurid novel on the fire, and watched the covers curl in the clean flame. Jim Maxwell watched her. She was a hard girl to please, but there was nothing hard about her. In the fire's cheerful glow her eyes were warm and friendly. So he tried again, and asked her to go motoring.

She started to shake her head, then laughed softly and oddly. Then the laugh faded out and she stared with a

SEPTEMBER CALM.

A Competition Photo by B. K. Balls

sudden startled intensity into the fire. He wondered if she changed colour or if it was just the rosy glow from the flame that deepened in her cheek.

"I manage to have quite a good time in my little motor. But I'll tell you what you can do for me. Some cool, sweet June night bring round your big car and drive very slowly by way of the most treeshaded roads, down past the o.d school. And when you get just in front of the path that leads to the main entrance, open the car door softly and then bang it shut twice—and hard."

She never once turned her eyes from the fire as she made this strange request, so he could not see what was in them. But when the sort of a June night that she wanted came, he did exactly what she asked, and having slammed the door twice and hard, waited for further orders.

"Oh," said Stella in a quivery sort of voice, "I don't care where you go or what you do now. I've had my wish."

That quivery voice made him suspicious. But he wasn't sure until he got out of the tree-shaded roads into the open country. Then he said a little sharply—

"Stella, are you crying or laughing?"
"A little of both, I'm afraid," she

told lum. "I can't help it. It's for a little girl that's gone. You wouldn't understand or believe if I told you."

"Can't I do something else?"

"No. You've done beautifully. Most men would have thought it a joke, too silly to do. Thank you."

After that they just drifted along, still laughing lightly, still trifling much of the time until the evening, when she let him take her to a concert, and bore with smiling good-humour the stares and good-natured whispers of her acquaintances as they watched her drive by. For Stella Wardon in Jim Maxwell's car was something the place could not get used to. Jim drove right through the main road, and a good many people stopped to look and speculate about the matter and so delayed traffic. A number of other people

driving cars did the same, and for a few minutes there was a ridiculous tangle in the High Street, so that the town's one imposing car, containing the town's most fascinating young man and the town's best loved and most highly respected young woman, was forced to wait for the tangle to dissolve itself.

It was while they were waiting to move that Stella heard the whispers and, from some car directly behind, the perfectly audible answer to a very evident question.

"Oh, Stella Wardon deserves him, but he doesn't deserve her."

Stella, who had been unusually cheerful and friendly, grew thoughttul and quiet. Jim's eyes, doing their best to hide an amused twinkle, just grazed hers in teasing hopefulness, but instantly deepened to something else.

"Stella, dear," he begged, when the car had moved on some distance, "don't stay in the High Street all night trying to reconcile those two statements. You're here in the car with me going to a concert."

And he opened the car door softly and then banged it twice, and hard. That always made her smile. She smiled now, a non-committal smile.

Jim seemed to enjoy the concert. It was only when they were back in Stella's restful sitting-room that he, too, grew thoughtful and even a bit visibly nervous.

"Stella," he said suddenly, ' l know exactly what you are planning to do."

"I wonder-" smiled Stella.

"Yes. After what's happened tonight you have decided to drop me You think it's time to end the game. You are even fancying that you are going back to your legal business life and forget in a week or so the days we have spent together."

"Yes," she admitted it; "I'm going to drop you, Jim. The game is over."

"You think you owe it to your dignity and self-respect, I suppose."

"Yes—perhaps. But I owe it to you and myself to be honest."

"I wonder"—he was weighing his words carefully as he studied her eyes—"I wonder if you will be honest, as honest as I mean to be. You may be right. It may be time to stop playing. But, Stella—the game isn't over. You know my reputation. I'm supposed to be the one who always tires first. I'm not tired yet."

" I'm afraid, Jim-I am. Life is



'I AM A STRONG AND A BEAUTIFUL WOMAN.
DON I EVER FORGET IT"

Drawn by Elizabeth Earnshaw.

too big and real to waste in silly games '

"Then, Stella, let's stop playing make-believe Let's play the real thing Marry me"

She looked at him curiously

"Jim, did you honestly think that I was planning to marry you?"

"Why, yes I was hoping that in spite of my reputation you might be tempted"

"But — honestly, Jim — would there be any sense, the least bit of reason, in my marrying you?"

"Yes. You would be safe with me, a good deal safer than with the sort of a man you think is more worthy of your love than I am." " Why?"

"It is the exceedingly worthy men," he explained with his tantalising smile, "who so often break the hearts and dim the lives of women like you. Some of them are so busy being worthy that they have time for nothing else. They serve only themselves."

"You are hopeless"

"Not utterly hopeless I have had the good sense to love you And the great courage to ask you That's something There are some nice men in the place, Stella, who are madly in love with you But they haven't the nerve to do what I've just done Their very worthiness hampers them " She did not know that his smile was so tantalising, and his voice so aggravatingly deliberate and cool because he was hoping thereby to goad her into further speech and so prolong the interview. Stella had a rather cold-blooded and unexpected way of closing a conversation, often brutally ending pleasant and promising situations.

She studied him now with strange eyes. Then a weary little smile answered the tantalising one in his eyes.

"Jim, you say you are trying to be honest If that is true then tell me this were you planning to marry me when you so suddenly

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discovered me on the horizon a year ago?"

His lips told her the truth, but his penitent eyes begged her forgiveness and his voice comforted the hurt to her pride.

"No, Stella. A year ago I was a fool. I didn't want to marry you or anyone else. I didn't believe in love or marriage - the sort of thing I saw so much of."

"And yet you couldn't resist the temptation to play at love, to trifle---'

" I wasn't trifling with love, Stella. I was looking for it. Surely you won't deny me a man's right to seek love and happiness, the one woman who is mine. Love is a search, Stella, not a compromise.'

" Is it?" she wondered idly

"Suppose I had compromised, married one of those others and missed you, Stella?"

"But I think you did miss me, Jim I once travelled the same road with you but you didn't see me. It would have been so easy to have pleased me then. Now? I have spent long, dogged, pleasure-starved years educating myself into a sensible independent woman. My need of love has passed. Once a very ordinary love would have been great enough to glorify my world. Now I ask too much "

"More than I can give, Stella?" he asked quietly.

Stella's eyes were turned away and she refused to answer. So he looked at her and wondered how many years he had loved her without knowing it; for it seemed to him now that he had loved her always.

And yet she was refusing him.

"Stella, if you thought so little of me, so meanly of me, why did you play with me for a whole year? Why didn't you drop me sooner?"

There was still in his eyes that aggravating little smile, but into his voice had crept a note of pain and hurt pride. Stella heard it, but she felt no regret.

"Did you think, Jim, you were the only one who dares to trifle-



A Competition Photo by William Watling.

who knows how to play that sort of game?

It was his turn to stare. And he did, thoughtfully and so steadily that Stella grew the least little bit uncomfortable and again glanced

"I know that game well enough," he admitted coolly, "to know that you were not trifling, those months that you played with me. You're not the kind that can, Stella," he added gently, and with an intimate caressing tenderness that she fought off with a frown and a flush of annoy-

"What, then, would you say was my reason for playing with you?" She asked it carelessly, and kept her cool eyes raised to his.

But he was not deceived hesitated a bit, then, catching that cool taunting little smile, accepted the challenge.

"Do you honestly want the plain truth, Stella? Can you stand it?" " Why- ves."

"All right, then. It's this. You played with me because you cared, because you were happy with me, because you love me more than you guess or will ever admit."

The words caught her with her eves still on his. And before she could turn them away they had betrayed

The smile faded from her eyes, the blood from her cheeks and lips. But she, too, told the truth, even as he had told it.

"Well"—there was the dragging ache of a lost girlhood in that voice-"what of it, Jim? It is true. I do love you. I have loved you since

I was twelve. But I'm not going to marry you. And what are you going to do about it ? '

Her eyes watched him mercilessly for the least hint of mockery. If he dared! But he was looking at her in a way that somehow shamed her for her anger. her suspicions.

" Stella "-the tenderness of her name on his lips tortured her-"why, then, won't

you marry me, since I love you and want you?"

"Why? You wonder why?" She laughed in the same quivery way she had the June night he took her motoring. "Perhaps, Jim, it's a foolish whim, a conceited notion--but, somehow. I feel that I deserve more from life than the love-worn heart of a trifler."

He flushed hotly under her gentle scorn; then lit a cigarette and perched himself on the nearest armchair.

"Stella"-he spoke quietly as if to steady her-" are you quite sure I'm only that? And is that your only reason-just that foolish needless jealousy?" His eyes studied her with a teasing chiding tenderness, then his voice sank to the low note of love itself, and pleaded, "Stella, dear, you wouldn't deny me love for so little, so foolish a reason?"

The smiling stubbornness that had carried her through the hard years rose to her eyes, but she answered patiently-

" Jim, I know, of course, what you mean. But I don't think it's that. It's something you wouldn't understand. You've never worked as hard, tried as terribly, as I have. All my life I have been trying to reach something beautiful, high. Now-well-I just refuse to stoop to anything—for anything—even love. Love to me has always meant life's best dream. I want that or nothing. You see, Jim, I'm no longer just a typist or even just a private secretary. I'm Stella Wardon, who has succeeded and got my

own pretty little home and all that goes with it. I earned all that myself, dreamed and fought my way up to it. Now—I no longer need get the cheapest—in any way. I have earned and I want a love that will carry me to the stars. I want that or nothing."

He knew, then, that he would have to fight for the love that was his. fight that hardest of all enemies, a strong woman's will. But she loved him! And he knew that even she could be won as most women have been since the world began. But she was so amazingly courageous and truthful; this strange stubborn girl was using none of the tricks and insincerities of the less worthy of her sex. And, somehow, he wanted to win her just as honestly. To win her against her will would be a victory that later she might resent with bitterness and shame. But to win that stubborn heart's confidence. and make it yield its wealth of love gladly, that would be a memory worth cherishing throughout life's

So he laid aside all the tormentingly winning tricks of the gay trifler, the accomplished art of a successful lover, and tried, instead, Stella's simple way of meeting truth with truth.

"Stella, did it ever occur to you that there are plenty of us men in the world who, like you, refuse to accept anything but the best love that life has to offer?"

"Then why don't you wait for your dreams to come true—wait as we women must wait? Why can't you be true to your ideal as we must be true? I've waited since I was twelve, and I'll wait till I die if I have to. But, like you, I won't compromise."

Her relentless strength cut him, Against his will his heart pleaded.

"Stella, I love you. And even if I were the mere trifler you think me, I have done nothing that isn't forgivable, that any other girl wouldn't overlook."

"I know. But, Jim, I'm not exactly like other girls. And marriage is such a terribly endless bargain. I want a man I can be sure of. You see—I've watched so many of your loves rise and wane. Do you want to know why I asked for that foolish ride past the school? Because the year I left, the night of our social, I stood in the shadows and watched you tuck in your lady of the evening.

You had just got your first little two-seater. You were so infinitely careful of her, and then you stepped in and banged the door shut, twice, and hard. You never saw me there in the shadows. It's always been like While you played, I that, Jim. worked. While you trifled, I waited, in spite of the door that was always shut in my face. That's why, when you came and offered to play with me, it seemed so like a joke or a It seemed so strange, so unbelievable, to be inside at last with you. And I thought that if I played openly at love with you it would take away the sting and shame of loving a man who cared nothing about me. I thought it might even cure me."

"Stella, don't! I never saw you there in the shadows. But I must have always known and felt that you were there. For I found no content, no hope of happiness, until I found you. But I'm here, Stella, and I know now. Won't you forgive and trust me?"

Her face quivered with the hurt of it. But the girl who, unaided, had fought her way to freedom, the girl who had never trifled with either truth or love, who had never been afraid—was afraid now

"I can't be sure of you, Jim."

So the trifler paid for his trifling. And Stella went back to her work, stubbornly fighting the love in her heart, rebelliously refusing to accept the pain that goes ever hand in hand with the joy of it, and despising herself for loving the sort of a man her common-sense wouldn't let her marry. And she told herself very calmly, and a hundred times a day, that her love story was over. And she believed it.

She was, of course, reckoning without Jim Maxwell. She had, since twelve, done all her loving alone, and it slipped her mind that he was now in the game and likely to continue it. Moreover, she failed to realise that under the laughing teasing ways of the trifler lay a strength she had never gauged, a knowledge of life and its impulses; and that in his love for her there was a patience and tenderness that only time could prove. He was, besides, a man who knew how to wait and how to trust to time and opportunity to bring him his heart's desire.

In less than six weeks the gossips were as busy as ever. And even people who were not gossips took notice and wondered. Stella Wardon seemed to be as serene as ever, but Jim Maxwell was not happy, and didn't seem to care who knew it. So a good many people smiled and joked about it, and told each other that the affair had ended just as it was predicted that it would. Someone even had the bad taste to tease Jim about it. And to everybody's surprise Jim admitted defeat, and added that he supposed he deserved it.

Now truth is a powerful factor, and when humbly presented is very apt to get a sympathetic hearing. And since the world began, humanity has loved a lover and been prejudiced in his favour.

It wasn't long before Stella realised this. To her amazement it was her employer who mentioned the matter first.

"Miss Wardon, I hear you sent Jim Maxwell away. I suppose you know your own business, and I'm an old silly for not minding mine. But really I began to have hopes that for once I'd see a perfect love story and have a real romance to pin my faith to. How could you do it after a year with him? Quarrelled, I suppose. It's too bad. And the boy was in carnest, too, for the first time in his life. And you're just the girl he needs. Blessed if I don't think the case deserves another hearing."

It may be that bitterness was a ittle worse than usual that morning. At any rate, Stella said quietly but, for her, rather flippantly—

"Oh, hearts like Jim Maxwell's are hard to hurt and very easily comforted."

And then she got the surprise of her life. For the grizzled man at the desk swung round suddenly and said in the strangest huskiest voice—

"No; that's just the kind that are never comforted, that remember and ache the longest. I know. I was turned down years ago by a girl like you. And here I am, here I am, as comfortless as the day she sent me out into an empty world."

He stared off into space and the vanished years, forgetful of the girl, who was too startled almost to breathe. But he remembered her presently, and turned to her with a smile so wistful that her heart forgot its own pain in sympathy for his.

"Miss Wardon, the world seems full of stupid commonplace men and women plodding along after dull everyday matters. There seems to

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be no romance in them. Yet, if you could once lift that dusty commonplace cover off those plodding lives, you'd see love stories that would make you stare and heartaches that would teach you reverence for the thing that one way or another makes life worth the living. If you young things only knew how real a force love is, how deep into life it sends its roots, you wouldn't trifle——"

"But surely "—Stella stood aghast
—"surely you don't think that I was
trifting with——"

"It's no light matter for a man to lay his life and all its hopes into a girl's hand; to give him a year of happiness and then send him out and bang the door of hope in his face Why, can't you guess how that hurts?"

"Yes; I can guess," Stella said softly, "because I hurt myself more than I hurt him You see I happen to love Jim Maxwell"

"Then why, for goodness' sake, did you refuse him? I could have told you that he is a smart business man, that he handles his affairs with more shrewdness than this place gives him credit for."

"I thought that you considered him a butterfly sort of creature." Stella remembered the conversation of a year ago.

"He was acting that way about the girls," exploded her employer, "and I told the young fool that he'd come to grief. But when he picked you out I knew he was safe and that his trifling days were over. I was sure of you. And you played with him a year, and then threw him over."

The fitfully sunny April day was darkening into rain. Through the deepening cloud dusk a wistful mournful little wind strayed lone-somely, aimlessly. Against the pane came the sadly sweet patter of raindrops.

The grizzled man at the desk rose and reached for his hat. Memories of youth as softly tender and wistful as the April rain came crowding out of the years and calling him. The littered desk was forgotten as he slowly walked out. At the door he turned. His voice was tired but his words were kind.

"Lock up, Miss Wardon, and go home. These sad young days of early spring were never meant for work but only to stir the heart."

When he had gone Stella Wardon dropped her head on her arms and wept for the love dreams Love's own hands had crushed. And she saw all at once how, when a great and true love story ends badly, all the world grieves; when love fails to realise its hopes, how all the world feels cheated.

About the windows the little homeless wind wailed and searched and the rain sang and sighed, and all the hurt wilfulness melted from Stella's heart and from her mind at stubborn wisdom. All she remembered was that for years she had loved Jim Maxwell, and would always love him, and that he had said that he loved her. All she wanted now was to hear him say it again. He had said it in every way that a

man can, but she had refused to listen, to believe. And now love's game was over, and she had lost.

For a long time she sat there, remembering, regretting and sorrowing. She did not realise it, but through the misty stillness of the rain-swept dusk her aching longing heart was calling; calling back the love it had so foolishly scorned; calling back the man whose eyes had promised tenderness and understanding; calling back the days his love had made so wonderful.

It was late when she finally bathed her eyes and put on her hat. She walked down the stairs slowly, shrinking from the thought of going through the lonely streets to a lonely home, dreading the necessity of meeting people when her heart was empty of laughter and needing the comfort of silence. And then—

" Jim!"

He was there beside her, big, comforting and real. Knowing her carelessness about the weather he had brought an extra raincoat, and with hands whose very gentleness claimed her, was quietly wrapping her up in it. When she stood buttoned to her chin his arms as quietly enfolded and held her.

"Stella—Stella—you dear and stubborn woman!"

"I thought you had forgotten—that you were never coming!" And Stella the courageous wept and laughed in the shelter of those arms.

"There was no use in coming, Stella, until you had learned that Love is a thing bigger than either you or I, and that it rules the world."



"YOUNG CANADA" ON THE SHORES OF THUNDER BAY, LAKE SUPERIOR.

A Competition Photo by Mrs. H. S. Hancock.

ROSEMARY sat on the little terrace of the white house at Dragnon, the white house in which she had been born, Everything about her looked so much the same, yet not the same, and as her glance wandered round each familiar point in the landscape, she felt oddly uncertain whether this return to her old home meant more of pain than of pleasure.

From the open window of the sitting-room above her head came the murmur of voices-Mrs. Merraby talking to Mrs. Grant; but she was too dreamily absorbed in her surroundings, and in the memories they evoked, to hear more than the mere murmur of sound.

It had all come about very simply, this return to the little white house on the hillside. Dr. Treherne had advised, nay, more, had strongly urged, that David Merraby should spend the cold spring months in the south, and although he had been very reluctant to leave his post at Grenlake, and his work for Rosemary, Rosemary herself had insisted that the doctor's orders should be carried out. And the little white house stood empty. It had been empty for many months, the old Pasteur wrote, and so they hid come there -Mrs Meiraby and David, Rosemary and Mrs. Grant, and old Marie-just to spend a few weeks in the sunshine amongst the southern mountains

"Rosemary has been through so much, she must certainly come too," Mrs. Merraby had said decidedly, when the scheme was first broached. "And I feel that it is Rosemary who gave David back to us. I want her to come with us and enjoy a rest. And if Mrs. Grant is one of the party, David and I can feel free to go off on independent trips if we like."

So it was decided, much to everybody's satisfaction, and the little party had now spent the best part of a fortnight in Rosemary's birthplace. How all the little old childish things came back to her as she sat on the wooden bench set against the house, looking across the valley to the blue-grey mountains beyond! It seemed only such a very short time ago since she had trotted down the garden to Mère Belluse's farm to fetch the eggs or the milk; and so few years seemed to have passed since her small dimpled hands had picked anemones and big rosy-tipped daisies from amongst the long grass in the

meadow. And it made her feel so absurdly young again when she saw old Marie hobbling along the garden path in pursuit of one of Mère Belluse's straying hens. Old Marie, whose brown wrinkled face was one large smile, her dim old eyes bright with gladness because she had come back to the south; old

Marie who talked with such pride to all the villagers about the beautiful house her young mistress owned in England, and the wonderful life she led there!

Overhead the sky was a vivid blue. In the gorge below the slope of the garden there were oak trees, with their brown



"GRENLAKE WILL MISS YOU,"

THE GIRL SAID SOFILY.

Drawn by Harold Copping.

Rosemary

leaves of yesteryear, and pines dark and sombre, and larches golden and soft, and the bare boughs of birches a lacework of fine brown against the blue of the sky. The grass in the meadow shone emerald green in the sunlight; the mountains, very softly grey, stood like ramparts across the horizon; and in a gap away to the north Rosemary could catch a glimpse of the snowy summits of the Alpes Maritimes. It was beautiful, and she loved it, and it rejoiced her heart to see again the loveliness of this lovely land But there was an ache at her heart, too. Under that tree in the little garden her mother had so often sat; at the door that opened upon the winding white road she had first seen her father; in the trim little sitting-room behind her her mother had read her the letter written to her by David Merraby.

And now it had come about that her godfather, upon whom always her girlish tancy had dwelt as the mirror of chivalry and true knighthood, was one and the same with Mr. John, the gentle high-souled man in whom all the knightly qualities with which she had endowed her godfather had taken material shape.

"As if anybody would give a second thought to silly boys like Denis Mayne, it they had once known Mr David," she thought, her eyes dreamily watching a blackbird seated on Mère Belluse's pear tree, and whistling his song of spring "You couldn't think of asking Denis's advice about anything But

you could always trust David's judgment. I hope he will never want to leave the Church House, and give up the estate; I don't believe I should know how to do without him now. He is like a rock—very strong and steadfast."

"Well, Mrs. Grant, I see no objections. Rosemary is young, of course, eighteen years younger than David. But in many ways she is old for her age, and David loves her."

The words floated out of the window above her head and penetrated to Rosemary's consciousness, coming to her with such a shock of surprise that she sat motionless, not consciously eavesdropping, but incapable of leaving her seat.

"Do you think he cares for her more than as his god - daughter?" Mrs. Grant's voice asked.

"His god-daughter! Why, he cared for her long before he knew she was anything to him at all. I saw it directly, and I taxed him with it only the other day. Poor dear boy, he told me she was the whole world to him, but he is afraid of taking advantage of her youth, he is afraid of her money; he says he has no right to ask her to marry him at his age, and after all he has been through. But I can't bear to see him breaking his heart for her, whilst I can do nothing to help him."

Rosemary did not wait to hear Mrs. Grant's reply. Suddenly realising that what she had overheard was not intended

> for her ears, and that the speakers were obviously unaware of her presence on the terrace. she crept away with flaming cheeks, those last words buzzing in her brain: "I can't bear to see him breaking his heart for her." Her own heart was beating in tumultuous beats that half frightened, half gladdened her. Mr. David loved her! It was unbelievable- far lar too wonderful to be true! Mr David, who had seemed to her the living embodiment of what the poet meant when he wrote "mine own ideal knight." how could he possibly care for a girl so young, so ignorant, as she?

> Not noticing in which direction she was going, she went quickly up the white road between the hedges, where already pink roses were in bloom, and then round the bend where the rose hedge

ended and a low stone wall shut in the olive gardens beyond. Just here, at the bend of the road, she had been sitting on the low wall of the olive garden when David Merraby first came slowly up the hill and so into her life; just here where, leaning against the roughly-piled stones, she could see the purple carpet of violets under the olive trees. And now they said he loved her, and would not tell her of his love because he was afraid. Afraid of what? Of her youth; of her money, of taking advantage of her ignorance. Oh, but how silly, silly, silly, when she ... Her own thoughts refused to go on to their logical conclusion. Alone though she was, she flushed deeply, and then she laughed a low contented laugh.

"I'm glad I found it out," she said cryptically, and aloud, to a lizard who was sunning himself on the wall: "And I'm glad I overheard! If I hadn't I should never have found out what I know now! I'm glad I found it out, only I don't quite know even now what is to happen next."

The lizard looked at her out of bright inquisitive eyes, but he was unable to help her to solve her problem, and as she made an almost imperceptible movement he gave a little flick of his tail and vanished with lightning rapidity. But Rosemary stayed very still leaning against the wall, looking at the splashes of sunlight under the olive trees, and the dancing shadows of the leaves; and whilst Mrs. Merraby's words were echoing and re-echoing in her brain: 'He told me she was the whole world to him. . . . I can't bear to see him breaking his heart for her," she was dimly conscious of the insistent calling of a bird somewhere in the olive boughs, and of the soft notes of a bell from the little church on the hill top.

Seeing the human creature so very still, and so apparently harmless, the lizard came out again, and spread himself upon a sun-baked stone, but Rosemary did not see him. Her thoughts were intent upon the new and bewildering ideas flooding her mind, upon the new knowledge which had suddenly come to her, the knowledge which brought a light into her eyes, a smile to her lips.

"And I believe it began almost the first minute I saw him, when he came round the bend of the road, and looked at me with his eyes that were so sad and so blue and so kind." Once more her remarks were addressed to the lizard, of whose re-appearance she had become aware; and because this time she made no movement he lay passively watching her, his small green person shimmering in the sunshine.

And almost as though in answer to her words, and in that curious way in which history does repeat itself, at that very moment David Merraby himself came round the bend of the



white road, just as he had come round it upon that other morning more than three years before.

No, he did not come round it in just the same way as on a former occasion; for whereas then his footsteps had dragged, and his face had been haggard and sad, now he moved with alertness, his face was no longer tired and worn, some of the sadness in his eyes had gone, and they held no expression of fear. They lighted up as they caught sight of Rosemary, and the lizard flashed away again into seclusion, when the girl stood upright and waved a hand to the other human, who loomed as a very large and fearsome being to the small shining reptile.

"The very place in which we first met," Merraby said, coming to her side. "You were perched on the wall, and I thought you looked like the spirit of the olive trees!"

"The violets are in blossom just as they were then," Rosemary answered. "There is the same purple carpet under that very gnarled old tree."

"And the same bird calling on the same monotonous two notes!" Merraby laughed. "This is a good place," he added, lifting his hat, and looking across the valley to the soft mountains. "A place of healing and peace."

"Do you feel you are getting healed here?"

" I begin to feel my own man again, and I am seriously considering my future."

"Your future?" Rosemary asked innocently, though her heart gave a great thump.

"Yes." He leant against the wall beside her. "I can't defraud you by being your agent, when I know far too little about the work to do it properly. The doctor forbids any return to soldiering, and as soon as this heavenly holiday is over I must find something to do."

"Grenlake will miss you," the girl said softly.

"Not half so much as I shall miss Grenlake. But, my dear little goddaughter, I can't live in the Church House and play at being an agent."

"I don't want you to play at being anything, but I want you to take care of my property for me."

"You must find a properly trained man with expert knowledge, and I shall look round and see what I can find. Thanks to you I am not a poor man."

"Thanks to me? Do you mean because I told Messrs. Vullaton that the money you left me must be paid back to you? Why, it is your money! How did you imagine I could keep it? I only had it at all because you were supposed to be dead. And why should I keep it? Dad left me more money than any girl can need, and there is ample—

ample to keep up Grenlake, and to do all that is necessary."

"I know. You are a very rich woman, and, thank God, you are using your money wisely. When I made my will—how long ago it seems!—I thought there might be some difficulties for you. I wanted my god-child to be set above any sordid money troubles. I remember so well thinking it all out. Though I was only a boy myself at the time, I had a very clear idea that I must try to safeguard your future."

"You safeguarded it wonderfully; and your letter—the letter mother read to me when I was old enough to understand it—has been the inspiration of all my life. I've always tried to be the sort of girl you would like."

"The sort of girl I would like? Why, Rosemary, you——"

He pulled himself up quickly, but Rosemary had seen and interpreted rightly the look in his eyes, and a little smile dimpled her face. "I can't bear to see him breaking his heart for her." Mrs. Merraby's words rang in the girl's brain.

"Why don't you finish your sentence?" she said mischievously. "What do you mean by saying 'Why, Rosemary, you—' Rosemary, you—what?"

"I didn't mean to say that," he answered with a trace of embarrassment. "It slipped out. Can't we get over the wall and pick some of the violets?"

"Certainly we can." Rosemary suited her action to her words, and stepped over the low wall into the olive garden. "But that is no reason why you shouldn't tell me what you meant by beginning a sentence and then breaking it off."

He put a hand gently on her shoulder "Sometimes silence is golden," he said.

"And at other times speech is silver," she answered. "And I believe this is one of the other times."

"I ought never to have begun that sentence, and I ought not to finish it," he said.

"But if I want you to finish it? I want to know just what you were going to say." There was a little audaciou? quality in her smile, and into David Merraby's cyes there came again that tell-tale flash which set Rosemary's pulses throbbing.

"Rosemary, let us change the subject—and—and pick wiolets," he said desperately; and at that she laughed a

little low laugh, and put her hand through his arm.

"We will pick the violets presently," she said. "But now I want my way, just for once. And I want "—her voice was not quite steady—"I want you to come and help me take care of Grenlake."

"My dear," he said very quietly, and even Rosemary, young as she was, realised that he was putting strong constraint upon himself. "My dear, I hope you will find a man who will take care of Grenlake—and of you. I hope you will marry someone young and strong and vigorous, who will be everything you need."

"But supposing I don't want some-body young," she replied promptly. "Supposing I don't like young men? I don't like them—at least, not to marry. I didn't want to marry Denis Mayne, though we are very good friends. But I don't like their free and easy ways; I don't want to be called 'old thing.' Mrs. Grant says I am as old-fashioned as my name, and perhaps I am. No young man could ever be the same to me as——"

"As — what '" David questioned, when she broke off her sentence abruptly.

"As—my god-father is," she answered under her breath.

"But, Rosemary—— Why, Rosemary"—he put his hands on her shoulders and held her a little away from him—"you can't mean—you don't mean—I couldn't let you——"

"Why couldn't you let me?" she (Concluded on page 627.)



The Possibilities of Spain

Tours Worth Taking

Spain may take rank with Norway as affording an inexpensive holiday. It is being rapidly "discovered" by the discerning holiday maker, but it is not yet conventionalised or spoilt. In the past it has suffered from prejudices founded mainly on the detestation that this country has for its bull fights, and for a current belief that its railways were slow and bad and its hotels uncomfortable.

But one may travel from end to end of the country without seeing more of bull fighting than the portraits of some of the toreadors in the picture-postcard shops, while the train services are much better than is often realised; and, in the chief towns at least, the hotels are clean and reasonable

The reason that it is not a costly tour to take lies in the fact that the railways have introduced what they describe as the "kilometrical ticket." Once the frontier is reached, internal transit can be enjoyed with one of these passes, not only at 25 per cent. below the ordinary fares, but with the most extraordinary freedom as to breaking journeys or even going back on one's own tracks.

The quickest and easiest route to the frontier lies through Paris, and it may be added in connection with the routes already mentioned in previous articles, those living in the south-west or west of England have a good route to the French capital via Southampton and Havre.

A direct line of railway runs direct from Paris to St. Sebastian No more agreeable first acquaintance with Spain could be made than at this delightful seaside resort, with its vast bay in the form of a scallop shell. It is wont to be somewhat crowded from mid-July to mid-September, for it attracts numbers of French holiday



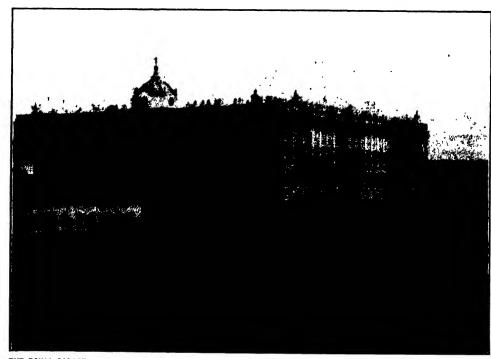
H.M. THE KING OF SPAIN EXAMINING

makers on account of the fresh purity of its air straight off the Bay of Biscay. The Spanish Court, too, is usually in residence at Miramar, near the shore.

Having made this a starting-point, the whole network of the railways of the peninsula is at command. And then comes in the value of the kilometrical ticket. The lowest denomination of these is to cover 3,000 kilometres. or approximately 1,860 miles; the highest is 12,000 kılometres, or 7,458 miles. The cost of the former firstclass throughout is 298 pesetas, and for the latter 1,192

pesetas. At the standard rate of exchange the Spanish coin is worth 22½ to the sovereign. At the moment of writing the sovereign buys 281 pesetas, and therefore is in favour of the visitor. Should this be maintained, £11 would more than purchase 1,860 miles of travel.

Most people would wish to see Madrid, and the direct line to the capital passes Bilbao, the chief city of the Basque country, which is a principal port for great exports, though it is some miles up an inlet of the sea, and where queer old streets make their striking setting to the busy commerce of to-day. Vittoria will be passed, where the Duke of Wellington and General



THE ROYAL PALACE,

The Possibilities of Spain

Graham achieved a decisive victory over John Bonaparte in the Peninsula War. It is a straight run down to Burgos, where you are in the leading town of Castile. Here are many English memories, for it was in this city that Edward I. wedded Eleanor of Castile; and its glorious Gothic cathedral with fifteen side chapels—each one a study in itself—took shape early in the thirteenth century under Bishop Maurice, who was an Englishman.

Valencia, the third largest town in Spain, would come next into the itinerary, and its wonderful market-place would give a new meaning to the oranges and grapes that come to us from the district. Two of the world's greatest men—Columbus, who died there, and Cervantes, foremost among Spanish romancers—are immortally associated with Valladolid, within the next stage of the journey.

At Segovia is the huge aqueduct that has come down from Roman times, and is one of the best-preserved relics of early masonry that remains; while its cathedral was the last to be built of the noble chain in Gothic architecture of which the country is justifiably proud.

The attractions of Madrid are many, but mostly modern, save and except its marvels of pictures, where all the choicest examples of Murillo and Velasquez—to name only two--may be studied. Experts on Spanish travel say that in three days a very good idea of the city may be gained, and anyone intending to visit the country would be well advised first to study some authoritative book, as Gallachan's Story of Seville, or William's Annals of Madrid and Toledo.

In the South

So far the tour has covered the north of Spain, and to the summer holiday maker this division has the recommendation of not being unduly hot even in July and August. But for those who do not dread heat, or who can defer their tour to early autumn, the south is equally alluring.

The ideal way to go is to take the voyage by the Peninsula and Oriental, the Orient, or any other of the great eastern-going lines which call at Gibraltar. In that way three days of perfect rest will be secured.



A ROYAL CRADLE IN SPAIN.

Fares are tending to come down, and may soon be appreciably less.

Spain is then entered by way of Algeciras, and the kilometrical ticket can begin from here. The junction for the more extended railway system will be Bobadilla, at which the principal lines of Andalusia converge. Some good scenery will be traversed, but there is little to detain the traveller here. The real call will be first to Granada, for it is here that the famous Alhambra (most wonderful of all the Moorish survivals of the rule of Islam in Europe) stands; with its alabaster, its wealth of colour, its vast spaces, it is impressive to the highest degree; and in contrast there is the unfinished, though beautiful, Renaissance Palace designed for Charles V.

By a rather devious journey Cordova may be reached. Here is the ninth century Arab mosque, originally nearly as vast as that at Mecca. How in mediæval days it passed into Christian keeping is traced by a cathedral built in the fifteenth century actually within it.

And, lastly, to be included, among many other possibilities that would appeal to varied interests, would be Seville itself. Its magnificent cathe-

dral—purest Gothic in style—covers half as much ground again as St Pauls. Columbus is buried here in a shrine of surpassing richness; while all his own manuscripts, the Bible of Alfonso the Learned, and illuminated missals of great value, are to be seen. Very interesting, too, is the Alcazar, and perhaps, taken all round, Seville has more to show than any other city of the Peninsula.

By the time the traveller wishes to return, whether from the north or south, she will have picked up knowledge enough to enable her to decide on the route to follow. Or, if she wants to follow a settled course out and home, she cannot do better than address herself to the Spanish Travel Bureau, 11, Queen Victoria Street. Here every courtesy will be shown, and advice readily accorded as to the latest regulations as to passports and permits. From here, too, the kilometrical ticket starting from any point may be taken. It should be said that there are various steamer lines, as the Royal Mail and the Yeoward services which touch at the more northern ports of Spain, such as Bilbao and Vigo.

Rosemary

Concluded from page 625

exclaimed, lifting her eyes for a moment and dropping them again quickly as she saw the eager light in his. "I believe I always compared everybody else with you, and they were always found wanting."

"But, my dear, I am so much older than you are; I have been through so much. You ought to have youth and strength to match yours, not a man who has been a wreck, who had to fight through such a bad time, who is ——"

"Who is a very parfait gentil knight," she quoted softly. "I think it has always been you, since the day when you first came round that bend of the road."

"And found you waiting for me," he said very tenderly, drawing her close. "Waiting here amongst the olive trees to step into my life. And now you will never go out of it again. Hasn't my lost memory come back to me through you, little sweetheart? Were you not well-named Rosemary—for remembrance!"

Chapter XXII. An Urgost Summons.

"I SUPPOSE I fell asleep," Hamon confessed to Evie. "I didn't mean to. I was in the chair there. I kept waking at intervals, and I had left the lamp burning so that I could see clearly. When I wakened with a start, just before calling you, I saw Lupin's door was open. I looked in, but she was not there. I never heard her go out."

Together they made a hasty but thorough search through the house, and then, convinced that she was not there, put on mackintoshes and thick boots and examined the road in front of the house. There were squelchy big boot marks in the mud, being rapidly softened and obliterated by the rain. They led towards the gate, and were unmistakable. Together the boy and girl followed them. On the harder ground they became invisible, but there was only one road to go, and though neither spoke the thought aloud to the other, there was in the mind of each a conviction that they could only lead to one place-the churchyard.

So convinced were they of this that when they reached the main road they wheeled to the left simultaneously. The wind whirled round them in long moaning screams, the rain splashed against them, and in their hearts was a terrible presage of disaster as they clung hand to hand and plodded along.

Instinct led them rightly; as they stepped over the mounded graves to the newly-filled pile of wet earth in the corner, they saw what they had come to seek. A dark mass lay across the soaking earth! Hamon, setting down the lantern, took his step-mother in his arms, and tried to raise her, but she fell back limply, and the dead weight was beyond him.

With a face showing aghast in the light of the lantern, he turned her over and thrust his hand against her heart. But even before he spoke Evic knew the verdict.

"Evie, she has followed him," he said gravely. "Her heart was broken."

Chapter XXIII. "Oh, be generous!"

ONCE again the door-bell of the house in Knightsbridge sounded at Evie's summons, and she hurried upstairs when the door was opened to find Violet alone in her drawing-room. It was two o'clock two days later, the Wednesday after Dick had been found. To Evie, a life-time seemed to have clapsed since the corresponding day last week

She stood just inside the drawingroom door, pushing it shut behind her, a slim figure in black with the light hair showing up under the brim of her hat, but her eyes shone sadly out of a tired face that had lost the girlish bloom in sadness and stress of spirit.

Violet folded her in her arms as lovingly as in the old days when they were school-girls together, while Evie asked breathlessly—

"Where's Dick?"

"Quite safe. He is in the diningroom with Leslie. Even before we got your letter at Crossways yesterday morning Leslie and I had talked it over, and quite decided that Dick should see a specialist immediately."

" Yes ? "

"The difficulty was, of course, we feared that he might be upset at any suggestion, and we did not want to alarm or excite him in his present condition. Luckily I know Sir Byrom Sissons, the great brain specialist, and he very kindly agreed to come here to lunch to-day, so that he could meet Dick as an ordinary guest, and see him off his guard. I telephoned you to come at this hour so that we could talk quietly while the three men are still downstairs"

"I got back yesterday morning—let me see—was it Tuesday? It seems a week ago! I did not know if you were here or at Crossways. I had to go to the office at once, of course. But when I got your telephone message this morning, I arranged to come out for my lunch hour now. Oh, Violet, a terrible thing has happened! Mrs. Maconochie is dead!"

Violet had heard all about Mrs. Maconochie and Pigeon and Hamon and "Comehither," for Evie had had time to tell her as they motored down to Crossways on Sunday, though, of course, she had not given any hint about her triend's novel-writing. They had had plenty of time to discuss it all, for it was not possible to talk of intimate

personal matters with Leslie Hawke and Dick seated opposite to them.
"Dead?"

echoed Violet, greatly shocked. "You told me in your letter about the wee boy, but----"

"Yes. His mother too. She died of

a broken heart. I'm going back there to-morrow to be with poor Hamon for the funeral, but don't let us talk of that now. I can't——" Her lips trembled and her eyes filled. "It's all too terribly sad—that sweet home." She stopped. "But what of Dick †" she asked, pulling herself together with a great effort.

"Sir Byrom is going to examine his head if he gets the chance, just casually, to see if he thinks anything can be done, and if he does we shall have to persuade Dick----"

Voices were heard in the hall. Instinctively the two girls gripped each other's hands, so much hung on the report they would hear within the next few minutes. Then, after a short pause, there came a tap on the door, and the great surgeon entered by himself.

Violet led Evie forward.

"This is my cousin, Miss Glennan, my almost sister," she began, and he, glancing at the girl's piteous face with those shrewd kindly eyes that nothing escaped, saw the colour flush and ebb, and guessed how the matter lay between her and Dick.

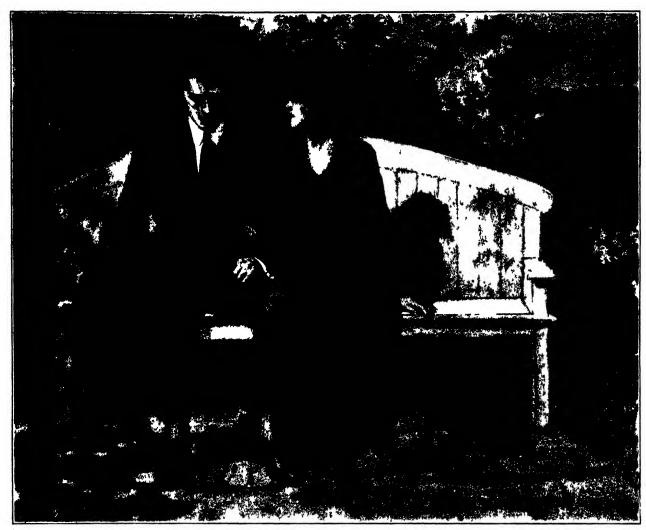
"Mr. Hawke has taken your brother into the garden," he explained to Violet, as he pressed Evie's hand. "I wished to have a word with you alone."

"Yes?" They spoke simultaneously. "There certainly is something amiss. I found an opportunity, by pretending to look at his white lock of hair, to press the young man's head. He has had a very damaging blow there at some time or other. It is perfectly apparent that the skull has been injured. It is quite possible, nav more than possible, probable, that some fragment of the bone is pressing upon the brain. His whole condition is consistent with this theory, for though he is perfectly sane, the brain is not working properly. If you can persuade him to come to my nursing home, I will have it X-rayed, and then we shall be able to state definitely whether this is so, and whether

> an operation would be practicable."

"I suppose it wouldn't be possible to invent some pretext?" Violet asked. "I fear he will be excited, and made worse, if we tell him outright what it is you want him for."





"WILL YOU CO AND SEE HIM DICK, AND IFI HIM EXAMINE YOU PROPERTY?

Prawn by

' His own consent would in any case be necessary before we could operate for he is quite sane "

"But I'm so much afraid-

"Yes I think it very likely he will refuse point blank. But there can be no harm in trying. If he gets excited over it drop the subject at once as it would be very bad for him. Perhaps Miss Glennan...."

I vie nodded

' I'll try "

"If anyone can do it, you can" said Violet "Must it be at once, Sir Byrom?"

"There is no immediate hurry. He is still weak after pneumonia, and it would be well to give him at least a week in the country first. Best, however, to mention it without delay and see how he takes it, for, if it seems hopeless to gain his own consent we may have to try other methods." He glanced at the clock. "I'm afraid I must go at once. You will let me know all details, of course?"

When he had gone the two girls looked

at each other and this time it was Violet's cheeks that were flushed with unusual colour

' Oh Evie," she cried, "once again I must ask you to be generous I never guessed how it was between you and Dick until you brought him home on Saturday If I had had a glimmer of it I would never have forgotten to give you those letters 1 did forget them altogether, and only when I was at Crossways on Sunday and opened the drawer it all came back to me I heard you had got them, and I felt utterly ashamed of myself I have been ab sorbed, rolled, smothered in my own selfish affairs. At the time they came I did not, of course, know where you were lut afterwards, when I had found you, if I hadn't been the most selfish beast in existence I ought to have remembered them Tel' me, dear, had you and Dick come to an understanding before he went away? Were you actually engaged two years ago in June ? '

' No, no" Evie spoke very low

"He had had a hint from Georgy that one of us was to come into all that money, and he had made up his mind that I was to be the one '

"Yes, I know" Violet nodded

"So he went away without speaking, as he thought it would not be fair to me to do so. Then, as you know, he was rushed off to the China coast, and did not even hear how the matter had gone until long afterwards. When he did, he wrote, telling me all he had meant to say before he left, but I——"

"Oh, don't go on!" Violet put her slim brown hands before her face and sank down in a low chair "My punishment is greater than I can bear! What you must have suffered! And never to know! Oh, poor Evie! Poor Evie!

Evie knelt beside her silently

"I never knew—I never thought of all this," her cousin went on 'I can not understand how I behaved as I did I must have been mad—mad with ambition Evie, of course I ought to have shared with you without question whatever Aunt Mary left, as she intended;

The Lost MS.

it was your right." Violet was not ready with tears, but she found a difficulty in steadying her voice. "You would never have dreamed of doing anything else, would you?" As Eyie did not answer, she took hold of her shoulder and shook her gently. "You would have shared with me, wouldn't you, Evie?"

"Never mind, now. I behaved very badly too"

"But I do mind It's awful, because now there is nothing left to share Do you know, Leslie says that I shall be lucky if I save a remnant of my money out of it? He's trying desperately to compound with the rest of the people in the colony, to get them to leave at once before their houses crumble too. As for that poor Daimon, there may yet be an action against him for fraud, and he may be sent to prison, but we hope not." Then she recollected herself and sat up. "There I go again! All my own affairs—self, self, and of course you're longing to see Dick. Go to them, Fvie go to them in the garden and ask Leslie to come here and then do what you can to per suade Dick as Sir Byroni says."

I vie found it impossible to speak, she was so broken down by the successive shocks, and the sorrow she had undergone that she was not herself to begin with and then to see Violet, the proud Violet who had always been so self-confident so superior reduced to this! It hurt her so much she could hardly bear it. But when she reached the garden a joy ful change awaited her

Dick looked so very much better! She saw it more clearly than Violet who had been with him the last two days. He was dressed in a well cut lounge suit of navy blue and his whole appearance was less distracted and unhappy. The country air had done him good and his poor mind had found relief in being among cheerful people who claimed him and took him for granted. When he saw I vie his whole face brightened.

Feeling a little embarrassed, Frie shook hands with her employer and gave him the message, and then sat down beside Dick. She was beginning to after her opinion about I eslie Hawke, viewed as a future cousin for in the man himself she had noticed a great change in the last few weeks. The self-satisfaction of his manner which had made her instinctively distrust him, had dis appeared and he was more humble more natural, than he had ever been before

Hullo! You've got a new suit!" exclaimed Evie by way of opening the conversation with her cousin

Dick looked down at his knees

' Quite a superior rig-out," he said quietly

"You're looking much better than when I left you, too," Evie went on "The change to Crossways has done you good"

"I'm all right" He did not look at her but kept his eyes down

"No man can be quite all right who has just had a bad attack of pneumonia," she demurred "It has left you weak You said you were troubled about your memory, didn't you?"

"I can't remember," he answered uneasily

"I know you can't That must be very worrying Sir Byrom Sissons says that he thinks he can set that right"

No answer

" Will you let him examine you, Dick?"



"I'm all right," repeated Dick, with his hands in his pockets

"You're not quite all right. You can't remember—me—for instance——"

No answer

"Don't you want to, Dick?"

He moved uneasily.

"You like me to be near you, don't you?"
Oh how she longed to put her arms round him and kiss the dear face!

He gave an odd little laugh.

"That is my book, you know, that you carry about with you everywhere"

His hand went to his pocket where it obviously bulged

Evie felt as if she were up against a stone wall, she was making no progress, so she slipped her arm through his and tried again

"Sir Byrom examined your white lock of hair didn't he?"

"Yes"-rather impatiently

'Well, he says that your brain is exhausted, and that if you will consent to let him look properly, in his own nursing home, he may find there is something there which is worrying you and could be removed, so that you would feel quite your old self again '

There's no need to bother "

"I hat means that you don't want your memory back? That you don't want to know me, or to see me again? Very well then, if you feel like that I shall have to say good bye"

She would have withdrawn her arm from his but he clicked his tight to his side and held her fast

"Will you go to see him, Dick, and let him examine you properly?"

He set his lips obstinately

'You must answer me,' she persisted, her face close to his Will you let him, Dick ''

No" It came very low between his lips, but quite firmly

There was a dead silence between them, then a tear from Fvie's eye brimmed over and splashed on to the back of his hard red hand. She was so unstrung and overwrought that this rebuff filled the cup. The one big drop was followed by another and then another, a series of suspicious sniffs accompanied them, as with her disengaged hand she sought frantically for her handkerchief

"What were you asking me," said Dick cun

ningly

'I was asking you to let that surgeon you met at lunch make you well," she answered in a very watery voice

"Why do you bother so much about it?"

"Because you're not well, Dick I want you to be quite well" Her voice tailed off suspiciously

Then Dick said unexpectedly-

"You think I'm mad He wants to shut me up in a madhouse, I suppose?"

"Oh, no, no!" cried Evie in horror. "You are not the least mad No one thinks so. But you've lost your memory It happens to people sometimes"

"It doesn't matter what the idea is. Do you want me to go?"

" To go where ?"

" Into his private madhouse?"

"Oh, Dick, how can you be so foolish?" she

exclaimed, half-laughing half-crying. "It's not a madhouse."

"It doesn't matter. I'll go if you want me to; only you mustn't cry any more."

"I won't," she assured him fervently.

Chapter XXIV. The Mysterious Author.

In the small upstairs waiting-room at Watson and Hawke's office, where teachers came to examine the educational books, the girls stood face to face again.

"He is all right so far," Violet said. "Sir Byrom says they have relieved the pressure on the brain, and it was a beautiful operation. Dick came round from the anæsthetic before I left the nursing home, but of course I couldn't see him, no one is to see him from outside for at least two days."

"But what—what is the result?" Evic asked breathlessly.

"They can't say definitely, of course—not yet. But, professionally, Sir Byrom assured me he hasn't the least doubt Dick will be himself again. We can do nothing now but wait."

"Oh, Vi, how good you are to come straight on here to tell me! Perhaps—" Evie smiled meaningly

"No, I did not come to see Leslie. I'm not going to," her cousin answered. "Honour bright, it was only to tell you about Dick. But, oh, Evie, how many things there are to settle! Everything has been at such tension this last week. I want to know about you. You will leave here, won't you?"

"Yes, I am going to. I have given the firm a week's notice this morning"

"I am so glad. Not because of me and Leslic I have been through so much, I have lost all petty feelings of that kind. Those things are of no account. But wherever you are we must be together. It won't be in Knightsbridge I am trying to sell the remainder of the lease there. I have sold the car already. Leslie and I will not be well off."

"What is the latest news about Houses for Hundreds?" Evie had no intention of living with her cousin; she had made her own plans, but she was not going to be led into a discussion about it now.

"We seem to see the end of that. So many things have happened in the last few days. I have not yet told you that the police caught Mosley as he was trying to leave the country; he had about £5,000 in cash on hm—my money, of course. Goodness knows how much else he has hidden out of reach. Anyway, he'll go to prison. Then there is the land, you know. He had had to buy that outright before he could begin building operations, so that is worth something. Half of all there is saved out of the wreck is yours, of course."

" I sha'n't need ---"

"Not need, indeed! It is yours, whether you need it or not; and I've squandered so much away you ought to have all there is. But we shall be very poor. Do you know, Evic, that the firm here is far from flourishing?"

" I guessed it."

"Leslie and I had a long talk last night, and he



has told me exactly how affairs stand. They were in a really desperate case this summer until they got that book *The Comedy called Life*. That made all the difference."

"Have you read it, Violet?"

"Yes. I don't read much, but I read that, and it made me most uncomfortable." She looked at her cousin with a glint of the old humour showing through her narrowed lids. 'However, people evidently like being made uncomfortable, just as they like taking disagreeable medicine in the belief that it is good for them. The firm have just got a promise from the unknown author to let them have the next book. Leslie is a different man because of it. He says if it hadn't been for that he would never have had the nerve to tell me anything about his affairs. It is all so mysterious about the book; they don't even know if Ernest Givern is a man or a woman."

"Won't you stay to see?"

"Hullo! You know then that He, She or It is coming to-day! Leslie said I mustn't mention it. But that is really one reason why I am not going to see him, for the interview is fixed for twelve, and it's nearly that now."

"Secrets!" exclaimed Leslie Hawke himself coming in, but the look he gave Violet made Evie's heart bound with joy. She could see that the last barrier of reserve was down between them. Each knew all about the other's difficulties, and had chosen to trust fully to that personal preference which had drawn them together as the one thing of value beside which nothing else counted.

"You needn't look like that," cried Violet. "Evic knew already. I didn't tell her."

But Evic had slipped out of the room and left them together.

"Come in and see Watson," Hawke urged Violet. "The boy will have to come up to tell us when Ernest Givern arrives, so you won't get caught."

Thus it happened that Violet was in the partners' room when the clock struck twelve.

Never had she looked so handsome. The cold hard expression which held the world aloof a year ago had melted, her dark eyes had softened, her whole appearance mellowed.

She stood smiling before the tall lean old Mr. Watson, who had greeted her with his courtly manner, when there was a tap at the door, and Evie entered with a parcel of MS. under her arm.

Mr. Watson had only that morning learnt of her relationship to his partner's future wife, so he advanced kindly and shook hands with her also, saying—

"I don't think we have treated you so badly all the time you have been with us, Miss Glennan, have we?"

"You've been very kind," stammered Evie, finding herself far more nervous now the great moment had come than she had anticipated. As the others waited, apparently expecting her to put down her parcel and withdraw, she went on: "That is why it has made me so happy to be able to do a little for the firm in return. This is Ernest Givern's next book."

For the moment they were all three too much astonished to speak, and Hawke first found his voice.

The Lost MS.

"What?" he cried in amazement. "Do you mean to say you wrote it?"

Evie shook her head emphatically.

"No, no. But the writer is—was—a friend of mine. She allowed me to choose her publisher and arrange everything for her, so naturally I chose you. It's a long story, and I can't tell it all at once. Anyway here is the second book."

Violet had been looking at her intently, and as she would have fled from the room she seized her arm

"Evie, is it Mrs. Maconochie?" she asked in a low tone.

Evie nodded, unable to speak.

"Then how is it you are able to bring her next book?"

"Vi, she's left me everything, her writing included. It's all mine," explained Evie hurriedly into her ear. "You know why I can't talk of it yet. She left a will, made recently, in which everything was to go to Pigeon,

and if anything happened to him before he was twenty-one and could make a will for himself, then it was to come to me. Hamon told me when I was down there last week for the funeral, you know. He gave me this then and said I had better let the firm have it at once, as we guessed from their frequent letters how very urgent it was."

Then again she would have fled.

Violet, still holding her, turned and looked at Leslie Hawke.

"There are reasons why it is very painful for my cousin to speak of this just now," she explained.

"But" — Watson, who had been standing bereft of speech at this extraordinary turn of affairs, came forward—"it doesn't matter who wrote it. It is you—you, Miss Glennan, who have secured it for us, not only the first but the second book of this most notable writer." For the second time that morning he held out his hand and grasped hers, but he evidently found it difficult to express what he wished to say, so strong were his feelings.

When he freed her Evic escaped at once without waiting to hear any more.

When Evie came back after being out for lunch, she found that her connection with the successful book was known to everyone in the office. She



"EVR " THE ONE WORD

Drawn by P. B. Hickling.

had to listen to many an astonished comment. The two senior girls, who were always kind and friendly, chaffed her mildly. The one she liked the better, Nora Carmichael, a very quiet able girl, pretended she had known all the time.

"You were so demure I thought you had something up your sleeve," she said. They were frankly envious in the nicest possible way.

"What? You didn't write it yourself?" cried Hetty. "Why didn't you? I'm sure you could write a book. I know I could. I always mean to, but somehow I never have the time."

"Your book would be Hetty the Heroine," said Elsie Walker drily.

Percy Golding had a short time before been promoted to the position of a junior traveller for the firm, for which he was well fitted by his appearance and manners. He had quite got over his feeling for Evie, and had even confided in her at a convenient opportunity that he was engaged to a girl-" a real good sort and devoted to me." The utter absence of embarrassment with which he gave her this piece of news reassured Evie, who, judging by her own heart, had imagined he must still continue to care for her. He came back from one of his journeys on this eventful day and caught Evie by herself.

"Congratulations," he said eagerly. "So you have done it!"

"I didn't write the book, if you mean that."

"Oh, didn't you? I know better. You may pretend to all the world you're not the authoress, but you'll never make me believe it."

And she had to leave him unconvinced. But that evening, after dinner in Violet's house, she was made to tell the whole wonderful tale, from the finding of the MS. onward, to her cousin and Leslie Hawke and Georgy, who was now playing chaperon to Violet. When they had exhausted the subject by every possible question, Leslie looked fully at her.

"I don't think you will ever realise, Evie, what you have done for us—for the firm—for me and Violet."

Before Violet's mind swept the memory of that June day when they stood round the polished table at Crossways, and she seemed to hear her own voice saying cynically, "What do you say to a hundred a year, Evie?" She thought she must have been mad! Now had come this complete reversal! She, the coward, the miser, who had snatched the whole for herself—and lost the greater part of it—would never know how much she owed to Evie, from whom she had taken all.

She sat very white and still, fighting for self-control, and presently Evie's hand stole into hers and gave it a warm clasp.

"Now we'll talk about Dick," she suggested in a cheerful voice.

Chapter XXV. "Eve."

"Eve!" The one word was sufficient. It told Evie all she needed to know. By it alone she was reassured that her Dick had come back to her.

Evie had entered the room of the aursing-home with her heart beating tumultuously, her breath coming and going. The nurse had told her that Dick was himself again, but how could a stranger know?

Yet that one word was sufficient, and as she heard it she saw also the steady gaze of Dick's eyes beneath the head bandages, which still hid his hair. These eyes were no longer evasive, uncertain, vague, but clear and true, the eyes of the lover she had lost.

"Yes, it's Eve," she agreed; and sitting down by him she took up in hers the square fingered hand that lay outside the counterpane.

She knew that Dick was himself, but she knew also that by reason of some smashing blow on the head all memory since that accident until the time when he recovered from the operation performed by the great surgeon's skilful fingers, was a blank. When Dick had first come round and had recovered enough to notice his surroundings, he had taken up his life thread from the time where it had been broken. He remembered the storm on the China coast, and had even some idea of having been washed overboard by a towering wave. It must have been a floating baulk of wood carried violently along by this which had stunned him. But how he had ever been saved, and what had happened between that time and the day long afterwards when he appeared as a patient at the East End Seamen's Hospital, for ever remained a mystery. It had clean gone out of his mind, and there was no one who knew him to tell about it. On regaining consciousness, he imagined he was in some English hospital on the China coast, and asked after his shipmates and what had happened to the ship. The nurse had prepared him gradually for the real truth, fearing a shock, and that was why some time had clapsed before Sir Byrom

Sissons had thought it safe to let Evie visit him. But Dick knew all about it now, and was quite willing to talk to her about it.

"I knew you would come," he said softly, "directly I knew I was in England. I didn't know that until they told me. But nothing matters now you're here, Eve, Eve." The way he said the word was a greater caress than any term of endearment he could have used. Evie was unable to speak. He raised her hand in his, and carrying it to his lips, kissed it. "You're all the world to me, Eve. Then you did get my letters?"

"Yes, I got them," she managed to sav.

say.
"You thought I was lost?" he asked.
"Yes. But I never believed you dead.
I knew you were not. I can't tell you how, Dick, but because you are you and I am I."

A radiant satisfaction came into his eyes, though he was still too weak to express any emotion.

"As long as I have you, everything is all right," he said happily, and his clasp tightened. Then, as he lay there quietly, remembrance grew. "You know now why I left you without speaking, Eve? I thought you were coming into a lot of money, and it didn't seem fair to speak before you had seen anyone but me."

"Yes, I know."

"I shall have to leave the Service, I'm afraid," he went on presently. "That surgeon man told me that. At least he said he thought it would probably be so, though I'll be all right again. That would have seemed like a sentence of death to me once; it doesn't now, because you matter more than anything."

"And I'm here, Dick," she rejoined softly, mindful of the injunctions to be only soothing and not exciting.

Yes; and I came into some money too, that time, you remember. Father had left it for me after you two were twenty-one. I did not know that before. We'll have enough, anyway, and we can live in the country. Never in the town. I can't imagine you a town mouse. Eve."

"I have lived in town for a year," she told him. "But it's not natural to me. The streets and pavements and all the people tire me so. Yes, I should always like the country. What about a sheep farm in Sussex, Dick?"

"A sheep-farm? It sounds fine,

but I don't know the first thing about a sheep."

"But we can learn together. I had a great friend, Dick, a woman, and she died and left me a house called "Comehither," and oh, it's a lovely house, so cosy, and not too large, and not the least like any other house. There are seventy acres of land and lots of sheep. Will you look after my sheep for me?"

He laughed, a low happy laugh.

"She wrote a book," Evie went on; and then, remembering her own book, stopped. But, she reflected, she need not fear. Dick had read her book only during the time that was now a blank in his mind; he need never know of that trash. But she was mistaken.

He put up his right hand and drew down from under his pillow the dreadful garish cover of *Honour before All*.

"And you wrote a book, little Eve," he said slyly, "and you never told me. I've read a little here and there, but my eyes ache. Nurse read some one day, but it made my head ache. I'm going to read it every word one day."

"No, no, Dick," said Evie pleadingly.
"I wrote that when I was very silly. I did not know what I was doing. I seem to have grown up all of a sudden. I can see now that it is trivial stuff both in the way it is written and the story. Please, please don't ever read it."

"Whatever it is to other people, to me it will always be the most beautiful book in all the world," he said admiringly.

"And I can never feel sorry 1 wrote it, either, because, after all, it brought you to me. I'll tell you about that some day. But we two will be the only ones who ever think anything of it, and my reason is not a true reason for liking a book," said Evie slowly

She was right, except for those two, now all the world to each other, no one else ever noticed the book. Even the critics, into whose hands the few copies Messrs. Ruyer sent out had fallen, never thought it worth so much as a contemptuous notice. From that day forward Evie never heard anyone mention it, and for that she was thankful.

In the busy happy life, full of interest, and buoyed up by perfect companionship, which she and Dick lived at "Comehither," the very memory of her girlish ambition to become a great writer taded. Only Dick kept ever in his locked desk the worn copy which he had carried about so pertinaciously in his pocket while he knew not who he was.

The Third of the "Flower-Patch" Books is now Selling

"THE TRAIL OF THE RAGGED ROBIN"

By Flora Klickmann

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As I was beginning to write this article a vision came before me of all the wonders of Art that man has used to adorn and beautify the "temples" he has reared. Every cathedral, every shrine, every temple in heathen lands, bears witness in some way to the reverent care bestowed upon that which shall be devoted to sacred uses. It is the "ultimate expression" of that which is beautiful in architecture.

And this has a certain significance for ourselves. St. Paul says to the followers of our Lord (I Cor. iii. 16): "Know ye not that ye are the temple of God, and that the Spirit of God dwelleth in you?" And again (2 Cor vi. 16): "Ye are the temple of the living God."

We are accustomed, perhaps, to read these words in cursory fashion. And yet, what a wonderful thought they embody, for you, and for me.

The "temple of the living God." Can such an honour be mine?

I can fancy some reader saying in sorrowful bewilderment, "All that is far removed from my experience. What can sacred architecture have to do with my humdrum daily life?"

Now Ruskin, in the Stones of Venice, points out something which may bear an allegorical interpretation. He asserts that "Wherever Christian church architecture has been good and lovely, it has been merely the perfect development of the common dwelling-house architecture of the period." He proceeds to explain and enforce his meaning. The ordinary familiar features of the street and market-place were adapted and beautified for use in the cathedral.

Ruskin relates this as an historical fact; but cannot we see more in it? The common routine of my daily life may be consecrated, so that my personality may become "the temple of the living God."

And as it is no easy indolence that has wrought the perfection of the temple, so, if we would ensure fitness for the Divine Indwelling, we must put forth effort. In every department of our nature, in the will, in all physical matters, in thought, in speech, in the affections, self-discipline is needed. That which is spiritual must control and rule

the whole, even as the symbolism of the cathedral dominates and modifies the various parts of the building.

No illustration, of course, can be pushed too far, and we may, for a while, turn away from the metaphor to look at practical details.

Some of my readers may know what is involved in the training undergone by their brothers at school or college, when any physical feats are contemplated. How stringent are the regulations! It seems, to the indulgent parent or sister, such a trifle to allow this or that liberty in the way of diet, for example. "Oh, surely, that can't hurt you!" But the trainer's law is inexorable. And he who would run, or row, or leap, who would engage in any contest of importance, lives under an iron rule with its accompanying disabilities No indulgence, no lessening of the bondage, till the race is over.

St. Paul has shadowed forth something of the same system in I Cor. ix. 24-27.

Those who have read religious history will know how in the past the discipline of the body was attempted by anchorite and hermit. Their practices read strangely enough in these soft days, when any physical austerity—unless with some definite end in view (such as military training, or training for sports)—is thought to be absurd. "Be as comfortable as ever you can"—is the modern motto; and if you are obliged to be uncomfortable, regard it as a great hardship.

And it is, of course, needless to say that we have learned wisdom in many ways. The abundant daily use of water, for example, ranks high as a duty; we no longer believe that our Heavenly Father, the Source of all beauty, delights in emaciation or disfigurement. But, allowing for all this, and without making a virtue of asceticism, it is possible to hold bodily ease in too great esteem. Into the daily life of every Christian a measure of self-discipline should enter. Accustom yourself to do without, that, if necessary, you may oe able to forego luxuries. Live a life that is independent of these things. Do not, for example, lose your temper if there is anything imperfect for once in the usually

excellent meal you enjoy! If you are obliged, under the stress of some important work, to go without afternoon tea one day, do not pose as a martyr! If you are a girl at boarding-school, avoid the temptation to discuss the food contemptuously as a frequent topic of conversation! And oh! beware of self-indulgence. There is nothing of course wrong in enjoying chocolates, for example; but it is wrong to spend money wastefully and constantly on unnecessary luxuries, and to be always munching away at sweets.

At my old school, any display of hunger was considered "unrefined." I have smiled often, of late, in reading the discussion in the paper on the "Feeding of Schoolboys." If the writers could only have seen the dietary of that girls' school! It consisted of thick bread and butter, with one "square meal" a day.

I am by no means extolling the mistaken idea of "refinement," or that too severe regime. We were certainly led unnecessarily far in the direction of austerity. But it was better for us than the encouragement of greediness, and it is only fair to say my own health has not suffered. This is by the way.

The follower of Christ should know the meaning of self-denial.

It is rather difficult to write of this sort of thing without seeming to extol a pharisaical satisfaction in asceticism, which, in itself, has no moral value. But our Lord, while encouraging happiness and cheerfulness, while helping a homely village bridegroom to entertain his guests without undue discomfiture, while caring tenderly for the physical support of the multitudes who followed Him, certainly placed a restraint on self-indulgence by such words as those in St. Matt. vi. 17, 18, and by the whole tenor of His teaching, to say nothing of the example of His life.

Perhaps women are not specially open to this temptation; and yet nave any of my readers noted, as I have done with shame and distress, the sort of elderly woman who drifts into the boarding-house or private hotel as an abiding place? A sad and lonely life enough, but too often degraded far below the necessary

The Temple of God

level by the constant preoccupation with food. The table provision forms the topic with other guests; if any delicacy appears, it is pounced upon. I have seen a poor hostess mortified by unreasonable demands from a lady guest; e.g., for a second helping of salmon on its first appearance, or a second cup of after-dinner coffee. And the people who do these unspeakable things are not necessarily ignorant, and would never commit such a solecism in the houses of their friends. They are "out to get" all they can, and I am sure that any one who receives "paying guests" will recognise the type of woman who "lives to eat" and does not "eat to live." Such people always remind me of the dreadful specimens that are seen when one turns up the stones in a field-slugs. with no obvious use, wallowing in dull fat inertia.

Why write of them to us? my readers may indignantly inquire. Because these unfortunate relics were girls once upon a time and never realised the dignity and Christian duty of regarding things physical in their due proportion.

There is, of course, another side to all this. Some girls are too much inclined to neglect their diet, thinking anything in the way of food-e.g., tea and a bun !- is enough for a meal. I am not writing for them. And because many women find it hard to afford wholesome and nourishing food, it is all the worse to see others intent upon more than is necessary, extolling it into a matter of the utmost importance. I often feel keenly the inequality of all this; but what is to be done? Anyhow, it should make us realise the incongruity of self-indulgence, and also make us ask ourselves whether we cannot find some other use for the money thus spent.

There is nothing wrong in enjoying God's gifts; but there is something very wrong in the extravagant use of them, or the raising of them into excessive importance. To think too much of food is inconsistent with growth in the spiritual life; to rely, however innocently, upon a stimulant, is dangerous. In my young days, the girl who felt weak was immediately ordered two or three glasses of port a day. Now we are wiser.

To use the good things of life, as not abusing them—this should be

our aim. But do not let any one proceed to infer that her house-wifely solicitude for others, in the way of cookery or good management, is to be in abeyance! That is not the point.

Sloth, as well as greediness, is a potent enemy to the spiritual life. I have already referred to that in relation to prayer. But oh! it is so easy, and so deadly, to prolong the warmth and rest till it is too late for prayer, and, also, too late to avoid discomfort and inconvenience to other people.

Never let us neglect the body under the impression it is pleasing to God so to do. He who made the flowers, does not wish us to dress in unbecoming hues, or do our hair badly. Let us make the very best of all the advantages He has given us. Only let us keep all this in its right place, never letting it get the upper hand.

Many Christians, and those among the most spiritual, have condemned all "finery," considering it more appropriate to the follower of our Lord to wear dress of extreme plainness and of subdued colouring.

Well, we are in no danger of following that example nowadays! And, as I have said, He who made the earth so beautiful, who implanted within us the love of colour, of harmonious line, does not demand from us anything that approaches disfigurement. The "temple" should not be an ugly thing. But there is much in modern dress which is utterly inconsistent with the ideal of modest womanhood. And, if its end is to attract, it fails entirely to compass it. I need not enlarge on this point, as it lies somewhat outside my scope.

It may, however, be interesting to glance at Ruskin's words—

"The final definition of Beauty is the power in anything of delighting an intelligent human soul by its appearance—power given to it by the Maker of Souls."

Now, much in modern dress certainly does not delight "an intelligent human soul "—it might rather seem calculated for the delectation of an idiot.

While one cannot classify dress as "right" or "wrong," there is a certain outward manifestation which one can feel is seemly for the spiritually minded. I may give an illustration.

Two great singers, soprano and contralto, many years ago, stood on the platform of the Albert Hall, when Rossini's "Stabat Mater was being performed. To their lot fell the wonderful duet "Quis est homo?" Without going into details, my readers will understand that this deals with the Crucifixion of our Lord. One of the singers was simply dressed in black-not funereal -light in texture and beautifully draped, becoming and unnoticeable. On looking at her, one thought of the music, not of her personal appearance at all. The other was arraved in ruby velvet, elaborately made; she was much décolletée, and the flash of many diamonds irradiated her plump neck and her hair. On looking at these two, it was impossible to help feeling that the former expressed more truly the spirit of the message she was giving forth by her voice. Her appearance was more There was nothing harmonious wrong in the gaudy aspect of the poor prima donna, but it was meongruous. Her dress, to use a French expression, sautait aux yeux. It hit you in the eyes, diverting your attention from the music and the

So one who, to use the expression in the original Greek, is the "bondservant of Jesus Christ" should give, in her dress and personal bearing, something of the effect of that blessed Service. There should not be the feeling of incongruity on looking at her, and thinking of her profession. Nothing ugly or needlessly unfashionable has any spiritual value whatever. But startling dress, exaggerated feathers soaring skywards, the objectionable features which are commented on from time to time elsewhere in this magazine, anything asking for attention, anything immodest, anything that involves wanton cruelty to animals, destruction of a rare species, and so on-should be avoided by the follower of our Lord. In all these matters there should be "selfdiscipline."

Nothing in our daily life is without result, in the shaping of character for Eternity.

To revert to the image with which I began this chapter—for the framing of the Temple of the living God, no touch is without its effect. So, let us pray that He will consecrate us, to be temples meet for His indwelling.

Joan Goes House-Hunting



ERMYNIRUDE HAS GIVEN ME

Irawn (z Iorothy Furn

Joan was going to be married—if they found a house!

"What a hope!" I exclaimed (privately).

For five long years they had worn the pattern off the lino in the house agent's offices, and both she and George wore a dashed look. What their appearance will be in twenty years' time—if still houseless!—one shudders to think. Possibly, in forty years, a merciful dimness of vision will conceal their frightfulness from one another, as, side by side, in rubber-tyred bath chairs, they are propelled, at decorous speed, with hope still lurking in their minds, towards the house agent's offices on the sunny side of the street.

But on this afternoon Joan lounged upon my chesterfield, and, helping herself to my last chocolate, discoursed airily upon the ethics of furnishing.

"I shall have a lovely colour scheme," she confided. "Ermyntrude has given me a duck of a cushion, all purples and blues, and dragons; I intend to furnish round it. Purple carpet, blue wall-paper, and dragons in the chintzes and lampshades."

"George," I giggled, "will imagine he is St. George, and endeavour to exterminate them."

"In the garden," Joan went on, callously ignoring my delightful flight of fancy, "I shall plant larkspurs, irises, and clematis—"

"A snapdragon or two," I suggested.

JESSIE F. M. BEATTIE

"And borders of lobelia and violas and myosotis," she concluded dreamily, evidently at a loss for any more blues.

"So," I said, "it's going to have a garden, is it?"—smothering at the same time a violent spasm of jealousy. "How nice!"

"Rather!" she replied, gazing disparagingly at my poor little window-box, where a few struggling geraniums endeavoured to uplift smutty faces.

"Anyway," I said complacently, it will be too late to plant this year."

"You needn't rub it in," murmured Joan, tears in her big grey eyes. (These engaged girls, I notice, always have big grey eyes.) She switched herself off the couch, and strode to the window, where she gazed fiercely out at the unsuspecting passers - by below. Suddenly she almost leapt over the window-box, screaming, "Come! Quickly!"

Fancying I was called upon to save human life, I clutched wildly at her scanty skirts.

"Look!" she hissed, pointing across the road.

"Can it be George walking out with Another?" I cried.

She shook me fiercely.

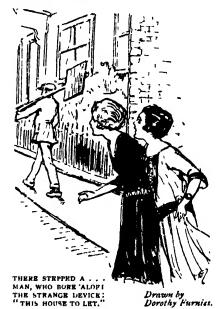
"You see that man, there—by the bread shop?"

"Yes! Yes!"

"Do you see what he is carrying over his shoulder?"

"No! Yes! Yes!"

"A board which says: 'This House to Let.'"



We swooned together among the geraniums. Joan recovered first.

"We must go," she panted, "we must follow him, if he walks to the ends of the earth! Come!" And seizing my prostrate form she staggered down the stairs, and, hatless and slippered, out into the busy street, and there, quite visible to the naked eye, just beyond the bread shop, stepped a young man, who bore aloft the strange device: "This House To Let."

Joan squeezed my arm deliriously. "Darling, can you see the rent?"

"I think it looks like £1,000," I answered, twisting my neck to read horizontally. However, I was only a nought out.

"The very figure," breathed Joan ecstatically. "Do you think all these people in front are following too?"—casting malevolent glances at innocent pedestrians with probably nothing more serious agitating their minds than the price of beef, and the wickedness of onions.

Quite unresistingly they permitted us to pass, and we gained the heels of our Achilles. On we followed, down through Kensington High Street, past fiercely tempting hats in alluring shop-windows, until we neared Hammersmith, and then, suddenly, our quarry stopped—Joan's heart, too.

"Oh," she cried, "George will never consent to live here!"

Our friend merely paused to remove the burden of the board to his untired shoulder, and on we went.

"I believe," whispered Joan delightedly, "he's going to Barnes. How perfectly lovely! So convenient for George."

"And topping for the larkspurs and snapdragons," I supplemented.

"And the Common, too—so airy and nice; perhaps it will be one of those darling Queen Anne houses, a nice walk for George to the station. Oh! won't he be pleased with his clever little Joan?"

But alas, for our hopes! It soon became evident to the feeblest intellect that Barnes was not to be our bourne. With brutal perversity the controller of our destiny plunged steadily onwards, with not even a glance at the darling Queen Anne's. And still we tottered on, haggard of eye and tattered of slipper, faint, but pursuing.

Joan Goes House-Hunting

"I wonder," I murmured dreamily, "if we are still in England?"

"You're not tired, darling, are you?" Joan inquired perfunctorily.

"Perish the thought!" I responded gallantly.

"I think we're nearing Richmond," Joan announced presently. "George would be pleased if it were here; he adores the river. It's rather near the

'in-laws,' but one always has something to put up with."

"How true!" I assented.

Just then we passed a tea shop, and closed our eyes in ecstasy as a whiff of the best China assailed our noses.

The next instant Joan shouted madly—

"Oh! he's gone!"

We lurched dizzily forward, and caught him disappearing within a doorway adorned with a large brass plate, whereon we read, with bulging eyes and sinking hearts—

H. B. SUTTON,
House and Estate Agent.
Est. 1900.

The board was being returned to the office.

For the Girl "On Her Own"

A GREAT advance has been made of late in regard to "secret" furniture of the adaptable type such as permits one to enjoy a multum in parvo effect within a restricted space. So ingeniously and skilfully constructed are the newest specimens in this style, that it is possible, in a twinkling, to transform a comfortable bed-room into the most irreproachable of dining-rooms or sitting-rooms. No one but its owner would, for instance, suspect a highly correct sideboard of secreting between its two drawers a sliding tray fitted with all the appurtenances that are brought into use during the processes of hair-dressing and complexion culture. Nor would one imagine that on pulling out the doors of the cupboards beneath the drawers one would find it possible to draw into position a washstand with a semicircle of marble at its back to act as splasher.

As for the beds, they camouflage themselves nowadays in all manner of inventive ways. The bookcase bedstead that hides its mattress by day in the simulated cupboard below the glass-fronted bookshelves, and has moreover a desk-top that slides out from between the shelves and the bed fitment, is designed on the most practical of lines, for it houses a substantial number of volumes, and so should highly commend itself to the girl who uses her bed-room as a haven to which she flies to prosecute her studies in solitude.

The latest specimens of adaptable furniture are cleverly varied, so that one may, should the room concerned be of the long, narrow order, choose pieces specially designed to meet such con-

ditions. Beds that draw out horizontally, instead of vertically, from the cabinet or bureau with which they are combined, are capital for use in rooms so proportioned that a tall piece of furniture would create an ugly and unduly lofty effect. Dressing-tables that are also writingdesks, writing-desks that are also chests of drawers and washstands, are among the numberless permutations and combinations to be met with among the combination pieces, while the addition of roller bearings, to enable certain parts to be the more easily operated, eases the business of transformation very considerably.

Special casters are fitted to all the wardrobes, bookcases, and sideboards, in order that their position may be readily altered when they are called upon to perform their alternative functions.

Cottage Pottery.

If you are furnishing a country cottage, or your room on cottage lines, don't forget that it is important that your tea and dinner set should be on cottagev lines, for such details are of real value in the building up of a furnishing scheme. Some excellent work, based on old English designs in bright fresh colour, but without any of that self-conscious affectation that mars so many efforts in similar directions, is to be had at prices which compare very favourably with those of other makes. A small dinner set is priced at two and a half guineas, while cups and saucers can be bought separately for 1s. 8d. Arranged on a dresser, the pieces make an excellent bit of decoration in a simple room.

Furniture and Fitments that she will find Convenient

For the Window

Do you know that you can have cushions stuffed in brown wool, specially made to fit a window seat, at a cost of 3s. 6d. per square foot? So if you have genius for amateur carpentry, it will cost you very little to have a comfortable calico-covered cushion made to go with the fitment you have put together.

Small China Services.

I am glad to see that the china manufacturers are beginning to realise that not all of us dwell in vast houses with spacious cupboards wherein to house the countless plates and dishes of which the ordinary dinner service consists. Bachelor girls especially will be glad to know that it is now possible to secure small dinner sets comprised of the minimum number of pieces suitable for a small flat, but sufficient satisfactorily to serve all her usual needs. These services are made in good patternings and pleasing shapes.

Combination Cup, Saucer and Plate.

I was grateful to the hostess who, at tea the other day, spared me the pain of balancing a plate as well as a cup and saucer, by serving me with one of the new cups with the elongated saucer that has a little hollow at the end to take the bread-and-butter. It was comfortable to hold and pleasing in design, and I made a note mentally that two or three must be secured forthwith for early morning tea. One article the less for the washing-up rites!

Now Ready.

Price 1s. 6d. net.

By post 1s. 10d.

"FLORA KLICKMANN'S FISH COOKERY BOOK"

With Forcemeats and Flavourings

A Unique Collection of Reasonable Recipes for Modern Middle-class Households

HERE are a few good dishes for chilly September evenings, as well as for warm, not to say hot, September days

Ascot Broth.

This is a very good, nourishing supper dish for a cool evening

I large rabbit, I tablespin red currant jam or jelly, & cabbage, pepper and salt, 6 cloves, 1 oz rice, I qt water, a little flour, lemon peel, and 2 capers

Wash rabbit thoroughly, but do not cut it up I ill the inside with a large onion stuck with cloves Rub the outside of the

rabbit with 1 oz butter and roll in flour. Put into a large stew pan and cover with 1 qt cold water. Add 1 teaspn salt and the cabbage shredded

When this boils simmer for 11 hours Add the capers before taking up which although so few give a decided piquancy to the flavour. In the event of the rabbit being an old one (and this will do just as well as a young one) allow to cook for about 2 hours until the meat is ready to fall from the bones. Remove the flesh from the rabbit and return to the broth. Throw in the rice, and cook for 20 min. Add 1 heaping tablespin red currant jam or jelly. See that the jam if used is free from pips. Stir the broth until it is quite dissolved. Dish

up and serve with sippets of

Mutton Fry

I lb middle neck of mutton
I onion a little pastry frying
fat seasoning

Boil the mutton with the onion until fairly tender Re move the bones and drain the meat Drop into a frying pan and allow to cook just long enough to become brown This is better done in the morning, so that the meat may become cold as hot meat is apt to make the pastry Have ready some good short pastry, which roll out 1 in in thickness into small squares and roll a piece of meat in each in the edges neatly, and when all the meat is so done drop the frys into a pan of hot fat and cook a golden brown Sprinkle with salt drain, and pile in a dish Serve good brown gravy, made from the mutton stock or, better still, a good sweet gravy, which 15 much appreciated by the menfolk

Cookery means the knowledge of Medea and of Circe and of Helen and of the Queen of Sheba. It means the knowledge of all herbe and fruits and balms and spices, and all that is healing and sweet in the fields and groves and savoury in meats. It means carefulness and inventiveness and willingness and readiness of appliances. It means the economy of your grandmothers and the science of the modern chemist, it means much testing and no wasting, it means English thoroughness and French art and Arabian hospitality, and, in fine, it means that you are to be perfectly and always ladies—loaf givers.

RISKIN

Egg Mince with Brown Sauce.

4 eggs 2 slices meat (preferably mutton) I carrot, I onion I tablespn boiled rice I cup good stock of milk, I tablespn flour, pepper and salt sippets of toast

Boil the eggs hard and plunge into cold water. Leave in the water for 10 min. Remove the shells and chop finely sprinkle with pepper and salt. Chop the slices of meat together with the onion and the carrot. make these as fine as possible but do not put through the mincer. Add the rice and put them all together into a frying pan. Have $\frac{1}{2}$ oz dripping boiling hot before putting in the mince. Cook for 5 min. until

the ingredients are nicely browned Add the egg, and cook for 2 min. longer Pile in a deep dish and surround with sippets of toasted bread or pieces of pastry Pour over all a gravy made from the following I cup stock or milk; bring to the boil Sprinkle I tablespn flour on the bottom of the frying pan in which the mince has been cooked, brown this well Add the milk, and bring again to the boil Add pepper and salt very liberally, and a pinch of cayenne Just before dishing up grate a little cheese over the top Pour over

the mince, but do not let it become too liquid

Potato au Gratin Pie.

I lb potatoes 2 oz rice, 6 oz checse, 3 oz breadcrumbs, 2 oz butter, I egg, seasoning

Peel the potatoes, and put with the rice into salted water—cook until tender. Drain and mash with half the amount of butter—keep about a quarter of the potatoes separate and with the remainder mix—the breadcrumbs and the cheese, finely grated—Add the egg well-beaten, and the remainder of the butter melted, stir well—If too stiff add a little milk. Turn—into—a well buttered pie dish. Cover the top with the remainder of the

potato, and bake in a brisk oven until the top is nicely browned Serve with this a dish of fried onions

Pigs' Feet à la Grangie

I his being the first month of the new pork season, I would like to give here an unusual recipe for pigs' feet

4 pigs feet, I oz flour, I oz breadcrumbs, 2 eggs, 2 tablespn finely-chopped onion, I tablespn breadcrumbs a pinch of sage, chopped parsley, and ½ teaspn mint, I oz butter, I mustardspn mustard, same amount of salt, pepper to taste

Put the pig's feet into cold salted water and simmer from 2 to 3 hours, until the meat is easily removed from the bones. When done, remove and drain, and while still hot split them and remove the bones. Keep the feet just as they are, and if possible do not break the contour when you remove the bones. Mix the breadcrumbs, flour, chopped omon, sage, parsley, and mint all together.



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Add the pepper and sait, and bind with an egg. Press the stuffing into the centre of the feet, and cover with the other half. Tie round and place under a flat heavy weight until cold. When set cut into thick slices, roll in flour, coat with egg and breadcrumbs, and fry in deep fat a golden brown. Serve while very hot. If preferred, these may be eaten cold, but should be thoroughly drained free from fat before sending to table.

Stewed Meat is

This is a very good way of using up cold meat, and is one of the few ways that does not harden the meat.

4 slices cold beef or mutton, 2 oz. dripping, 1 tablespn. flour, pepper and salt to taste, 2 teaspn. jam, 3 drops lemon juice, 2 oz. sugar, a little boiling water.

Melt the dripping, and stir in the flour, pepper, jam, and lemon juice, also the sugar. Cook for 3 min. Add enough boiling water to make liquid. Drop in the meat slices, and allow to become hot slowly. Do not allow the meat to boil, as it will become hard. This is an excellent way of heating up game or cold fowl.

Kidneys au Boauville.

2 oz. butter, 1 kidney and 1 onion per person, breadcrumbs, parsley, dripping, pepper and salt.

Choose nice large onions and scoop out the centres, leaving only a shell. In the centre of each rub a little butter, and sprinkle in some chopped parsley. Cut the kidneys open, but not to sepa-

rate. Dip into boiling water and remove the skins the centre of each kidney with butter, a little mustard, and sprinkle liberally with pepper. Fit the kidneys into the centres of the onions. With the remainder of the onions, chop i teaspn. breadcrumbs, a little parsley, a small piece of butter, and cover the top of the onions with this mixture. It should be thick enough to spread like paste. Set the onions on a shallow baking-pan and pour round them 1 oz. melted dripping. Bake in a good oven for I hour. Serve with melted butter sprinkled with chopped parsley. Set on rounds of toasted bread dipped in boiling water.

Breakfast Dishes

New Sausage Rolls.

1 lb. sausages, mustard, a little pastry left from pie-

making, or any scraps left from making meat pies, etc.

Dip the sausages into boiling water and remove the skins. Put the meat into



a bowl and add a little made mustard, and, if liked, a little very-finely-chopped onion. Mix well and roll into small sausages about 2½ in. long and thin in proportion. Whatever pastry is left from whatever baking has been done should be put into a bowl (no matter if if has become rather dry); sprinkle with a little milk and knead with the fingers, adding a little flour to keep it dry. Roll out thinly on the board and cut into pieces more or less square and about 4 in. in size. Roll a sausage into each of these and press them tightly together at the ends. All this may be done the day before in preparation. Drop into hot fat and fry a golden brown: 3 min. should be sufficient to do them perfectly. Drain well, and pile on a serviette to absorb any superfluous grease.

Tripe Tartines.

 $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. cooked tripe, I egg, a little milk, I tablespn. flour, salt and pepper, several slices of bread and butter.

Cut a tin loaf into several slices and butter one side only. Arrange a top and bottom to each tartine. Have ready some well-boiled tripe and cover one piece of bread and butter with this. Add pepper and salt and press another piece of bread on the top. Trim the edges neatly. Mix the flour with the egg and sufficient milk to make it a thin batter. Dip the tartines in this and drain a moment. Fry in dripping, preferably bacon fat, if you have it. Turn them constantly so that they do not burn, and, when arranged in a dish, add a little finely-chopped parsley or a few breadcrumbs.

Worcestershire Hash.

2 or 3 slices of bacon, any scraps of cold meat or trimmings, 2 or 3 potatoes, 1 small onion, odds and ends of cooked vegetables, slice of bread crumbled, 1 dried egg, frying-fat.

Put all the ingredients through the mincing-machine and season very highly with pepper and salt. Beat the egg mixture thoroughly with a fork, and stir into the meat mixture; mix well. Pat into a large flat cake and fry in very hot fat to a dark brown. Serve with this sippets of dry toast cut into triangles. This is a very good and economical dish, and has the advantage of being quickly made. Some people think it is greatly improved by a few drops of Worcestershire sauce, but I am afraid I am not a lover of it, and find it much better without.

Oatmeal Cakes with Cold Ham.

2 cups cold very stiff porridge, I oz. butter, salt, a little flour, and frying-fat. Melt the butter and stir into the por-

Melt the butter and stir into the porridge, at the same time adding a good

quantity of salt. Should the porridge not be stiff enough a few breadcrumbs may be added. Form into balls between the palms, and roll in flour to thickly cover them. Fry these balls in hot fat and drain well. Dish up each ball on a slice of thick cold ham with a slice of lemon. This is a little-known dish. but one which hails from Australia. The recipe for this was given me by a friend who, when I scoffed at the combination of the hot and cold foods, remarked, "Try it, my dear, and then express an opinion." I did, and had the grace to apologise for my extreme ignorance.

Fried Ham and Suet Roll.

A few pieces of suct roll left from a pudding, several slices of thin ham, pepper and salt, hot bacon fat.

I always cut off the ends of a boiled suet pudding and set



Supper and Breakfast Dishes

roll into small pieces, and sprinkle with salt and pepper. Fry in hot fat, but do ingredients a final stir. Grease a soufflé-

not allow it to become brown or coloured in any way. Fry some thin slices of ham and heap the suet into a deep dish with the fried ham round it. Pour over all about 1 tablespn. melted bacon fat, and serve very hot.

Eggs on Boulevard.

Slices of cold beef, equal numbers of slices of hot buttered toast, 4 eggs.

Cut the toast into rounds, large enough to hold a slice of meat. Butter the toast, and put in a place where it will keep very hot. Fry the beef slices in boiling fat, dipping them first in flour so as to give a rich brown colour when cooked. Lay on the toast, and pour a little fat over each. Poach the eggs, and set I egg on each round of toast and meat. Trim to a uniform size. Sprinkle a little chopped parsley on the top of each and a pinch of cayenne pepper.

Supper Sweets

Lattice Pastry.

4 oz. butter, 4 oz. caster sugar, 2 eggs, 4 oz. flour, a little vanilla extract.

Put the butter in a deep dish, and beat to a cream with a wooden spoon. Add, little by little, the caster sugar. Break in, one at a time, 2 eggs, and beat until all are smooth. Add 1 teaspn, vanilla essence and the flour sifted three times. Continue beating until all the

ingredients are well and smoothly blended. Roll out to # in. in thickness. Butter a small pastry-dish and line it with paper; spread the pastry on, and bake in a gentle oven for 20 min. While hot, cut into narrow strips about 1 in. across and 5 in. long. Pile on a plate in the shape of a lattice. Serve hot, and cat with apricot jam. These pastry slices are especially good if a rich thick custard is served with them. They are also a decided addition to any stewed fruit or fruit salad.

Swiss Pudding.

ı pt. milk, ı dessertspn. sugar, a few drops vanilla essence, 2 eggs, 4 apples, juice of 1 lemon, a little syrup.

Peel and core the apples and cook about 25 min. till they are easily mashed. Add juice of I lemon and I tablespn. syrup; stir well. Warm the milk with the sugar and vanilla, and, when cool, add the well-beaten yolk of eggs and

these aside for this dish. Break the suet whisk briskly. Then add the whites beaten to a stiff froth, and give all



The Editor's "Fish Cookery Book" according to Dorothy Furniss.

dish with butter. Sprinkle some sugar in, and pour in the apple purée. Over this pour the milk, etc. Have ready a flat pan about three-quarters full of water, put the dish into this, but take care not to let the water overflow into the sweet. Cook for I hour in a slow oven until quite solid. Whipped cream on the top is a great improvement.

Sugar Twists, with Cream Cheese.

These are not unlike the lattice pastry in ingredients and making, but the taste is quite a thing apart.

& lb. flour, I teaspn. baking-powder, a pinch of salt, I tablespn. sugar, about 1 cup milk 1 egg, pink sugar, 1 cream cheese.

Sift flour with baking-powder, sugar, and salt. Beat the egg stiffly and pour in. Add just enough milk to make into a stiff dough. Turn on to a floured board and roll out in. in thickness. Cut into strips 1 in. by 3 in. With a small knife "leaf" the surface, that is to say, poke the knife into the dough, and, with an upward twist of the wrist, jerk it out.

This leaves a series of little flaps standing up which look like leaves. Take the strip of dough in your fingers and give it one twist, set on a floured baking-tin, and cook in a brisk oven for 15 min. Brush over with a little warm milk and sprinkle with crushed pink sugar. When hot serve these with a small cream cheese beaten to a soft cream with a wooden spoon. Pile the cheese in the centre of the dish, and stand the twist round it. If the cheese is too stiff to whip, add a little milk.

Prune Pie.

3 eggs, 4 tablespn. white sugar, 1 lb. French plums, short paste.

Stew the prunes in a little water with a small piece of lemon - peel and I tablespn. sugar. When soft remove the stones and rub through a fine sieve. Beat the whites of the eggs until very stiff and add gradually the sugar. Add the prunes to the eggs and beat well. Lastly, add the yolks of the eggs and pour inte a shallow dish lined with a good puft paste. Bake in a good oven for 15 min. Decorate with French plums cut in halves, and blanched almonds.

Raspberry Custard.

1 lb, raspberries, 1 pt. milk, 2 teaspn. cornflour, 1 egg. 1 tablespn. white sugar.

Wash the berries and press through a fine sieve. Put the milk on the fire and stir in the cornflour previously mixed with a little cold milk. Add the sugar, and stir until it begins to boil. Boil for 3 min., as the cornflour, unless properly cooked and cleared, is most unappetising. Beat in the berry pulp and I egg well beaten. Bring slowly to the boil again, stirring all the time. Directly it boils remove and pour into a jug to become cold. Serve in custardglasses with a few ripe raspberries.

Dover Pudding.

2 oz. butter, 1 pt. milk, 2 tablespn. flour, 1 tablespn. sugar, grated rind of 2 lemons, 2 dried eggs, 2 tablespn. jam, 1 oz. sweet almonds.

Mix the flour with the milk and put into a saucepan. Add the sugar, lemon rind, butter, and cook until it becomes well thickened. Add the eggs well beaten, and set to soak in milk in place of water. Have ready a well-buttered

Supper and Breakfast Dishes

long mould. Pour the mixture into this and bake for 30 min. in a good oven. Set aside to become cold. When needed for table turn out on a shallow dish, and cover with jam. Blanche the almonds, and stick all over. A few hundreds-and-thousands make a pretty decoration.

Some Fish Dishes

Oysters for

6 oysters, ‡ pt. strong beef-tea, I scant dessertspn. arrowroot, salt to taste.

Mix arrowroot smoothly with beettea. Boil 2 min., stirring well; it should be the consistency of cream. Let it get nearly cold, then add oysters; add salt if beci-tea requires it. Heat slowly and thoroughly, but do not let them boil.

This method is recommended by a well-known doctor for patients who are not tempted by uncooked oysters.

Washington Oysters.

2 doz. oysters, I tablespn. each of flour, butter, cream, mace, lemon, \(\frac{1}{4}\) pt. milk, I egg, salt.

Melt butter in saucepan, rub in flour, add milk, a dust of ground mace (or cayenne if preferred), and oyster liquor. Keep stirring till it boils, but don't let it burn. Add teaspn. salt, 3 drops lemon juice, 1 egg yolk well beaten, and cream, if procurable, stirring well. Have ready 8 marmite dishes with 3 oysters in each. Pour some of the mixture into each dish over the oysters; bake 10 min. in slow oven. Serve with

small rounds of bread fried in butter, and thin slices of lemon.

Browned Cod

1 lb. cod roe, 2 tablespn. frying-fat, salt.

Have fat smoking hot. Cut roe into convenient portions, dry on cloth, put into pan, cover, and cook gently for 12 min. Turn in pan, re-cover, and cook for 6 min. Remove cover, and fry till well browned on both sides. It pan gets too dry, add a little more fat. Serve with shrimp sauce.

Smoked Cod's Roe.

By Mrs. COULSON KERNAHAN

This is cut in thin slices and served with dry toast or brown bread and butter. It can also be boiled, and grated thickly, when cold, over buttered toast.

"Something Different"

A WOMAN friend of mine, a little given to worrying over small matters, came to me the other day imploring my help regarding her menus.

"I want to give my friends something different," she explained, "something they don't get everywhere. Dishes do so turn up again; and people get tired of even nice things they are always having served up for them. I would like to give my friends something original. I thought perhaps you could suggest something."

I smiled, for I knew that this particular woman possessed an excellent cook, but one who was much addicted to French dishes.

"I can tell you of some really delicious Spanish dishes," I said. "You see, I have a daughter in Spain who happens to know that I like to hear of a new dish. Oddly enough, the majority of our cookery books neglect Spain altogether, though you will find some recipes for excellent Spanish dishes in Miss Flora Klickmann's Fish Cookery Book There seems to be a fixed idea in the minds of most other writers that only the French can cook."

The two or three recipes I handed over proved such a success, that it occurs to me to make a present of them to the readers of THE WOMAN'S MAGAZINE.

Something different! This is really what we all want. A bachelor friend

of mine complains bitterly because his housekeeper gives him so few changes in food. She cooks well, and trusts the cooking to no one else; yet she fails to appreciate the obvious fact that the nicest dish palls if served too often.

This reminds me of an amusing incident told to me by a young scientist who, at that time, lived in "rooms." He did not call the incident amusingas far as I remember he used the word tragic." He had happened to tell his landlady that he liked pork pies. From that time pork pie appeared every day on the luncheon table The landlady never observed that at last the pork pie remained uncut, which resulted in pork pies of various degrees of mustiness always having the place of honour on the table. The young man lacked the courage to suggest a change, till I "egged him on" to do so. The landlady stared hard at him after he had formulated a mild and polite profest.

"Oh! I thought you said you liked them!" she commented.

Now for the Spanish recipes.

Bacalow à la Vizcaina.

Choose a thick, semi-transparent, white piece of dried fish, steep it in cold water to get the salt out; next skin and bone it, cut into small pieces, and dip in flour. Fry slightly in oil. Some onions finely shredded are fried separately till brown, then (in same pan) fry some sliced tomatoes (2 lb. tomatoes to 1½ lb. fish). Pass onions and tomatoes through a sieve, and add a little red pepper. Place in a casserole in layers, fish and the fried vegetables alternating. Stew for ½ hour. Serve hot in casserole. Here is another.

Paella à la Valenciana.

Take a chicken and cut up into portions, also some pieces of loin of pork, and six sausages. Fry all together with a little onion. Place in a casserole with some artichokes cut in halves, green reas, bits of cauliflower and a potato. Add a cupful of tomato sauce and sufficient water to cover, a pinch of salt, and white pepper. Bring to boiling-point, then add a little rice. When the meat is stewed in the oven till tender, add some pieces of conger eel (or eel) slightly fried. Put back in oven for 10 min. Serve hot in casserole.

The following is a sweet dish. This is very simple, and very Spanish.

Torrijas en Almibar d'Miel.

Cut small squares of bread (a day old) as for sandwiches. Dip in milk and well-beaten white of egg. Fry in oil, dip in honey, drain on paper. Serve cold in glass dish with paper d'oily.



Some Foreign Recipes

Sent by Readers Living Abroad

Pumpkin Fritters.

Take 4 cups boiled drained pumpkin, 3 eggs, 1 teaspn, baking - powder, 4 tablespn. flour, 3 tablespn. sugar, season with a little nutmeg. Beat all up well together, fry in a little fat (in a pan, of course) in size of small cakes. When brown on both sides, put in a large flat dish, and sprinkle over with a mixture of granulated sugar and cinnamon.

Oh, Editor, the day we get pumpkin fritters we go quite wild!



A Competition Photo by Ethel Pim, Peru.

CUYCO, PERU-A Recipe from Grenada, B.W.L

INDIAN AND CHAIGE CHILDREN.

Juice of I lime or lemon.

Pepper and salt to taste.

Souse.

2 lb. pork (trotters, or some part of the head preferred.

1 breakfastcups hot water.

Boil the meat until very tender in salt water, cut into small pieces and arrange in a deep dish. Make a pickle of the water and the lime juice, adding pepper and salt to taste. Pour over the meat and set aside to get quite cold before serving. This will last for days if the pickle vinegar is changed each day. As Saturday is the day on which pork can generally be got all over the island, souse is a favourite Sunday morning breakfast dish with us.

Conger Soup.

- 2 lb. conger eel.
- 1 large cabbage.
- ı leek.
- 1 pt. shelled green peas.
- 6 asparagus heads.
- 2 teaspn. chopped parsley.

A Recipe from Wenchow, China.

- 3 oz. margarine.
- ı at. milk.

The head portion of the conger cel has the sweetest flavour, but any portion can be used. Cut into several portions, or cook whole, whichever is most convenient for the cooking utensil. Put fish into saucepan, cover with cold water, bring to the boil, then simmer 11 hours, add salt when it has simmered 1 hour.

Meanwhile, prepare cabbage, leek, and asparagus, if obtainable, by washing well and cutting up into pieces. When fish is done, remove from the liquor and put on one side to keep hot. Add the vegetables and peas to the liquor, bring to the boil, and cook for about 1 hour, or until all are tender. When cooked add margarine or butter, parsley, marigold petals, and the milk; bring to the boil. Then thicken by adding the flour mixed smooth with a little milk or water; boil for 4 min., stirring constantly. Add more salt if needed, also a dust of pepper. Serve very hot.

If liked, the soup can be served without the fish, in which case the fish is not kept hot, but is put aside to cool, and used next day chopped up with breadcrumbs, seasoning, and an egg, and made into fish cakes,

The petals of 8 marigolds.

- r tablespn. flour.
- 1 dessertspn. salt.
- Pepper. Water.

THE CRIMSON-STRIPED WILD LILY OF THE CONGO.

which are fried and served hot.

Pineapple A Recipe from Snow.

- I tin pineapple.
- 4 oz. cornflour.
- I oz. sugar.
- d teaspn. salt.
- Whites of 3 eggs.
- 6 drops essence lemon.
- doz. butter.
- Liquid from pineapple and enough water to make 2 pts.

Put pineapple liquid and water and the butter on to boil, mix cornflour, sugar, and

salt with a little cold water, and stir into liquid till thick. Then stir in stiffly-beaten whites. Cut up pineapple, and either stir in or put on top. Make custard with 3 yolks and serve with it.

Chicken and Tomato Curry.

- 1 fair-sized chicken.
- 1 oz. butter.
- I large onion.
- r heaped tablespn. curry powder.

A Recipe from Bangalore.

- 4 medium-sized tomatoes.
- & cocoanut.
- Juice of 1 lemon.
- 1 teacup stock.
- 1 dessertspn. salt.

Joint the chicken, slice onion, and cut the tomatoes in halves. Heat butter in a stew-pan and fry the onions till a light brown, stir in the curry powder and fry for 3 min. Then add the chicken, stock, and tomatoes, simmer for I hour. Just before serving add the lemon juice and the milk obtained by grating the cocoanut. To obtain the milk, grate the cocoanut, add ½ cup hot water, mash it well for 5 min. then strain through muslin. Repeat with more water.

The remains of cold boiled tongue may be substituted for the chicken.

A Competition Photo by rick Beals, Congo Belge.

Some Foreign Recipes

Fish Molèc.

- 4 mackerel, or any good variety
 - I cocoanut. of fish.
- 2 large onions. 12 cloves garlic.
- I teaspn. ground turmeric.

I tablespn. vinegar. I tablespn. butter.

I piling teaspn. salt.

Clean the fish, rub over with the ground turmeric. Slice onions, peel the garlic, grate half of the cocoanut and grind the other half. Put the butter into a stew-pan, and fry the fish till of a light-brown colour. Remove fish from pan and fry the onions and garlic for 2 min., then add the salt, the ground cocoanut, and the milk extracted from the grated cocoanut (see previous recipe), and I tablespn. vinegar. Cover the pan and simmer from 30 to 40 min.

Prawns and lobsters may be substituted for fish.

Fairy Pudding.

A Recipe from Johannesburg.

pt. cold water. 3 tablespn. sugar.

Rind and juice of large 11 tablespn. cornflour.

lemon. 2 eggs.

Put together, in a pan, water and rind and juice of lemon and sugar. Let all come to boiling-point, then strain. Mix the cornflour to a smooth paste with a little cold water, stir into water in the pan, and boil 5 min., stirring all the time. Turn into a basin, stir into it stiffly-beaten whites of 2 eggs. Pour the pudding into a wet mould, and turn out when cold. Yolks of eggs will make a custard to serve with it. A lovely summer pudding.

Patacones.

A Recipe from Barranquilla, S. America.

Green bananas.

Salt. Frying-fat.

Slice peeled bananas, fry in hot fat; when beginning to brown take out and flatten between two boards, sprinkle with salt, and fry again till brown. Serve with meat.

Editor's Note.—I do not see any great advantage in flattening between boards, except to secure a compact shape. They will probably be just as appetising if this is omitted where time is an object in cooking.

"Imbul Kiributh."

The National Dish of Ceylon.

- 1 qt. rice.
- teaspn. fennel seed.
- 1 large cocoanuts.
- r teaspn. salt.
- 1 cup treacle.

Squeeze one cocoanut, and obtain 3 teacups milk. Wash the rice, put it into a pot with sufficient water to cover the rice and be { in. above it. Cook till tender and dry; then add the cocoanut milk and salt, and mix it well together. Let it cook for a few minutes, then take it off the fire and put rice into a large bowl to cool. Scrape the ½ cocoanut into fine flakes. Put the treacle into a pan, and place it on

the fire. When the treacle becomes very thick add the cocoanut and fennel seed. Cook it for 5 or 10 min. till almost dry. Take a small cup; first put some rice into it, then some of the cocoanut cooked with treacle, and cover again with rice. Turn the cup upside down and remove it, and a cup-shaped mound of rice is left. Arrange these on a plate. This is the national dish of Ceylon, and for every great event the Singhalese people make "kiributh."

Arroz Bolado.

Another Recipe from Berranguilla.

2 lbs. rice. Water. 2 cloves garlic. 2 tomatoes. I teason, salt.

1 tablespn. butter.

Heat butter in stew-pan, add sliced onion, garlic, tomato; fry till light brown. Add rice and half of the water; cover and simmer. When nearly dry add remaining water. When rice is soft remove vegetables and serve rice very hot with meat.

Spiced Meat Balls.

A Recipe from Kuala, Lumpur, Malay.

1 teaspn. lemon juice. 1 lb. meat. 2 boiled onions, medium size.

I egg.

Breadcrumbs. ½ teaspn. pepper. 1 teaspn. grated nutmeg. 1 teaspn. salt. teaspn. ground cinnamon. Frying-fat.

Mince the meat finely, then add chopped onions, pepper, and cinnamon, salt, lemon juice, nutmeg, and the egg yolk. Mix well, then form into balls the size of a marble. Roll each in

Potato Candy.

Another Recipe from Kuala, Lumpur.

1 lb. potatoes. 1 lb. sugar.

breadcrumbs, and fry in boiling butter or fat.

I glass rose water.

Boil the potatoes and mash them. Put the sugar into a saucepan with a cup water. Place this over the fire. When it boils add the potatoes gradually. Then add the rose water. Keep on the fire, stirring all the time. To see if it is done, put a little into a saucer of cold water. If it settles down, the pan can be taken from the fire. Spread over a buttered board, smooth it down, and cut into small squares. Serve when cold.

Corn Chowder.

A Recipe from Mass., U.S.A.

1 qt. milk. I tin green corn.

2 cups diced potatoes. 2 tablespn. butter.

Salt and pepper to taste. 2 large onions, sliced.

Boil onions and potatoes in water, just sufficient to cover when cooked, add the other ingredients, bring to the boil, and serve immediately. This is also good using boiled fish in small pieces instead of corn.



The Sausage in its Varieties

To the majority of housekeepers the mention of sausages awakens only the idea of a favourite dish for the breakfast-table. During the war we learnt, it is true, to welcome the sausage, cooked in batter, with an accompaniment of mashed potatoes or haricot beans at luncheon, for it was not a "rationed" item, and it helped to eke out our exiguous allowance of meat. But it has now gone back to its merely subordinate position, and is of little account in the culinary consideration.

Yet there are those who have travelled in Italy, France, Holland, and the enemy countries prior to 1914 who recall that the tasty dried and smoked sausage was something even more than a hors d'œuvre, and was almost a course in itself between those charming trifles of filleted anchovies and sliced tomato, of barquettes of shrimp and radishes. And here in London, once in a way, may you realise that they are served. One or two small dishes of them will be included on those dinner-waggons laden with twenty or twenty-five varieties of the appetising things that make up the prefatory course of luncheon at either of the very famous hotels catering for the wealthiest visitors. Or they are to be enjoyed at certain of the genuine Italian restaurants in Soho and one or two other districts.

Now, there is not the slightest reason that they should not be very much more widely consumed than they are. Through any good provision shop or the big stores they are casily obtainable, and the price is by no means prohibitive. So far, they have not entered into the domestic imagination, and therefore some description of the different sorts available may prove of use. In this connection, it may be said that the two leading experts in this detail of catering in London have readily and willingly given of their specialised knowledge for the benefit of the readers of the Woman's Magazine.

Italy it is that provides the greatest variety of the dried sausage, and the reason of this is not far to seek. In that sunny country the primary value of the pig lies in the hams. No Italian at home ever eats roast pork, boiled pork, or a pork chop, but they are far too thrifty as a people in the

A Valuable Adjunct of the Store-Cupboard

matter of food to allow the rest of the carcase to go to waste.

No type, either there or here, is more generally liked than the salami. For this the pork is carefully cured with a fair proportion of saltpetre in the pickle. It is then placed in an outer covering and gradually dried. A Hungarian salami differs from the Italian in that it admits a certain proportion of beef. Then there is the Italian cervelat, in which the pork is blended with the brains of the animal, the meat itself being chopped or cut small.

These are not, as a rule, smoked, but the mortadella de Bologna is, and into this a rather large proportion of fat enters. Epicures in these Italian preparations know that different results may be obtained from different—as we should say—joints of the pork, and the coppa salami is exclusively made from the meat of the neck. Another good salami is made from smoked ham with bacon fat. A distinctive flavour—and odour—is often given by the use of garlic, though this is not greatly approved in this country.

These salamis are usually put up in skins, and weigh from three to four pounds. A well-prepared one in a dry cool place will keep a year. After it has been cut, and as many thin slices taken from it as may be required, the end may become somewhat dry outside. This first slice should not be served when it is next wanted, but may be thrown into the stockpot or any stew that may be in course of making, and it will add a trifle of value to the flavour.

Popular, too, is the French saucisson de Lyons in its union of bacon and ham. Another dry sausage is associated with Boulogne as its original source, and one or two other French makes may be found in highclass provision shops.

In pre-war days we imported quantities of dried sausages from Germany. But Holland has now become the source of supply of the more typical products that formerly came thence in the wurst, or liver sausages. The true Frankfort variety is of smoked pork, finely chopped with a rather high percentage of fat.

Other German varieties are especially associated with Brunswick, Gotha and Westphalia; while Stras-

burg—rather celebrated for other commodities, as its own pates and foie gras, will probably not allow its own special make to be forgotten, even though it has come back to French ownership since the war. Strasburg and Frankfurt sausages are cooked in boiling water for ten minutes.

Those who know London well find constant interest in noticing the food that is offered for sale in the quarters representative of some of the nations that go to make up its cosmopolitan population. The French market near Golden Square, the Italian shops of Soho or Saffron Hill, the Scandinavian resorts far down East, can always show products that will appeal to people in temporary exile from their own land. Perhaps the exteriors of the less-known sausages do not always commend them to the English buyers, who will probably find a sufficiently wide choice in one or other of the big stores. But the hint is given for the benefit of any who want to "branch out" a little into genuine novelties.

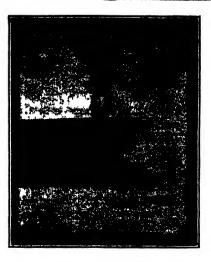
And, again, it should in all fairness be said that we have our own English dried sausages. Certain makes are very tasty and well favoured. City men know one particular brand that they often carry home when a little addition is likely to be acceptable, say, on the Sunday night cold supper table; but the big red "roley-poley," filled with a mixture in which there is obviously more meal and bread than meat has not the recommendation of much taste or flavour.

With the foreign dried or smoked sausage some attention should be paid to the manner in which it is served. The slices should be very neatly and cleanly cut, and should be thin, though with more substance than that of a wafer or a sheet of paper. They should be symmetrically arranged on the dish, whether this be of glass or china. For garnish nothing looks nicer than some broken aspic jelly, should this be available, and, failing that, a few sprigs of parsley are suitable.

Bread and butter is, of course, the accompaniment, and the former may be in crisp fresh rolls, or lightly buttered slices from a brown or white loaf.

Greek Peasant Bags from Athens

The Greek peasants do wonderful embroidery on a stout material somewhat like very coarse unbleached calico. The base of the bag is left plain, as a rule, the upper part being closely covered with designs more or less of a geometric type, and worked in a lovely variety of colours, which are combined in a seemingly haphazard manner, and yet produce a delightful effect as a whole. The bags seem to last in definitely, the embroidery giving them the strength of stout tapestry.

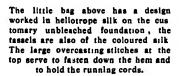


The Greek bag above has a design in shades of green. The unfinished effect is curious and original.





The grapes on the above Swiss work bag are made of silk stuffed with cotton wool to give a raised effect.

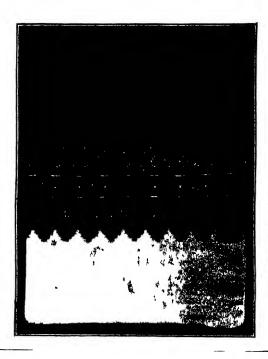


The little bag on the right is Scandinavian, showing a cross stitch design on dark linen.



The bag on the left is very elaborately worked in all colours of the rainbow

The bag on the right is beautifully executed in blue and crimson on the unbleached ground



Bunty

T

WHEN Bunty is at home, there's not A tidy corner in the place.
Right from the fender to the door
She litters up the play-room floor.
Her shelves contain—I know not what!
Her cupboards are a sad disgrace.
Her dolly's pram fills up the hall,
Her scooter greets me on the stairs,
I skid upon her bouncing ball,
And kick her hoop-stick unawares.

The window sill is cluttered up With dollies' dressmaking, and such; Big Teddy's saucer, and his cup Seems wet and jammied far too much For any grown-up's understanding; While, through the passage, on the landing, Trails of promiscuous children roam, When our dear Bunty is at home.

And when I'm doing odds and ends
Of cooking, there's a ramp and roar,
And Bunty, with her bosom friends,
Comes bursting through the kitchen door.
And when I take my daily nap
(Or try to!) there's a sounding rap,
And shrill, a voice calls from below:
"Are you asleep? No?" (then, with glee),
"Can Elsie Jenkins come for tea?
She's waiting at the gate to know."

When Bunty's put to bed at night, I get the mending basket out, When all at once I hear a shout: "Here's darling Kitty come to me! Oh, mother! do come up and see! And, while you're here, I'd like a drink. Mother, whatever do you think I want the most? I'll whisper this . . . Mother, I want another kiss! Lie down beside me, there's a sweet. Now there's a tickle by my feet; Just rub it with the nice midge cream. Mother, the blind lets in a gleam, So draw the curtain for me, dear; And let me have the table near; And don't let Kitty jump, and whisk it. Mother, I'm starving for a biscuit! Oh, thank you, mother! Yes, all right, That's father come! I'm tired. Good-night."

II.

But when dear Bunty is away We clear the muddles in a day. Yes, Jane and I put by the things
That make such grievous litterings.
We wash the play-room floor, and turn
The cupboards out; and then we burn
The cardboard snips, and bits of paper.
My spirit gives a joyful caper
When all is done, and down I sit,
To mend, or read, or think, or knit.

When Bunty is away I get A wondrous peaceful time; and yet After a quiet day or so (When I accomplish piles of sewing, And get the rusty household going More on the lines it ought to go), All suddenly .I feel a start About the region of my heart. The small white bed, that empty lies, Looks at me with accusing eyes. That tidy sill, her shelf, her chair, All have a sad reproachful air. A curious silence fills the place. The cat mews up into my face, And seems to ask in tones of pain, When Bunty will come home again.

III.

The day she comes, I mix and bake Dear Bunty's special sandwich cake, And treacle rocks, with pinch of spice. I make the little bed-room nice. Again the woolly Teddies fill The once-so-tidy window sill. I put the doll's pram in the hall, Together with the bouncing ball. Father brings home an Indian's hat; Jane puts a ribbon on the cat; And soon I'm hurrying down the street To welcome little Dancing Feet.

So we come home together! Rush Into the house! The solemn hush That filled the place has gone before Our Bunty's half inside the door. Upstairs she goes, with shout and clatter; And oh, the hubbub and the chatter, As Jane and I, with happy faces, Return the dear one's wild embraces.

And when John comes to get his tea, He says, "What's this? Good gracious me! Why! What a mess! It's very plain That Bunty has come home again!"

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THE EDITOR Writes:

On the Cultivation of Beauty

If I were going to start a new Guild, I think it would be a Guild for the Cultivation of Beauty. I hasten to add that I am not proposing to start such a Guild, because the world at the moment seems to me to have about as many Guilds and Leagues and Societies and Associations as it can manage to get through comfortably. Moreover, there are times when the individual can accomplish more as a distinct personality than as a molecule in a mass.

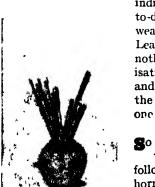
United action is forceful in some circum stances, undoubtedly; team-work has a valuable place in social development; but equally useful and desirable, in certain directions, are the single-handed efforts of the unit. And in the cultivation of beauty it is doubtful whether any League or Guild of Beauty-advocates could accomplish so much as non-associated individuals; because, when all is said and done, a League, no matter how democratic it may profess to be, is really dominated by a few persons, and represents the precise opinions of only

a proportion of its members — It cannot be otherwise; no society could voice the exact views of all its members, even though they were agreed on main issues

And the subject of Beauty being one on which the most divergent views are held, no Guild for its furtherance would be likely to meet with universal approbation. On the contrary, it would probably raise so much antagonism, that much of the good it sought to achieve would be swamped by billows of controversy. You have only to look at the pictures on the walls of the Academy to realise that we do not all think alike as regards beauty in Art!

The individual, on the other hand, working determinedly in her own particular corner of the world, can do much towards cultivating and fostering beauty in her own environment. One girl may seek to develop it in one direction, another may discover possibilities elsewhere. But so long as each is sincerely anxious to find and exploit the beauty that is so often unheeded around us, adding to it (or making it, if it has to be imported), it will be a gain rather than a disadvantage that all are not working along the same lines.

As I have told you before, it is the help of the



individual that the world wants to-day. Most of us are heartily weary of everything akin to Leagues, that are so often nothing more than fussy organisations that make much talk and spend much nioney, and in the end accomplish—does anyone ever know what?

So far as we can trace in history, every big war has been followed by an outbreak of horrors, moral decadence, and ugliness in many forms. The last war was no exception. Some



now a continuous record of terrible or unsavoury doings. Books and plays seem to show a preference for un-

Drawn by Elizaveth

healthy rather than wholesome topics—Ilarsh unrhythmic noise is served out to us in the name of music. Garish monstrosities both in design and colour characterise all branches of decoration. In short, the more atrociously hideous and unnatural a thing appears to be to ordinary eyes, like yours and mine, the more it will be extolled by that small, and really unimportant, section of the community that considers itself the Great Authority on Artistic Taste!

Of recent years we have been favoured with colour combinations and designs in wall-papers, cretonnes, and dress materials that have caused us to wonder whether the originator was a lunatic or we ourselves mad and "seeing things!"

And yet the prevalence of preposterous ugliness in so-called decoration has a simple explanation. While the average British woman is sane and well-balanced mentally, she is neither assertive in her opinions nor cocksure in her views. She is too ready to accept the opinion of others (even when, in her own heart, she does not agree with it), instead of thinking and acting according to her own better judgment, and on her own initiative. Hence, when a blatant, pushful per on comes along, no matter how vulgar and ignorant (and quite a number of such made headway during the war, when other people were busily engaged in helping their country), the blatant one has only to proclaim a mad theory, or display something violently unsuitable in dress or furnishing, and, if she be sufficiently assertive, numerous women-and quite sensible women some of them—will adopt the idea, despite their own better judgment. Others
will fall into line,
from a pitiful desire to be
ever in the forefront of "fashion,"
forgetting that the extremes and eccentricities of fashion play a very small part in the
world's movements, and are, at most, confined to a
small and quite insignificant coterie. And thus it
comes about that ugly ideas will spread—though nearly
everyone admits that they are ugly!

The world at the present moment is hungering for beauty. The soul needs beauty if it is to live. During the war we had no time to cultivate anything but the bare necessities of life; now the time has come when we need beauty as much as we need food for our minds. But, alas! there is a shortage of beauty, just as there is still a shortage of many other necessities that we took, as a matter of course, before the war! It seems as though the hideous element that predominated uring the war years has taken hold of our daily life with the intention of remaining with us! And as a practical beginning, in the work of beauty restoration, we need girls and women all over the land who will make a definite stand against this orgy of ugliness that has been rampant in dress and decoration.

If every woman would refuse to buy crazy-looking fabrics and repellent wall-papers, they would soon disappear. The manufacturer is anxious to supply what the purchaser desires. He holds no special brief for black wall-paper or for dizzy-jazzy cretonnes. Moreover, all the good designs and lovely fabrics have not disappeared from the face of creation. Materials that are beautiful in colouring and pattern are to be found in most shops—only they often need seeking. And too many girls are easily influenced by the information that "Everyone is wearing this now"; or "This is quite the smartest thing in furnishing".

If you want to start out the

If you want to start out to reinstate the beautiful, begin with the items nearest home; refuse to have ugliness foisted upon you, whether it be in dress, millinery, ornaments, china, furnishings, or anything else connected with household or personal use.

When you select things that actually please you, you may not always be choosing items that are classical in design; they may not always represent the highest plane

of Art. But it is probable that they will be far more artistic and pleasing to the onlooker if they appeal to you personally, than the goods that your inner consciousness tells you are weird and ugly, with noth-

ing
to commend them apart
from the fact that they
are advertised as the last word
in smartness.

No one desires to be dowdy, nor to live in a house that is dull and "colourless." But it is possible to be up-to-date in dress and furnishings, and yet look attractive (though I admit it is hard to believe this when studying some of the modern fashion designs).

The endeavour to surround ourselves in our everyday life with lovely, rather than unlovely things is, however, only the first, the elementary stage in the cultivation of beauty. There are many other phases still more worth consideration.

Nature provides a wealth of beauty, but this I am leaving for the present. I have written so much in the past on this subject, and the reader can easily think out for herself ways and means of developing the loveliness that Nature is willing to bestow, if only we will give her the opportunity.

I want more particularly to emphasise the need for beauty other than that associated with our outward sight—beauty of mind, of spirit, of character.

You will possibly tell me that you have heard of these things before. I quite agree that they are no new discoveries. Nevertheless, they are among the items that are most sorely needed to-day, if the earth is to be any sort of a place worth living in! The world as a whole, that is, the portion that really matters, is sick of horrors, murders, divorce scandals, intrigues, avarice, greed, vulgar display, fast conduct, and general "nastiness." It longs for some sure and sincere foundation on which to try and build a better life than the present. It craves mental, moral, and spiritual beauty more than anything else.

But, unfortunately, we do not always recognise beauty of this type when we see it. So obsessed have we become with self—a state largely forced on us by the war—that we are ceasing to notice how extremely ugly and unattractive self-centredness can be. And any girl who is anxious to help develop the beauty that was meant to be the portion of humanity, will find a wide and everincreasing field of work in the cultivation of these immensely important, yet intangible, forms of love-

Begin with beauty of mind, specialising on clean thoughts, unselfish aims, and high ideals. These, in turn, will influence your acts and conver-

liness.

sation,
and extend in
due course to other
people. It is not until we
come to examine our mental atmosphere as a whole that we discover
how self-engrossed we are, and how little of our
mind is devoted to anything that does not make for
personal gain in one form or another.

Property of mind should tend in the direction of services

Beauty of mind should tend in the direction of service, courtesy, defence of the right, and the dissemination of thoughts and idea that shall bring material or spiritual

benefit to others.

A mind that is clean, healthy, and hopeful radiates beauty in all directions. But you cannot acquire this beauty if you allow your thoughts to be smirched by steeping them in unwholesome thoughts or neurotic reading matter. The girl who will go on reading a book when she knows it is nasty and its purport bad (even though it may be cloaked with an outward semblance of decency) is developing a form of mental ugliness that will amount in time to a repellent deformity. What a pity it seems to let a brain run to hideous waste in any such way, when it might be adding beauty to life—and a beauty that is an enormous power!

Never forget that the mind which deliberately allows itself to dwell in the midst of decadence, the brain that spends its energies on the undesirable, in time loses all

ability to appreciate the beautiful.

Another form of mental beauty is to be found in the mind that steadfastly refuses to harbour unkind feelings. This is the same as the Charity that suffereth long and is kind.

It would surprise most of us to discover how often jealousy influences our dislikes and our criticism of others. We find it at the bottom of war, class hatred, revolutions, and labour troubles, no less than at the bottom of many of the domestic differences, school troubles, business grievances, and social disappointments of the average girl. To rid the mind of all jealousy is not an easy task But to do this, and put kindly feeling and charitable thoughts in the place of petty jealousies, is to cultivate loveliness of a high order that will benefit all who come within its orbit.

And there is also beauty in the mind that refuses to be downcast. We have all met the type of person who earnestly desires to see righteousness predominate

over evil, who is quite willing to bear whatever cross may be her lot in life, but who invariably gives one the impression that she, and she alone, is struggling constructions.

and
suffering,
while all the rest of
the world is callous and
unheeding!
On one occasion, when I was a girl,
I asked a great preacher if he would give me
a text for special remembrance when I found life in

general rather difficult. He replied—

"Patience and long suffering with joyfulness. And don't forget the joyfulness. Any one can be a

I pass on this text to you, as a reminder that Christian fortitude is infinitely more beautiful when it goes with a smile than when it is accompanied with a sigh.

melancholy martyr!"

Closely allied to beauty of mind is beauty of mental outlook and vision. You will remember the lines by the late Canon Langbridge—

"Two men look out through the same bars; One sees the mud, and one the stars."

There you have the matter in a nutshell. It is so easy to see the depressing things, the dirty things, the dark forebodings of life. But there is no beauty in such an outlook.

The world wants the person with Vision, whose gaze is not riveted to the troubles of the moment, but who can look above the cloud to the glory that is beyond.

Recollect that ugliness, and all that the word stands for, need have no place in the Future towards which we are all hastening, unless we deliberately choose it. The ultimate end of all is something more lovely than our utmost imaginings, and is summed up in the words—

"Thine eyes shall see the King in His Beauty."

The cry of a broken-hearted world to-day is for men and women, who believe this, to live up to their beliefs, and help others to look hopefully towards God, instead of allowing themselves to be swept into the whirlpool of despair.

Deauty of character we think we can always recognise. We admire, and rightly so, the person who is conspicuously upright and conscientious, whose word is a bond, who never stoops to a mean action, who is strong and reliable in every direction.

But there is so much beauty, which one is apt

to miss, in people who never rise above the level of an ordinary crowd, and are therefore seldom singled out for

praise or

The Editor's Page

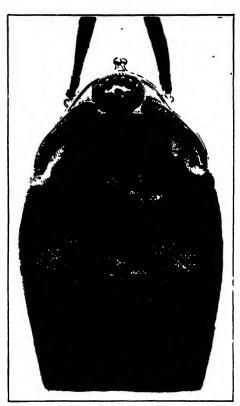
Birthday Honours! Think of the thousands of men in poor circumstances, who struggle on, day after day, working in uncongenial, unattractive surroundings, in order to give their children greater advantages than they themselves had in their youth. We hear much of the men who are slack at their work, but very little of those who work overtime in the interests of their business, or for long hours in order to earn extra money to procure comforts for an invalid wife or child. We read a great deal about the girl with loud tastes, who goes to the City in unsuitable dress and high-heeled shoes, and spends all her money on extravagant clothes and pleasures. But who gives a paragraph to the hundreds of girls who work every hour there is, with scarcely any time off for recreation, in order to support a mother, or someone dependent on them?

Then again, all publicity is given to nauseating details concerning profligate women and men, who are involved in divorce proceedings or revolting suicides. But rarely is any space available to

tell of the unselfish wives and mothers who cheerfully take up the never-ending daily task of making life as happy and comfortable as possible for husband and children, and faithfully hold to their marriage vows, no matter what misfortune or disappointments may overtake them.

The beauty of character shown by thousands of mothers in the quiet unobtrusive walks of life has been the means, in cases innumerable, of saving their children in after-life, when facing the temptations that fall to the lot of all men and women.

There should be more recognition



You can make this expensive looking Subde Handbag at very little expense if you follow the directions and the diagram for working, which appear in "Stitchery" No. 40.

of this wonderful beauty that is to be found all around us in the byways of life. But we are apt to overlook it, merely because it is so plentiful—just as we take no count of the daisies and blades of grass by the roadside, but rush after some notoriety in the way of a green rose or black narcissus.

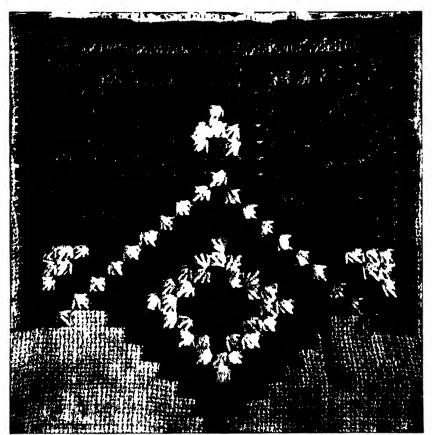
The strength of character that is shown in the faithful performance of humdrum daily duties is far more beautiful than that exhibited by a Napoleon, who, after all, may end his days in some St. Helena!

of spiritual beauty it is unnecessary for me to write at length. For the past twelve months Mrs. Watson, in her articles, has been dealing with various phases of this; and I know from the many letters I have received, that readers have been taking her words to heart.

I only need emphasise the point that a life which is really spent in the service of our Lord Jesus Christ, rather than in search of self-gain, shows a beauty that exceeds all earthly standards. Now

and again one meets a man or a woman who seems to radiate a glow of "other worldliness" that it is impossible to describe in words. Such beauty is more rare than the other types I have mentioned: but it is irresistible. It is nothing less than the result of the Divine Light shining through human medium; and it seldom fails to attract those who come within its influence, leading many, in spite of themselves, to think on the things of God rather than give way entirely to the glamour of the things of this world.

This beauty is within the reach of all, but it is only



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bestowed on those whose life is hid with Christ; that is, those whose thoughts and desires centre on our Lord and the fulfilment of His wishes. No one, however, sets out on a definite quest for this beauty. It comes to them as a great Gift, bestowed by God on those of His children who live nearest His Presence.

You girls who are reading these pages will, before long, be stepping into the places occupied by the leading women of to-day. You will soon be taking the reins from hands that no longer have the requisite strength for driving the big concerns of the world.

It is good to think that there are young people coming on, all alert with hope and bright dreams and immense ambitions, keen to do things in a better way than their predecessors. This is right; each generation should do better than the one that went before. Every new generation can see the mistakes made by those of the past, and can avoid them.

On Appreciation

When we have done something as well as we know how, just to please someone, and then have failed to receive even a nod of appreciation, how do we feel? Surely as if the north-east wind blew in our face.

And when we have done something, not as well as we might have done it, and yet received appreciative words, it is as if a zephyr blew from the south, and our whole nature expands.

The best souls do not want flattery, but flattery and appreciation are very different things.

A true artist does not work even for appreciation, but the artist is not yet born who did not welcome it, and many a true artist has done better work because of it. A novelist with a will of iron can remain passive and silent under the lash of negative criticism, but it does not help him to produce a greater book, whereas positive criticism, which combines appreciation with the sterner element, has frequently been the means of drawing forth finer work. There are times when it is sheer Some of you will be occupying important positions. You will be shaping the tastes and thoughts of men and women yet unborn. You will be painting the pictures, writing the books, preaching, and speaking in public, designing the fashions, making homes that will have effect on tens of thousands, maybe.

How are you going to influence the people committed to your especial charge? For committed to your charge they will assuredly be, whether you realise it or not. Are you going to give them beauty or ashes? Good or evil?

Your own choice would be Beauty and Goodness, I am certain. Then remember that you must train for this work. One cannot fit oneself for such responsibility in a few weeks. It is none too soon to start on your preparations, for you know not how soon there may be an opening waiting for you to fill. Even now the world is crying out, above all things, for these two essentials. It is beauty and goodness that we all of us crave.

By J. WILSON FERRY

injustice to withhold appreciation, and at all times it is unkind.

It is not in nature for a flower to expand unless the sun shines upon it, neither is it in human nature for the soul to expand unless it meets with understanding and sympathy and appreciation.

Under the Guilds of Mediæval England better work was produced than is turned out of many of our factories to-day; and the reason largely lies in the fact that in our factories the element of human appreciation has dropped out. The psychologists who have been called in by some large manufacturers to-day have already placed their finger upon this weakness.

We could set ourselves no finer task on any day of life than this—if it be a task—that we express our appreciation of the things done for us. By this means we shall increase very sensibly the happiness of many with whom we live, and, incidentally, increase our own influence as well.



When Women Settle in the Colonies

SOME time ago I was present at the departure of two English girls who had become the wives of non-commissioned officers of the New Zealand Expeditionary Force, men who had been through all the soul-stirring and body-torturing episodes immortalised by pen and picture as the landing of the Anzacs on the Gallipoli Peninsula. These men had suffered, toiled, and during their brief furlough in the Old Country had wooed and won two English girls, and were taking them over twelve thousand miles across the ocean to a new home in a portion of our great Empire.

A Transference to the Colonies.

In a good many cases the results of emigration have not proved the success which the argosy should have proved. In fact, this article will have done service if it is the means, if not of actually deterring the would-be enthusiast, at least of prompting the caution of second thoughts.

It must be understood that in dealing with this question of oversea settlement that a larger public than those who link their future with our gallant colonial brethren in arms is dealt with. Nothing is more certain than the fact that thousands of young men who have been fettered to the stool or other sedentary form of existence could not, after active service, possibly contemplate a return to pre-war conditions, and an outdoor life in the oversea dominions is probably the only alternative that presents itself.

The Desire for a

There is one very important factor which bears on this. Apart from the physical development that active service gave men, a possibly unthought-of sidelight must be borne in mind. To the uninitiated let me at once state that one of the chief reasons of the prosperity of France, and incidentally her spirit of contentment, lies in the existence of peasant proprietorship. Those who have travelled through smiling France in her happier days will readily recall to mind the neat little peasant holdings which lay out the fertile country like a chessboard, and this visible testimony of the advantages of small holdings has not been lost upon our men fighting in France, and has created in many a desire to possess his own holding.

This desire, wedded to the strong self-reliance which war engendered, constitutes the very material which the oversea dominions are craving for, and at the very commencement eliminates the uncertainty—nay, one might say the lottery—of the future of the intending settler.

Points to be Considered.

Marriage is a condition which a woman must consider with all the seriousness that she can bring to bear upon the subject, but when the condition involves life under circumstances and surroundings so entirely different to those obtaining in the home country, it requires more than ordinary consideration. In home life a little difference of opinion may be adjusted by more experienced parents, or a hasty word causing pain may sink into oblivion amid the anæsthesia of a concert, but in the great lands beyond the seas there is no such local application. For that reason alone there must be the deep love, trustful confidence, and above all, willingness of self-sacrifice. Without these, happiness and success of a young married couple in the oversea dominions is a very doubtful possibility.

Some of the Points they will Need to Remember

By Ceptain Wm.

Two things are essential to the woman, and they are confidence to adapt herself to the new conditions, and confidence in the man she chooses to link her life with in the new adventure.

Our Oversea Dominiona To-Day.

Years ago, settlement in any part of the British Empire was the veriest gamble. The gold rush to Australia, the scramble to the Kimberley diggings for diamonds, the awful aftermath which followed the race to stake out claims in the fabulous Golconda of the Klondyke, all these sudden eruptions have left their tales of wondrous discoveries written in visible wealth; but buried are the hundreds of stories of dismal failures and broken lives of the many who have not "made good." Between the two extremes there lies the ever-present existence of the steady progress of those who were made of the material which I have stated as essential. Cross the great Dominion of Canada and witness the snug little farmsteads in Nova Scotia and Brunswick, reminding one every bit of the old country, for the very houses themselves are fashioned as our own chiefly because they were built by the older settlers long since dead, and so being are free from the economic nakedness of the newer West. Pass on through the millions of wheatsown acres of prairies, over the Rockies down to the valleys of British Columbia, covered with their incomparable orchards, till you reach the warm breezes of the Pacific.

Or again, carry your mind to the thousands of peaceful homesteads that are all too few in Australia. Witness to the prosperity of New Zealand, a dominion which can boast that it does not possess either a millionaire or a pauper. These are the silent witnesses of the conditions that await the settler from the Old Country. It is hard to describein fact, almost impossible—the spirit of the new existence. The craving for temporary amusement soon passes away. The fresh sensations gradually evolve into a greater something which inoculates the human personality with a deeper knowledge of the Infinite than the tawdry existence in crowded communities, and the woman who, when the right man asks her to join him in the great adventure, will experience an uplifting into a realm of possibilities, the realisation of which will give her scope for all those virtues of her sex which have and will be for time eternal the greatest gift God gave to man.

Obviously it stands to reason that each man will not choose the same part of the Empire. Many will choose the Dominion of Canada, with its climates varying from the bracing keen air of Nova Scotia or New Brunswick; others the more equable climate of Ontario. The musical incessant reaping machine gathering in the golden harvest of the prairies will draw its quota, while the peaceful slopes of the valley orchards of British Columbia will be the haven of those fortunate enough to possess sufficient capital to carry them over at least three years, which is the minimum period essential before a position of minor independence can be secured.

Life in Canada.

Let us first of all, then, deal with the question of Canada. It is more difficult for a home-born Britisher to acclimatise him or herself socially and commercially in Canada than in any other part of the British Empire. The Canadians

When Women Settle in the Colonies

are a people to themselves. They have all the characteristics of a young and vigorous nation; but it is interesting to see how quickly a new settler, once he or she gets imbued with the Canadian spirit, sheds the Old Country. Therefore the first problem the Englishwoman has to face, and it wants facing, is to make home thoughts absolutely a secondary consideration, and fortunately the everengrossing and increasing daily task in new home building aids the worker in this task. That, however, is a psychological matter, and the best way a girl can meet the practical side is on this side of the water. I would suggest three months spent with the household of a practical farmer, whose family take an active share in the work of the farm, would be a good and most economical way to obtain a foresight of what will be the future daily routine out in Canada. The farther away from a town that the farm is situated, the more realistic will be the conditions appertaining to Canada. The passing phase of "Woman on the Land" created by the war must not be taken as a criterion. Some people have a vague idea that "roughing it" has something romantic attached to it. It has not. To be frank, it means a woman from home will find herself faced with a situation which will need every fibre of endurance, every atom of resource, and not a fanciful idea of a log cabin, galloping across the prairie on a thoroughbred with a flowing mane and waving tail, accompanied with picnic meals amidst stream and forest.

Early Rising an

There are extremes in everything, and more particularly in the question of settling in a new country. Assuming that the intending settler has made up her mind and is anxious to avoid the numerous pitfalls which beset the newcomer, it is imperative to point out first of all the essential changes which will inevitably take place. First and foremost is the matter of early rising, which must be methodic and not spasmodic. The cardinal pride of the successful women in the oversea dominions is to get the hard work of the day finished before noon, and in nine cases out of ten this means you must do it yourself. The woman settler must be systematic, and the cleaning of the house and the service of meals must be as regular as clockwork. One of the secrets of success from the woman's point of view is a knowledge of storekeeping; different from housekeeping at home, because it entails a foresight covering weeks ahead, and a good plan is to keep a regular diary in which she will register her food and stores consumption, and by such experience she will soon gauge exactly what are her needs the next time she drives into market.

The question of keeping a good table is, needless to say, all-important. The magnificent climate, added to the manual life of the husband, makes commissariat an important consideration. With the break of day she must be up and get the fire going—not with a gas stove, but with wood fuel garnered one's self. Then hot coffee and

home-made bread, and no woman should go to the colonies until she has learnt the art of home baking. Then comes the cleaning. Then the breakfast of fruit, porridge, bacon, and maple syrup. The general housework will absorb the morning so quickly that the dinner-hour approaches all too quickly. The rest of the day is very much like that of a farm in the Old Country, only with the vast difference that expansion in the latter case is rare and limited, while in the colonies each day brings more contentment, and the thermometer of prosperity is pretty well always rising.

The Call of Australia.

Naturally the social conditions in different parts of the Empire vary in a very large degree, and the woman who goes to Canada will experience an entirely different atmosphere to that which will be found in Australasia. Possibly the latter offers more attractions to the woman who is desirous of living in conditions which approach as nearly as possible those which obtain in the Old Country. In Australia and New Zealand there is not the money-making rush which sometimes sadly mars the smoothness of home life. And certainly nothing can exceed the cordiality with which the Australian-born woman welcomes her sister from the Old Country. Anyone who has witnessed the boating, picnic and riding parties, which are such a familiar sight out there, must admit that the Australian woman is miles ahead of the woman at home in the way of making others

The question of outfit is one that certainly needs an article to itself. Yet it should not need the exercise of much trouble. The great thing to remember is not to take a store of things with you. It is better to buy in the country in which you are settling. It not only means that you will be burdened with less baggage, but you will save money. This especially applies to Australia, which, without doubt, produces the finest wool in the world, and underclothing, blankets and other woollen articles purchased in Melbourne or Sydney will surprise the purchaser used to English goods, not only in cheapness but in durability.

Another thing that will surprise the newcomer to Australia in shopping—and the shops will be found equal to any big stores in England—is that there is no farthing on the price ticket, and butchers do not charge for the piece of bone.

These are some of the changes which will be noticed in the alteration of life overseas from that here. Needless to say, there are many details which at first will seem strange. The woman, naturally, will be expected to attend to the minor work of the farm, and as far as one can judge, the details of dairying, poultry farming, and small market gardening—the latter which, by the way, yields surprising results—when one is located near a town-site, are practically much the same as exist in England, only with this difference, that a commercial spirit, if it be not already present, is created.







By Mrs. LOVAT

The Girl's "Blind Alley"

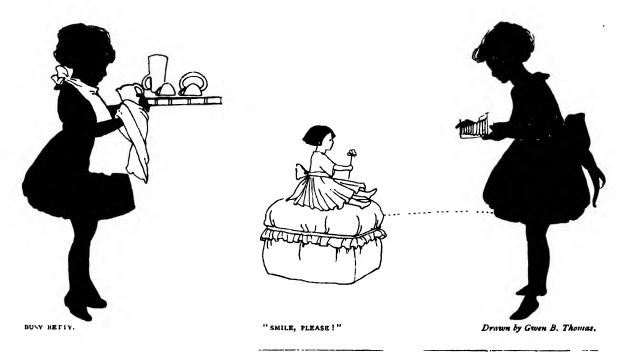
IT was recently my privilege to pilot round town an American journalist well versed in the economic conditions affecting women's employment in the States and anxious



to acquire a similar insight into those controlling women's work in this country. What struck her as being particularly unexpected was the small proportion of feminine wage-earners in receipt of really significant salaries as compared with the disproportionately large number drawing an income on the margin of bare subsistence. She was eloquent in statistics regarding the sixty thousand women in New York alone, whom she declared to be the recipients of a hundred dollars a week, and provided me

with other thought-provoking figures relating to professional women in various walks of life, and commanding salaries even more munificent and apparently thinking them nothing unusual or extraordinary. She professed herself unable to understand why a country that can boast women of ability, let us say of Lady Rhondda, Mrs. Wintringham, and Miss Royden, should yet compare unfavourably with her own in regard to the number occupying positions of outstanding importance both in the business and the professional world.

A few inquiries, however, did much to elucidate the position. For it did not require a great deal of research to discover that in the United States parents are more keenly alive than they are in the Old World to the langers of "blind alley" employment for their girls. We over here long ago awoke to the pitfall of placing our sons in jobs that are so many culs de sac, leading nowhere and providing no training to qualify for further advancement, but, so far as our girls are concerned, we still cheerfully fit them out to be typists and secretaries, clerks and teachers, without giving a thought to the prospects of advancement offered by the posts. I include the teaching profession among the blind-alley employment, because, although, technically speaking, members of the teaching profession may advance to posts of considerable importance and good emolument, these stand in a very sparse relation to those occupied by the rank and file, and a girl must be of exceptional brilliance in order to achieve such a position while still in possession of youth and enthusiasm. The same applies to the Civil Service, where advancement is slow and depends very largely on the degree of health enjoyed by one's superior officers.



The Girl's "Blind Alley"

Now the whole question of fitting a girl adequately to take her place in the economic world turns ultimately on the way in which both she and her parents regard the matter of a career in relation to marriage. If we elect to retain the attitude in which we regard her employment as a mere stop-gap for the days that precede wifehood, then we must be content to put up with the unsatisfactory prospect of a blind-alley occupation, in spite of the fact that this involves the risk of as great a tragedy of wasted life as did the old-fashioned habit of withholding occupation from the daughters altogether. For many a girl whose early years have been spent on work that equips her for nothing further, has too late awakened to the realisation that matrimony is not for her after all, and that she must suffer the chagrin of seeing younger women progressing to superior positions while she stays where she was first placed.

But if, on the other hand, we look on the question in the light of the American parent, we give our girls the most precious gift possible—the power to express themselves through the work of their brains and hands. According to my American journalist, the average girl in the United States is both equipped and financed by her parents on an equal footing with her brothers. That is to say, the man who is in a position to qualify a son to take up an appropriate stand in the business world, considers it but just to afford his daughter an opportunity to establish herself likewise. If she does not marry she has the interest of a career to console her for her state of singleblessedness; if she does, then she may either retain her work or dispose of the business she has already developed and use the proceeds as her matrimonial nest-egg. Incidentally it is America's way of disposing of the problem of the "superfluous woman." Count up the women to whom you feel this unenviable epithet might appropriately be applied, and I dare wager that nine out of ten of them will be either non-wage-earners or blind-alley employees. No woman captain of industry can be called superfluous, even by her critics.

This is certainly a matter on which public opinion needs to be educated, and the education of the parents lies with the daughters, who must first learn themselves to desire a career for that career's sake, and cease the old pernicious point of view as to stopgap employment. The present trend of taxation is all against making adequate provision for one's descendants, and the prudent middleclass parent is now slowly but surely arriving at the conclusion that the best use to which he can put his resources is to equip his offspring, whether they be sons or daughters, to provide for themselves. Only, at the present time, he is apt to equip them in distinctly unequal measure, the girls being handicapped at the outset by the small proportion of the capital allocated to them. Hence the difficulty of branching out, of extending the small dressmaking, millinery, or decorating business they may have inaugurated, and of generally attaining the position in the economic world secured by our American sisters.

Hewers of wood and drawers of water there must always be, but when a girl is conscious of having within her the seeds of something more ambitious, let her beware of a blind-alley occupation. And let the parent be equally ready to accord his girl a chance to show what she can make of her powers, trusting to feminine fairness not to abuse the confidence he is reposing in her. America has shown us the way.



Chapter I.

ANN WARWICK sat at the window of her parlour looking out on her garden, where spring reigned triumphant. It was an old-fashioned shrubby garden, rather uncared for; but spring did not mind that, and the birds revelled in it. A thrush called joyously from the apple tree where the pink-tinged blossom made a glory, and a blackbird answered in a rich throaty voice from the unpruned syringa bush where he had taken up house. A tiny dusky hedgewarbler was very busy on the garden path collecting materials for housebuilding.

Nature was awake after the winter sleep, and rejoicing in the fact. Every tiniest bird seemed to have something to do. Every minute was precious.

And Ann watched with wistful eyes. What on earth was there for her to do now? From the garden, flooded with morning sunlight, she turned her gaze to the little room where she sat. And as she looked at the invalid chair, the invalid table, and all the contrivances for an invalid's comfort and well-being, she could scarcely believe that that dear invalid was no longer here—needed her loving service no longer.

It was two months since her mother had been laid to rest, and since then there had been a bewildering lot of business to attend to, which had left her with this little old-fashioned cottage in a forgotten corner of the city, and enough money to keep her. And now that all the strain and stress was over she wondered what she was to do with herself.

She was thirty! Since she was twenty she had been her mother's companion and nurse. Much had happened in those ten years. The Great War had come and gone. Other women had gone out into the world to do men's work—the whole world had changed. But to Ann, the great universal upheaval had only mattered in so far as it affected her mother, deprived her mother of necessities or comforts.

Her mother had called her "child." And with her mother she had felt a child, even while she was eyes, hands, feet—everything to the older woman. She had never realised her thirty years.

Now she realised, and felt suddenly old. She was thirty, and seemed to be unneeded by anyone. That was where the sting lay.

If only she had required to work for a living she might have taken a post as nurse to some other old lady.

The thrush seemed to be piping its very heart out for joy. And once more Ann looked at it balanced on the very tip of the old apple tree above the blossoms and against the blue of the spring sky. She could see the throbbing of its speckled throat.

"It is singing with joy because it has a mate to work for, and because shortly it will have a nest full of little ones," Ann murmured, leaning forward with parted lips and dark grey eyes that shone. That was the secret of happiness that had been revealed to her earlier perhaps than to most—service.

It would not do for her to sit and look out at that spring garden so full of glad life. She had better do something.

So she sprang up and hurried into the bed-room, where she vigorously dusted each familiar article and set it back in its appointed place. It did not take long, and she wondered if she should go to the kitchen to bake. But baking had lost all interest when there was no one to enjoy her cakes.

Dishes rattled cheerfully down in the kitchen, and little Maggie's anything but sweet voice could be heard singing "Black-eyed Susan." Maggie was nothing if not up-to-date. She could jazz, and do two-steps and one-steps. She knew all kinds of airs, too, that left Ann puzzled.

"Not know that, Miss Ann?" she would say, rounding her eyes. "Why, that's as old as old!"

Now Ann imagined Maggie's plump figure rocking in time to "Black-eyed Susan," and she hoped vaguely that the dishes were safe.

And then suddenly the quiet little house woke to life. The door that led into the glass porch burst open, and there was the sound of a clear chattering voice, a rush of feet.

"Hullo, auntie! Where are you?" the clear voice called.

"Here, dear! here!" Ann answered almost shyly, hurrying from her bed-room. Nell Wilmot's growing children always made her feel shy,

and at once very old and terribly young. They were so much more self-possessed than she.

A girl with very abbreviated serge skirt and very elongated black legs brought her hand to the salute at sight of Ann.

"Morning, auntie!" she said.

"Good morning, Pickles!" Ann answered. "Good morning, Mr. Denton!" she added with formal shyness to the broad-shouldered man behind the child. She had "got out of the way" of men, and she did wish that Nell Wilmot's Bachelor brother had stayed abroad, and not elected to come home at present.

"Morning, Miss Ann!" Tom Denton said now, cheerfully. "I met this kid and she dragged me along."

Ann had been at school with his sister, and he had thought her a jolly pretty girl in the old days, with the masses of dusky hair that rippled so prettily, and the grey eyes so full of eager question. She had been bridesmaid at his sister's wedding and he best man, and he had been quite inclined to feel romantic. Then he had gone abroad, and his life had filled with interest, and she had become nurse to a stricken mother.

He had met her at the house of his widowed sister the other day for the first time after those ten years, and he would scarcely have known her. The room had been full of well-dressed talking women, and Ann had simply been nowhere. She seemed all out of place, and out-of-date—clothes and person.

"Get ahead, Pickles, and give your message, and don't waste Miss Ann's time," he added now, slapping a hand on the child's slight shoulder.

"Mum wants you to tea this afternoon, and Nunks is taking us to the pictures after. It will be topping!" Pickles, aged nine, announced. "Cheerio, auntie! I've to get home and get some lunch, and then I have hockey in the afternoon. Come on, Nunks!" And slipping a hand familiarly through her uncle's arm she whisked him away, while he raised his hat and laughed over his shoulder at Ann.

For a few minutes Ann stood with flushed cheeks just where they left her; then she went slowly back to her bed-room, and half-reluctantly, looked into her mirror. Her heart was throbbing faster than usual. And that throbbing took her back ten years. It had throbbed so at Nell's wedding when Tom Denton had stood at her side. That day she had dreamed girlish dreams which had since been put aside and almost forgotten.

But she turned from the mirror with a sigh. That was not the girl of ten years ago. And she did not realise that what she had lost in one way she had gained in another. Her eyes did not laugh so much, but they had more depth.

"You're old and plain, so don't be stupid, Ann!" she told herself as she turned away.

At the pictures that afternoon she felt hopelessly behindhand. She had not gone much, and she was quite bewildered by the quick changes, and marvelled at the cleverness of the children who did not miss a point.

"Tophole picture!" Bumps, aged six, remarked to her as they passed into the street.

"Was it? I don't think I quite knew what it was all about," Ann answered in worried tones.

Her grey eyes met Tom Denton's almost defiantly as she made her confession.

"A bit mixing sometimes, aren't they?" he remarked cheerfully.

"I know you're thinking she's stupid," his sister said to him defensively when Ann had gone, "but she's not. Ann never was stupid. And it's no sin not to know what they mean when they put on those awful 'close-ups,' pulling faces at you. And if she pulled her hair out over her cheeks, and—and wore jumpers instead of blouses, you'd find she was better looking than most. But, you see, she's never given a thought to herself for years."

"Good old Nell!" her brother said approvingly. But he did not give Ann another thought.

And at home Ann sat once more at the window of her parlour, looking out into the twilight, and listening to a blackbird singing evensong, and her cheeks were flushed and her eyes



IT WAS TOM WHO MORE THAN ONCE HAD BROUGHT HER TEA IN THE MIDDLE OF THE NIGHT.

Drawn by Ernest Prater.

over-bright as though with unshed tears.

"I—I just can't catch up!" she murmured. "The children and Nell make me feel so fearfully old; and yet such an infant—such a prehistoric dug-up infant! I'm better at home. Everyone's so fearfully clever these days. I—I do wish there was something for me to do!"

Chapter II.

It was a day or two later that Ann ran in to see her friend Nell Wilmot. She went in the forenoon because she was shy of being caught in an afternoon party. She had been caught once and grown wary. Besides, in the forenoon Tom was usually off at golf or something of that kind.

In the library she found an utterly distraught Nell. Tom Denton was there too, standing by his sister and patting her down-bent head in a helpless masculine fashion.

"Thank goodness, here's Ann!" he said in tones of relief. "Come here, Ann, and tell this girl that Pickles isn't in the least likely to die She's a hardy little kid! See her bang away with her hockey stick," he went on, evidently repeating his arguments.

"Oh, Ann! Is that you?" Nell lifted a tear-blurred face. "What on earth has being able to play hockey to do with inflammation of the lungs? I do wish you would not say stupid things, Tom!" she added irritably.

"The doctor says she has been overdoing that sort of thing, and she is most frightfully highly-strung. She won't let a stranger anywhere near her. We got in a nurse, and Pickles nearly had a fit; so we had to send her off. And I'm no use. I just can't help crying whenever I go near her. It's so awful to see Pickles like this!"

She bent her head again and so bled, and Tom Denton looked helplessly at Ann.

"She's no use with the kid," he said. "Pickles will have to put up with a nurse. She will perhaps quiet down." He looked frightfully worried. And as she looked from him to Nell, suddenly all Ann's shyness left her.

"Don't worry!" she said cheerfully. "I'll look after Pickles. I've been accustomed to nursing, you know, and I've been feeling terribly lost with no one to look after. And Pickles won't mind me."

"Oh, Ann! Will you?" Nell Wilmot got up and flung her arms about her friend. And Tom Denton looked at her gratefully and saw a new Ann—neither the gay laughing girl of ten years ago, nor the shy out-of-date woman of yesterday, a woman of no account.

This was a woman whose grey eyes shone, whose lips smiled kindly, from whom all self-consciousness had dropped.

For days after that the Wilmot household moved round Ann. Pickles

The Rejuvenation of Ann

was very ill, and Ann—quiet-eyed, soft of foot and hand and voice, always cheerful, too—was the rock to which they clung.

"She's a wonder!" the doctor said enthusiastically to the young widow mother. "I just wish she was on my nursing staff, that's all. The way she has managed that highly-strung child of yours is marvellous!"

Nell repeated his words to Ann when the latter joined Tom and her for a cup of afternoon tea.

Ann sat quiet for a minute gazing grave-eyed before her, while Tom watched, and wondered of what she was thinking. She looked so tired and fragile, as if she herself needed some looking after instead of looking after other people, he thought resentfully.

"Do you know," she said at last, quietly, "if I am not too old, I think I shall train for a nurse. It is what I am best at, and there doesn't seem to be any place for me in your world. Illness seems to be the only old-fashioned thing left." She smiled at them both as she said it. She had lost all self-consciousness with Tom. He had been so helpful when Pickles was so ill.

Impulsively he opened his lips to speak, then closed them again, and, getting up, strolled away.

And next day Ann returned to the little house in the quiet corner.

Chapter III.

And the corner seemed quicter than ever—the loneliness lonelier. Maggie was quite disgustingly well, and able to do everything in the little house. No! She really was not needed here. Of course, there was her nursing scheme. But even there, there were such lots of women who could do quite as well as she, and—and the beastly thing was—Pickles and Bumps both said "beastly," and so did Tom—that she didn't need to nurse, and might be taking the bread from some other girl's mouth.

"Sweet-heart! Sweet-heart!"
the thrush on the top of the apple
tree called joyously to the mate in
the mud-lined nest. "I love you!
I love you! I love you!" There
was passion in the notes, and to Ann,
with nerves strung taut, the words
seemed quite clear.

And her heart throbbed and ached at one and the same time, and the grey eyes were wistful. And as the thrush continued its passionate lovesong her thoughts turned very naturally to Tom Denton. It was Tom who had noticed when she was tired, and had insisted on her lying down while he himself kept guard. It was Tom who, more than once, had brought her tea in the middle of the night. He had been so tender with little Pickles, too! She liked to see a strong man tender.

"Sweet-heart! Sweet-heart!"

Again that ridiculous throbbing and aching at her heart.

Sweetheart? Why, she was thirty, and old at that! All that kind of thing had gone past for her, she told herself sternly. She was one of those women who seem to have no place. One of those women whose youth has slipped away, and yet whose hearts are left with all the longings of youth. And, quite suddenly, a hot wave of rebellion swept over her. That sunny spring garden, the passionate lover on the tree top, the very luxuriant blossoming of the appletree, mocked at her.

"Oh, be quiet! I hate you!" she panted, springing to her feet and looking with stormy eyes at the thrush in its setting of pink blossom against a soft blue sky.

"That's rather an unusual sentiment from you, Miss Ann, I should think?"

Tom Denton, with Bumps—a smaller, more wicked edition of Pickles in his train—had come in unnoticed, so taken up had she been with her own thoughts. But the heat of rebellion was still in Ann's veins, and she swung round on him.

"What do you know about me or 'my sentiments,' as you call them?" she said sharply. "Nobody in all the earth really cares what I think or feel. I'm just an old maid to you, who has no right to feel anything but placid content. Well, I don't! I.—I.——"

Totally unexpected tears rushed to her eyes, and to her horror Ann realised that she was going to make a fool of herself. At least she had done that already, but make a worse fool of herself. It was Bumps who created a diversion. She loved Ann's "weenie" house, as she called it, and had been exploring as usual. It was a china shepherdess that had crashed from the mantel to the hearth now, and lay in pathetic pieces.

"Oh, auntie!" poor Bumps said with awed penitence. She had always loved that shepherdess, and thought her the most beautiful thing, and she was just tall enough now, when she stood on a fat hassock, to reach her. And this was the result.

Ann's arms went round her at once.

"Oh, what does it matter, dear?" she said, winking the tears, not brought by the breaking of a china shepherdess, from her eyes. "I'm only sorry because I meant to give her to you; but you shall have the little one at the other side."

"Really, auntie?" The child's voice was full of incredulous joy. "I do love you! And so does Nunks, don't you?"—turning clear eyes to Tom Denton's face. "And I do want you for a real true auntie! If you were to marry Nunks you'd be a real auntie. I heard mums say to Auntie Rose that——"

"Bumps!" Ann broke in swiftly, "there is a sweet little nest down in the syringa bush, with blue eggs in it. Wouldn't you like to go and look, before they turn into little birds? Only look, remember!"

The child was gone before the words were finished; and then Ann wished her back, for she was alone with Tom Denton with Bumps' embarrassing speech still hanging in the air.

"Children say awful things, don't they?" she said, looking up at him defiantly. But Tom's eyes looked so kind, so tender, that the defiance died out.

"Sometimes they say true things," he said gravely. "Sweetheart!"

And at the magic word, as those strong arms gathered her close, Ann grew young again. It was spring with her as with all the world. And her heart throbbed in tune with the throb in the thrush's voice. But the ache had gone, for she, too, had a mate who said—

"Sweetheart! I love you! I love you!"

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The Decoration of the Work-room

WITH what the professional decorator loves to call the "boudoir," the ordinary woman with work to perform in the world can very well afford to dispense. There is little time in these prosaic days for the elegancies that such a word implies, whereas there is, on the other hand, a real need for a room that has been specially planned to meet the needs of the wife and mother, a room that has been designed with a view to suitability to function and one which shall in its attitude encourage the concentration which most rooms are apt to dispel for those on work intent.

• There is in many houses a little third room on the ground floor which grows into a sort of hybrid smoke-room, schoolroom, study, performing no particular purpose and possessing no particular character. In houses where such a room can be spared for the use of the housewife without actually dislocating the arrangements of the menage, its adaptation into a work-room may represent a real boon. For the housewife needs her workshop just as any other professional. a place where she may pursue her avocations without that ever-recurring necessity for tidying-up and presenting a company face to a possible visitor. The best work is done in the rooms that are intended for labour, not in those which are primarily intended for relaxation.

In my work-room I would have all of the greatest simplicity. There should be no ornaments and precious little furniture, there should only be such hangings as are needed for protection from sun and from draughts, and the floor covering should be such as will render up bits and pieces with the greatest possible ease.

Thus, in my work-room I would, I fancy, choose a wall-paper of soft beige, its surface being roughish so that a pleasant play of light on its unevenness shall make up for the lack of pictures. Should a repainting of doors and skirting be needed I would have this of black or a very dark mahogany brown, since neither would be unduly prone to encouraging marks or stains. For the floor a plain cork felt such as can be bought at less than 7s. a yard, and be relied upon to yield splendid wear and maintain a pleasant surface at the same time.

But it is in the furnishing, not in the

decoration of the work-room, that the greatest perspicacity is needed. Comparatively few people realise that a chest of drawers is not an article of furniture solely intended for bed-room use, and that, selected with care, it can prove a decorative as well as an extremely useful addition to a sittingroom. Chosen of the bow-fronted variety, and equipped with brass handles and escutcheons of good shape, a welldesigned chest of this description looks extremely acceptable in a living-room. a fact which is slowly dawning on a good many who have been forced by restriction of space to make the innovation.

Now, in the work-room your comfort will be directly proportionate to the depth and number of the drawers. If you can find a tallboy at a reasonable price (they have soared much in value of late) so much the better, for it will become the means of stowing out of sight all that limitless impedimenta of odds and ends, buttons and tapes, materials and trimmings which those of thrifty mind rightly harbour in increasing quantities as their days and families do grow.

Next to the provision of the chest comes the question of a mirror. Nothing is more irritating than to be obliged in the midst of one's "trying-on" to take repeated and feverish excursions to one's bed-room to study one's full length reflection in the glass. Therefore, in a well-lighted position on my plain walls. I would instal a full-length mirror such as one finds in shops devoted to business fitments. These mirrors in their frames of mahogany or black enamelled deal represent the cheapest form of long glass of which I know. Cheval glasses, besides appropriating an inconveniently large amount of space, are now too highly priced for the purses of most of us, while wall mirrors of extensive dimensions, if ornately framed. also command prices unsuitable for a work-room. If you should resent the unduly plain air of a glass of this kind. I can put you into touch with a firm which will paint a charming little geometric or floral design on its moulding at a price which will vary from 10s. 6d. to 15s., according to its elaboration. Just this little touch transforms what is really a shop-fitting into something quite decorative enough to take its

place in a dainty bed-room or on a landing where an oblong glass of this description often serves a useful purpose in brightening up a dull space.

Shelves in a work-room are a sine qua non. These are best arranged on either side of a fireplace to dado height, so that the gathered material which hides them by day creates a nicely balanced bit of colour that matches the window-curtains. For a work-room there is much to be said in this connection for the old-fashioned Turkey twill, whose red is a red that is pleasant to live with (a rarish thing in reds), and whose wearing qualities know no rival.

Another necessity in the work-room is a gas-ring, on which irons can be heated or kettles boiled. In dressmaking operations an iron should be brought into action (I say "should" because so many amateurish efforts betray themselves by the too infrequent pressing bestowed in the course of construction) on the completion of all joins and seams, and it is a temptation to scamp this portion of the work when the iron must be heated elsewhere. The adjustable gas rings that can be raised to a convenient level to avoid stooping on the part of the ironer will save a lot of backache if much pressing is afoot. If the room is lit by electricity, then of course the electric iron will be installed, care being taken at the time of purchase to ensure that it be of the suitable voltage. I have known the entire electric equipment of the house thrown out of gear by the institution of an iron constructed for use with a different voltage.

A sturdy table of deal that will not resent possible marks from the iron or possible digs from stiletto points will save a lot of heart-burning. And as for the chairs, let there be at least one of the rocking order. It is wonderful how such a chair can inspire a worker whose energies need a little encouragement. One needs sometimes to weave a few dreams into one's work, and a rocking-chair is the chair for dreaming in. You may say that work and dreams do not go together, but I would remind you that the work which has behind it no imagination is of a poor order. Dreams and imagination—who shall say where the one begins and the other ends?

Inside the Home

With Special Attention to the Chairs

Mrs. GORDON-STABLES

This question of chairs opens up a matter to which we perhaps pay, as a rule, too little attention. The medical profession attributes many species of physical defects, from round shoulders to spinal curvature, to the unscientific way in which chairs and couches are selected in relation to the individuals who most will use them. How many parents, for instance, take care while their children are young that at each stage of growth they have chairs that fit them? And how many school authorities see to it that the pupils sit at desks adjusted at such a distance from the actual seat that they will be able to study their books and write their exercises without being obliged to bend over them? As soon as a parent finds herself continually admonishing her offspring to "sit up" and "hold the shoulders back," she should look well to the cause of the defect. She will doubtless find it in a chair with a back which affords no support to that of the sitter. Either the back is of a shape that bears no anatomical relation to the human form or it is fitted to the legs at such an angle as either throws the body unduly forward or encourages that attitude which among teachers and parents goes by the name of "lolling."

It is not alone the back of the chair which calls for careful attention. The height of the seat from the floor is equally important. The tendency among many latter-day chairs is for the seat to be unduly near the ground, with the result that the knees are brought lower than the hips, a position which is not only uncomfortable, but also unhealthy. According to a medical man of standing, the chair of the growing child should be made with a telescopic seat, so that its height may be adjusted as the proportions of the body alter. Though, so far as I know, no such chair is at present available, the parent may avoid undesirable results by providing a chair of suitable measurements with every stage of growth.

Most easy chairs belie their name. No chair is really easy (isn't this what the grammarians call a "transferred epithet," by the way?) which does not possess a convex curve to fit into the concave curve at the base of the spine and a convex one to fit the upper portion of the back. No chair is easy which has a seat so long (and what a number have such a seat!) that, with one's feet duly touching the floor, one's back rests against its back only across the shoulders, a vacuum occurring at the base. No chair is easy that is too wide in the seat, so that one

is encouraged to sit obliquely in it with a consequent lateral pressure on the spine. No chair is easy of which the springs are so resilient as to create a sort of bouncing action with every movement, yet no chair is easy that is not so thoroughly well sprung that the limbs may be rested and pressure avoided.

Some years ago a scientist with a passion for statistics estimated the percentage of lost energy to be laid at the doo rof uncomfortable office stools, foolish music stools, wrongly proportioned seats used by typists, seamstresses, and others, as well as of badly-designed seats in the buses and trains in which workers travel to and from their employment. The figures were provocative of thought.

To Make Leather Last

During the prolonged heat of last summer the leather coverings of chairs and couches gave evidence of their need of special attention during times of drought, by a disposition to crack and to crumble. It is a curious fact that while housewives will lavish a regular meed of attention on woodwork they are apt entirely to disregard the needs of the leather seat-covers, which, being of animal origin, stand in far greater necessity of nourishment than the framework to which they are attached.

This year we may avoid the negligence of last, by first removing from the leather all accretions of dust and dirt. This is best achieved by means of a good furniture cream, if the state of the leather is not too soiled a one; but if matters are already somewhat far advanced it will be advisable to resort to more stringent methods and to apply either a weak and warm solution of soda in water or to damp the leather and then rub it over lightly with a small cake of soap. In no case must the leather be allowed to become soaked with the liquid lest it be encouraged to lose its shape.

Having removed any stains in this manner, there comes the business of applying a feeding polish. A polish which not only nourishes the tissues of the leather, but at the same time imparts a lustre which is not easily scratched, is made in the following manner:-One ounce of glue is gently warmed over a gas-jet in half a pint of vinegar and a quarter of a pint of water, half a drachm of soft soap and half a drachm of isinglass being stirred in while the mixture is gradually brought to boiling-point. The whole is allowed to boil for twenty minutes, after which a little colouring matter, such as annatto or turmeric is added, in accordance with the tone of

the leather which is being treated. The leather will revive marvellously when gently rubbed with an old silk handkerchief or piece of soft flannel on to which a little of the polish has been smeared, and if the attention be repeated, let us say, monthly, there will be none of that disastrous crumbling into dust-particles which to the eye of the initiated infallibly portends imminent decay.

Should the leather have already attained that state when its surface has achieved a sort of flaked condition, the polishing should be preceded by the application of a thin paste made from rye flour dissolved in boiling water. This is rubbed on in the direction in which the flakes should lie, the flattening of them being brought about by means of a large cork, used to stroke and pat them into position.

These methods may equally well be applied to our travelling-trunks and their straps, both of which have an unpleasant way of declaring themselveswhen one brings them forth for their holiday excursion-far shabbier than we were pleased to consider them when last we relegated them to the box-room. If at the wind-up of each holiday season we treated our portmanteaux and suitcases in the same manner as I have outlined for the preservation of the furniture leather, we should hear less during holiday times of perished bindings and of straps that give way under unusual strain

There are at present on the market several preparations for the rejuvenation of leather, but most of these have well-defined disadvantages. Some have the effect of hardening the leather, others leave a stickiness behind them. and nearly all, being largely composed of shellac, scratch and mark very readily. It is well worth the trouble of making one's own polish in order that all three of these characteristics may be avoided.

Ventilating the Furniture.

The question of ventilating the furniture in addition to the house, is one which, as a rule, receives far less than its due share of interest. How many folk, for instance, ever think of ventilating their piano? Yet the piano is an instrument which, if it is to remain in good condition, requires a careful and periodic supply of good fresh air. It should be opened at the top for two or three hours at least once a month, and if it also can be given a sun bath from time to time, so much the better.

The piano, however, must not be allowed to catch cold, and for this reason it must not be placed in draughts or permitted to become damp. If your drawing-room be a ceremonial apartment, which during several months of the year rejoices in but an occasional fire, it is better that the piano shall find a home in a room that is in daily use. If your house as a whole is not so dry as it might be, a piece of unslaked lime placed in a muslin bag and deposited inside the instrument, does useful work in absorbing moisture and preventing rust and corrosion. No piano should ever stand directly against a wall. There should always be an air passage right round it so that risk of damage from damp may be reduced.

This matter of an air passage applies equally to bookcases and cabinets. When these are placed against an outer wall, it is a common thing, on removing them, to find a thin layer of mould clinging to the back, a state of affairs that inevitably brings about a condition of dry rot, if permitted to continue. Wood needs to breathe through its pores as freely as living organisms.

The Balcony as a Playground.

When a town house possesses no garden that can be used as a playground for the children, it is often possible to make good use of the balcony in this connection. In its original state, however, a balcony is anything but a safe place for children, prone as they are to the delights of climbing rails and hanging over balustrades. I came across, however, not long ago, an ingenious device, invented by certain fond parents for so adapting a nursery balcony as to make it the means of providing the children with a place in which they might play their games in the enjoyment of fresh air without any attendant risks. The nursery itself was furnished with French windows, above which on the outside had been fixed staples which held in place a sort of cage of fine wire netting. The roof of the cage was steadied by means of long poles, fixed to the corners of the balcony railings, and the netting had been brought down to the sides and front in such a way as to form a complete protection. Even the floor of the fitment had been enclosed with wire so that toys could not drop to earth through the interstices of the design.

A grubby playground for the children, you may think, knowing the soil that usually accrues from contact with balcony metalwork. Yet even the London balcony, if cleansed once or twice a week with one of those comprehensive mops that are sold for step-cleaning, may be kept commendably free from smoke and smuts. In addition to providing a good open-air spot for town

children, a roofed-in balcony of this sort is extraordinarily useful in cases where an invalid is trying to carry out an open-air cure in town.

For the Perambulator.

In cases where a balcony on the ground floor provides over the area a coveredin space, this may be similarly utilised by means of strong netting as a place where the baby's perambulator may be housed. It happens, especially in the case of houses converted into flats, where the establishment of a perambulator in the hall would be a source of annovance to other tenants, or where there are tiresome steps to be negotiated, or else no accommodation within doors for the equipage, that the baby carriage has to be housed some little distance away, a troublesome arrangement both for nurse and baby. A way out of such a difficulty is to have the space at the side of the porch railed or netted in. a strong padlock to the door of the improvised hutch deterring possible depredations.

My Lady's Mirror.

The lack of attention to detail observable in many women's attire, is, without doubt, often traceable to faulty arrangement rather than faulty provision of mirrors in the dressing-room. One of the most soignée women that it has ever been my lot to meet, once confided to me the fact that she had taken as much trouble to have her looking-glasses adjusted with scientific precision as a painter takes to ensure that his easel is well and truly lighted. Her dressing-chair, to begin with, had been constructed after her own design. Of a convenient height to enable her to view herself from head to waist, there had been adjusted to the back of the seat a mirror fitment, having two side pieces hinged at an obtuse angle. Used in conjunction with a similar three-sided mirror in a lacquer frame, which sits upon her toilet table, this enables her to view herself in comfort both from the back and the front without any of that contortionist twisting of the neck usually requisite when a hand-mirror is brought into play for the purpose of examining the view from behind. An ordinary three-sided shaving mirror can be adapted to the chairback at a convenient height.

The movable three-sided mirror for the table has an advantage over that which is part of the toilet table, in that it permits its position to be shifted a real benefit when features or coiffure need to be scanned at close quarters.

As for the full-length mirror, many

folk object nowadays to the long slip of looking-glass let into the front of the wardrobe door, as being inartistic in effect. To overcome this difficulty, it is a good plan to have a mirror fixed to the inside of the door, so that when opened one can survey oneself from top to toe without feeling guilty of violating canons of decorative taste.

The light which is cast downwards by means of an inverted saucer of opaque glass is best for the bed-room. since the fashionable illumination that is directed towards the ceiling is not sufficiently searching for sartorial success. One pendant over the toilet table and another in front of the wardrobe should be sufficient, but those who like to emulate the brilliancy of the greenroom dressing-table will see to it that their table is equipped with tall candlestick fitments on either side of the dressing-mirror. With the help of such an arrangement all such distressing mistakes, complexional and sartorial, as one is apt to meet with among those who obviously care for their appearance, may be avoided.

To Gauge the

It is by no means an easy matter to gauge to a nicety the exact heating capacity of the stove required for rooms of different sizes. Under the Radiation principle of heating, however, a useful little table is published which informs one exactly the number of radiants which a stove should possess in order to heat a room of any given length and width. With this as guide one may be certain of ensuring that one's gas grate is so equipped that it neither over-warms nor under - heats. Due allowance can further be made in the case of rooms that have more than two outside walls or are built of lighter material than ordinary brick and stone. If one is wise one stipulates for a duplex burner, which will enable one to turn off half the fire in mild weather, so that on a summer's evening, when a small fire is often acceptable, one may take the chill off the night atmosphere without trouble.

"The Beater Device."

When contemplating the purchase of a vacuum cleaner, examine, before making your decision, the machine that is fitted with what is known as "the beater device," an arrangement which gently beats the carpet or rug at the same time as the electric suction is applied. This gives a peculiarly effectual action, disposing of all dirt particles even in the case of the floor-covering with the longest, thickest pile.

The New High-Front Jumpers

A Striped Slip-on Jumper.

The lengthwise stripes are particularly becoming to a figure inclined to be stout.

Materials Required.

10 ounces of grey "Beehive" Shetland floss and 5 ounces of navy, and a pair each of No. 8 and No. 10 bone needles.

The Pattern.

This is worked lengthwise. With grey k plain 13 rows. With navy p 1 row. With grey k 3 rows, with navy p 1 row. At each change of colour fasten off the wool. (Change of colour mentioned only in beginning.)

The Back.

With grey and No. 8 needles cast on 65 st and k 4 rows. With navy p 1 row, with grey k 3 rows, with navy p 1 row. With grey k 13 rows, increasing 1 st every other row 6 times, to form armhole (by knitting first the front and then the back of second last st). At end of 13th row (last row of grey stripe), cast on 28 st. Work even 132 rows (8 grey stripes from beginning). In 2nd row of 9th stripe cast off 28 st. Decrease 1 st every other row 6 times. Finish to correspond with beginning.

Pick up 94 st across bottom, and with navy k 66 rows. Cast off.

The Front.

Follow directions for back, but in last row of 1st grey stripe cast on 20 st instead of 28, then increase I st every 8th row 4 times, and I st every other row 4 times to shape shoulder. When purling the 2nd row with navy (after 2nd grey stripe of shoulder) cast off 8 st for neck, then cast off 4 st every other row 7 times. Work even for 23 rows. This makes the grey stripe with the rows in navy in middle of front.

If other half is made to correspond with first half, front will have exactly the same width as back.

To make other half of front, cast on 4 st every other row 7 times, and then 8 st for neck. To shape shoulder, decrease I st every other row 4 times and I st every 8th row 4 times. When beginning grey stripe cast off 20 st, decrease I st every other row 6 times, and finish to correspond with beginning.

Pick up 94 st across bottom, and with navy k 66 rows. Cast off.

The Sleeve

Start with grey, k 4 rows, change to navy and repeat the same pattern as for body. Cast on 7 st and k 1 row. At end of 2nd and every other row cast on 7 st 6 times and 6 st 4 times. At the same time increase at beginning of rows to shape top of sleeve.

Increase r st at beginning of 6th and

every following 4th row 6 times, then I st every other row 4 times.

K without increasing for 60 rows. Begin to decrease on top of sleeve r st every other row 4 times, and r st every 4th row 6 times. At the same time (3rd row of 7th stripe, counting from beginning) cast off 6 st at end of row 4 times, and 7 st 7 times.

The Cuffs.

With No. 10 needles pick up 42 st, and with navy k plain for 4 in. Cast off and turn 1 in. back. Seam up and sew in sleeves.

The Coller.

With navy and No. 10 needles, cast on 12 st and k plain for about 26 in. This strip should go round the neck, extending below the opening, 1 on each side. Turn ends back to form point as illustrated, and trim with tassels.

The Tassel.

With grey wool wind 30 times round a 2-in. cardboard, cut one end and tie in centre. Wind wool round tassel \(\frac{1}{2}\) in. from top, tie, and sew to collar.

The Cord.

Take 22 strands of navy 4½ yd. long, double and twist, making a cord about 2 yd. and 6 in. long. Trim with grey tassel made as before, but winding wool 60 times over a 4-in. cardboard.

Handy Household Items

For Clear Coffee

We have not as a nation an enviable reputation as makers of coffee, and certainly our brew seldom comes up to the fragrant cup that most continental hostesses can offer us. Most coffee-making machines are either costly or so complicated in their structure that for the ordinary household they prove of small advantage, but I have recently come across a really practical little appliance, priced at 4s. 6d., which enables one to make beautifully clear strong coffee as easily as one prepares a cup of good tea. This apparatus, which is made of steel plate of good quality, has an adjustable tray (one raises or lowers it according to the amount that one needs to brew) into which one puts the coffee. The stand is then placed in a saucepan with an appropriate amount of water (or of milk and water if you prefer to make your casi-au-lait in a single process), and placed over a gas-jet or coal fire, according to your kitchen arrangements. As the liquid boils, it rises with a fountain action, sprays over the coffee and falls back through the perforations of the tray into the saucepan. In a few minutes the entire goodness of the coffee is extracted, and a fragrant cup, equal to

that served across the Channel, is ready, free from grounds and grittiness.

Pennies will Buy These.

Most of us, having in our time wasted considerable sums in appliances that have not deserved our faith in them, have fought shy of making further experiments of a costly nature. But here are a few really useful little kitchen inventions whose cost is measured in pence, and which deserve a trial of their labour-saving claims. Twopence, for instance, is the price of a little grooved fitting which can be used, in its capacity of Vegetable Slicer, in conjunction with an ordinary table-knife. It possesses three grooves, which effect respectively a fine, medium, or coarse slice of vegetable.

Threepence halfpenny is the cost of a Scullion Pot Scraper, which enables one to rid a pan of every trace of its cooked contents without so much as soiling a finger. The little curved scraper is fitted at the end of a twisted handle, which permits one to keep one's hands well away from the sides, while at the same time reaching every part of the vessel.

Nor should I consider the risk overgreat of investing 6d. in a mincer and chopper containing five strong blades with a shield, which may be removed for cleaning. Operated with a wooden handle, this little contrivance chops your parsley, cuts up your spinach, and shreds your candied peel in a twinkling, and is far simpler to keep in cleanly condition than many a more ambitious device at a far higher price.

And lastly, at the price of 9d., there is a flat toaster that will enable you to make nice crisp toast of the desirable golden brown over a gas stove in a few seconds. In the ordinary way, the toasting of bread under the toast-grill is an extravagant operation, involving heating the bars to redness before one begins the actual toasting operation. One can, in this way, soon waste 9d. worth of gas—so the toaster will soon pay its own way.

To Guard the

In small rooms, and especially in cases where the room is frequented by children, a gas-heating stove may be a source of risk, but the new dress guards, which are made in a number of sizes to fit different types of stove, greatly minimise the danger of fire. In the smallest fitting this guard of interlaced brass wire costs as little as 4s. 9d. Any nursery that is heated by gas should take advantage of the obvious safeguard which such a fitment represents.

For the Crochet Worker

Valerie Motif.

This motif would be suitable for letting into handkerchief corners, or it can be used for trimming a washable blouse. Use Ardern's No. 30 cotton and No. 5 steel hook.

Abbreviations

Ch = chain; dc = double crochet; al st = slip stitch.

Commence with 5 ch, which join into a ring.

1st Row.—5 ch 1 d c 5 times into ring.

2nd Row.—SI st along 1st 3 ch, then 5 ch d c into each ch loop on previous row pioin.

3rd Row.—* 1 dc 5 ch 1 dc into 1st loop of ch on previous row, 3 dc, 5 ch, 1 dc. Repeat from * into each loop all round motif, then join.

4th Row.—9 ch I dc between each of the small loops of ch on previous row, all round motif.

5th Row —D c all round each of the long loops of 9 ch on previous row, working 10 or 11 d c into each.

6th Row.—SI st along 1st few statches until reaching centre or top of 1st ch loop, then 9 ch 1 dc into centre of each loop on previous row.

7th Row.—10 d c into each ch loop all round motif.

8th Row.—Sl st along 1st 3 ch, then 11 ch 1 d c into centre of each loop on previous row all round motif.

9th Row.—* 6 d c into 1st ch loop, 5 ch to form picot, 6 more d c, then 1 d c 5 ch 1 d c into the st where 8th row is joined to 7th row. This forms a second picot just between the long loop of ch on previous row. Repeat from * into each ch loop all round the motif and fasten off.

Enid Insertion.

Use Ardern's No. 24 cotton and No. 5 steel hook.

Abbreviations Used.

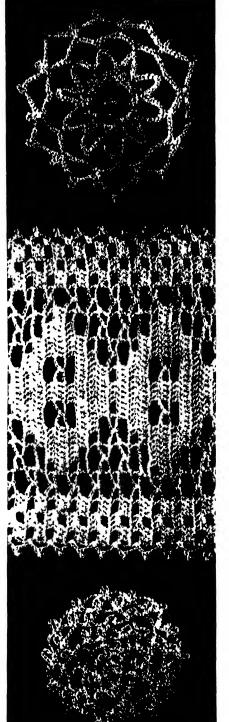
Tr = treble; ch = chain; d c = double crochet; lct = lacet (3 ch i d c 3 ch i tr); br = bar (5 ch i tr).

Commence with 70 ch.

Ist Row.—I tr into 8th ch from hook, 3 more tr, 2 ch, 1 tr, 1 let, 1 br, 1 let, 2 ch, 4 tr, 2 ch, 1 tr, 1 let, 1 br, 1 let, 2 ch, 4 tr, 2 ch, 1 tr, 3 ch; turn.

2nd Row.—3 tr, 2 ch, 4 tr, 1 br, 1 let, 1 br, 9 tr, 1 br, 1 let, 1 br, 3 tr, 2 ch, 4 tr, 5 ch; turn.

3rd Row.—4 tr over 1st hole on previous row, 2 ch, 1 tr, 1 lct, 1 br, 2 ch, 16 tr, 2 ch, 1 tr, 1 br, 1 lct, 2 ch, 4 tr, 2 ch, 1 tr, 3 ch; turn.



VALERIE MOTIF. ENID INSERTION. PICOT MOTIF.

4th Row.—3 tr, 2 ch, 4 tr, 2 br, 21 tr, 2 br, 3 tr, 2 ch, 4 tr, 5 ch; turn.

5th Row.—4 tr over 1st hole on previous row, 2 ch, 1 tr, 1 lct, 2 ch, 7 tr, 1 br, 3 tr, 1 br, 6 tr, 2 ch, 1 tr, 1 lct, 2 ch, 4 tr, 2 ch, 1 tr, 3 ch; turn.

6th Row.—3 tr, 2 ch, 4 tr, 1 br, 9 tr, 1 lct, 3 tr, 1 lct, 9 tr, 1 br, 3 tr, 2 ch, 4 tr, 5 ch; turn.

7th Row -As 5th Row.

8th Row.—As 4th Row.

9th Row.-As 3rd Row.

10th Row.—As 2nd Row.

Repeat from commencement for length required.

The Border.

When enough has been worked for length required, make a tiny border along each side as follows: I dc into 1st hole, 5 ch I dc back into 3rd ch to form picot, 2 more ch, I dc into next hole, missing I small block of tr. Continue in the same way along each side of insertion.

Picot Motif.

Use Ardern's No. 30 cotton and No. 5 steel hook.

Abbreviations Used.

Dc = double crochet; tr = treble; ch = chain; sl st = slip stitch; pi = picot (ie, idc, 5 ch, idc, into same place).

Commence with 5 ch, which join into a ring.

1st Row.—5 ch r d c 7 times into ring; join with sl st to end of row.

2nd Row.—SI st along 1st 3 ch, then work 5 ch 1 dc into each loop on previous row all round motif.

3rd Row.—Sl st along 1st 3 ch, 5 ch 1 picot into next ch loop. Carry on 1n same way to the end of row.

4th Row.—SI st along 1st 3 ch, * 1 picot (5 ch 1 d c) into next loop. Repeat from * all round the motif.

5th Row.—Sl st along 1st 3 ch, * 10 ch, 1 picot into next loop. Repeat from * all round.

6th Row.—SI st along 1st 3 ch, 1 picot in same place, 5 ch 1 d c and 5 ch 1 picot into 8th ch on loop, * 5 ch and 1 picot into 3rd ch on next loop, 5 ch and 1 picot into 8th ch on same loop. Repeat from * all round.

7th Row.—SI st along 1st 3 ch, then 5 ch 1 picot into each ch loop all round.

A Two-Piece Butterfly Negligée

HERE is a dainty little garment that will serve either as a negligée or an indoor frock for the younger woman. loose open butterfly sleeves are very becoming, and are cut in one with the bodice on the straight-hanging square lines now approved by fashion; this gives an effective ripple-like flow to the sleeve.

One of the most suitable fabrics for a dress of this character is "Namrit" voile, in a pretty flowered design, with trimmings of a plaincoloured organdie.

The neck is cut low enough for the garment to be slipped on over the head, though, if preferred, a small placket could be added at the centre back for convenience in getting in and out.

The diagram at the right of the page shows the one piece that makes the bodice and the two straight pieces of the skirt. The sides and

lower portions of the sleeves are bound. a crisp organdie petal. Cut the material in 11-inch bias strips for the binding. Place the binding on the right side of the garment along the edge and stitch 1 inch



Pattern No. 9462.

from the edge. Roll the binding over the edge on to the wrong side. Press the edge, turn under the raw edge of the binding, press it again and stitch it in place.

Probably, since the making of the slip itself mind putting

a few extra stitches in the trimming. In that case you can put little organdie petals round the neck and pockets.

Each petal is made of an oval - shaped piece. (See Fig. 1.) Fold it; through the centre and run a gathering thread round the curved edge. When it is drawn'up you will have

Baste the organdie petals round the neck and then bind the edge.

In making the skirt.

French-seam the joining, leaving the left seam open for a placket. Bind the placket opening. A snap or two will keep it closed, and it will not show in the fulness of the skirt.

Bind the outer edges of the pockets and lap them over the petals in sewing them to the skirt.

Gather the lower edge of the bodice is so simple, you will not and the top of the skirt and join them

> with a stay band of webbing. Make the opening in the band at the left under-arm.

> Try on the negligée to turn the hem at the bottom. Make narrow hems at the edges of the sash. This is just a straight piece, too.

When you slip on the negligée, you have just the belt and placket to fasten. And the closing is placed conveniently within easy reach on the left side.

Pattern No. 9462 is supplied in sizes for 32 and 36 inches bust measurement, and the larger size requires 4 yards of 40-inch voile, with 1 yard of organdie for the petal trimmings. Price 9d., postage extra. Address to the "Girl's Own" Fashion Editor, 4, Bouverie Street, London, E.C. 4.

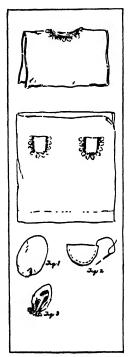


Diagram showing the two sections of the pattern and the various stages in the making of the petals.

In my Walks Abroad

A Coal

When one needs to bring a pan to the boil over the hotplate of a kitchen range, it is often necessary to pull out dampers and eat up coal at a fearsome rate before one can secure the degree of heat requisite for the operation. A new boiling-grid that can be used over the open fire disposes of this difficulty very efficiently. Its bars are made of wrought iron and its cost, for a nine-inch fire opening, is 7s. 6d.

For the Shabby

Good decorative screens are one of the things which obstinately refuse to abate their reprehensible prices. But if

you happen to have a shabby wooden screen that is sound in wind and limb, you can convert it into something most acceptable by means of the new papers which are specially designed with a view to affording decoration for the leaves. One such paper depicts peacocks of the most gorgeous hues, against a background of dull gold, each peacock being of dimensions to fit the ordinary fourfold standing screen. The paper is of a particularly thick type, and will, I am assured, last for many years. It is, moreover, washable.

A Bayoux Hanging.

If you want to enjoy a very decorative as well as a highly original hanging,

By Mrs. GORDON-STABLES

and to teach your children something of English history at the same time, you will make your curtains of a new cretonne that is copied from the Bayeux tapestry that was carried out for the nave of the Bayeux Cathedral, in commemoration of the Conquest of England by William. Although it gives rather a Norman view of events, its quaint groups and inscriptions are attractive enough to reconcile one to its slight distortions of actual happenings, and one forgives the glory with which it surrounds the Conqueror for the sake of its utter naiveté and simplicity. This is one of the most attractive cottons that I have met with this season.

In my Walks Abroad

A Question of Spouts.

A kettle's weakest spot is usually its spout. For when it does not manage to leak from the join, it often succeeds in pouring either too slowly, too effusively, or too drippily. These defects are obviated in an aluminium kettle of squarish build, whose spout is rather in the nature of a jug-lip with a little roof over it. This abbreviated spout pours well, and by reason of its compactness does not come to loggerheads with other utensils occupying the top of the stove. A small swivel lid replaces the removable type, thus reducing the risk of scalded fingers when refilling, and though an aperture of this kind does not provide ready access for cleaning, the simplicity of pattern enables the kettle to be produced at a very low price, so that when it arrives at a much-furred stage, the best policy is to substitute a new one for it. 2s. 6d. buys this spoutless kettle in the pint and a half size.

For the Unexpected

One of the most trying features of a domicile, that only just fits the family it houses, is that it restricts one's instincts for hospitality most grievously, the absence of a spare room forbidding the "putting-up" of an occasional visitor in a way which comes but ill to those who find pleasure in giving shelter to a friend from time to time. Excellent provision is, however, made for such conditions in the shape of a handy little emergency bedstead which by day folds up flat against the wall, its

underframe resolving itself into a couple of doors which give the fitment the appearance of a neat cupboard. Nor need one displace the mattress and bedding to effect this transformation. The adjustable spring mattress is comfortable enough to justify its constant use by the bachelor girl who likes her bed-room to wear as non-committal an aspect as possible, while for the schoolgirl who loves to be allowed to ask a fellow-pupil home to spend the night, the addition of such a fitment to her "den" spells the achievement of the coveted privilege.

The price of the portière bedstead is close upon £13, but if one is content to enclose the bed in its upright form by means of curtains, one may effect a saving of £5 on the outlay.

His First Knicker Suit



The simplicity of the Knicker construc-

This little suit is composed of two main pieces—a magyar-shaped tunic, and knickers that are cut in one piece like rompers. The knickers are buttoned on to the cloth or woven bodice that little boys usually wear. The knee edges are bound with a bias facing, and the side openings make this garment particularly easy to put on. The tunic comes close up to the neck, and has a placket finished with eyelet holes threaded with cord. Altogether this just the pattern for baby's first suit, easy to make, easy to put on, and easy to launder.

This attractive little suit will make up well in Tootal's soft piqué, which can be had in a large variety of colours. Bright blues, browns, and greens are good boyish shades to choose, or an all-white suit is sometimes quite as profitable, as in any case, with so small a child, visits to the wash-tub must be fairly frequent. The pattern No. 9456 is issued in sizes for 1, 2 and 4 years, and the 2-year size requires 2 yards of 30-inch material, with \(\frac{1}{2}\) yard contrasting for collar and cuffs. Price 7d., postage extra. Address to the "Girl's Own" Fashion Editor, 4, Bouveric Street, Fleet Street, London, E.C. 4.



A Suit that cannot fall to please any small boy.

Pattern No. 9456.

Overall Frocks and Underwear



No. 9468.

A SLIP-ON OVERALL

No. 9469. Sizes for 36 and 40 inches bust measurement.

inch material.

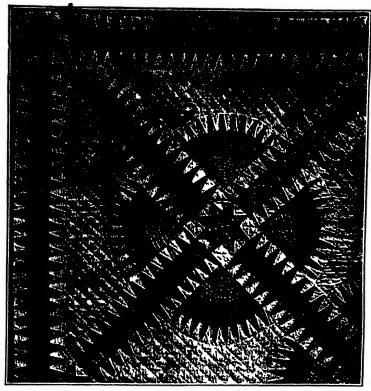
AN ATTRACTIVE NEGLIGÉE.

No. 9467.

Sizes for 34 and 38 inches bust measurement

Answers to Correspondents

No charge is made for answering Correspondents, but all Inquires must be accompanied by a Coupon from the Current Number, and a stamped addressed envelope for reply. The bulk of the Answers are sent by poet.



A corner of an antique Patchwork Quilt, showing elaborate quilting

Music Student—I quite agree with you that the prices of music are very uncertain and subject to "jumps" every now and then, and you can never be sure that the price marked is correct or whether its temperature has gone up to 104 or no! (It rarely goes down, poor thing!) At first eight 4s seems much for a few pages of music, but remember that this amount does not go far in buying a hat! And which gives the most pleasure in the long run, I wonder? I would choose 4s worth of a great man's mind if I were you I suppose

mechanical piano players, gramophones, and such like have some little use in the world, but do not rely on them too much Person dly, the further I am away from them, the happier I am! I fear they may tend to make people lazy. And oh! how one misses the heart and brain that put all feeling into an instrument by their human touch! Planos and fortes, cres

cendos and decrescendos are but the minimum of true expression! So practise and study and fight your own little battles still, and your pleasure will be great, and mind and character will develop. Long ago—oh! how much has happened since then? Was it before 1914?—I preached a little sermon to you on a favourite text from Ecclesiasticus xxxii 4 "Pour not out words where there is a musician" Is it bearing fruit? Are we realising that the drawing-room is holy ground when music is being sung or played? For is not music one of God's great gifts? I have before mentioned Hubert Parry's delightful book. Lives of the Great Composers. I would draw attention to his deeper work The Evolution of the Art of Music It is extremely interesting to all who wish to know how music came to be such a great power for good in the world, how scales were formed, etc. As to the names of some pianoforte solos worth studying, I begin my list with De Severac's "En Vacance" Specially chaiming are the numbers, "Petites Voisines," and "Boite de Musique" The latter a little difficult on account of the very exact rhythm needed Easy Pieces, Hadyn; "Refrain de Berceau," and "Minuet," Palmgren; Six Miniatuie Pre ludes, Richard Walthew, I olk Songs, two volumes, I ritz Hart (Stainer and Bell), Three Preludes, Gerrard Williams, I any I ullaby, Edgar Bainton, Five Impressions, Lopold Ashton, Eighteenth Century Music (Vol I contains the three Bachs!), Three Tuneful Pieces, Colin Taylor, Album for the Young, Tschaikowsky The following aie more advanced Russian Volumes, Nos 3 and 4 (Chester), Five Pieces, Balfour Gardiner, Ilish Tune from County Derry, Percy Grainger, In Hammersbach, I lgar Mrs S—I acquer preparations (consisting

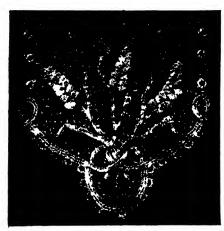
Mrs 5—I acquer preparations (consisting for the most part of shellac, dissolved in methylated spirits) are on the market for the purpose of giving brass and other metals a surface which will not require to be polished, but for outdoor work, such as door furniture, these too often in time produce a blackened effect. A more satis factory plan is to paint the brasses, taps, etc., with a special black enamel, which can be obtained from any large oil shop or the stores. To get a successful result, wash



A pretty Boudoir Cap to match the Nightdress.



Answers to Correspondents



Directions for this beautiful Wheat Ear Design will be found in "Artistic Crochet," price 2s. net.

the metal free from grease, dry thoroughly, and then slightly warm it by means of a small spirit lamp, such as one uses beneath a kettle on the tea table. When heated, rub with a duster, and then apply the paint very think giving a second coat, if neces sars when the first has hardened. Do not use taps of knobs until perfectly dry. For doorsteps and windowsills, good results, as regards the saving of labour, are to be gained by painting with a washable distemper. Morse's 'Calcanium' is a specially good brand for this purpose, as rain has little effect on it and it needs to be renewed but once in about six weeks. Or red ochre, moistened with water to a creamy paste, similarly saves work. Both media are to be applied with a medium brush.

Rugmaker—You can get "thriume" to

Rusmaker — You can get "thrums" for making up into rugs from the Abingdon Carpet Manufacturing Company, Abingdon on Thames These "thrums" are odd lengths of wool and worsted and other materials used in carpet making. They can be obtained in various qualities at prices ranging from is 11d per lb, upwards, and you can get 10 lb lots as cheap as 11s 6d You will find the rugs made with "thrums" wear extremely well, and are warm underfoot

M. M—A splendid book for your little people would be Pictures and Stories of Animal Isle, written and illustrated by M J D Badenoch It is published at our office Price 4s 6d net

office Price 4s 6d net

For Fancy Dresses—As your little girl has blue eyes, some costume that intro duces a note of blue is likely to be the most becoming I would suggest one or other of the following for her it A little Dutch Girl—Hair to be done in two plaits, Dutch bonnet or lace cap with outstanding carwired Dress of large blue and white checks mignigham. I ichu and small apron of muslin Sabots being impossible for comform dancing, build up in cardboard a sabot shape on to a low heeled court shoe, stuffing out the space between the two with rolled newspaper. Fibow sleeves to tight fitting bodice. 2 A Bluebell—Cut the skirt in the shape of the flower, wiring the edges so that it sets out like a bell. Swathe the bodice and omit sleeves altogether. For the hair, fashion a light wreath of bluebells and grasses on a narrow foundation of soft green velvet, and for a wand attach to a long stick wrapped round in green two or three bell shaped flowers of the same material as the dress, well wired at the base. Green shoes and a narrow green sash. Taffetas

would be a good fabric for the costume, as its stiffness would help to maintain the bell shape in skirt and flowers 2 Willow Pattern China — Make a simple dress from the blue and white willow pattern cretonne that is stocked by most furnishing firms, a loose coat cut in the shape of a mandarin's coat and worn with a short pleated skirt would be suitable A close fitting cap of black, also on Chinese lines, and black shoes and stockings Hair bound with black ribbon into a pigtail

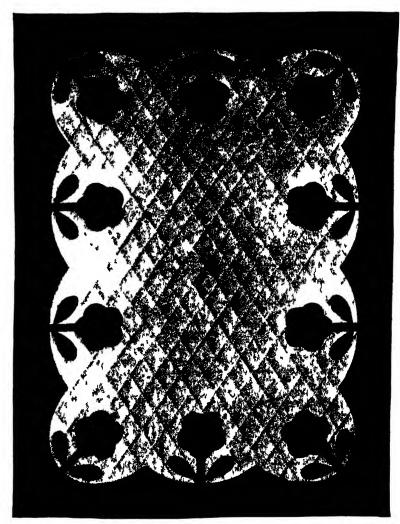
set owing to the heat

Trousseau.—Put your initial in the front centre of combinations, chemise, or night-dress. The illustration shows a very simple design, yet one that is always effective. The small wreath with sprays of embroidery will stand well alone with no other decoration save the scalloped edge. For a best set one or two rows of insertion, and a lace edge could be added. You will see that the same motif is carried out in the boudoir cap which matches the best set."

Canadian.—In the olden days quilting was used for its decorative effect as well as for its usefulness in keeping several thicknesses of material in place. And some of the old designs are most elaborate. The counterpane — or a piston of it — was stretched in a frame to keep it taut and in place while the stitches were taken right through the material. Several people could work at the quilt at once—which was the origin of the "Quilting Bee" that was once a popular institution when America was young! We show a corner of an antique

purposes, nowever, a simple design answers well, as will be seen in the modern Cot Quilt, where the only attempt at elaboration is in the curves around the edge.

Chatsworth.—The "Wheat Ear Design" in Irish crochet is in Aristic Crocket, which is now reduced to 2s net, by post, 2s 4d from this office. As you will see from the small reproduction on this page, It is scharming design, and it would look lovely on the ends of your sideboard runner, as you suggest, the wheat-ears being especially appropriate for the purpose.



A Cot Quilt, showing modern applique in imitation of old-world designs.

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